

THE KEY

The Key to unlock Every Secret of Every society

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Thank you

To my wife, David and Anna, Hermann and Judith, Graeme and Ngaire, Tom and Kerri, Tony and Jacinta, Jayne, Aditya, Sandra, my close friends and the thousands of wonderful, caring and loving people who helped make this document possible. To the hundreds of dedicated professionals who have contributed their vast knowledge on a wide variety of subjects from economics to astrophysics and psychopathology. I am constantly thinking of the incredible devotion, generosity and assistance from all these people.

WW IV

“I know not with what weapons World War III will be fought, but World War IV will be fought with sticks and stones.”

— Albert Einstein —

Foreword

Writing this document was similar to planting a beautiful tree. It started with a tiny seed that produced a frail stem with fragile, curled leaves and after many years of careful nurturing, weeding and care, the tree took root and towered toward the sky with exotic blossoms, bountiful fruit and copious shade. The more I researched, the more I discovered and at first, I thought my tree was alone in a desert. As the years progressed, it was exciting to find I was part of an ever-expanding and plentiful rain forest that spanned the globe.

As you read the following true story, you will discover power without guns, richness without debt, spirituality without fanaticism, knowledge without diplomas and governance without insanity. You will be able to unlock the hidden doors of the secret world few people realise exists. As the colossal doors swing open, you will discover how global problems are surprisingly simple to understand, predict and solve, once you have the knowledge to identify the people who thrive on your pain and suffering. Once the secret doors are unlocked, your world will look refreshingly different, exciting and you will truly understand it.

Any fool can know their world, and billions do, but very few understand it. After reading this document, you will understand everything about your society, your close associates, yourself - and so much more.

Like so many people I have met over the years, I felt there was something wrong with the way humans suffer from governments. There seemed to be a preference for hatred, abuse, control and war that was completely out of step with the behaviour of most of the people I had met during my life. The people I had met were everyday people, enjoying life, having fun, earning a living, raising children, caring for partners and loved ones, helping other people and minding their own business. These people enjoyed social interaction and were a pleasure to be around. They weren't holding secret meetings, looking for countries to invade, people to spy on, murder or imprison.

I knew there was something unethical with global bureaucracy, spurred by a rabid desire for money, but I didn't fully understand the underlying reason governments were always set on a course of control, nationalistic absurdity and war. After a lifetime of intense research, I would find the key that unlocked the answers to the questions I had been asking since I was a child. With millions of people on the planet urgently requiring answers to modern day predicaments, I have told a short story as it happened, simply, honestly, exploding into the most confronting material you will ever read, but culminating in the answer to many personal and social problems.

I know I am far from perfect with more faults than the San Andreas Fault line, but those who control me stand by their illusion of perfection, superiority and sanity. I have lost count of the number of people who said they felt global governments were insane and heartless and only now,

for the first time in human history, can we medically analyse and accurately identify the individuals responsible for this insanity and callousness.

Imagine a world controlled by people who look exactly like a human, but are definitely not authentic human beings. These people seem like everyday people, they wear the same clothes, they eat, breathe, smile, communicate and reproduce, but they are very, very different from the majority of humans on the planet. They cunningly hide among us pretending to be like us, copying the way we think and feel, but they are nothing like us, they are the personification of evil. They gather wealth like raindrops, leaving us lying parched and dying in the desert and at last, I can show how they herd humanity into their barren landscape.

Discover how soulless individuals masquerading as humans have corralled people into slavery for centuries. Learn how to recover your life from abuse and discover the people who revel in delivering this abuse. The following true story will give you the key to unlock the hidden world of the abusers of humanity and give you the tools to easily identify and negate them.

It is impossible for a normal, feeling human to believe that a mother could hate her daughter to the point of murder, reward the rapist of that daughter with cash, extravagant gifts, buy him houses, and have sex with him. It is nearly impossible for a normal human to believe the colossal untruths unleashed by religions, corporations and governments. The following pages give you the key to unlock the vault of knowledge available to you and reveal how these extraordinary events occur, the people who perpetrate incredible deception and abuse. The Key unlocks the secrets of social manipulation, misrepresentation and control.

This isn't a science fiction novel, yet the answer to human enslavement is far more bizarre than any fiction writer could ever imagine. In fact, these pages will show how you are starring in the greatest horror movie ever made: right here, right now, even as you read these words. The world's most immoral producers, directors and actors create the movie script you act out. This corrupted DNA screenplay passes blamelessly from generation to generation without the awareness of ordinary people.

As subtle as shaving with a chainsaw, this document is the shaft of sunlight to use on the emotional vampires that control you, both personally and socially. You are holding the flame to the stick of dynamite that will rattle the foundations of contemporary society. Allow yourself to be struck by the truth, not tortured with lies and claim the bountiful wealth and riches that are your true inheritance. Follow the true story of a young boy through rural Australia and discover the biggest secret your leaders have kept locked away for centuries.

This book is free; I received authentic richness no amount of money, gold or university degrees can ever buy, yet every real person can achieve. There are no subscriptions, hidden costs or obligations to join oblique religious movements. You are free to accept, reject or share the information at your leisure. Like the tree I planted when starting this document, all those years ago, the seed of understanding will be part of your incredible life journey. Provided your brain cells don't pass out from shock, your world will become very exciting when you reach the end of this document.

You've bought your ticket, spent time wandering the airport terminal, now let's roll this thing down the runway, go for throttle up and buckle up for the read of your life.

Notes:

This document is written in Australian English. Some spelling, like colour not color may appear. Some Australian colloquialisms, like bushland meaning native forest, are distinctly part of Australian rural culture and are included in this document. There are quotes from before 1984 that refer to humankind as 'man.' There is an amazing tool called Google if you need help.

The most dangerous man

“The most dangerous man to any government is the man who is able to think things out... without regard to the prevailing superstitions and taboos. Almost inevitably, he comes to the conclusion that the government he lives under is dishonest, insane, intolerable.” Henry Louis Mencken (1880 – 1956)

Chapter One

Heaven and Hell

Many years ago as a small boy, I stood on a windswept limestone hill and gazed over a broad sea of waving green fields stretching westward to another distant range of low, rolling hills. A verdant carpet of grass weaved strange patterns around the smooth, lichen blotched white stones where I stood and I marvelled at the different shades of green that punctuated the landscape. There were the vivid green of the clover grasses, the muted green of the eucalypt trees and the sombre green of the marsh reeds. The unrelenting westerly wind, whipped the shining leaves of the surrounding trees into a frenzy of hissing and clattering, interrupted by the beautiful clear calls of hundreds of native birds. Heavy, rain-laden clouds hurried by, heaving and boiling like inverted oceans and I could smell the strange sweet scent of the pastures under my feet.

The cold air was constantly searching for gaps in my heavy clothing and my thick woollen socks and carefully polished leather shoes helped insulate my feet from the cool, moist soil. I could feel the glacial tentacles of the wind as it numbed my exposed hands and my ears ached in response to the biting cold. The wind whipped my short hair into an untidy mass of moist curls and tears welled in my eyes from the ferocity of the turbulent air. The remoteness of the area was evident, even to a child and I could see as far as my little eyes would let me. There were no other human beings or buildings in my view, only thousands of contented sheep and cattle grazing intently on the huge flat plains below me. As I leaned into the buffeting wind, I saw strikingly coloured birds navigating their way from one waving tree canopy to the next, their skilled aerobatics and beautifully intricate melodies captivated me.

As a child, the whole amazing area was mine to explore; the small, slender brown lizards that hid under loose, pristine limestone rocks, the myriads of trees to climb, the large number of animals that ran, shuffled, slithered, hopped, and flew in all directions. There was the endless number of grasses, native shrubs and elegant trees that clung precariously to the fragile, fragrant earth. The strange smell of fungi that dotted the earth after rain, the countless numbers of insects and the endless rhythm of light and dark that swept softly over the ancient hills and plains. There was a sense of timelessness, freedom, wonder and joy that was spellbinding for a small child and there were so many incredible discoveries, every single day. From a child's perspective, every day was an absolute miracle, it was like exploring an exquisite distant planet and life was amazingly new and exciting. Behind me was our farmhouse, its quietly smoking chimney reminding me that warmth and beautiful food would be waiting on my return.

What I was experiencing was vastly different from the industrial cry of the city I had just come from, with the ebbing and flowing tide of countless people and the roar of cars, trucks and buses as they noisily lumbered their way through their charted black canals. The stench of their tailpipes assaulted my nose and stung my eyes, but the city was now a distant memory in a sea of

luxuriant green. I was standing on the rolling hills of my parent's large farm and over the coming years, I would return many times to that round, windswept hill to reflect on the world around me.

I was born in a small, ultra conservative rural town, where generation after generation sank to their armpits in boredom. The town was a bastion of conservative politics, deeply bound to the wealth of the large landholders in the area and one of these landholders would ultimately connive their way through the corridors of power to become prime minister of Australia. My parents, unlike their peers, were adventurous, rebellious and inquisitive and moved interstate to a major city when I was four years of age. They had purchased farmland in the fertile, dark volcanic soil of southern Australia and after enduring the trauma of the Second World War, suddenly found themselves financially liberated by the global demand for wool when war ended. The price of wool from the local farmers reached astronomical levels as global economies boomed in post war consumerism and woollen mills around the world clambered to restock after the scarcity of raw materials created during the global and Korean wars. After receiving more than a pound per pound for their large wool clip, they were able to pay off their mortgage, sell their farm and move away with a considerable profit. They literally hit the jackpot!

I started school aged five in the city we had moved to and we moved back to the country when I was eight. The new farm my parents purchased was in a very remote area of South Eastern Australia. We were 45 kilometres from the nearest small town, along an apocalypse of a road that wound around trees and sometimes faded into wheel ruts that dodged chassis warping boulders and patches of black, vehicle immobilising mud. Small sections of the road consisted of readily available pulverised limestone rock that crawler tractors casually gouged from the nearby hills and spread over the worst sections of the track. The thin crust of crushed limestone was no match for large trucks or heavy rain and vehicles found themselves sliding and spinning off the road at regular intervals.

During the worst of winter, we would sometimes have a knock on our isolated farmhouse door after dark and discover a dishevelled farmer asking for a tow through the worst of the track. My father would offer the farmer a glass or two of fortified wine to blunt the chill of foul weather, throw on his heavy waterproof clothing, hand crank our cantankerous old Massey Harris tractor with its pitiful lights shining at odd angles and armed with a length of cable and the farmer, pluck the stricken vehicle from the bog.

A trip along the country road was an incredible adventure for a child, as much of the area was undeveloped and some areas had never seen a farmer's axe or bulldozer blade since white settlement. There were remnants of forest that were pristine and nearly the same as the indigenous natives had experienced it, thousands of years before us. Some areas were so remote and hidden in blankets of thick native vegetation, that it was possible the footprints we left on the ground, were the first human footprints in that area. My parents were careful not to let me or any child wander into the deep forest, as it was unbelievably easy to become totally disorientated, lost for days and perish in the blinding mass of vegetation.

As my father skilfully navigated around the vicious, suspension shattering potholes of the 'road,' we would often see kangaroos and emus racing for cover in front of us. Some of the kangaroos we saw were massive Eastern Grey bucks with bulging biceps, ripped pecs, menacing

bear-like claws, solidly set black tipped muzzles, spear shaped ears and coal black eyes. Standing over two and a half metres (8 feet) tall, their powerful muscular legs let them bound with rhythmical grace and speed, easily clearing fences and small bushes that blocked their path. As a child, they seemed more like flesh eating dinosaurs than herbivorous kangaroos, towering ominously over our car, their rippling muscles gleaming below their short, sleek grey fur and sometimes we came so close we could smell their strong 'fermented coffee' body odour. We would often see young 'Joey' kangaroos poking their heads adorably from their marsupial mother's pouch shortly before the female kangaroos saw our vehicle and took flight.

The huge, flightless Emus we disturbed were sent into blind panic, but occasionally my father would stop the car if he saw them soon enough and wave a piece of clothing from the car window. The excessively curious birds would be fascinated by the waving material and cautiously approach to within ten metres of the stationary car before pounding noisily back into the safety of the dense bushland, the sound of crashing branches following them as their massive, black leathery legs smashed through the tangled undergrowth. To a young boy, the emus were incongruous creatures that reminded me of comical mobile haystacks, with their unique double-quilled feathers, draped over their large bodies like lengths of long, dark straw. Their exaggerated long necks, blue heads with long, wispy facial hair, wide beaks and large black eyelashes shielding enormous, black eyes only added to their comedic appearance.

More strange creatures would stand in the middle of the road and blink slowly as they tried to make out our car bumping and pitching toward them. As we got closer we could see they were sheep, but had missed several visits to the shearing shed and their long, dark, matted fleeces were dragging on the ground. The sheep would stand in frozen terror until our car was nearly on them, before suddenly discovering they still had legs and dash for the safety of the all-consuming bushland.

We saw myopic Echidna with their long, sharp quills, elongated nose and huge claws as they slowly ambled across the track. Their eyesight was so poor, they couldn't see our car bouncing toward them until our wheels were only centimetres from them and then, realising their danger, they would frantically dig into the tightly compacted earth. The prehistoric Echidna was so powerful they could clasp the ground like a powerful magnet and it was impossible to move them from their temporary dugout. Their armour of dense, sharp, pointed spines ensured no predator would ever molest them. They would wait for close to eternity before cautiously venturing from their emergency burrow to resume their slow, calculated search for colonies of ants to devour.

There were often no fences parallel to the road and our car would noisily vibrate over 'cattle grids' that indicated the end of one large rural property and the beginning of another. The cattle grids were a break in the farmer's boundary fences running at ninety degrees to the road that allowed single vehicle access without having to stop and open gates. Set over a pit of roughly one and a half metres, the ingeniously made cattle grids consisted of parallel, welded railway irons. The railway irons were cleverly spaced to prevent the farmer's stock from crossing, but allowed cars and tractors to move freely. There were large double gates at the sides of the cattle grids that allowed wide farm machinery and large trucks access to the road.

The road coiled its way through some spectacularly wild country, with wide, flat black plains harbouring stately old eucalypt trees that stretched for hundreds of kilometres on the west and heavily forested hills in the east. Occasionally, the dense bushland cloaking the hills would open, revealing dark red soil and contrasting white stone outcrops tipped with living fossil Yakka bushes. The ancient, slow growing Yakka stood out from the landscape like three-dimensional artwork, their mass of dull green, razor sharp spines formed an impenetrable sphere around their thick black stem and massive three metre high, spear like seedpods towered vertically above them.

The natural hill clearings were home to Boobiella trees with wide, dense green domed foliage that provided a playground for frisky young rabbits. We would often see the juvenile rabbits chasing each other on the luxurious mats of rich, green moss that gained protection from the Boobiella's ground level branches. The playful young rabbits were never far from their carefully smoothed burrows that provided easy escape from danger. As our car approached the rabbits, we would see them thumping their rear legs loudly on the compacted earth and flashing their white tails in warning, before hastily entering the safety of their cool, strongly scented, subterranean world.

Around the edge of the forest clearings stood massive hill gums, their huge, white arms towering over the smaller trees and bushes. During spring, the whole bushland would explode in a spectacular blaze of flowering plants and trees, with countless numbers of birds attracted to the sweet smelling nectar that saturated the air. Thousands of small, black and white New Holland honeyeaters noisily invaded the branches of the wattles, gums and Banksia trees. Larger grey 'Wattle' birds with their prehistoric, raspy call, clacking beaks and bright red cheeks clambered through the dense foliage creatively sampling the bountiful nectar. Hundreds of brightly daubed parrots and delicate wrens were entertained by the stunningly beautiful operettas of the Grey Shrike-thrush. Elusive native orchids would emerge from their cold winter sleep and shyly reveal their pale blue petals, accompanied by a soft burst of colour from other equally furtive native grasses and shrubs.

With winter, the bitterly cold westerly winds would sweep viciously over the plains, bringing rain and hail in abundance. The plains would fill with vast lakes of shallow water, populated with ducks, geese, swans and myriads of waders, snipe and shrill calling Moorhens. Masked Lapwings, with their outrageously bright, yellow faces and incredibly loud metallic voices, stood guard on the edge of the shallow water ensuring no predators came within three hundred metres of the waterfowl colonies.

There were literally tens of thousands of squabbling ducks covering the vast swamps. They ranged in size from the large colourful Mountain duck to the petite Teal duck with bright, distinctive flashes of iridescent green on their wings. The noisy waterfowl would use the short, warm period of spring weather to hatch and raise their young before the scorching summer sun evaporated every last drop of water and scarred the ground with large, dark black patches of salty, barren earth. As the weather warmed, our track was home to hundreds of shuffling, shingle backed lizards and lithe venomous snakes.

The sparse houses and implement sheds of the isolated farmers were dotted along low rolling hills, safe from the winter water of the plains. The houses ranged from rough corrugated iron and asbestos sheet 'humpies' with dirt floors and crude furnishing, to magnificent solid stone bungalows, complimented with bright red roofs, tennis courts, exquisitely manicured lawns and tastefully decorated interiors. Some of the reclusive farmhouses remained carefully hidden from sight by an unbroken veil of trees and only a wispy set of tyre marks, winding through the twisted gum trees indicated their presence.

The area was extremely remote and meeting other cars on the road was rare. If my father saw any of the farmers on the road, it was his opportunity to stop our shiny, blue Plymouth Belvedere and engage in a conversation about the weather, livestock prices, family news and any other gossip about the district in general. People living in remote rural areas were desperate for social interaction and conversations would be a marathon event with my father, and the farmer locked in a verbal embrace lasting over an hour.

The road trip from the city to our farmhouse took over five hours to complete and I can never recall falling asleep on any of those early journeys. The beautiful rural panorama was totally mesmerising to a small child. The slow, steep climb from the plains of the city into wet, winding mountain roads and the narrow mountain passes with their striated, oozing damp rocks. The colours, the scents, the people, the animals became fused in my brain and I can still re-run the trips like a movie in my mind to this day. Although the city we came from had many stunning parks and tree lined suburbs, the countryside beyond the city outskirts was captivating in its relentless enormity and diversity. A mystical element of antiquity seemed to bind the countryside into a magnificent, ever changing, colourful, three-dimensional tapestry that stretched to the hazy horizon and beyond.

Finally, there was the excitement of reaching our farmhouse. A steep limestone hill led to a coarse limestone and asbestos sheet home with a massive Cyprus hedge on its southern and western side. The house was stoically functional, it kept us dry in winter, provided a place to prepare meals, sleep and kept the insane summer sun from frying our brains. A steeply pitched roof funnelled precious rainwater into strategically placed storage tanks on the western walls.

By today's standards, the cottage was boring, lacking the elegant lines of architectural sophistication and status. Nothing set the house apart from any of the rural dwellings in the area, except it was a home, a place for a small boy to experience the full gamut of human emotions from love to hate and all the incredible feelings in between. A place to feel warm and secure in a home-made feather quilt as the wild winter storms slammed into windows and clattered loudly on the corrugated iron roof above my head. The cosy cottage was a place to listen to stories of pioneer Australia from people who lived in the area and as I sat close to the glowing warmth of the wood stove, I heard tantalising tales of mystical, faraway places and adventurous characters that frequented distant tropical shores. Local farmers with their huge calloused hands, rough clothing and broad smiles enjoyed watching the boisterous antics of a small boy from the city when they visited the farmhouse.

The hedge near the house provided shelter from the violent winds of Antarctica and provided us children with the most amazing hedge racing games ever. The local children would

often venture over to our house for a race along the top of the colossal, strongly scented hedge. As children, we knew every trick to a successful hedge race. We watched in amusement as our competitors fell through gaping holes in the hedge canopy, lightly concealed by flattened Cyprus branches. With one miscalculated footstep, our competition would feel themselves sucked into the dry, mysterious interior of the manicured hedge and were unceremoniously spat from the side of the hedge at ground level, coughing, spluttering and covered in dust and pine needles.

Occasionally, our eager young visitors would suffer the embarrassment of sliding, head first like a torpedo, into the black, foul smelling drain that oozed ominously nearby. No matter how many times our friends tried to beat us, they never succeeded and with two hundred metres of hedge canopy to negotiate, they seemed to find every weak spot in the hedge cover and plunge their way to disaster. In an effort to ease their bruised egos, we would offer them a re-start and give them a twenty-metre head start. They still managed to fall embarrassingly through the Cyprus canopy to ground level as we rattled overhead to the finish line and victory.

A large orchard, packed with a variety of lovingly pruned fruit trees, spilled down the southern slope, past the hedge toward the valley below. The Mediterranean orchard contained varieties of grapes, apples, apricots, pears, plums, peaches, nectarines and citrus trees and was absolute heaven to us children as the various crops ripened. We would gorge ourselves on the delicious fruit as it matured and fortunately there were sufficient trees to allow my mother enough fruit to preserve for the long winter months that followed the summer ripening. Any remaining fruit found its way to eager neighbours and relatives. As a very small boy, I was useful during the fruit preserving process, as my hands were small enough to pack fruit into some of the more petite preserving jars. The fruit would be carefully sliced and neatly stacked in vertical rows before sugar syrup was added, the jars sealed and clipped, then heated in a preserving unit. The delicate fruit would remain edible for several years, although my mother was careful to ration her supply of magnificent preserves to ensure we didn't eat them all in a single week.

One of the old European varieties of apple tree was close to the lounge room window, so close; we could open a window to pick an apple at mealtime. Although the apples appeared repulsive with wart like bumps, they tasted magnificent and my father was able to harvest them and store them for many months in a cool area of the house. The stored apples would develop a thick, waxy, protective coating that eager children could polish to a mirror shine and crunching into a tasty red bauble was absolute Dreamland.

Ripe fruit was also a signal for thousands of small 'Silvereye' birds to invade the orchard, along with parrots, magpies and currawong, all eager for the smorgasbord of delicious fruit. Possums and our own chickens and turkeys would also join the feast of delectable food that hung invitingly from the overburdened limbs of the trees.

On the eastern edge of the orchard was a large vegetable plot with potatoes, beans, peas, silver-beat, rhubarb, cabbage, cauliflower, lettuce and carrots. The garden grew enormous quantities of fresh vegetables, spurred along by the copious choice of fertiliser from the farm animals. The bottom of the orchard was defined by a petite, rabbit proof netting fence and a row of towering poplar trees that just begged for young boys to climb them.

The farmhouse held a small, unkempt garden on its northern boundary with several large ornamental eucalypt trees, a smattering of scrawny geranium plants and tangled roses pleading for attention. A tiny curved metal gate gave us entry through a tired old netting fence to the rear of the house. The back door and accompanying 'fly screen' door, crying for lubrication, opened noisily into a louvered patio that contained a laundry, bathroom and a curved, cream coloured kerosene fuelled fridge. There were a small set of well-worn steps that dropped down to a white, wooden door that led to a cavernous kitchen with a wood-fired, green and yellow 'Metters' cooking range, directly opposite the entry to the main room. The stove hearth was a large, smoothed cement area, designed to protect the nondescript linoleum floor from wayward embers that flew enthusiastically from the glowing teeth of the cast iron stove. A carefully constructed wood-box, lovingly made by my grandfather was to the right of the robust wood-fired stove and provided storage for the neatly chopped fuel that fed the hungry cooker. As a child, I would spend time foraging outdoors, happily collecting the kindling wood or 'morning sticks' used by my father for starting the wood-fired stove in the morning. I would set off exploring with our faithful working dog that enjoyed looking for reptiles, snails and witchetty grubs as much as I did. It must have amused my parents that such a simple task could take hours to complete.

My mother had learnt the art of cooking on a wood-fuelled stove as a young girl and some of her meals were legendary. She had mastered the art of judging just the right amount of wood to use to avoid reducing meals to charcoal or grinding our teeth to stumps with par cooked food. I can remember watching in awe and amazement as she deftly moved pans, adding spices, salts and seasoning to transform simple food into mouth-watering works of gourmet art. She was able to coax the stubborn stove into life with an assortment of steel pokers and hooks that spread embers around the firebox in preparation for another carefully selected log. The whole process was hypnotic as sparks flew noisily in every direction and orange fingers of flame voraciously explored the new supply of carefully split wood.

The stove provided welcome warmth during the ferocious winter gales and a ready source of warm water from the merrily 'singing' kettle for any visitor's tea or coffee, as well as hot water for washing hands and dishes. The stove provided enough heat for my mother to dry clothes during the harsh winter days by using a wooden drying rack that folded away in concertina fashion. The radiating cooker was a wonderful place for children to warm their boots before venturing into the wretched wintertime weather that lashed the farmhouse relentlessly.

Occasionally, the stove became a hospital bed warmer for small lambs separated from their mothers in early spring and the healing heat of the fire helped our family revive them. As the tiny lambs lay close to the stove, we could always tease our gullible young friends from the city, by telling them we were having roast lamb for lunch. They were suitably horrified.!

The large cooking range provided my mother with the ability to produce inspirational meals of mammoth proportions to feed the many relatives and guests that frequented the farm. She had accumulated some truly gargantuan frying pans, saucepans and serving spoons to cater for the large settings at meal times. The gleaming stove was impressive, with its collection of lovingly polished pans gently clattering and hissing as they boiled above the dancing flames of the firebox.

A chrome edged, green 'laminex' kitchen table with matching green vinyl and chrome legged chairs failed to fill the large kitchen area and there was plenty of room for an odd assortment of shining green kitchen cupboards with fine mesh doors and chrome lever latches. As children, we loved launching ourselves on the kitchen chairs that hissed noisily as we sank into the thick layer of foam hidden by the green vinyl seat covers. The rest of the cosy cottage contained two bedrooms and a cramped lounge room. The view from the southern end of the house revealed a picturesque valley between the limestone covered hills. The lounge room door opened onto a steep set of concrete steps that led to the sloping orchard through an archway in the dense, Cyprus hedge.

At the lowest point of the valley below the farmhouse and orchard was a 'two stand' shearing shed and accompanying sheep yards, surrounded by stately eucalypt trees. The trees provided welcome shade for the yarded sheep during summer as they waited patiently to have their hot, bulky fleeces removed. The woollen fibre, skilfully removed annually from thousands of sheep by itinerant shearers, was a major income source of the property and the carefully maintained shed used to shear the sheep sat in the scenic hollow below the farmhouse. The iron clad shearing shed became a multifunction warehouse that stored seeds and fertiliser for pasture renovation and cropping when the shed wasn't being used for shearing or crutching.

The surrounding sheep yards were designed to funnel sheep towards a central drafting race and the exterior section of the area contained a long narrow set of yards that led to a circular, corrugated iron 'dipping' tank, configured to remove irritating and fibre destroying lice from the sheep after shearing. A small, tractor driven centrifugal pump sprayed arsenic rich water over the sheared sheep and the water from the drenched animals drained into a large square concrete reservoir and recycled. Only lambs walked freely and easily to the dipping tank, once they had experienced the discomfort of being sprayed with foul smelling liquid, they were extremely reluctant to ever go anywhere near it. The older the sheep became, the more difficult it became to get them anywhere near the outer yards at dipping time and our faithful working dogs were stretched to their limit trying to move the reluctant animals toward their annual shower. Some of the more senior rams flatly refused to move at all and we would have to use incredible deception, colourful language and persuasion to get them into the bathing area.

On the eastern end of the valley, a thin, euphemistic car track disappeared past the grey, corrugated iron shearing shed and vanished abruptly into a magnificent mass of lush, tree covered hills. The treacherous, single lane track wound its way up a steep sandy hill and then dropped abruptly into another beautiful wide valley that led to more remote properties. The millions of trees and indigenous shrubs covering the hills provided food and shelter for the many native birds and during the day, their exquisite, magical melodies echoed beautifully through the gently sloping hills.

At night, I was sung to sleep by the sound of wind, constantly caressing the trees outside my louvered bedroom window and thousands of lovesick frogs croaking outrageously in the swamps to the west. In the mornings, I would wake to the beautifully clear sounds of magpies, kookaburras and colourful blue wrens as they welcomed the first hint of daylight. As the first iridescent rays of sunlight brushed the ancient forest with tender strokes of orange light, the

symphony of bird song rose to a magnificent crescendo of natural composition that flowed through the valleys in a cascade of reverberant, audible wonder.

The house was already 30 years old when my parents purchased the farm and there was no state supplied electricity or water, no central heating, no inside toilet, no hot water service, no shower and household water from the roof was collected in large, dull grey galvanised iron tanks. A massive 'squatters tank,' capable of catching 80,000 litres of rainwater from an implement shed roof above the house, was the reserve water supply when the tanks around the house ran dry. In extremely dry winters, all the rainwater tanks around the sheds and cottage would run dry and we would switch to the emergency supply of brackish bore water, supplied by a deep well windmill in the valley below.

Interior household lighting was a series of candles and kerosene lamps of various shapes and included 'hurricane lamps,' that allowed us to take a light outdoors without fear of being plunged into darkness by the howling wind. The faint light of the candles and lamps made reading difficult and the smell of the brighter kerosene lamps was sometimes overpowering. We quickly learnt to adjust the wicks of the lamps to give maximum light, but minimum smell. Filling the lamps with greasy, blue coloured kerosene and lighting or blowing out the lamps at night was a tiny step on the path of independence for a small child.

Our bath water was gravity fed from a rainwater tank perched precariously outside the house on rough sawn tree stumps and the water that trickled inside flowed through a 'chip heater' positioned at one end of the curved tin bath. The small chip heater burst into life with strategically placed newspaper, kindling and fuelled continuously with pinecones and small gum tree sticks during the bathing process. The flames from the pinecones heated the copper water coils inside the heater and produced warm bath water. A long, narrow, silver coloured chimney took the smoke from the water heater's firebox outdoors. The more heat we could produce from our collection of sticks, the warmer the water became and if we reduced the flow of water and stoked up the small, hungry firebox, we discovered the water from the small brass tap was close to boiling. It was all very organic, dangerous and incredibly exciting to a small boy.

The outside toilet was a scene of horror for any city folk who visited. The solitary, ungainly toilet was fifty metres from the bedrooms along a hazardous limestone edged path. The toilet was made of rough sawn Oregon pine and covered with grey, zinc-coated corrugated iron. A large wooden door supported by gigantic hinges and a round door handle gave entry to the small cubicle. The Radiata pine floorboards and seating platform were carefully scrubbed white with 'Lysol' disinfectant by my mother. The interior was fitted with a hinged, wooden bench seat, and a carefully smoothed oval hole concealed a black, circular enamel drum containing excrement.

Massive, saucer sized 'Huntsman' spiders with their ready fangs, hairy bodies and too many legs frequented the toilet, and we saw more than one city child run in terror from a giant spider encounter. A well-aimed rock, launched by my brother at the small iron clad cubicle, would have a similar effect. The resounding 'clang' sent the terrorised children streaking from the toilet with their pants down around their knees and their eyes as wide as dinner plates as they raced for the shelter of their mother's protective arms. At night, during the frequent winter gales, a trip to the toilet was a daunting prospect and chamber pots were the alternative to a risky toilet encounter. It

would be quite a few years before my father was able to renovate the house with indoor plumbing, extra rooms, a power generator and 32 volt D.C. electric lighting.

Our remote location meant radio reception was limited during daylight hours, television was unheard of and our contact with the outside world was an ornate, wooden framed, 1910 Danish 'party line' phone of monstrous proportions. It clung tenaciously to the kitchen wall, close to a bedroom door with a sheet of grey cardboard containing the Morse code identifiers of the surrounding farms and interstate contacts. As a young boy, I would open the front of the phone and peer inquisitively at the two massive red dry cell batteries, the large chrome gears and the collection of wires and components near the top of the phone. To contact the main exchange, or a neighbouring farm, the handle on the right hand side of the phone was wound with the appropriate Morse code. As the handle was rotated, the two large chrome bells near the top of the phone would ring with the suitable series of identifying 'dots and dashes.' Every farmhouse connected to the phone line was coded and we soon learned to recognise our code as one long and two short rings. One long turn of the handle indicated a caller needed the local exchange for an outside line and a short turn of the handle indicated the call had finished and signal other users the line was free and available for another call. Before using the phone, we had to make sure the line was clear. To find out, the receiver was carefully lifted from the hook to listen and then we would inquire, "Working?"

Our house acted as a community phone service for many of the isolated families not connected to the phone line and making a phone call for these people turned into a major social event with beer, wine and spirits flowing freely after the call. Every phone in the district joined with the bulky, decaying, eight gauge phone line that lurched drunkenly from one rough sawn pole to another and it was possible for anyone connected to the system to listen to any phone conversation made on the line. Similarly, the girls in the main telephone exchange in town were able to listen to any calls and were often able to tell us that people we were trying to contact had gone to town for the day and we should try again later when they returned. If the phone became quiet for more than a few hours during the day, we usually found the rusty old line severed, lying on the ground in disarray and my father would repair the phone line as best he could.

The rural lifestyle was isolated, primitive and physically demanding. The work was often dangerous and we developed a keen sense of self-preservation, knowing there was a real possibility no one would find us for many hours if there were a critical accident involving heavy machinery. We grew all our own vegetables, raised our own fowls for meat and eggs and kept the down of dressed ducks to make feather quilts. We slaughtered and dressed our livestock, ate wild game, smoked bacon in a Hessian smoke house and made our own sausages using animal entrails for sausage skins. We sewed or knitted many of our own clothes, mended socks and damaged work wear. My mother was the primary seamstress, but we would all supply a helping hand when her pile of repairs reached critical mass. Our sewing machine was an ornate foot powered 1907 'Singer' that whirred rhythmically over the layers of coloured cotton material. We attended to nearly all veterinary needs, helped birth animals, repaired our own vehicles and changed differentials, clutches, gearboxes and engines. We produced our own meadow hay and loaded the heavy, flesh scraping hay bales by hand onto a red, hand cranked, 1939 Chevrolet Series JC Master Truck with no brakes and no registration. We cut our own lumber, fence posts and firewood on a tractor powered saw bench, with a massive circular saw blade screaming

hysterically as it sliced through the stubborn lengths of eucalypt timber. We built our own large sheds and house extensions without the need for local government approval and spent long, hard hours punching through solid limestone rock with a heavy iron crowbar and a rounded, long handled shovel building fences. Fence post holes were drilled with a hand turned brace and bit that chewed slowly through the tough eucalypt timber. There was no electricity for power tools and dressed timber was cut to length with a hand saw, hand planed and holes were drilled with a hand turned drill. We worked on our own plumbing, cut heavy galvanised pipe to exact length and cut the pipe thread with a bulky thread dye. We repaired windmills and deep bore wells, lifting the massive weight of iron piping with a block and tackle suspended from the top mast of the mill. We learned to replace huge windmill fans by clamping thick piping above the head of the mill and lifting the fan housing free of the mast stand and lowering it to the ground for repair. We milked cows for our milk, separated the cream in a De Laval hand turned separator, using the butter milk for scones and made our own butter from the thick, separated cream in a wooden, hand turned butter churn. Any excess milk, cream or butter was given to our nearest neighbours who in turn, supplied exotic vegetables we didn't grow ourselves. We learned to smoke and dry meat as well as other ingenious ways to store fruit and vegetables without refrigeration. We only visited doctors for extreme emergencies and home remedies relieved many common ailments. Our remote rural existence ensured we became very observant, self-reliant, resourceful, inventive and strong.

We spent much of our time outdoors and we tried to cope with the frigid, driving rain and hail in winter and the ferocious summer sun as best we could. We used horses during the flooded winter months to muster stock from remote areas to our west and we were adept at drafting cattle from the saddle. During the prolonged wet period, the ground became a quagmire and motorbikes would be left standing upright bogged past their crankcases, encapsulated in thick, black mud and would have to be pulled free by horse or tractor and a very long length of rope. It was often an extremely long, wet and embarrassing walk back to the farmhouse if any vehicle became stuck in mud or sand.

My hard working mother would wash our clothes outdoors in a wood-fired 'copper' some 60 metres from the house, using a well-worn paddle to agitate the boiling clothes. She would then lift the steaming clothes from the circular copper tank and squeeze the clothes through a hand turned mangle, before hanging her washing on a makeshift clothes line suspended on fencing wire supported by two rough-cut timber poles. A long, forked tree branch pushed the sagging clothesline into the air and kept the wet clothes from dragging on the ground. Her parents and grandparents had endured even tougher conditions as they lovingly raised families in the harsh rural environment. The pioneer women of these times faced soul crushing rural isolation and deprivation in a foreign land, far from the frivolity and excitement of their cultured European origins.

I had come from a modern city with power, lighting, flushing toilets and washing machines, but the remote farmhouse fired my child's imagination like no other place I have ever experienced. There was something very organic and magical about its presence.

The years progressed and I naively skipped into the brutality of the Australian education system. Sitting in a freezing schoolroom on some of the hardest, wooden bench seats ever

created, I found I had an insatiable thirst for knowledge. I learned the mysteries of writing, the wonder of mathematics and the incredible diversity of human endeavour. I marvelled at the simple things, like the book I was writing on and wondered who had made the pencil I used to record the miracle of language. There were so many amazing things to learn and try to comprehend.

The teachers delivered their lessons with the savagery of convict prison wardens. As small children, the teachers flogged us into submission, our all-encompassing spirits splintered by their physical attacks on our bodies. We experienced corporal punishment for talking, smiling, passing notes and a whole list of minor misdemeanour.

I vividly remember the searing pain of Mr Morrison's cane as he jumped off the floor to land blows on my pants as I touched my toes in front of him. The tears flowed freely down my face at the incredible pain of his wooden rattan cane as it contacted my flesh and I was horrified at the assault on my tiny body. I could hear the swish of the cane and then the 'snap' as it made contact with my rump, causing me to shudder in pain every time a blow landed. His verbal abuse still rings in my ears. My classmates sat terrified by the example the headmaster made of me and silence fell on our little world for several hours. One by one, the teachers ensured we experienced physical, psychological or homosexual abuse at some time or another. Gender was no barrier against physical attacks, but at least the girls weren't subjected to the level of brutality reserved for the young boys.

The teachers found creative ways to share their abuse and would knock children's heads together if they caught us talking in class. They designed custom canes with ornate handles and split ends so the shaft of the split cane would pinch our skin as it ploughed into our tender young flesh. These canes were a condensed version of the 'cat of nine tails,' used to flog our convict ancestors and they hurt like all hell. Trying to sit after a flogging from a split cane was difficult, the burning pain left us trying to limit contact with the hard wooden seats for as long as possible. If any child looked in their desks during tests as a teacher stalked by, they would jam the child's fingers under the lids of the wooden desks.

We felt the pain of a ruler as it flailed into the palm of our outstretched hands or the back of the bare legs of the girls, as well as the pain and embarrassment of teachers dragging us around the classroom by our ears! Children were too terrified to leave the classroom for bodily functions and wilted under extreme abuse from teachers when urine formed puddles at their feet. We were rostered to clean the classrooms, outdoor areas and school buses and it was many years later, I discovered the teachers were paid bonuses for the work we did. The level of abuse was disproportionate to the 'crimes' committed and aimed solely to break our spirit and reduce us to quiet little drones.

For god's sake, I was a small, defenceless child living in a civilised society; I held no weapons in my hand or malice in my heart and all I wanted to do was learn: I really wanted to learn. Was that a criminal offence worthy of corporal punishment? Apparently, it was and tears and sobbing were the currency the teachers traded in. This was my first physical taste of the Hell Makers outside my family.

In between the continual assaults from the teachers, there was time to make childhood friends. I was lucky because, although physically small, I was incredibly athletic. I could run faster, jump higher and think quicker than many of the children around me. I was popular and enjoyed the many friends I made. Despite the reign of terror administered by some of the teachers on all students, we still enjoyed our playground games. We played all the games that children have played for countless generations, Hopscotch, Red Rover, 'Chasy' and many others. Laughter filled the air and the sheer energy and exuberance of children reverberated around the cold, sterile buildings of the school. Depending on the season, we would spend time on the school oval happily playing football, baseball or cricket during our lunchtime break.

As a young boy, there was wonder and adventure everywhere and armed with boundless energy, the world was one enormous theme park. We never walked; life was for running and running fast. With our hair blowing back, we streaked from one adventure to the next. There were so many mysteries to resolve, so many imaginary games to revel in and there seemed to be an infinite time to enjoy ourselves. There was a world of laughter, exploration, joy and sharing that sprang from every molecule in my tiny body.

Attending school in a remote area meant getting up at dawn and catching the lumbering yellow school bus that thundered along our rough limestone roads. As we waited for the bus in the chilly mornings, we would build forts from the readily available native shrubs or stalk kangaroos and rabbits feeding in the bushland on the opposite side of the road. Frosty mornings gave us the chance to run along our gravel track and then slide along the frozen grass on the roadside, using our shoes like miniature skis. The giant bracken ferns and most of the native shrubs would surrender their green foliage to the white powder coating of chilling frost. Water in the stock troughs would develop a thick frozen skin that we would break with a carefully chosen stick. The frozen ice would shatter into slabs of glass like material and allow inquisitive children a chance to examine its structure. More often than not, the sheets of ice were broken over someone's head.

In the summer time, when rain was a distant memory, the dust from the school bus was a visual feast and sitting at the back of the bus was a priority to ensure the best possible view of the spectacle. Huge palls of white dust would spew from the tyres of the vehicle, like vapour trails on a jet engine and we would watch in amazement as the swirling dust expanded and seemed to hang in the air forever. As we lived near the bus terminus, we had the opportunity to claim the rear seat unopposed. The rear seat also offered an excellent view of the bus interior and we knew every child that entered the bus along the way. We could watch every single movement from our bench seat position and we could even spy on the awkward mating rituals of the senior students. As small boys, girls were a mystery and although we had heard rumours of their differences, it really seemed nothing to do with us.

The bus travelled more than 50 kilometres from the house I was boarding at, to the local 'area school' and nearly half of the trip was on rough, unpaved limestone roads. Our farmhouse was far too remote for a bus service and boarding at another rural property meant I didn't have to be up at 5 A.M. to get to school; I was up at 6 A.M. instead. School days were infinitely long for small children, as the school bus picked us up near dawn and dropped us back at the farmhouse gate at close to 5 P.M. The people I stayed with were some of the hardest working, beautiful,

loving people, I would ever meet and to this day I can vividly remember their love, generosity and the wonderful times we all shared.

On every bus trip, we saw kangaroos, foxes and rabbits as well as hundreds of beautiful magpies, dazzlingly coloured parrots and bronze winged pigeons. As summer approached, the number of rabbits increased to plague proportions. There were literally millions of rabbits feasting voraciously on the farmers' pasture and crops. We would start to see groups of white, sandy or black rabbits scuttling for cover along with their familiar grey coloured cousins as the school bus lumbered past. There were so many rabbits they would be stuck trying to get into their warrens, as five or more would try to get into the one underground entrance at the same time.

The local foxes and wedge-tailed eagles dined on the bountiful supply of food and we often saw the majestic black and tan eagles sitting a safe distance from the road feasting on fresh road kill that littered the country roads. During winter, we would see Cape Barren geese, beautiful black swans and we even saw the mythical grey Brolga, standing proudly at 1.2 metres with narrow, stilted legs and probing the marshland with its powerful dark beak. Occasionally the Brolga would perform their ancient dance ritual of gracefully leaping into the air in slow motion around each other.

Large herds of sheep and cattle would graze contentedly on their manicured green pasture and from time to time, we would watch farmers moving massive numbers of livestock from one area to another, their faithful working dogs ensuring the animals didn't stray from the course set for them. We would see the large flocks of tightly packed sheep 'ripple' as they moved over mounds in the fields or retreated from the advances of the dogs. During winter, as water formed deep pools in the fertile pasture, we saw numerous cattle wading in the cold clear waterholes, eating the soft reeds and water-grasses similar to hippopotamus wallowing in African lakes.

The rural scenery unravelled in front of us like a giant kaleidoscope of colour and shapes as the school bus pitched and heaved its way along the long, winding country road. The teacher who drove the bus was Neville Stern Smith and his hatred of girls and preoccupation with boys was noticeable even to us as children. I had heard the adults talking about him, but it didn't really make sense to me as a child. What did matter was his vile temper and it wasn't long before he singled me out for a display of authoritarian abuse and I was relegated to sit alongside a female teacher in the front of the bus after I held another boy's lunch box to ransom. The presence of other teachers on the bus saved me from his explosive temper and extreme physical violence. Of all the teachers in our school, he was the most feared.

I found myself torn between a beautifully balanced natural world and an insane, man-made world controlled by abuse, pain and fear. It truly was heaven and hell.

My parents were aware of the beatings I received from the schoolteachers and seemed powerless to prevent them. I later learned, they had received similar treatment in their youth and were unable to find ways to break the cycle of institutionalised violence. My older brother revelled in my discomfort and seemed to derive pleasure from it. My brother was eight years older than I was and his physical and psychological abuse formed some of my earliest memories.

I can remember, as a four-year-old child he would stand me near a large, lead-acid battery powered gramophone and make me listen to a 78-RPM Bakelite recording about a flying mouse and continually replay the part that said, "You're nothing but a nothing, you're not a thing at all." He would proceed to say that phrase again and again during the day and night, week after week, month after month, year after year, until the phrase became the most prominent thought in my head.

He aligned my personality with an intellectually challenged uncle and continually reminded me I was as 'mad' as the unfortunate relative was. My brother altered the way I thought of my father by continually telling me my father was an idiot, a dumb turkey, a drunkard, weak and incompetent. He bewildered me with his ability to talk adoringly to my father one minute and then tell me what a creep he was the next. He always had an armoury of derogatory insults to hurl in my direction and his list of soul crushing chants were repeated in a never ending cycle of physical and verbal abuse.

He would cut the heads off waterfowl with blunt hedge clippers so I could witness their agonising death and would punch me hard in the guts, causing me to double over in pain and struggle to get my breath. We would have pillow fights that often involved being pinned to the bed with a pillow covering my head that preventing me from breathing. He devised other physical torture beyond the sight of my parents involving violently pushing my arm behind my back until I would nearly pass out with pain. He enjoyed throwing me to the ground, sitting on my stomach, pinning my arms above my head and slowly dribbling long strands of spit on my face. After releasing me from these sadistic displays, he would strut around like a demented rooster, his arms straight down his sides and his legs rapidly moving up and down on the same spot. As a tiny child, I can remember thinking, "This is way beyond weird." His abuse was never ending, he just never let up and if he couldn't administer physical pain, he simply resorted to psychological pain instead. Even in front of my parents at meal times, he would cunningly use hidden phrases or words designed to remind me of his omnipotence.

Aged five, I was taking a bath and he walked into the room, waved his thunderous genitals in my face and pissed on my head. I squirmed in horror as the strong smelling urine flowed over my head and I tried to slide to the other end of the tub, but was unable to escape his attack. This was a vile 're-enactment' he would subject me to for several years and at age six; he described in great detail how he would tie me down and defecate on my face.

He fabricated lies about the shape of my genitalia and how that made me 'different' from other boys. He would focus on any part of my physical make-up and try to turn that feature into a disfigurement worthy of a sideshow freak. He made certain to tell me that my relatives and other people in the district thought I was a freak as well.

I was still a child and utterly powerless to prevent his abuse. My reality was his shaped by his sadism; I knew no other. He was so adored by my parents, I knew they would never believe a small sibling if I told them of his cunning assaults. His vile temper, death threats and physical attacks ensured I never told another living person of the soul crushing abuse he delivered so freely.

His hatred of me over the years would elevate to the point I was sure he would kill me and his unpredictable 'hair trigger' temper meant I was always treading on eggshells, trying not to provoke the incredible rage that boiled inside him like a pool of sulphurous magma. As we later lived in the country and his hatred increased exponentially, he had access to a variety of firearms and ammunition. It would have been so easy for him to stage another shooting 'accident.' On any shooting expedition involving my brother, I always made sure he stayed in front of me, never behind.

I started deeply mistrusting and fearing adults and my all-encompassing child spirit and confidence shrank to the size of a dehydrated pea. The physical and psychological abuse from teachers at school continued unabated, but I never again mentioned it to my family. Despite the beatings and demoralising verbal abuse, my grades at school were amazing and I was often top of the class in term examinations. Learning was easy and I was able to recall pages of books from memory as if the pages of the books were sitting in front of me. It was at this point, my parents sent me back to the capital city to another school.

Chapter Two

Changing Seasons

My beautiful natural world of trees, colourful birds, native fauna and wide-open spaces changed abruptly to the constraints of traffic lights, concrete buildings and plate glass. The new school I attended was an all-boys senior school in a leafy eastern suburb of the city. The uninviting buildings of the school sat on large, sloping grounds, quietly shielded from prying eyes by a variety of well-established trees and tightly trimmed hedges. There was a strange blend of architecture, with massive old ivy clad buildings sharing their Edwardian elegance with gaudy, poorly constructed barracks, distributed on strange angles throughout the grounds. A huge Norfolk pine tree stood guard at the old administrative building and was designated a meeting spot for us boys when we needed to catch up. The teachers would also use the spot for impromptu gatherings and announcements during the week.

This ancient tree was close to the pine tree John Struik, the school bully, clambered up as the whole school hunted him down like a weasel after he abused one of the small boys who had just joined the school. John's predicament was the result of an incredible social experiment where every single boy in the school took justice into his own hands and searched for him during their lunch break. We knew he hadn't left the school grounds, as all the exits were guarded and we were about to give up scouring the area when someone shouted, "Struik's up a tree." John soon found himself surrounded by the whole school baying for blood at the base of the old pine tree. There was no interference or influence from any teachers, just justice delivered from the whole mass of students who found John's behaviour totally unacceptable. John sheepishly worked his way down the large tree to the ground. He wasn't physically harmed, but succumbed to the desire of all the boys to modify his behaviour and became a gentle little lamb for the rest of the year.

It came as no surprise that the teachers at this school were as violent as the previous school. In fact, they were even more sadistic, I found myself punched, kicked, hit in the head with fists and books. I was slapped, beaten with sticks, dragged by the hair, and had a chair kicked from under me. All I had to do to invoke the teacher's rage was smile. "Wipe that smile off your face." was the last thing I would hear before the full force of an adult hand would send my head spinning.

Our South African physics teacher, Mr Butler would rant, "I'll beat you to within an inch of your life and I'm not a good judge of measurement." He wasn't joking; he flailed into us boys with unabridged delight and there were very few boys in his class that escaped a flogging during the year. He would use the most trivial excuse to lunge at some hapless boy and drag him to the pit of pain. The embarrassment of touching our toes or bending over a desk in front of the class as he administered six or more blows from his rattan cane to our rear was extreme. Some

adolescent boys broke into uncontrollable sobbing when beaten, but most of us didn't and I'm sure that increased the ferocity of his punishment.

It was a hideous experience, bending submissively in front of a classroom of adolescent boys, knowing every set of eyes in the room were studying your face for a grimace of pain as the sadistic teacher flailed into your flesh with a supple stick and unrestrained savagery. Getting 'the cuts' was a badge of honour worn by nearly every boy in the school. The teachers placed an insane level of importance on the lessons they taught, which in reality had little to do with life as an adult beyond the school environment.

I had endless detention and lines of ludicrous gibberish to write as punishment. The physical assaults and verbal vilification from the teachers was not limited to me; it extended to nearly every pupil in one form or another. I was boarding with my older, married sister and after school, I would return to a house in turmoil. There were arguments, tears, outrageous accusations, beatings and terrified, sobbing children. My sister sought solace from a fridge, overflowing with casks of mind numbing white wine.

Despite the persistent trauma, my grades in school were above average, I was popular with the other boys and I made some great friends. I would go to their houses after school and on weekends and hang out doing the things young adolescent boys do. We spent hours exploring the suburbs and surrounding foothills on our pushbikes, as well as frequent visits to the local cinemas and shops. The bikes were our ticket to the freedom we craved and we would pedal enormous distances in our quest for adventure.

It didn't take long before a few boys discovered we could avoid going to school for the day and we soon found ourselves in the heart of the city exploring, instead of lining up for our daily dose of derogation. Provided we missed school irregularly, we were able to enjoy ourselves undetected. It was exhilarating to escape the regimented drudgery of school and we would spend hours doing exactly what we wanted to do, with total freedom. All we had to do was arrive at school, be present for our first lesson and roll call, then slip out of school before we had to change classrooms for the second lesson of the day. There were plenty of concealed exits in hedges and fences around the school that made escape safe and easy. Once we were clear of the school grounds, it was simple to catch a bus into the city using some of our lunch money for the fare. Sometimes I would go alone and the experience was no less exciting.

There were so many wonders hidden in the malls and alleyways. The bright lights, the glittering products, the polished interiors of the shops, gleaming marble floors, the enticing scent of exotic food. Small sparrows dodging the constant tide of restaurant clientele, plump pigeons deftly pecking at crumbs, the sounds of leather shoes clacking and scuffing over the pavement, the military gait of the businessmen and women as they hurriedly marched to their appointments tightly clutching their cases and documents, beautifully scented women in their colourful dresses and high heeled shoes. The constant tide of busy people, rushing to and from large cement edifices – it was all very amazing, exciting and dangerous. People seemed so pre-occupied with their busy schedules; they never looked twice at a small boy wandering the shops and streets alone.

Back in school, the teachers were so disinterested in their pupils they didn't notice or care there were students missing from their classes and we were able to repeat our adventures several times during the year without detection. We found a sympathetic teacher who would let us use his classroom during the day to do our mountainous pile of homework and lines of writing as punishment. This form of punishment was bizarre and we found ourselves writing 100 lines or more on specially ruled paper saying 'I must not behave badly in Mr Ayers English class.' The teacher who let us use his vacant room had a free period during the week and a few of us would use this time to skip 'physical education' and free up our evenings for some adventure by doing our homework at school. Girls were less of a mystery and a lot of our time was devoted to them.

School was pleasantly broken with end of term holidays and I would find my way back to our distant farm. It was euphoric to see my parents, escape the sadistic, soul squeezing madness of the school system and my mother would spoil me with special food treats from her amazing oven. I never mentioned the abuse from the teachers and life during those breaks was ecstatic. It was a chance to catch up with my friends from the country, exchange news, have fun and enjoy unbridled freedom. We had horses, bikes, pre-war cars and many thousands of acres of forests and plains to explore. I would return to the familiar rolling hill near our farmhouse and gaze over the expanse below me. The Casuarina trees hugging the hill, would sigh wistfully as the wind brushed through their needle like foliage, the small Whipstick Mallee trees shivered in response to the breeze and the ancient Yakka bushes defiantly clung to their patches of deep red soil, their long, curved spines waving rhythmically as the wind danced playfully around them.

Depending on the season, the countryside would appear lush green during winter and early spring, or dry and golden brown during summer. As winter increased its grip, I would see the low areas of pasture disappear under clear pools of water. Towards the end of winter, the pools would join in vast lakes of shallow water, trapped between distant hillocks that ran parallel to each other and the coastline. These low hills were the remnants of ancient shorelines that had retreated as the sea levels changed over the millennia.

The shallow fresh water covering the plains was the place to find fat, transparent tadpoles, native crustaceans and other strange, slimy water borne creatures to bring home and add to an ever-growing collection of insects and animals. Splashing through the cold, clear water in rubber boots, hunting for strange water life hiding under submerged clover plants with their supply of clinging air bubbles, was a winter ritual for most of the local children.

After the chill of winter, the brief spring season allowed the whole area to burst into a reproductive frenzy, with plants and trees cloaking themselves in colourful, strongly scented blossoms. Millions of flowers, ranging from bright yellow to pale blue coated the ground in an artistic matte of bee attracting colour. The larger trees responded to the increasing warmth with their display of nectar dripping flowers that attracted parrots, 'honey eater' birds and a multitude of sweet-toothed insects.

As the weather warmed, our house became a bee magnet and it stood like a white, bee attracting beacon in a sea of green. Any bee worth his pinch of salt could find our house, in some ways it resembled a giant hive, shining brightly in the warm spring sunlight, just crying out for bees to land on it. Stepping outside our house usually meant taking evasive measures as bees

jetted by on their way to the smorgasbord of flowers just a stone's throw away. As small children, we soon learnt that bees were incredibly bad tempered and our soft childish skin offered no resistance to their fiery venom delivered from their painful barbed stings. As the spring flowers multiplied, so too did the bees and it wasn't long before the wailing from our painful bee encounters shattered the peace and quiet of the countryside.

We never taunted the bees, we did our absolute best to keep away from them, but it didn't work. They seemed to lie in wait for us and when we least expected it; their diabolical stings would send us screaming back into the safety of the house. Occasionally they would terrify us even further, by swarming into the wall cavities of our house, leaving us with sleepless nights as they buzzed only a short distance from our heads. My father responded with a variety of lotions and potions applied to the exterior of the house where the bees were entering and within a few days, the swarm would leave. There would be peace for a few weeks before the next swarm would find a new way into the wall space. Eventually the entry points were plugged and our childhood games continued in peace.

Towards the end of spring one-year, we were horrified to discover a seething mass of bees hanging from a tree branch just a few steps from our back door. There was the central core of faithful workers protecting her Royal Highness and hundreds of scout bees departing and landing in a frenzied drone of activity. We decided to leave the bees to their buzzing, knowing they would move to a more secure residence in a few days.

It was at this point our father encountered a stupidity ray. A practical and logical man, he suddenly lost sight of all reason and embarked on a plan that staggered us with its idiocy. Sick of finding ways to remove bees from the wall space, he could see that getting rid of the swarm before they set up residence in the house was a good idea. All he had to do was shift the bees from the gum tree before they attached themselves to the house. How he planned to shift them was the problem. Even as children, we knew his plan was doomed to failure and we pointed out the obvious flaws in his strategy. All to no avail and we watched in stunned silence as he started to boil a large metal container of water on the gleaming cooker.

Several minutes later, the water had boiled and my father casually strolled out the back door toward the now massive swarm of seething bees. We watched from the safety of the back room as he placed the large, steaming container under the swarm and smoothly scooped up the boiling liquid with a metal jug. With a well-aimed arc, he fired his first salvo into the heart of the swarm and immediately bent down to reload his jug. From the safety of our room, we watched in terror as a large portion of the swarm fell to the ground and then, like an atomic mushroom cloud, they billowed into the air. The noise was horrendous as thousands of furious bees searched for their attacker. They didn't have to look far; he was just below them, bending over filling his jug for the second assault.

The reprisal attack from the bees was swift and inside the swirling black mass, we could see my father clutch his pants and neck as the first wave of bees unleashed their painful poison. He let out an involuntary yelp, dropped his dipper of boiling water and scurried toward the door with the whole swarm now intent on revenge. Our hearts stopped as we watched him try to outrun the aggressive black cloud of belligerent bees behind him. Somehow, he managed to slip through the

door with only a few bees attached. My mother quickly removed the remaining bees and applied some soothing lotion to the affected areas. My father never did go near a swarm of bees after that, the bees still found amazing ways to get in our house, but boiling water was never on the agenda for removing them.

The spring weather would fluctuate wildly between freezing cold and pleasantly warm and farmers would use this brief transitional season to slice their pasture grasses for hay and silage. The farmers would roll out their tractors and reciprocating mowers and slowly move through their fields in ever diminishing circles with the scent of fresh cut grass drifting for kilometres. Farmers would allow the cut grass to lie for a day and then hook up their large grass rakes and push the severed grass into long, straight windrows. The grass was left to dry and then punched into tight compact bales of hay with an assortment of bright, red coloured hay baling equipment. The window of opportunity for successful haymaking was small, as cutting the grass too soon could result in rain damage and mouldy, ruined hay. Wet baled hay produced enough heat to become combustible and several farmers around the district stood in stunned disbelief as their hay sheds burned to the ground. Cutting the grass too late, would result in nutritionally damaged hay and reduced amounts of precious winter stock fodder.

Towards the end of spring, huge brown clouds of pollen would pour from the rye grasses of the pasture and the ancient yakka bushes would thrust their thick, phallic white flower stalks into the increasingly blue sky. Song Larks flew vertically into the air, trailing their bunched legs and beautiful melodies behind them and all the birds in the area used the bountiful supply of insects, blossoms and ripening grain to hatch their chicks. Eventually, winter would release its icy grip and the area would slide chaotically into the fierce heat of summer.

Southern hemisphere summer lasted from November to March and during the middle of summer, the heat was extreme, as hot northerly winds scorched the earth with hellish regularity. Most days, the temperature would hover at 45 degrees Celsius (113 degrees Fahrenheit) and often much hotter. The incredible heat quickly evaporated the shallow lakes of water that had provided so much entertainment for the local children. The hot, desert winds from the interior deserts of Australia literally sucked the life from the pasture grasses, leaving only the muted native grasses with a tiny trace of green near their base.

Walking through the fields in summer was incredibly noisy; with the sounds of dehydrated eucalypt leaves crunching underfoot like perfectly fried potato crisps. Withered pasture grass would rustle against our shoes and small branches and desiccated bark would snap loudly as we stepped on them. Fortunately, the noisy grass gave us an early warning system when venomous snakes were slithering in our vicinity. There were no shortage of deadly snakes, as the shallow pools of water during winter and spring, provided millions of amphibians for the snakes to feast on. The warm spring and summer weather provided the perfect environment for them to hunt, breed and multiply. We found the lethal reptiles on our back doorstep, in our bathroom and kitchen, our toilet, in the garden, our sheds, our vehicles and we even had one fall through the ceiling of our shearer's quarters, close to our heads.

When we worked on the water wells scattered throughout the plains during summer, dozens of deadly 'Tiger' snakes greeted us as we lifted the iron well covers clear of the ground. We had

to be vigilant moving any object on the ground in summer time and be especially careful when loading baled hay onto trucks, as snakes used the bales as shelter from the roasting summer sun and would athletically force their lithe bodies into the tightly packed grass.

Venomous Brown snakes became incredibly aggressive during early spring and would chase us through the forest when disturbed. Scientists scoffed at the possibility of snakes chasing people, but as children, we nearly all experienced the terror of having deadly brown snakes chase us. Fortunately, the other venomous reptiles avoided us and their keen sense of smell and other highly developed sensors made them aware of our presence long before we were aware of them and they discreetly avoided large mammals.

The view from the hill near the farmhouse would change dramatically in summer, with blobs of green from the eucalypt trees, tea-trees (*Leptospermum*) and yakka appearing through the endless golden brown of withered grazing land. The relentless summer sun would rage in the cloudless sky for weeks and every morning would be slightly warmer than the day before. We were literally terrified to wake up in the morning, covered in sweat and realise the rest of the day would be infinitely hotter than the roasting morning temperature. It was so hot, it seemed as though we were only six metres from the midday sun.

It was impossible to use metal tools during noonday hours; they were too hot to handle if they contacted the ground or left on the trays of trucks. To avoid the intense heat, we would start our work before dawn and then work again in the late afternoon and into the night. A forced Siesta was the only way to cope with the oppressive heat and along with thousands of blowflies; we would try to find the coolest area of the house available. The large, brown flies that feasted on the abundance of livestock dung in the fields would settle in tightly packed patches of brown clumps on the shaded exterior walls of the house and roar into vast clouds of buzzing activity if we came near them. There was always the constant drone of different species of flies and insects in the air as they sought relief from the shrivelling tongue of the sun as it licked every last drop of moisture from the land.

People soon discovered it was too dangerous to drive vehicles through the tinder dry grass at midday, as sparks from exhausts were a common cause of massive fires that ripped through thousands of acres of farmland. A careless cigarette butt, bolt of lightning, or piece of broken glass could also be responsible for the vicious bush fires that raged across the land, incinerating everything in their path. During the day, we would always check the horizon for any sign of smoke, as early detection of a fire could save enormous effort and heartache.

The dry summer heat seeped through every crevice of the farmhouse and the incredibly dry air scorched our lungs with every breath. It was like placing our head in a red-hot roasting oven and taking a deep breath. The relentless heat seemed to suck the life from us, just as it extracted the life from the grass on the plains. With no electric fans or air-conditioning, we suffered the full force of the hellish conditions and would fan our trickling sweat with hand held fans and folded papers. We used wet towels and ice from our hard working kerosene fridge to try to stop our bodies from seemingly catching fire. We swam in the cooling water of the bore water tanks used for stock water, but the cooling effect of the water was only a temporary reprieve from the furnace waiting to devour us when we finished our swim and returned to work.

As the sun finally sank into its fiery retreat, I would see the trails of red tinged dust as thirsty sheep and cattle headed for their evening drink. They would walk resolutely in single file, heads drooped, along well-worn tracks in the fields until they neared the watering points and then race the last few hundred metres to the refreshing liquid. I heard the clunks and groans of the tired old windmills as they lifted cool, brackish water from hand excavated wells to quench the thirst of the parched livestock. The morbid sounds of crows calling each other, echoed through the hills as other songbirds sought shelter from the intense heat and fell into silence.

The distant horizon would shimmer in mirage and the unrelenting summer heat was broken with occasional sea breezes and cool changes from the west. Although we were a considerable distance from the sea, we could smell the salt in the air as the cool, westerly breeze pushed its way over the scorched earth. The cool changes were welcome relief from the incredible heat, but within a few days, the sun would be blistering in the cloudless sky and baking the land in its hellish fury once more.

During the crushing evening heat, huge summer storms would roll in from the north or the east and their intensity and raw power would astound me. I would see the thunderclouds building during the day, with layers of bruising blue, black and purple convolutions spiralling into the sky. There would be the distant rumbling and soon our hills would be reverberating with the earthshaking, deep roar of celestial artillery. The storms would last for hours as they aimlessly ambled across the valleys and plains. At night, the lightening was so frequent, it turned night into day and occasionally a lightning bolt would strike so close to our cottage I could hear it rip the air, followed by a deafening explosion and blinding flash of light. In the morning, we would find a nearby tree split and crippled by the blast.

The rain from the rampant storms would leave a strong, fresh smell of revitalised earth and sweet, soaked grass. The summer rain also produced clouds of small bush flies that relentlessly tried to climb in our eyes, ears and nostrils. Like the rest of Australia, we would perform the 'Aussie Salute' as we constantly tried to brush the small black flies from our face. The backs of our shirts were black with hundreds of annoying flies as they hitched a ride around the countryside.

The summer rain was an opportunity for the green blowfly to lay eggs in the sheep's damp wool and the hatching maggots would find their way into the flesh of the animal causing extreme stress and ultimately an agonising, foul smelling death if left untreated. We were constantly monitoring our flocks of sheep during summer to detect early signs of 'fly strike.'

The endless summer heat would finally relinquish its grasp on the area as autumn tempered the Helios inferno. A quiet coolness swept gently over us and eventually the soaking autumn rains invited hidden seeds to coat the ground in pale green. It was soothing listening to the dreary drumming of rain on our roof at night, knowing that the seasonal rains had arrived again. For just a few magical weeks, the weather was benign with mild days, cool nights and subtle breezes. The windmills sat motionless, cattle bellowed defiantly at gathering clouds and farmers readied seed drills for another season of planting and re-birth.

Every month the full moon would quietly tiptoe over our hills like some titanic, heavenly glowing sphere, flooding the farm in soft, bright light. The moonlight was intense and it was easy to walk outdoors without the need for lamps or torches. The moonlight in the country seemed considerably brighter than moonlight seen from the city, as there were no streetlights to reduce the reflected intensity of our largest satellite. The soft moonlight poured over the bushland in all its glory and was so bright, some native birds would become confused, thinking night was day and break into song.

The white limestone roads blazed translucently in the cold, misty moonlit air and we often drove through the area without having to use car headlights. The area was far too remote for other vehicles and no police officer in his right mind would venture into the middle of nowhere on a frigid, foggy evening. Our car would slice through shallow discs of sedentary fog as it formed in low-lying areas of the swamps and the light from the full moon was sufficient for us to see for a considerable distance ahead. The bright moonlight allowed us to see kangaroos or stray animals lurking on the sides of the road and give us time to take evasive action if necessary.

Our friends from the city, who came to stay, found themselves captivated by the serene beauty of a moonlight walk and were equally amazed at the sense of tranquillity the soft light produced. We spent hours walking through bushland, drinking the cool night air and immersed in the monochrome view of the moonlit world. The ghostly shapes of smooth barked eucalypt trees would rear out of the gloom, their large solid white branches forming a vaulted, Gothic cathedral over our heads. Tree branch shadows appeared clearly stamped on the white limestone outcrops like veins on a skin of earth. The cold night air amplified the scents of the bushland and the earth was alive with the aroma of various shrubs, trees and animals. Our friends experienced a natural rhythm of sun and moon, wet and dry, birth and death, hunters and hunted, sleeping and waking that seemed very natural and reassuring.

As the moon was waning, the night sky was ablaze with millions of points of twinkling light. The longer we stayed outdoors, the more stars we could see buried in the intense blackness and through study, we became very familiar with the southern constellations that became our sky map to help us find north, south, east and west when we were in unfamiliar territory, far from our farmhouse. We were able to track Venus, the evening star and several of the other planets as they weaved their way through the cold, dark vacuum of space. The wispy faint swirl of the Milky Way was an ethereal arch that stretched above us and the number of stars it contained astounded us. The stars became our nightly companions and there was rarely a night we didn't spend time marvelling at their distant magnificence.

I had always helped my parents with chores around the house, but now I was able to help more. I could saddle a horse, muster stock, drive a tractor, plough fields, load hay, help in the sheep shearing shed and assist with animal castration. There were always plenty of jobs for an enthusiastic teenager. I learnt how to construct buildings, use hay baling equipment, build fences, manufacture farm gates, repair engines, birth animals and listen to the incredible ramblings of my brother who had left school to work with my father.

As I matured, my brother's physical abuse subsided and the psychological abuse became more refined. He was still physically stronger than I was and would force me to have simulated sex with a chair while he watched and coerce me with physical threats and blackmail to go with him while he stole cash, tools, farm equipment and wool from neighbouring farms at night. It was my job to stand watch and use our coded animal call if people approached the target area. He would drive up to a farmhouse; run his car in neutral with the engine and lights switched off, usually stopping using the handbrake in a wooded area near the farmer's house. Under threat of death, I helped carry his cargo of stolen goods to our waiting vehicle when he finished. He too, had found the advantages of muted moonlight.

It was a sickening experience, considering he would go to extraordinary lengths to be friendly with the neighbour during the day and then turn around and rob him that very same night. The people he stole from never suspected the charming man, so friendly and willing to help, would be capable of robbing them blind. He could be so incredibly engaging and charismatic, there was no way anyone would ever suspect him of criminal behaviour and nobody ever did. He was such a smooth operator; he robbed nearly every farmer in the district and got away with it.

The robberies became so brazen, he actually hired a huge stock hauler to remove many hundreds of sheep from an isolated farmer's property and sell them at a distant market under a fictitious account he created. The absentee owner was unaware of the theft until many months later, when he suddenly discovered his stock figures no longer matched his previous audit. The police were called, there were investigations, but it was all too late, the vehicle tracks had long vanished and the stock sale was untraceable. Local farmers were unable to recollect any unusual activity in the remote area and once again, the perfect crime was committed. I was constantly amazed at my brother's extreme cunning to create and perpetrate these incredible deceptions. There was no way I could even dream of the things he managed to get away with. He planned and executed his robberies with the cold, calculated efficiency of a cobra stalking a field mouse.

He lived in a Machiavellian fantasy world, loosely connected to the real world and I can remember him telling me stories of how Ned Kelly, the infamous Australian outlaw and his gang had used our remote area as a hideout in the late eighteen hundreds. He painted a picture so vivid, I could easily imagine the young, bearded outlaws carefully guiding their horses through the heavily timbered eucalypt forest, laughing and joking with each other. At the time, we were riding past an incredibly old set of stockyards and watering holes in a very isolated area and for a couple of brief minutes, his story was so convincing I had to struggle to break free of his hypnotic web of lies. His story was complete bullshit, but it was an example of his ability to weave fact and fiction into a very believable story. If I were an individual unaware of the historical facts, I would have completely fallen for his vivid imagery.

His cruelty to animals was unbearable and he would find ways to make farm animals and native fauna die in the most hideous ways. My brother spent many hours training our working dogs to fight on secret command and would load the dogs into the back of our truck, drive to neighbouring farms to make them attack the farmer's tethered dogs. The chained animals would

howl in fear and evacuate their bowels in terror as our dogs brutally savaged them. My brother would apologise profusely to the farmer concerned and later spend hours recounting the dogfight in vivid detail, always throwing scorn on the farmer for being an idiot and deserving to have his dogs attacked. A few months later, he would return to the same farm and find new ways to make the dogs fight. He would sometimes use the ferocious dogfights as a distraction to steal small pieces of farm equipment, as the farmer involved tried to break up the snarling dogs.

My brother was tall, handsome, athletically built and highly intelligent. He had the dark, rugged appearance of a spaghetti western actor that left women weak at the knees, was a skilled horseman and didn't mind starting a bar room brawl or two. He moved with the laid-back grace of many of his rural contemporaries, but his lightning fast reflexes and countless hours of martial arts training, caught many younger males completely off guard when he challenged them. He knew exactly where to strike an opponent for excruciating pain, maximum blood flow and minimum number of punches.

Being 'larger than life,' he was extroverted and garrulous and although his speeches on all subjects seemed extremely convincing, some of the words he used were incongruous and careful analysis of his theories often revealed enormous gaps in logic or fact. When he was telling a story, they seemed factual and correct and it would sometimes be weeks before I could unravel the errors and outright lies in his narration. He had an enormous repertoire of jokes, anecdotes and sporting stories that kept people happily entertained for hours.

He was a gifted athlete and was a legend in the local football team. His sporting prowess gave him almost god like status in the rural community and women became totally senseless in his presence and literally fawned at his feet. He was incredibly promiscuous and would have sex with as many girls as he could find. He became the alpha male of his peer group and young men literally worshipped the ground he walked on. His outrageous sexual exploits enthralled them and his appetite for violence as a control mechanism cemented his central position in his social circle.

As a thirteen-year-old boy, I would sometimes go to parties with him and there I would find the schoolteachers of my old junior school boozing, shagging, smoking pot and snorting coke. I recognised these people as the brutal creeps who bashed and flogged me when I talked or smiled in their class – it was all so surreal. The teachers that delivered so much physical and emotional pain to tiny children were hardly the bastions of morality and propriety they projected to our parents or us young children when we were in their care.

Everyone loved my brother, yet the real man was a genuine monster, capable of incredible cruelty, lies and deceit. He had an astounding ability to weave a hypnotic web of fact and fiction over people that left them unable to penetrate his veil of deceit. They rarely questioned the information he supplied and he always seemed to have ready answers to fire at any doubters in machine gun rapidity. This whole duplicity was beyond my comprehension and I was amazed how easily my brother could trick people into loving him. His magnetic personality and ability to tell amazing stories left those he encountered, especially women, captivated by his presence and he was always the 'life of the party.' He associated with 'high flyers' that ordinary

people could never access and was privy to a wide variety of lucrative business ventures and personal sexual fantasies.

Because the abuse of my youth left me relatively shy and wary, people would go out of their way to make me feel like the weird-o, but in truth, my brother was far weirder, deceitful and dangerous than they could ever imagine. Ordinary people around me were completely blind to the real life nightmare that was my brother. In later years, I felt incredibly sorry for my brother, who spent his life locked in one dubious activity after another and never realised the incredible bounty of beauty and love surrounding him.

It would take another forty-seven years of intense study into behavioural issues; neuroscience and passionate personal observations before I found the answers to the questions on human behaviour that were percolating in my mind. I would be part of an incredible set of circumstances that would reveal the key to unlocking the secret to the global madness I was experiencing.

The key to making sense of the nonsense around me.

Chapter Three

Taste of Freedom

I woke up in a stifflingly small room with a strange woman calling my name softly. It took forever to focus on her glowing white dress and the words she spoke made no sense at all. My head was throbbing to the beat of some grotesque bass drum and I started to feel sick, I just wanted to sleep. It seemed like an eternity before I could focus on reality and discovered I was lying in the 'sick room' of my school. I could remember leaving my pushbike at school in the morning, but nothing else about the rest of the day and especially, no memory of how I got to the school infirmary. I just wanted to close my eyes and sleep.

My parents had briefly moved back to the city and I found myself next morning in my small, light coloured bedroom. A massive, dark wood wardrobe loomed out of the wall and I slowly focused on familiar surroundings. My parents were soon in my room and explained I had an accident at school and had concussion. I had no recollection of any 'accident' and could only remember leaving my push-bike at school, then waking up in the school bed. My head felt like cotton wool, I had strange hallucinations that left giant grains of wheat floating around my room and after two days rest at home, the local doctor gave me the all clear to return to school.

I had to find out what happened. As soon as I arrived back at school, I asked my friend David for his recollection of the accident. He told me our class was playing soccer during a morning Physical Education lesson and someone kicked a soccer ball out of the oval and I raced off to retrieve it. Apparently, I tripped running down an embankment and knocked myself unconscious on a concrete drainpipe. Poor David was first on the scene, saw a trickle of blood from my head and thought I was dead. The Physical Education teacher had left us boys to play by ourselves and David picked me up and carried me to the 'sick room.'

A few weeks later, we discovered the tanned, athletic Scandinavian teacher supervising us, had left our group of boys playing by themselves and headed off to shag the young, attractive school nurse. The Scandinavian athletics teacher was relieved of duties at the school soon after the licentious incident and the attractive school nurse was hurriedly replaced with a stout, middle-aged Valkyrie.

At first, nothing seemed different, I enjoyed seeing my mates after school and heading off with them on our regular adventures, but I had enormous difficulty concentrating in class, had debilitating headaches and I could no longer recall information the way I used to. My grades plummeted and I was placed in the lowest performing class of my age group. My academic performance at school continued to decline and I was powerless to halt it. I left school at fifteen and returned to my parent's farm.

Despite temporary learning difficulties, I still managed to discover more life skills in one week out of the school environment than I had learnt during the many years spent in a schoolroom. I set up a bank account, studied farm management, basic accounting and how to shear sheep around our district to earn money. I joined a rock band and learned to play guitar and keyboards. There were wild parties, girls, drugs and booze. I saved enough money to buy the latest and greatest motorbike and finally tasted freedom. In those days, there were no speed cameras and the area was too remote for traffic police. I could twist the throttle on the bike as far as it would go and fly down the road with my mates for hours at a time. We had some amazing adventures on our polished metal steeds as we thundered through the countryside and were able to take the local maidens for the ride of their life.

The rural lifestyle offered an amazing level of personal freedom compared to life in the cities. There were no traffic lights, no traffic jams, no houses packed on top of each other and no constabulary watching every move people made. The seasons dominated our work cycle more than man-made rules and the importance of sowing crops at the correct time was dictated by seasonal conditions as opposed to a bureaucratic decree or exact dates and times. I had the freedom to work as little or as long as I wished, knowing that the effort I expended would be proportional to the success of my activity. There was nobody standing alongside saying, "Do this," or "Do that." and I quickly learned that my own feelings of doing the job right and an inbuilt sense of propriety were more effective than someone standing over me giving orders.

There was time in the quiet rural evenings to read, study and write and my family had an extensive library stacked with books that ranged from comic fantasy to sets of leather bound encyclopaedia, Latin classics, Homer's Odyssey, metaphysical works and Simone de Beauvoir. Books were the journey to different cultures, ideas and filled with pages of raw emotions, adventure, passion and knowledge. With no television, computers or reliable radio reception, reading and research became a passion my friends and I revelled in. Ultimately, our remote neighbourhood had an effective lending library that saw books on all subjects circulated eagerly around the district. We shared everything from books on maintenance of high-speed diesel engines to philosophical works, religious dogma and romance novels. There were often vigorous debates after we had read some of the more controversial literature.

I had the freedom to carry firearms without licensing and I bought my first centre-fire rifle aged fourteen. The rifle I bought was an ancient single shot, lever action .303 calibre, manufactured in the late eighteen hundreds and may have been used in the Boer War or shortly after. The huge number of bullets fired over the years had worn the rifle barrel to the point that hitting a target was an absolute miracle. Ammunition was readily available; thanks to cheap army, surplus stock and my friends and I would take the old rifle out on shooting expeditions on our farm. When I squeezed the trigger, the rifle roared into life and recoiled viciously against my shoulder. To avoid bruising from the recoil of firing a round, the rifle had to be held as tight as possible and one of my friends noticed my whole body was moved backwards as a bullet left the muzzle. He was too gutless to fire the decrepit weapon himself and decided to stand close behind and study what happened as I pulled the trigger of the ancient rifle. I had no idea he was standing so close when I fired the rifle again and my head moved backwards rapidly, nearly breaking his nose. He jumped around with blood pouring from his nose and later decided he was a complete idiot and should have fired the battered old rifle for himself. It would have been a lot less painful.

There was freedom to explore the country around our farm and there were some truly beautiful areas in very remote locations. The undeveloped waterways in our area were vast networks of shallow water that eventually joined into massive swamps that slowly inched their way into the distant sea. One of the areas in our locality was a magnificent group of limestone islands, supporting awe-inspiring swamp gum trees of mammoth proportions, in a marsh area accessible only on horseback. The islands were hemmed between two narrow limestone ranges, with small jagged escarpments, fringed with delicate Maiden Hair ferns that dropped abruptly into the clear, still water.

The islands shared the watercourse with expansive clumps of thick papyrus style reeds that provided shelter for nesting bird life. The birds quickly realised they had safety from predators in the thick reeds and had the bonus of a moat around the reeds to keep most terrestrial foes at bay. The scene was truly stunning, as ducks flew in for landings through the elegant tree branches, their feathers screaming like jet engines as they used their wings to slow their airspeed for landing. They used their feet as skis when they hit the placid lake and slipped over the surface leaving water splashing high into the air, before finally coming to rest and joining their companions in a flurry of flapping and noisy greetings.

As I followed the southern edge of the beautiful lake, there was the sound of gurgling water in the distance. No stream ran in or out of the lake and it was intriguing to find out what was making the noise. It didn't take long to discover thousands and thousands of litres of cold, clear water pouring into subterranean fissures on the edge of a limestone bank. The water level had risen to a point that allowed enormous quantities of water to pour into underground aquifers just below ground level. The lake was a major source of renewable underground water for many of the local farmers water bores. The huge underground reservoirs protected the precious liquid from the evaporative tongue of the hellish summer sun and farmers tapped into the resource to water their stock and use the precious liquid for pasture irrigation. It was amazing to see so much water gushing back into the ground and it only happened when the swamps and lakes were completely full during particularly wet winters.

The rural lifestyle provided autonomy and independence and was the far removed from my city experiences, but elements of country living were physically demanding, isolating and brutally harsh. Despite the difficulties, I rarely felt deprived.

The sheep shearing work around the district was physically challenging, but the financial rewards were enormous. I could earn more in a day of shearing than many adults could earn in a month. The extreme physical work of removing wool from sheep started at 7:30 in the morning and ended at 5:30 in the afternoon. The shearing season was during summer in corrugated iron sheds with internal temperatures around 50° Celsius (122° F) and no cooling. Shearing sheep was 'piece work' which meant shearers were paid for the number of sheep they sheared, not the number of hours worked in a day. This fostered a keen sense of competition, as there were a finite number of sheep to shear on each farm, divided by the number of shearers working in the wool shed. There could be up to eight or twelve shearers working in the larger sheds and the fastest shearer was known as a 'gun' shearer. The gun shearer was akin to a gunslinger from the old western movies, always having to defend his position in the team against new competition.

My reputation as a hard worker spread and I had more work than I could handle. I discovered I had amazing strength and stamina and could work longer and harder than many of the people I worked with. I developed new techniques for handling sheep that allowed me break records in the shearing shed. I learned to concentrate with laser precision and the magic of flowing with a rhythm that put me into a relaxed mental state for the strenuous day ahead.

Working in the shearing sheds of Australia was a great way to discover some of the characters from the bush, including many individuals evading law officers or debt collectors. On one occasion, we were working with a wool classer whose sense of humour was a fraction North-West of normal. He was a renowned practical joker and the day finally arrived when he was able to prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that he was the undisputed king of practical jokers.

Very few people from cities visit shearing sheds, the work is strenuous beyond imagination, foul smelling and the conditions would make most health and safety regulators faint. The level of activity is extreme, with people scurrying in all directions and nobody is idle for more than a millisecond. Like a mousetrap sales person during a mouse plague, everyone is very busy. It was during one of these very hectic periods that a group of schoolboys from a private city college decided to call at the wool shed and witness a slice of rural Australia. "G'day," drawled the wool classer in an exaggerated nasal accent to the group of wide-eyed boys, "How can we help you?" The boys explained they were part of a larger excursion group, hiking through the area and would like to watch how shearers removed the fleece from the hapless sheep. "No worries." said the classer, "Just stand behind the catching pens, keep out of the way of the shearers and you can see exactly what happens."

The boys cautiously opened the spring loaded catching pen doors and took three steps to position themselves for a perfect view to watch how the sweating team of shearers skilfully removed the sheeps' fleeces. The boys studied the massive, whirring overhead gear that drove the shearer's hand pieces and we noticed the boys were overwhelmed by the incredibly loud noise levels of the shed environment. A large, two-cylinder diesel engine thudded relentlessly from a compact engine room nearby and a wide leather belt clacked rhythmically around the flywheel of the engine as it drove the spinning shaft that supplied power to the shearer's hand-pieces through thin, jointed down tubes.

The boys marvelled at the shed hands that whisked away the large fleeces of wool as the shearer released his finished sheep and then the roustabouts threw the fleece on the slatted sorting table like a perfectly thrown blanket. They would race back to sweep the floor before the shearer dragged a new sheep from his catching pen, then run back to the wool table to help the wool classer remove poor quality wool from the edges of the fleece and scurry back to repeat the whole process. The wool classer would grade the snowy white fleeces according to the thickness and structure of the wool and place the rolled fleece in large separated compartments ready for the wool presser to collect the wool, compress it into tightly packed bales and brand them ready for transport.

Work continued until the next group of wide-eyed college students arrived at the scene. This was what the wool classer had been waiting for, the opportunity to show the rest of the shearing team his skill as a practical joke legend. "G'day." He repeated, "How can we help you?" The boys had seen their friends standing dutifully behind the shearers catching pens and asked where they had to go to join them. This was the cue for the wool classer to hatch his plan.

Without hesitating, the wool classer said in an authoritative tone, "No worries boys, all you have to do is go back where you came in, walk around the southern side of the wool shed, climb over those outside yards and go to the adjoining cattle yards. When you get there open the third gate on your right and run 800 meters up the hill. Then, just climb through those three barbed wire fences up there and head back towards the wool shed. When you get back to the rear of the shed walk carefully through all the penned sheep, make very sure you don't damage their wool if you touch them and catch up with your mates." We couldn't believe what we were hearing, all the boys had to do was take 10 small steps forward, open one small gate and to be with their friends. As the boys turned around to head back out the shed, we marvelled at the wool classer's friendly grin. The boys faced with a pointless trek that would take 40 minutes instead of 10 seconds. Not one of the boys questioned why they couldn't get to their friends the easy way and as a result we saw them again 40 minutes later. During a break later in the day, the wool classer was basking in the glow of his latest triumph and couldn't believe how gullible the boys had been. He concluded that they were destined to enjoy long and fruitful years in the bureaucracy and we all agreed he was probably 100% correct. We also knew that if bull-grit was a currency, the wool classer was a wealthy man.

Through shearing, I became stronger than I could ever imagine and I was so fit, it felt like I was 'walking on air,' my reflexes were faster than greased lightning and my mind processed data like a supercharged computer. I could bend steel with my bare hands and easily lift huge objects with little effort. I felt like superman and my diminutive size was a perfect disguise for the incredible strength that surged through my body. Neanderthals in bars, who tried to inflate their shallow egos by picking a fight with me, found themselves embarrassingly dispatched with little effort. During this period, I was fortunate to meet some of the most beautiful, intelligent and free thinking young women in the country and the times we shared are wonderful, precious memories.

My brother was still on my parent's farm and I was finally able to confront him as an adult. I can still see the look of amazement on his face, as I grabbed him by his shirt and lifted him clear of the ground during one of his confrontational remarks. I didn't have to utter a word – his vile hold over me was broken and he left the farm soon after.

In between shearing, I was working on a large farm nearby. I had studied farm management and already had a wealth of practical experience behind me. By age 17, I was managing the property autonomously. I watched my bank balance increase and my level of freedom as well. There were still crazy parties where I could never remember how I got home and would sometimes wake up, having no idea where I was and feeling as if I had pressed the 'down' button on the elevator ride to hell. I woke up under hedges, in people's vegetable patches and in stranger's houses or vehicles. There were a few too many times when I had no sleep at all after particularly outrageous parties and had to stagger off and fight a bushfire or attend some other

farm or district emergency. I'm not sure if I was much use to anyone on these occasions, but I guess I gave moral support.

During some of these wild parties, I met numerous young professionals from the distant capital city who would use a nearby rural property for their weekend drug retreat. Particularly on holiday weekends, there would be an armada of vehicles travelling along our quiet country road. The vehicles ranged from stately, top of the range roadsters to wheezing, smoking jalopies that jiggled and jangled over the rough limestone tracks. These were young doctors, lawyers, accountants and engineers, whose psychedelic adventures in the country, led to a marijuana production facility hidden deep in the bushland of the area.

The incredibly heavy bushland was the perfect place for their clandestine operation. The marijuana grew in heavily camouflaged plots, hidden in nearly impenetrable native forest. The area around the crop was protected from rabbits and native fauna by camouflaged, fine gauge netting fencing buried deep in the soil. There was no need for complicated irrigation systems, as the hardy marijuana plants thrived in the Mediterranean climate and with just a little help from the abundant manure of the local farms; the plants grew to huge proportions. Sowing the plants in late autumn, ensured Mother Nature saw to the success of the venture. Only two people knew the exact location of the plantation and there was no way anyone could have ever stumbled onto the operation, even with sophisticated satellite surveillance, the shielding forest concealed the plants effectively. The young lawyers of the group were well versed in legal issues relating to drugs and distribution and the other members of the party were equally skilled in distribution methods. A sizeable slice of the action could be mine, if I provided the land for production and kept my mouth shut.

Once again, I was confronted with people who weren't what they appeared to be. These were doctors and lawyers who were so off their faces on LSD, Mandrax, Cocaine, Heroin and good old Mary Jane. We would find them wandering through the countryside with their partners in a drug induced haze like wide eyed zombies, preaching love and peace, but heavily involved in profitable drug distribution in the city. I was witnessing the same duplicity I had seen in my family and the teaching profession and again it was difficult to reconcile their behaviour.

Who were these people that could pretend to be something good and wholesome, yet were nothing more than devious shitweazles? Even more stunning was the fact that nobody was able to detect the shallowness of these individuals and completely fall for the outward illusion of their social status.

Mind you, the drugs were fun.

Chapter Four

Masters of War

I helped my father on his farm while I continued managing another large rural holding nearby. Both my parents were from European origins and their propensity for hard work was genetic. They worked side by side in the fields when seasonal activity reached its peak during late spring and early summer. My mother was as accomplished on a tractor as she was on a piano and despite her own fragile health, she would work from daylight to well into the night to try to ease my father's workload. Conversely, my father was as familiar with a stove and cooking as he was setting up a grain harvester and he would cook and clean during my mother's long bouts of illness. He made breakfast every day and cooked extravagant lunches on Sundays for his family and guests.

He was an incredibly generous man who had spent most of his life in rural activities. Despite living in a conservative rural area as a young man, some of his political and religious views were a little too radical for most people. He found himself as one of the few young men excommunicated from the local parish, perhaps one of the few to ever be thrown out of a church in the whole nation. Many of his contemporaries saw him as the black sheep of the family and learning to fly aeroplanes, dabbling in co-operatives and conversing with left wing politicians, only added to their suspicions of revolutionary behaviour.

My father was short, with neatly combed brown hair, piercing brown eyes, a ready smile and a rotund appearance that disguised his incredible physical strength. His handshake had the power of a hydraulic press and he lifted 187-pound bags of super phosphate fertiliser like feather pillows. Even well into his late sixties, he surprised his grandchildren by walking around the lounge room on his hands, his legs kept vertically in the air. His grandchildren would try to emulate the feat of strength with disastrous results.

He was an engaging character with a sharp intellect and excellent business acumen that allowed him to amass a sizeable fortune by age forty. He was capable of conversing on all levels of financial dealings and was once headhunted and offered a potential seat in federal parliament, which, during the pre-selection period he was told, "You will have wealth beyond your wildest dreams." I believe his move away from the district, his wife's poor health and his conscience were some of the reasons he never pursued a political career.

In later years, a roughly rolled cigarette hung jauntily from the corner of his mouth and a supply of yellow packeted, 'Champion Ruby' tobacco, 'Tally-Ho' cigarette papers and 'Red Head' matches was always in the pocket of his fawn coloured work pants. He loved his wife and family and was a doting grandparent. His gregarious nature ensured there was a steady stream of visitors to the farm and he entertained guests with his ability to tell vivid stories and jokes. His amazing

home brew beer was another bonus for visitors and many of them left their senses in the kitchen of the farmhouse when they departed. My father was a practising practical joker and after many years of playing tricks on us children, we finally turned the tables.

He became a legend in the country as the man who discovered a white, shingle-back lizard. His celebrity status lasted for quite a few months and his fame as a naturalist spread to some of the major museums in the country. The large, shingle back lizards are common in the semi-arid habitats of Australia. The lizards are relatively solitary, but monogamous and generally shuffle around quietly, hunting for small insects and succulent vegetation. When threatened, the big lizard turns towards its aggressor, opens their wide mouth and pokes out a broad blue tongue to frighten off attackers. If the ugly blue tongue fails to scare the attacker and the threat remains, shingle-backs will hiss and flatten out their body in an attempt to appear larger and more formidable. Shingle backed lizards or 'stumpy tails' in our part of the country were never white, just good old army issue, dark brown camouflage.

My father loved to tell the story about how he discovered the large white lizard. "Well," he would say, taking a calculated draught on his roughly rolled cigarette. "I was just walking past the tank stand on my way to water the tomatoes, when I heard some rustling in the long grass. The weather was getting warmer and I thought it might be a snake, so I approached very carefully." At this point, his eyes would light up as he caught a glimpse of anticipation on the face of his listener. "And there it was, I couldn't believe it, a white Stumpy Tailed lizard. This lizard wasn't a pale shade of brown, but brilliant white. It was so amazing I called out for the wife to have a look and she could hardly believe what she was seeing either. Well, we didn't know what to do at the time," he continued, "So we just watched quietly as it slithered under the cypress hedge and disappeared. We didn't think we'd tell anybody about it, because we knew nobody would believe us. Then, about one week later we saw it again, bold as brass and still a brilliant shade of white."

Like clockwork, we would all see the white lizard every week in the same spot as it orbited the house yard and finally we decided to tell one of the neighbours about my father's discovery. David, one of our neighbours, was the local naturalist and during the lizard's weekly rounds, he managed to see it as well. He dashed off to get his camera and before long he was back to take photos of the dazzling, white lizard. David couldn't believe what he saw and said he would contact his friend in the museum, send him the photos and see what we should do next with our incredible white lizard.

Being an isolated rural area, the news of the white 'albino' lizard spread like wildfire and soon other neighbours were calling in to catch a glimpse of the amazing reptile. This went on for quite a few weeks until my brother arrived one day to listen to his father tell him how he had discovered the first white, Stumpy Tailed Lizard in Australia. My brother listened intently to the well-rehearsed saga of the discovery and just before the story finished, he suddenly interrupted and burst out laughing. "Don't be so bloody stupid." He informed his startled father. "I was out here a few months ago and was painting your fence; a big fat old lizard was stuck there, so before I released him, I painted him completely white." With that revelation, he roared with laughter at the bemused expression on his father's face.

The amazing white lizard was a fraud and the whole story of how the lizard became white, slowly filtered around the district. The farm was still something of a tourist attraction, because from that day forward we painted any lizards that strayed too close. There were white lizards, blue lizards, red lizards, and all the colours of the rainbow. My father had to admit, he was the victim of a well-executed practical joke.

My mother was average height, with short, auburn hair, twinkling hazel eyes and early pictures of her portray a very attractive woman. She absolutely adored my father and loved her children and grandchildren. She had an amazing ability to converse with any person, no matter their social standing and I was constantly amazed at her understanding of worldly matters and human nature. Like my father, she had a wicked sense of humour, eyes that danced playfully, a kind face with a ready smile, was highly intelligent with a scintillating wit and between them; my parents were capable of being the centre of attention at parties and social gatherings. As a result, our family entertained dignitaries, industrialists, overseas visitors and people of all ages, from all walks of life.

As a child, my family exposed me to a wide range of people from all ethnic backgrounds and I can vividly remember listening in amazement to some of the incredible stories I heard. I listened to indigenous Australians, Jamaican basketball players, world touring tennis players, World War II pilots and soldiers, geologists, architects, industrialists, bankers, share brokers, executives, politicians, shearers, students and shysters.

My mother was an accomplished pianist and she helped my sister reach concert level performances. My sister could happily rattle out Bach, Beethoven and Rachmaninov as well as contemporary tunes as well. Regardless of whether they were living in the city or rural areas, our family joined numerous parties and social events. My parents were both from large families and there was a constant stream of relatives flowing through our house. The fatted calf was killed, the ale was brewed and the feasts and merriment went on for days. Although we were cash poor, the farm provided basic food in abundance to feed the army of eager visitors. The walls of the old farm cottage rang with the sound of laughter, music, poetry recitals and good times. My father seemed to have an endless supply of poetry that ranged from Shakespeare to bush ballads and he was very willing to share his incredible recital gift with friends and family. Occasionally, just for the hell of playing with people's heads, he would expose some complete stranger to a few lines of poetry during a conversation – they were usually stunned by his pattern interrupt.

My father was gentle and caring to his animals and unlike many other farmers I met, I never saw him deliberately mistreat any animal, particularly dogs, in anger. In rural Australia, a working dog is worth its weight in gold. With a good dog, a person can yard and draft a herd of cattle, a mob of crazy sheep and even shepherd a group of hens or turkeys. At times, a good dog is worth ten men, they will work in all types of weather, all day long and they do it because they love their role and wish to please their owner. I met numerous men with outstanding stock dogs that were legendary with livestock, one of those people was named Dick, and his black and tan 'Kelpie' dog was named Crawford. My father and I recruited Dick and Crawford for a single day to help with a large flock of ewes and lambs.

The day of the sheep muster dawned cold and clear, with a frost driven, rapier wind that casually sliced through our protective 'oil skin' clothing and literally chilled our bones. We had to move a mob of four thousand ewes and lambs into the waiting sheep yards. It was a difficult manoeuvre, with low bushes on either side of the holding paddock. The bushes close to the sheep yards, gave the old ewes an excellent opportunity to break away from the exhausted dogs as we attempted to push the huge flock through the open gate. It was frustrating for all concerned, the old ewes, the lambs and especially the dogs. After employing a decoy strategy, the sheep finally surrendered to captivity and the exhausted dogs were given time to rest.

The noise was horrendous, lambs screaming for their mothers and ewes desperately calling for their separated lambs and it was into this cauldron of chaos that Dick and Crawford arrived. They found the ewes had lost most of their fear of the dogs and would stand defiantly protecting their fragile offspring. Extremely defensive ewes would lower their heads, stamp their feet and charge the wearied dogs and the dogs could do little but snap at the ewe as they side-stepped the attack.

It was now time to separate the lambs from the ewes and this was Crawford's speciality. He was an acknowledged yard dog, extraordinarily fit, with astute brown eyes, black pointed ears and sleek black and tan fur. He soon had the cunning old ewes heading towards the drafting race where we temporarily divided them from their lambs. Dick would issue commands to Crawford and Crawford would execute the command with military precision. What a team! It was quite a performance. There was just one problem, well there were several problems really. The first problem was time and because we were dealing with a large number of difficult sheep, the process was taking a longer than expected to complete. This meant that Crawford was getting weary and Dick was getting angry.

Then it happened, Dick issued a command and Crawford just sat there, no way was he going to chase another sheep, he was exhausted and wanted out. "I'm warning you!" screamed Dick with an edge of insanity creeping into his voice. What happened next was like watching some bizarre movie. Dick jumped over the sheep pens to where Crawford was sitting. "I warned you." he informed the amazed dog and pulled out a pair of pliers from a leather sheath attached to his belt and proceeded to clamp the pliers on Crawford's ear. We couldn't believe what we were seeing and neither could Crawford, he yelped in agony all the way over the nearest hill and wasn't seen again for the rest of the day. Dick had just lost all credibility as a 'stock man' and a rational human being and spent the rest of the day doing the work that his dog should have been doing. As for Crawford, he eventually returned to the yards on dusk, but he made sure Dick was well out of pliers range.

Fortunately, my father was never prone to these examples of cruelty. He had come from a long line of successful graziers, incredibly attuned to his environment. He had learnt to sow crops at exactly the right moment to avoid the crops drowning in soggy soil or ravaged by insects in soil too dry. He cared for his land and made sure his property supported large tracts of beautiful native forest. This was unusual, as most farmers in Australia had cleared nearly every semblance of native vegetation from their properties. By leaving virgin forest, my father left habitat for a wide range of native fauna and it was an incredible experience as a child to see native animals in their natural environment.

Even as children, we instinctively discovered the art of bush craft and were able to track animals through the forest, looking for faint footprints, broken twigs, loose fur, droppings or dislodged stones. We were able to recognise the scent of the various animals and always kept downwind of them to get closer. By stealthily using trees and shrubs to hide from their view, we could get unbelievably close to our subjects and were able to watch kangaroos and emus only a few metres away.

Sometimes we would find a patch of thick bushland and just sit perfectly still for a few minutes. It didn't take long before beautiful, small Blue Wrens and honey eaters would land only centimetres from our heads, twittering loudly in short, high frequency staccato and start feeding in our presence. Provided we never moved, we witnessed foxes, rabbits, kangaroos and small rodents in their natural state, interacting with each other and the environment, completely oblivious to our proximity. The moment we moved, even a finger, the birds or animals would see us and flee in terror.

My father left one third of his property to native forest in his high ground and large tracts of native forest on his low ground. The belts of vegetation on the plains meant his livestock had shelter from the fierce winter squalls and shade in the summer time from the cruel summer sun. My father left portions of his land in a natural state because he loved the serenity of the bush and valued other living creatures above the pursuit of money. He was well aware that clearing the native forest vegetation would mean he could sow pasture grasses to produce more livestock and generate more money. He also realised 'love' had never been and was never going to be, a column on his accountant's balance sheet.

The gruelling isolation of farm life ensured my father enjoyed a social outing with his friends in the pub on a weekend. If my mother was away in the city visiting her daughter, these weekend pub sessions turned into a Cecil B. De Mille movie production with a cast of thousands. I remember more than one occasion when my brother and I would have to take off his boots and try to get him to bed at some absurd hour of the morning after his return from the hotel. We would find his car next day with strips of chrome hanging at strange angles and it would take us weeks to discover the full extent of his adventure. He always managed to extract maximum enjoyment from his way of life.

Unfortunately, primary industry has always been a risky venture in Australia and along with fire, flood, drought and disease; the rural commodity market is subject to wild economic fluctuations. In a quirky twist of fate, our farm had just survived a life-sucking drought, quickly followed by one of the worst rural commodity market crashes in Australia's history. The drought and resultant lack of stock feed, forced us to reduce stock numbers and the value of livestock plummeted to record low levels as millions of starving animals flooded the markets. Valuable, fine wool Merino ewes that were once worth \$20 each, sold for twenty cents in markets bursting at the seams with animals from all over the district. Cattle prices suffered a similar fate and we knew of farmers who failed to make any profit at the sale yards after paying the cost of transport for their livestock. Farmers around the nation became desperate as the rural recession impacted on countless numbers of hard working people. Although we were in dire straits ourselves, we knew many people who were being forced from their farms with nothing more than a suitcase.

Our livestock were worthless and while the huge meat processing firms made millions of dollars exporting cheap, frozen carcasses overseas, we were experiencing financial terror. Our over stretched stock mortgage was greater than the real market value of our stock and the banks threatened foreclosure. Letters of demand deluged our large letterbox and angry phone calls plagued us during mid-day meals. Our credit was exhausted and bankruptcy was imminent. We felt powerless to avoid the mighty chasm of despair that was looming.

My brother helped by setting up a separate business entity so we could trade outside our restrictive bank accounts. This allowed us to buy and sell livestock outside our debt-ridden mortgage to pay for necessities. It meant that the hungry financial institutions didn't immediately gobble up the few pennies we made as repayment on crippling loans. We came up with ingenious ways to find and move money and I sank my savings into the farm to keep liquidity for stock, fuel, insurance, vehicle registration, council rates, repairs, wages and power bills, but the cost to my father's health was devastating. We felt powerless against the global forces controlling our commodity market and ultimately our economic destiny.

At our darkest moment, the government decided to conscript young males for military service in the Vietnam War and I was 'called up' to fight in a war I knew was insane at best. The military draft consisted of a lottery draw, based on a person's date of birth. The ballot resembled a regular lottery draw, with a rotating, clear Perspex sphere and numbered marbles. The Australian nation watched eagerly as the final five ballots near the end of the war were televised nationally to an enthusiastic, salivating audience. The whole process was disturbing and bizarre and reeked of some hidden game known only to the bureaucrats involved. Numbered marbles representing birth dates were chosen randomly from the barrel and within a month, men whose numbers had been drawn were advised by the Australian Department of Labour and National Service of whether they were required for participation in the conscription or not. Those who didn't register after their number was drawn without an acceptable explanation were automatically rounded up for military service and subjected to a fine.

The conservative Australian rural community couldn't wait to send their sons and daughters to war and their reasons for justifying unprovoked foreign conflict were absurd. Hundreds of local lads found themselves rounded up and marched off to the steaming, foetid jungles of Asia – for god's sake; they were naive rural boys with no idea why they were fighting. Young city people were demonstrating in vain against an Australian government hell bent on sucking America's cock. There were many brave individuals, who demonstrated against an unjust conflict. In the U.S.A, Daniel Ellsberg published the 'Pentagon Papers' in the New York Times, clearly showing the U.S. government had been lying to the public about success of the war in Vietnam.

The U.S. Military juggernaut just kept churning out casualties, regardless of citizen protests. I watched foreign governments involved in the war use rubber bullets, tear gas and water cannons to break up student demonstrators protesting against the war. Our government responded to objectors with baton brutality, prison sentences and the inevitable personal attack on war demonstrators, portraying them as unpatriotic, cowardly and subversive.

The government propaganda machine whipped the public into a frenzy of pro war patriotism and anti-Communist sentiment. I could not believe the way the government was brainwashing the population and like the sheep on our farm eating hay, the public swallowed the propaganda voraciously. They followed the government line without question and blocked their senses to any rational discussion on the subject of war on foreign soil. They never questioned the validity of the government-supplied information and never considered the war from the 'enemies' perspective. What I saw, was people sucking up the lies and propaganda, just the way they utterly believed my brother's outrageous lies, without ever questioning the accuracy of the statements for a second. They never recognised the people they sent their children to murder, were flesh and blood people just like them, with families and children and the same desires and aspirations as they had.

If a person threatened my life or my family member's life directly, I would fight to the death, but there was no way I would travel to a distant country and kill fellow human beings. My stance was completely out of step with my countries thinking at that time and my countries thinking now. My closest friends shared my views and some of them found ingenious ways to avoid the insanity of killing people in an unprovoked foreign conflict without languishing in jail.

Like the abuse, I experienced as a child, the government bullied objectors into submission. The government lied, threatened and promised incarceration to anyone who objected to its insane war policy. My friends and I began to wonder if we were sane and the government was crazy, or if we were crazy and the government was sane. Clearly, we were still functioning as loving, caring, rational human beings. That left a startling conclusion.

I realised the enormous profiteering from war to the corporations sponsoring hardware, arms, ammunition, chemicals and supplies. I was also aware of the profiteering from companies like Halliburton who rebuilt damaged infrastructure of invaded countries after a war, but there were underlying factors that eluded me completely. There was a persistent level of insanity connected to warfare, a rabid insistence on forcing citizens to surrender sons and daughters as cannon fodder. The madness of warfare had echoed down the corridors of history for as long as humanity could remember. I could not understand the underlying cause of the madness, but I knew I would be devoting a large part of my life to discovering how this insanity was proliferating. The total mechanics of war was a problem I would conquer much later by marrying an amazing woman, researching my butt off and discovering 'the key' to the insensitivity of controlling governments.

Who were the controlling Masters of War who could rip people from their loved ones and splatter their guts over the jungles of Asia in senseless attacks? Why couldn't they feel the inconsolable pain of people losing sons, daughters and partners in a pointless conflict? What the hell was going on? It just did not make sense.

Eventually the date for my medical examination for the military draft arrived by post in the large round drum we used for a letterbox. I stood staring numbly at my name on the cold piece of correspondence with its official looking monogram and pre-printed signature. The document indicated a time and place for medical examinations and the penalties I would face if I refused to attend. I drove the 90 kilometres to the appointment; I was twenty-one years old, fit as a 'Mallee'

bull, brimming with litres of testosterone, could shoot the head off a match at 50 metres and was able to follow instruction. The medical seemed a formality on my way to the front line. Amazingly, I met a sympathetic doctor who was obviously 'anti-war' and after a long discussion about the impact on my family and me, he failed my medical. I got roaring drunk that night. And the next night with my friends. And the night after that.

The war dragged on for several more years, the air force flew back the bodies of young people for burial at regular intervals and my friends and I shook our heads in disbelief. The young men and women killed (murdered) in this conflict were in the prime of their lives. These people never achieved the fullness of life, love and emotional fulfilment.

The young people slaughtered in a pointless war, never had the chance to discover the ever-changing seasons of life or accumulate the ultimate gift of wisdom and we will never know how many creative, gifted or positive contributions to society these people may have made. It was an insult to any caring human being to allow this orchestrated brutality in a modern society. Some of our friends who escaped the Vietnam war with their lives, returned as a silhouette of their former selves. They retreated into a desolate inner world and rarely spoke of the horror they witnessed in the jungles of Asia. Emotionally and sometimes physically crippled, our friends were unable to function as normal members of society. They received no real support for their condition and their lives were ruined.

After the war, the community shunned the Vietnam veterans like lepers, they were never celebrated or richly compensated like their fellow soldiers from the 1st and 2nd world wars and their legacy is a sad reflection of twisted community perception. There was so much misery and pain caused by so few, for so long and so many people allowed the abuse to proliferate by doing absolutely nothing. In Australian society, it was the classic example of middle class complacency equaling consent to abuse and murder.

Chapter Five

The Phoenix

After several years of good old-fashioned hard work, we managed to save our farm from the credit vultures; it was a brutal lesson on the vagrancies of rural investment. My father's health was in tatters and my belief in centralised political systems was nearing rock bottom. Little by little, we restored some of our financial losses, livestock and rural commodity prices rose marginally and we all worked extraordinarily hard to re-float our sinking ship. We worked on our farm, as well as the farm I managed and for other organisations in the district, often long into the night. We rebuilt our stock numbers after the crippling drought and the rural recession. We introduced bloodlines and management techniques that were highly profitable. We took no holidays, very few weekends off and battled bushfire, floods and disease.

Through these hard times, I met so many wonderful people. They were real, loving, caring people who would literally give you the shirt off their back. They were the exact opposite of the cold-hearted people I was beginning to find populating the bureaucracy and financial institutions. I also met some extraordinary characters that seemed to frequent rural environments and all I had to do was listen to their stories.

Stopping for a talk in rural Australia is a foreign concept to most city dwellers. Large numbers of city people won't converse with their neighbour, let alone a perfect stranger, but in the vast rural areas of Australia, you can be engrossed in conversation with anyone at any time. The remote country areas leave most people hungering for social interaction and even in the middle of the most hectic schedule, a farmer can squeeze in a quick conversation.

That's how we first met Stan, right in the middle of putting sheep in a shed for shearing. In the heat, dust and flies, Stan walked up and introduced himself as the local fencing contractor. Small and powerful in build, with an engaging smile, the first thing you noticed, was the way he waved his sun tanned arms when talking. It was like talking to a windmill and at times, it was difficult to concentrate on what he was saying with all the hand waving. No doubt, he was excited at telling a story to a prospective customer and he was out to make a good impression. We spent a few minutes finding out what Stan was doing and we put his waving arms to good use when he offered to help us get the mob of sheep in the shearing shed. Stan never shut up and we figured he must have driven the fence posts crazy with all his talking.

After penning the sheep safely and comfortably in the shed, we walked to the outer perimeter of the yards to listen to more of Stan's adventures. We discovered he was working with a team of Australian natives about twelve kilometres east of us. They had a massive contract to fence off ten thousand acres of newly developed farmland into small, fifty-acre lots for a group of east coast developers. Stan, his family and his team had set up in a tiny caravan complete with

dogs, cats and a goat for milk. They were virtually self-sufficient and with plenty of kangaroos, emus and rabbits wandering past their bush camp, they knew they would never starve. Stan talked and we listened and as his stories developed, Stan's theatrics entered a new phase, he started physically acting out the tales he was telling.

One story he told, involved the demise of his old rogue goat, who had become the 'Houdini' of the Bovid family. Stan would tether his goat near his van and in the morning would walk out to milk the goat, but nearly every morning the goat would find creative ways to break free and Stan would scour the surrounding forest searching for his wayward animal and milk for his coffee. Eventually Stan decided, running through the bush for hours, chasing his escaped goat, just to get some fresh milk was getting ridiculous and in a fit of rage, he reached for his gun and stalked off to shoot the goat. Even if we were stone deaf, we would have understood what Stan was telling us, because he dramatically put a pretend rifle to his shoulder and pointed it towards an imaginary goat.

Stan was a master storyteller, when he pulled the 'trigger,' he clasped his forehead and staggered to the ground. There in front of us, rolling around in a cloud of dust and dung, Stan acted out the last moments of the old goat. He staggered back to his feet, only to clasp his forehead again, fall to the ground and grovel in the dry sheep dung until he came to rest on his back with arms outstretched. We were completely flabbergasted by Stan's performance, but nowhere near as amazed as the stock agent who had called at the farmhouse about three hundred metres away. The agent's first glimpse of the scene, as he stepped out of his car, was to see Stan clasping his forehead and falling to the ground and from his view on the hill above the shearing shed, the scene looked decidedly dodgy. The stock agent never did stop for a talk that day; he discreetly pushed his business card under the back door of the farmhouse and slipped quietly away.

In another episode, I met someone from the city who killed a kangaroo with his bare hands. He wasn't even a country bloke, he hardly knew what a kangaroo was, let alone how to catch or kill one. He couldn't saddle a horse and it was no surprise that he couldn't ride one either, but he still remains a legend of the bush because he did what few men have ever done. The locals called him Earp, Wyatt Earp, as a sarcastic reference to his lack of rural knowledge. To his credit, Earp was full of bravado and to hear him talk, you'd think he had lived in rural Australia all his life. He was what the locals called a 'know it all,' the sort of person that quiet rural people loath. He probably would have found himself tarred and feathered, had he not married one of the local farmer's daughters and gained protection from the family. Earp was over six foot tall, solidly built with a receding hair 'comb over' and an aloof nature that made him a bit of a loner. His ability to talk waffle about any subject made him the butt of many rural jokes and once again, his loud mouth had led him into another sticky situation.

Two of the local farmer's sons had listened to Earp's bogus stories of bush craft and they decided to take him on a kangaroo hunting expedition the following morning. The two local boys were experienced horsemen and were keen to see how Earp performed in the saddle. Next morning, the sun majestically lifted itself over the ancient forest trees in its blood red ritual and the two lads and Earp saddled their steeds, turned their backs on the glowing sunrise and galloped westwards towards the distant boundary of the property. The two boys were as one with

their horses, their rifles slung jauntily over their shoulders, laughing and joking as their steeds tore at the soft, wet earth beneath them. Glancing back at Earp, they noticed he seemed to be experiencing some discomfort as he clung to his horse like a terrified circus monkey.

Eventually his horse slowed and he started to ease himself clear of the saddle by using the pommel as a brace. They even noticed a grimace of pain escape Earp's stoic face and once again, there was a cloud of doubt hanging over his story of horsemanship. The boys slowed their horses to allow the obviously hurting Earp to catch up and decided to travel at walking speed to save Earp further embarrassment. This gave the group an opportunity to refine their plans of bringing home some kangaroo meat for the farm dogs.

The boys had decided that issuing Earp with a rifle was a recipe for disaster, so he was designated 'beater' and would herd the startled kangaroos towards the boys on a distant boundary fence. They would safely tether their horses, stand back to back and fire away from each other and only fire down the fence-line, never into the surrounding bush land. This hunting strategy dated back to prehistoric times and as they neared the dense bush on the farm's western boundary, Earp could feel a tingle of excitement.

As the hunters moved closer to the boundary fence, the flat green pasture abruptly retreated in the face of massive Tea-tree clumps and huge circles of razor edged 'cutting grass.' The horses strained against their bridles as they tried to peer through the tall bush, their ears upright and their nostrils flared. Soft squishy mud was now squelching under their hooves and the boys tried to manoeuvre them through the less dense patches of bush. Earp tagged along behind, he was glad the heavy bushland had slowed their progress and he was especially glad the boys knew where they were going. He managed to drift away in reverie as he listened to the jingling of the horse's bridles and the rhythmic, comforting sound of their hooves.

He was snapped back to reality as the boys said, "O.K. Earp, give us fifteen minutes head start to let us get to our position." The boys continued, "Then, head away from the sun until you hit the western boundary fence. We'll catch up with you there and don't forget to make plenty of noise to scare the kangaroos toward us." Earp used his fifteen-minute break to dismount from his horse and massage his pants. He was so glad to get off the uncomfortable contraption that he didn't even notice his feet were getting wet in the soft black mud. "Times up." he mused to himself, glancing at his wristwatch and he dragged himself back on his steed and started to yell and shout at the bushes around him.

It wasn't long before he heard the crashing of branches and saw a kangaroo dash towards the distant fence line, its bounding feet leaving huge sprays of water as it raced through the cold, shallow swamp. The further Earp travelled, the more kangaroos he flushed from the bush and suddenly the deathly crack of a rifle split the silence and Earp knew his mission was nearly completed.

He started to relax and another volley of shots echoed through the bush. He was just coming to grips with the rifle fire, when the bushes in front of him exploded and a terrified kangaroo blasted straight towards him. Earp was rooted to the spot; the kangaroo did not change course and with one almighty bound, it attempted to leap over the startled horse and rider. Instinctively

Earp threw up his arm to protect himself and the now airborne kangaroo connected with his forearm and crashed unconscious to the ground. Earp reeled on his knees in an effort to regain control of his panicked horse and eventually the frightened animal calmed and Earp blinked in amazement at the unconscious 'roo lying on the soggy ground below him.

Earp only had to travel a short distance to catch up with the boys, who dejectedly reported that they had failed to bring down any kangaroos. "No worries boys," said a glowing Earp, "I've got one over there for you." as he motioned towards the bushland to the east of them. The two boys looked at each other in disbelief. How could Earp kill a kangaroo if he didn't have a rifle? They wondered if his mouth hadn't run away from his brain again, but dutifully followed Earp back to the scene and there it was, a half grown kangaroo stretched out before them. Back at the farmhouse, Earp basked in the glory of his achievements. He had achieved celebrity status in the bush. He came, he saw and he conquered. Maybe life in remote, rural Australia wasn't as tough as he first thought.

I met numerous 'larger than life' characters in various rural activities and many ultimately achieved success through sheer hard work and practical endeavour. Unlike Earp, most of them were in tune with their environment and many deeply caring and supportive neighbours surrounded us. One of our neighbours was experiencing even more financial difficulty than we were. They had purchased a large tract of virgin bushland and set about quietly developing it. The rural recession that engulfed most of Australia was especially severe for them, as they had only just bought their property and had no chance to build stock numbers and establish a cash flow.

They had built their house from whatever they could find – old packing crates, used timber, rusty corrugated iron and timber they had cut from the bushland near them. Their water heater was a forty-four gallon fuel drum, ingeniously tipped on its side with a fire pit underneath. Crude piping from the heater led to the house and the drum filled slowly from a nearby water tank, fed from water collected off the roof. The whole family had worked incredibly hard to build their amazing eclectic cabin in a patch of secluded bushland. Our neighbours had constructed the obligatory fowl shed with fine gauge netting as a fox barrier, as well as a pigsty that housed one of the largest, meanest, boar pigs I had ever seen.

A beautiful tree lined, sandy track, interlaced with strident green native bracken fern and delicate native grasses, wound its way from the main 'road' to their creative masterpiece of a house. In the springtime the trees, overhanging the track would cover themselves in colourful, scented yellow blossom attracting hordes of gaudy, noisy, nectar eating birds. Driving and particularly walking along the bright sandy track to their farmhouse, accompanied by a chorus of glorious bird song and beautiful small lizards scampering to safety was a magical experience.

The view from their rickety balcony was spectacular. Our neighbours were on the side of a beautiful, tree-studded hill, overlooking a glorious expanse of shallow water, fringed with the most impressive gum trees I had ever seen. The trees were colossal and towered into the sky with muscular, curved branches and masses of slender, dark green leaves. The ancient trees had survived countless forest fires and seemed to defy gravity as they thrust their way into the blue above. The frequent summer bush fires left dark, black scars on the massive trunks of the

magnificent trees, but the intense heat of the fire failed to kill them. They had been guardians of the lake for hundreds of years and provided nesting sites for the huge wedge tailed eagles that circled the sky constantly. The eagle's nest was around two metres wide and one metre high, built from a vast collection of large sticks. The majestic eagles would raise their young, teach them the art of hunting, sometimes returning to the nest, and use it as a feeding platform.

The silver grey trunks of the swamp gums were gigantic and close examination revealed a myriad of insects travelling to and from the distant canopy. The beautiful trees imposingly mirrored themselves in the clear, shallow water that lapped near their base and an amazing array of colourful waterfowl navigated their way through the slender, green and brown reeds that dotted the lake. Regal black swans, with their brilliant red beaks and long curved necks, glided effortlessly through the slender grasses with their broods of cygnets following closely behind. Small, stilted waders spent their time probing the shallow water with their long bills searching for food and noisy water hens called to each other from the safety of thick beds of reeds.

The whole scene was breathtaking and the sound of thousands of birds and frogs echoed through the gently rolling hills that hugged the edge of the huge watercourse. At night, when the full moon lit the clouds and glided mystically over the ancient, placid water, the scene was a fairyland of pure beauty. Everything seemed natural and a whole blend of 'oneness.' It was easy to see why our neighbours fell in love with their property.

When we visited our neighbour's house, they treated us like royalty. The neighbour's wife Nellie, would make everyone feel at home, it was like a cocoon of love. She would cook the most amazing meals from virtually nothing, ply us with lovingly brewed tea and cool drinks and tell us wonderful stories of her family and youth. Nellie's expertise was human relations and she was able to probe the inner sanctums of those around her. I can remember her observations and predictions, as a small child and as the years unfolded, her predictions about people I knew were unerringly correct. She was a keen observer of individuals around her and as a child, I remember her saying, "I know Ron is single, but he is always so content in himself. There must be a very special lady in his life somewhere." At the time, I had no idea of the substance of her observations, but as usual, many years later, I discovered our neighbour Ron, did indeed have a very special friend that I was privileged to meet.

Nellie would always bring out her best china and highly polished silver cutlery for her guests and as a child, I could remember she would bake special biscuits if she knew I was coming. She would always find interesting books and toys for me to play with while the adults talked or played cards around a small folding table. A grimy, asthmatic, oil caked petrol/kerosene fuelled engine and generator attempted to provide dim 32 volt lighting, but more often than not the engine failed to start, the acrid smelling banks of batteries invariably were flat and evening lighting was courtesy of ornate lamps and candles.

Nellie's kitchen was a small galley containing the indispensable wood stove, packing crate shelves and a small kitchen table. The view from the kitchen window was bland compared to the views from the rest of the house and looked over the drum water heater into a collection of tired, old farm machinery. Despite the kitchen's small size, it was sparkling clean and like our kitchen, the wood-fired stove hosted a collection of lovingly polished pots and pans. During our visits,

laughter would flow and the men talked freely as the beer left the small, curved, kerosene fuelled fridge.

Our neighbours were finally lucky enough to sell their property to a developer and move out of the district. The beautiful property lay untouched for many years. The amazing house slowly crumbled to ruin and the neighbours' belongings, left in their hasty departure dissolved before our eyes as the bushland quietly reclaimed the area.

Sadly, the developer's bulldozer eventually ravaged the whole property; the shallow lake succumbed to drains and monotonous pasture for sheep and cattle to graze replaced the beautiful, ancient waterway. I wondered about the mentality of a person who could reduce such beauty to bland nothingness and not leave one tiny part of that magnificence intact.

There were many other properties to suffer the same fate, as wealthy eastern seaboard industrialists poured money into the area, fuelled by government tax incentives and depressed market prices. I watched as the bulldozer blade ravaged thousands and thousands of acres of beautiful pristine forest. The massacred trees silently sagged when crawler tractors pushed them into huge lines of mutilated branches and tortured roots. They perished mutely and dehydrated quietly for several months before a final act of savagery cremated them. I watched, as the few remaining native animals of the ravaged forest streaked in terror from a wall of advancing flames. Most of the native fauna never made it to safety, as the dry, decimated forest was torched quickly from every direction and farmers later shot the majority of those few animals who miraculously managed to escape.

Smoke from the devastated forest would rear into the sky in gigantic columns of choking, white and grey clouds that were visible for at least one hundred kilometres. Occasionally, despite carefully constructed 'fire breaks' and careful planning, the forest burns would leap into nearby farms and destroy precious farm pasture and fencing. The local farmers would spring into action with their collection of fire fighting equipment, ploughs and bulldozers and quickly extinguish the errant flames.

'Capital investment' replaced farm values and I was surprised the industrialists bothered with producing food in their quest for profits on their investments. They literally raped the land for dollars. Their massive crawler tractors with glistening blades, huge metal balls and brutal anchor chains, made quick work of totally subordinating the ancient forest. The sound of the heavy machinery, roaring like prehistoric reptiles in the valleys and the sickening sound of splintering timber is still far too vivid in my memory. They tore down thousands and thousands of acres of magnificent natural forest and reduced it to soot and ash. Areas of the land they ravaged were so incredibly beautiful and isolated, it is strange to think the only memory of its existence is locked in the recollections of a handful of surviving people. I could understand the desire of the investors to clear the bushland for pasture and add capital growth, but I couldn't reconcile their ability to destroy every single square millimetre of the beautiful native forest and never leave any tiny part of that beauty intact. It was like some voracity that blinded them to beauty. They would walk around their properties and see what I saw, but it meant absolutely nothing to them. They may as well have been blind.

During this period, we worked hard on putting our farm for sale. We sowed new pasture, repaired fences and gates, upgraded yards and made sure the now renovated farmhouse looked magnificent. We upgraded the area around the farmhouse with gleaming white post and rail fences, planted out fresh garden beds, repaired all the stockyards and even repainted the farm implements. My father's incredible strength was evaporating and we had all endured enough of the isolation and hardship over the years. It took several years to make a sale and just days before signing the sale contract, a huge summer bushfire swept through our immaculate farm and destroyed two thirds of the total area. Livestock were crippled or burnt to death by the blaze, the fences we had toiled over to build were totally obliterated and the whole scene was heart wrenching. Our neighbours rallied to our aid and risking their own lives, managed to save our house, vehicles and some of our sheds. We had to shoot many of the farm animals, too badly injured by the intense heat of the fire to recover.

As the beautiful farm lay smouldering, we faced the horrifying prospect of no farm sale, seriously reduced stock numbers, no pasture, depressed market prices and a total farm rebuild. My father negotiated with the recalcitrant insurance company, the prospective buyer and accountants and skilfully orchestrated a solution. The farm sale contract was signed and the new owners set about rebuilding and restocking. Green shoots shyly followed the new owners' plough after the autumn rains, young Banksia trees revelled in the scorched earth and the ancient gum trees coated themselves in brilliant, fresh green foliage. Like the mythical Phoenix, the farm rose again from the ashes.

Chapter Six

How Many Roads

After the sale of the farm, my parents retired to a picturesque seaside town. It was the twilight of their lives and they enjoyed seeing their grandchildren, meeting new people and being together. My father succumbed to failing health and passed away shortly after retirement, my brother committed suicide after a disastrous business venture and the devastation of a child suicide, claimed my mother soon after. I stayed in the district working and met a breathtakingly beautiful and intelligent woman. She was quiet, had a magical sense of humour and came from a similar rural background to me. We shared a love of the scenic country around us and would spend days exploring the rugged coastline and interior of our district.

One beautiful day followed another, our love reached dizzying heights and we were married on a wintry day in late May. We honeymooned on a distant tropical island and were amazed how dis-similar it was to our own timid, desert like environment. Here was rampant green vegetation of monstrous proportions, beautifully scented blossoms and trees so large, we couldn't believe what we were seeing.

Incredibly friendly people strolled casually around the picturesque harbour. We had never seen water so clear and warm and marvelled at fish of varied shapes and brilliant colours. Elegant, ocean going yachts and motor cruisers sat in the crystal clear water of the sheltered bay and we watched in amazement as enormous, colourful fish swam lazily around the wharf and foreshore where we were walking.

Happy, confident women, in blindingly colourful dresses, sold incredibly diverse and fresh produce from the local, foreshore market. Heavily laden vessels from the outer islands would dock near the market and unload their cargo of beautiful fresh produce. The language the stallholders spoke was foreign and strange to our ears and we marvelled at their ability to speak many languages fluently. The markets were overwhelming with the diversity of produce and livestock for sale and we noticed many of the women and children from outer islands slept near their produce stalls for the week they were in town.

We listened intently as the natives sang the most beautiful harmonies in their small iron clad churches and open air meeting areas. The natives moved with the slow languid gait of the tropics and it was in sharp contrast to the stilted military steps of westerners visiting the island. We stared at the rickety motor vehicles held together with strips of corrugated iron, gutter bolts and pop rivets and we stood in awe as truckloads of natives swung by, singing and hanging off the sides of their grossly overloaded trucks. There were so many natives on the trucks, they would straddle over the mirrors on the doors and perch precariously on the roof of the battered vehicles.

In the short red blast of tropical twilight as the sun sprinted to a new horizon, we watched lithe, muscular men herding fish into ancient stone fish traps. We caught taxis with planks of wood for seats, spluttering engines and no reverse gear. The cavalier atmosphere of freedom and fun from the natives, really appealed to us and like the local indigenous schoolchildren around us; we enjoyed splashing through the warm puddles in the road during tepid equatorial rainstorms.

The weather was divinely warm and we relished the ability to stay outdoors at night without shivering. In the evening, we dined at gourmet restaurants, watching the colourful town lights dancing nimbly on the sheltered bay and the meals we sampled were some of the most memorable meals we ever ate. A beautiful, tropical sea breeze washed over us as we dined outdoors, surrounded by dazzling native plants and heavenly scented flowers. We listened to small gecko lizards chirping loudly to each other as they stalked moths and insects attracted to the meagre glow of the incandescent lighting in the restaurants.

There were so many people laughing, singing and dancing in the streets, we had to pinch ourselves to see if we were dreaming. It was like landing on a beautiful alien planet, inhabited by the friendliest people we had ever met. We knew we had to return, it felt more like 'home' than our own environment.

Back in our Australian hometown, we met some wonderful people from all walks of life and joined with like-minded people who loved country living. Some of these people lived in the foothills of the nearby mountain range and were commercial flower growers and farmers. These people were salt of the earth and would become lifelong friends. There were many parties, unforgettable meals with treasured friends and endless walks on the wide, sandy beaches of the area. Large numbers of tourists from the capital city nearby frequented the town we lived in. Although the town had appealing natural beauty, that beauty did not extend to many of its residents who were rude and quite peculiar. Just how peculiar, rude and weird would be one of the most important discoveries of our lives.

I had heard stories of my wife's mother long before I met her and true to the rumours, there was something unusual about her persona. She was quiet, with a strange contemptuous demeanour that left me with more questions than answers. Ultimately, this small, dumpy woman with long fair hair and the gait of a small child would play a pivotal role in allowing us to discover 'the key' and unlock so many social mysteries I had been wrestling with for years.

My wife told me of her frightening abuse as a child at the hands of her mother. She talked of her mother's rage and tantrums that would explode for no particular reason at all. The tirades were beyond the scope of normal behaviour and were terrifying and traumatic to a small child. Her brother would rarely suffer the direct wrath of his mother and her father did nothing to stop the abuse. My wife's constant nightmares after we were married, were testament to her childhood abuse and nearly every night she would wake up soaked in sweat and screaming in terror. The nightmares sometimes involved spiders as large as small tables stalking her or otherwise scenes of mutilated bodies, too horrific to be repeated. The stories of abuse from my wife's parents were

truly mind-boggling and in later life I would hear similar horror stories from people of all ages, in all walks of life.

After experiencing the delight of tropical weather on our honeymoon, we moved into the subtropical region of our own country and were amazed at the friendliness of the people. After living in one of the rudest places on the planet, it was refreshing to meet warm, friendly people again. At first, we thought the people were 'after something,' as they were so friendly, but no, it was genuine warmth and we revelled in our new environment. The climate was deliciously warm and we embraced the joy of staying outdoors at night in complete comfort. Work was easy to find and our personal wealth expanded. We met wonderful new friends from diverse backgrounds and industries and we basked in the glow of the tropical climate.

The top people in the field of personal development assisted us in increasing our social awareness. We found ways to study human behaviour in new and dynamic ways and we researched many books and journals relating to human development. We studied anthropology, archaeology, neuroscience, psychology, psychiatry, early child development and environmental toxicology. It was an exciting time with restaurants, parties, entertainment and romance.

My in-laws would visit during the cold, southern winter and spend up to six months living with us to avoid the chilling southern weather. My mother in-law behaved like a vile, spoilt child and would spend a large portion of that time sulking in bed, 'nursing' her carefully selected undiagnosed health problems. Their strange behaviour placed an enormous strain on our relationship and we started seeking professional advice on their conduct. Only after my wife and I separated and she suffered depression did we start to catch a glimpse of the underlying cause of many of our problems. We were still far from a conclusive hypothesis, but my wife's intense research led to the startling realisation that her mother may have been suffering a relatively 'common' personality disorder. Her mother's condition appeared incurable and her life was a pre-ordained script of loathing and hatred for humanity that most of the sufferers of her malaise seemed to follow.

My wife struggled for twelve months with depression and her therapist identified numerous events that could lead to Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). This trauma originated from her mother's unrelenting abuse, graphically administered in her youth and continued stealthily as she matured. No single 'bullet' triggered the PTSD; it was a series of many traumatic events, cunningly administered over years of merciless abuse. There was never any recognition of my wife's incredible intelligence, her extraordinary maths skills and learning abilities from her parents, only continual 'put downs' and focus on her poor health.

Eventually her strong spirit returned and she started to improve. Her condition improved to the point we were able to sell our possessions, load up our amazing young cat and move to a beautiful, distant tropical island.

Although we experienced the inevitable insane bureaucracy, intense hatred of white skinned people and incredible financial hardship, the island life allowed us the time and the solitude to complete the research of our chosen fields of sociology and neuroscience.

Chapter Seven

Imagine There's no Heaven

My wife's mother was an only child and fleetingly, we thought her uncaring, self-absorbed nature might have been the result of lack of sibling interaction. Her parents were loving, hard-working people, who had moved from their secure lifestyle in the hills outside a major city to a remote coastal village to start their lives anew. Years later, we would wonder why a couple would leave a secure lifestyle with an adolescent school aged child and move to a remote area. There had to be some massive motivation for leaving their broad network of supportive family and friends for relative social isolation. Could it be their child was a factor? Had the child actually done something that made them move to another area where they were complete strangers?

We would never know the reason for the move, but there had to be a significant reason for the re-location. The motivation certainly wasn't money, as the local economy was pitiable and there was little chance of employment or self-advancement. A theory that may fit the mystery was the fact the very young teenager may have fallen pregnant and the scandal of teenage pregnancy in the 1950's, forced the family to move to a remote location. A forced abortion or pregnancy complications, fitted with a period of hospitalisation and later fertility problems. The fact that no close relatives ever visited the family hinted at some major upheaval in family dynamics. An intriguing mystery will probably remain a secret forever.

My wife's mother attended school in the small seaside village, but she had few friends and her social activities as a child remain a secret. After leaving school, she had brief periods of employment and went to New Zealand, holidaying for an extended time during her late teens. As she grew older, this period of her life would be the focal point of her memories and she would continually refer to this period of her life whenever she talked about her youth. It was as if she saw herself constantly as that young person in that era. She seemed to be 'stuck' in life as a young woman.

She met and married a bank clerk after a blind date encounter and they lived for several years with her husband's mother on a small rural property. Her husband was from a rural background and would soon quit his job in the local bank and join with his brother to operate a dairy farm in the lush green hills surrounding them. With some financial assistance from their family, the brothers were able to dissolve their partnership and move onto individual farms. My wife's parents were unable to have children and adopted my wife and a younger boy. They endured the same financial hardships as thousands of other rural families, engulfed in the massive Australian rural recession of the 1970's. My wife's earliest memories recall a smiling mother, but within a short period, the deception dissolved and replaced by an all-consuming monster, threatening to devour the shell-shocked family's very existence.

As a child, my wife received broadsides of continual abuse. Violent outbursts from her mother over trivial incidents like spilling some milk, breaking a glass, not packing away groceries that her mother had walked away from and left for someone else to put away, or sometimes there was no perceivable reason whatsoever for the vile displays of foul temper and abuse. Her mother continually threatened to kill the whole family with statements like, "If I had a gun, I'd shoot the lot of you." These statements weren't idle threats; she was genuinely homicidal and meant every word she said. Fortunately, there were no guns kept on the property and my wife's father, had reduced sharp knives from the kitchen as a precaution. She would constantly remind the traumatised family of her instability by saying, "I'm the only sane person here, you are all mad." More chilling was the comment, "I hate all humans."

My wife's frail health as a child meant her cries for help in the night received anger and disdain for having interrupted her mother's sleep. Everything seemed to be the fault of the tiny girl and the hatred of her daughter grew daily. My wife often described the look of pure, demonic hate in her mother's eyes as she faced her during the abuse. The vile language that flowed from her mother's mouth was beyond the comprehension of a small child and she would watch in terror as her mother threw everything in reach to the floor in frequent blind rages. She would then storm to her bedroom, slam the door shut, sob and scream about the ill-treatment she received from her family, while demanding her husband calm her and agree to her outrageous lies. She would sleep for hours, leaving a traumatised family to pick up the scattered items off the floor while her daughter tried to calm her own inner turmoil.

Her mother would wake from these displays of fury normally and demand an apology from her daughter, always insisting the small girl was at fault for whatever had caused the rage and insisting she was the vilest child on the planet. Usually this abuse came with comments about how awful the little girl was and "No wonder her 'real' parents couldn't wait to get rid of her and adopt her out." The hatred this woman had for her adopted child increased daily and maybe the fact she didn't have a ready-made slave to plug in and use and actually had to feed and clothe her daughter for five years before the daughter was useful, fuelled the rage. The mother had to wait until the girl turned fifteen before she could send her to work and steal her money. By this time, the hatred for her daughter was teetering well over the border of homicidal.

It's difficult to imagine the repercussions of that constant abuse in later life, but suffice to say, it's similar to the trauma experienced by soldiers in battle. No small child can receive constant abuse and hope to get through life emotionally unscathed. Physical abuse is a potent deterrent for normal human interaction, but emotional abuse is the slow blunt knife that tears at the very fabric of our soul. It may take many years for the fulcrum of the abuse to swing into effect, but the results are usually catastrophic with lives lived in emotional turmoil and victims unable to explore the true magnificence of their own being. My wife was unable to view her abuse in a rational manner and her mother managed to keep her separated from most of her peers. This meant that although my wife felt her treatment was cruel and unreasonable, she wasn't sure that this wasn't normal behaviour for other families as well. She had no valid yardstick to measure what real, loving, family life was like.

Practitioners are now seeing the connection between childhood trauma and dissociation, where victims of abuse remove themselves psychologically from their hurtful situation; they disassociate from the reality of an abusive relationship. They learn to retreat into their own private world. Martha Stout PhD, American psychologist and author, noted that victims of abuse compromise reality to maintain their sanity, but this is not sanity at all and can become a form of madness where people sabotage the closeness and comfort of their relationships and lose vital pieces of themselves as they disappear in a self-constructed Machiavellian world.

In extreme cases of disassociation, people can become dangerously delusional. In an extreme example of disassociation, Adolf Hitler's father regularly beat him with a 'hippopotamus whip,' receiving 230 blows of his father's cane and another time Hitler was nearly killed by his father's fanatical beatings. When he grew up, his sexual feelings were so confused with his revenge fantasies that he believed his sperm was poisonous and might enter a woman's bloodstream during sexual intercourse and poison her. Months before this blood poison delusion occurred, Hitler had the only romantic infatuation of his youth, with a young girl named Stefanie. Hitler imagined that Stefanie was in love with him (although she had never met him) and thought he could communicate with her via mental telepathy. He was so afraid of approaching her that he made plans to kidnap her, murder her, and commit suicide in order to join her in death.

When Adolf Hitler moved to Vienna in 1907 at the age of eighteen, he later wrote in *Mein Kampf* that he visited the prostitutes' district and was furious at the, "Jews and foreigners who directed the revolting vice traffic which defiled our inexperienced young blond girls and injected poison into the bloodstream of Germany." The rest is history and the horror of World War II.

Fredric Schiffer, a noted psychodynamic psychotherapist, has since discovered that trauma is stored in one hemisphere of the brain and that we all have a part of our brain, which is traumatised and regressed. The degree of regression seems proportional to the level of trauma the subject experiences.

Delaware neuroscientist, Tania Roth's research into DNA methylation, found an epigenetic process that can reduce the ability of some genes to function properly and increase the risk for psychiatric disorders. Epigenetics are changes in genetic activity that are caused by something outside the genetic code -- things such as viruses, bacteria, exposure to toxins, dietary practices and *other factors including psychosocial stress*. Recent research has shown that such marks can be seen at a gene known as the brain-derived neurotrophic factor gene (Bdnf).

My wife faced an incredible duplicity. Her mother in public appeared a mousy, shy woman, apparently lovingly caring for her frail daughter. This woman attended church fetes and school meetings and outwardly appeared a normal functioning human being. She was capable of social interaction, complex economic negotiations and seemed to laugh at jokes presented to her. As soon as the family returned to their isolated farm from these excursions, they confronted an alien monster, hell bent on their emotional destruction. A person, so far removed from her public persona, it was unfathomable. A creature so devoid of human compassion and love it beggared belief. A beast, so consumed with her own self-interest, she had no need of other people except to feed off their feelings like some salivating, extra-terrestrial life form from a horror movie. By unrelentingly undermining her family's self-confidence, she was able to use them as her personal

slaves and wallow in a life of self-indulgence. Here was a creature so cunning, void of guilt, remorse and feeling, yet masquerading as a caring mother and wife.

There was no semblance of love toward her children unless she was in public or in front of professionals such as doctors. Here was a mother who knew only hate and revenge; she literally could not love her children. Here was a creature who gained 'pleasure' from the pain and punishment she inflicted on others. It was as if the human feelings of love and compassion were replaced by hate and contempt. Here was a consummate actor, playing the role of a human being, but no 'human' qualities lay at its core. Amazingly, she had no concept of love and caring and although she could mouth the words, she truly had no idea what they meant. To the rest of society, she seemed relatively normal; people had no idea of the pure demonic hatred that flowed through her veins. She had weaved a cloak of invisibility that prevented everyday people seeing the monster that lurked beneath the thin veneer of carefully rehearsed normality.

She refused to cook, clean, sew or do any domestic chores, instead, preferring to spend her entire days in bed, dozing, or reading and only rising to abuse her family for not doing her bidding instantly. Up at the crack of noon, she was ready to spit venom at the first family member she saw and more often than not, that person was her daughter. Her daughter noticed she took to her bed for increasingly prolonged periods, shortly after watching a documentary on Florence Nightingale. The documentary showed that Florence had taken to her bed, claiming exhaustion at forty. The mother reacted with sheer contempt towards Florence after watching the program, then proceeded to do exactly the same thing, even suddenly developing the same symptoms as Florence. It was obvious to the children what had happened, but everyone else blindly accepted that their mother had become ill overnight.

On a particularly freezing winter morning, when my wife was quite young, she fled the house in terror during one of her mother's demonic outbursts. She never knew what had created the murderous rage, only being aware that she was in mortal danger after seeing the blood-chilling look of hatred on her mother's face. The small, panic-stricken child raced down the back door steps, half expecting a knife blade plunging into her back as she ran outside. Wearing only a flimsy nightdress, she huddled in terror with a dog in its kennel to keep warm and avoid the pouring rain. The rear door of the house was abruptly locked behind her and after pleading to be let back inside; she spent half an hour curled up in a terrified, sobbing ball with the family dog. The door clicked open just before her father returned from the dairy where he was milking the farm's dairy herd. Lies flowed freely from her mother, as she feigned ignorance as to why her child was outside, blue from cold and sobbing uncontrollably. She claimed to have been sleeping the entire time and didn't know her sickly child was even out of bed so early in the day. Again, the child apologised to her mother, this time, for telling lies to her father.

My wife soon realised that the majority of her mother's rage seemed focused on her. Her younger brother rarely received the same level of personal fury, was the 'golden child' and pursued a few of his childhood interests, while his sister found all requests for any external interaction denied. Her brother attended tennis practice, football matches and other social events, while his sister agonisingly discovered all her wishes for social activity, abruptly refused. There seemed to be a reservoir of infinite hatred in my wife's mother that would boil over at any time and be directed more often than not at her daughter. On the rare occasions that other children

would visit the farmhouse, the mask of sanity would occasionally slip and the visiting children would experience dumbfounding rage. They would leave in shock and never return.

My wife sought solace from her father and as a child; he appeared to offer some protection from her mother's abuse. She would help him with small jobs around the farm, travel with him to nearby farms and help wherever she could. He showed her the practical side of farming and my wife enjoyed learning all the intricacies of farm life. She loved her rural life and would try to embrace it's magnificence as often as her frail health would allow. She enjoyed her time away from the house, away from the real life horror movie that lay lurking on her return.

As an adult, my wife was able to analyse her father's behaviour and although he did offer some protection, he actually used his daughter as fodder to shield himself from the abuse of his wife. It was like throwing the child to some all-consuming, drooling, teeth bearing, alien organism. While the child was the focus of the frenzied rage, he was not the target. He had become his wife's total slave, surrendering his masculinity and morals and allowing his wife to continue her unnatural behaviour without recourse, punishment or medical intervention. He bent to her totally unreasonable demands and sacrificed all of his social activities, friends and in fact his life, to her strange behaviour. Through unrelenting psychological abuse, his wife had distorted his perception to the point he felt worthless, damaged and defective.

He was an enabler, who once again in public, appeared to be a well-adjusted, friendly, intelligent individual, but in reality was morally bankrupt, capable of extreme cruelty and equally guilty of emotional abuse toward his children. In later life, he became as cold hearted as his wife and took no interest in his daughter's success or trials. He too, became a clever manipulator of circumstance, designed to create trauma and distress to his only daughter. As an example, while staying in his house many years later, his daughter suffered heart attack symptoms at 1 A.M in the morning. A hurried trip to the hospital revealed no major problems and they released her the same day. Her father showed no interest in his daughter's condition and refused to talk to her for most of the day when she returned. He has never asked her about the procedure she went through, how she feels or showed any interest in her condition whatsoever to this day.

Who were the people that could treat their children so cruelly? Why couldn't they feel the emotional pain and suffering of their children? What the hell was going on? It did not make sense.

As children, my wife and her brother would escape to their patch of bushland and explore the beautiful country around them. The quiet serenity of the forest was an alternate reality compared to the trauma of the house of horror just a few hundred metres away. The native forest was teeming with birds and animals and their childhood curiosity led them on wild adventures and games. Like me, they learned the incredible beauty of their natural environment and the amazing diversity of life that it supported. They could spend hours in their native forest, letting their childish imaginations run wild. They had a small creek that fed picturesque dams that contained fish, tadpoles and other aquatic creatures that just yearned for childish investigation. There were beautiful moss covered gardens known only to them and secret paths that led from one area of the eucalypt forest to another. Strange mushrooms and other brightly coloured fungi would poke out timidly from the carpet of leaf litter, or cling precariously to rotting, fallen trees.

The whole area had some magical quality, amplified with childish curiosity. They too, experienced the radical changes to their world, as the seasons would change from wet and cold to hellish heat and crisp, dead grass.

My wife yearned for a horse to ride wildly through the hills and valleys as a young teenager, her hair streaming behind her in rivulets of dark silk. She had spent years studying horse anatomy, talking to vets who visited the farms and neighbours who had horses. A strong equine community in the district would have happily donated an old horse to the child at no cost, knowing that the horse they gave away would be loved and cared for by a doting young teenager. Her parents always adamantly refused to allow her to have a pony, despite having adequate acreage on which to keep and maintain one. They insisted their daughter would not take care of such an animal, despite her taking total care of orphaned lambs and baby goats each season without assistance from her parents. They always raised the issue of cost, challenging the isolated home schooled child to come up with the finances to pay for fodder, vet and farrier bills. They came up with unsubstantiated stories of how horses were a problem for goatherds and the dangers associated with falling from horses.

For god's sake, these creatures wouldn't allow their only daughter to keep an old nag that some kind hearted person would probably donate or loan. I know the young girl would have treated the animal with love and tenderness, just as she did with all the pets she had later, during our married life. She had the knowledge, commitment and caring to look after horses, yet her passion and interest received no assistance. She was her mother's slave and any caring and commitment was only directed toward her mother's self-indulgent life style.

Chapter Eight

Hell's Bells

My wife's poor health as a child meant that she was often unable to attend school regularly and she started a correspondence school curriculum instead. The school that she briefly attended was a refuge for dysfunctional teachers and children. Her schoolyard peers subjected her to abuse, alienation and ridicule. The children disliked her for a myriad of reasons – she was very shy, but highly intelligent, pretty and could see through their childish, bitchy games. Her poor health meant she struggled with sport activities and this was a major source of amusement and derision from the other children. Most hated, was the fact she was brighter than those around her were and could top the class easily in almost every subject, despite long periods of absence due to continual illness.

Her teachers were peculiar in the extreme and the senior school's headmaster would enjoy checking the girl's toilets, supposedly for girls smoking cigarettes and peer over the doors of every closed cubicle. The male sports teacher was equally as lecherous, claiming his need to go to the female sports teacher's office, which was at the rear of the girl's change rooms. Naturally, his checks involved naked or half-dressed adolescent girls being present. Drug sales were a secondary income for the teachers and the cold, ugly buildings were a breeding ground for anti-social behaviour. My wife told her mother of these disturbing incidents but the response was complete and utter indifference. Her mother obviously considered the overt sexual behaviour of the teachers as normal. Unfortunately, my wife, as a young girl found herself trapped between hades and hell.

Her poor health meant she was a frequent visitor to the specialist clinics in the city hospital, eighty kilometres away. Here, a bevy of uncaring, authoritarian nurses assaulted her with little regard for her feelings and needs. The staff subjected her to inhumane tests that would leave her begging the doctors and nurses to stop. They never did and the pain she suffered would be at the limits of her endurance. One test, performed twice, for cystic fibrosis required three staff to strap the struggling girl in a chair by her arms and upper body and then using varying levels of electric shocks on her wetted arms until she screamed with pain and begged them to stop. They refused and her mother sat calmly and quietly in the room watching, not uttering a word of protest.

On another occasion, the morning immediately following an umbilical hernia operation at the same hospital, she was forced to eat solid food by the head nurse, who threatened her with a needle if she refused to eat. Predictably, after eating the meal, she found herself vomiting uncontrollably. The pain from the recent abdominal surgery and having to call for assistance was unbearable and the staff refused to administer strong painkillers. They also refused to allow her a 'buzzer' to call for help in case she abused the privilege, instead leaving her to shout to the nursing station several rooms down the corridor. The pain was excruciating and she would cry

herself to sleep. The nurses again threatened her with a needle if she complained or messed up the bed for any reason when the matron was due to visit.

Who were the people that could treat children so cruelly? Why couldn't they feel the pain and suffering of their vulnerable, young patients? What the hell was going on?

Fortunately, my wife survived the rigours of the hospitals and returned to the rigours of her abusive parents. Slowly but surely, her mother isolated her daughter completely from friends and relatives. Her mother was a consummate liar, she heaped derogation on her immediate relatives and her husband disassociated from his brothers and sisters to the point they didn't speak for many years, despite his brother living only a few kilometres away on the other side of the small town. The children were repeatedly told their aunt was inferior, dirty and they may catch diseases if they visited or ate there. As a result, the children rarely saw their cousins except for brief encounters on the town streets or the schoolyard. The cunningly manipulated children retreated into their own private world and my wife began reading voraciously. She read as many books as she could get her hands on, many of them well in advance of her age. They were books on everything from fluffy fiction to veterinary science, mathematics and romance. She learnt how to research material on any subject and it would prove a wonderful skill in later life.

Her mother had long ago given up caring for her children, she 'accumulated' strange and undiagnosed health conditions that allowed her to spend most of her day in bed moaning, groaning and sleeping. Her sleep patterns were irrational and she would be up at 2 A.M. in the morning and suddenly start the washing machine, walking around the house muttering and thumping her heels into the wooden floor, knowing she would awaken her school age children.

She established strange diets that she forced the whole family to follow and her own diet was that of a small child. No spices, white meat only, plenty of ice cream, sickly sweet buns and cakes, whipped cream by the litre. Her food consumption and rules was bizarre in the extreme. This child like diet continued for the rest of her adult life and her husband attempted to cook separate meals for himself or found himself eating meals similar to his wife. To avoid the wrath of Khan, he chose to eat the bland diet of his wife.

As a small child, my wife, was forced to take over many of the household chores like cooking, cleaning, ironing (from age five) and would be promptly abused if she made a mess. Her mother was a lazy leech, using her daughter like a modern-day version of Cinderella, but there was never a fairy godmother to come to the rescue. Not able to feel guilt, or have any notion of what guilt was, my wife's mother was able to use and abuse her daughter to the full extent of her fantasies. She literally had a slave to do with what she liked. Her mother was cunning enough to use verbal abuse, reinforced with violent physical demonstrations on third party objects such as table ornaments and glasses.

Her rare occasions of actual physical assault never left visible marks on her children. When, and if people suspected child abuse from the children's shy behaviour, no official records of abuse were registered. The children threatened to call the police after particularly outrageous behaviour, but both parents would respond, "Go ahead, no one will ever believe you." Aged seven and nine, both children had plans to escape with food and tiny suitcases of clothes, stashed

in a shed, ready to flee at the next demonic outburst. They never did, because they were more than 10 km from the nearest town and 30 km from their nearest relatives and the thought of returning to their mother's seething rage after their escape was more terrifying than staying. They knew she would kill them.

The frightening thought, was the fact that my wife could be murdered at any time, not only by physical violence, but also by a more insidious method involving death from 'natural causes.' The level of hatred this woman had for her child is beyond the understanding of a normal feeling human and there were times my wife was in life threatening situations due to her frail health. Bouts of pneumonia were untreated and could have easily resulted in a fatality. Nobody would have ever suspected murder, but the possibility of infanticide was very real and I believe attempted on several occasions. In fact, I would later witness an attempt on my wife's life many years later.

The extreme cunning of this woman to perpetrate cold-blooded murder on her child by devious means is almost beyond the comprehension of a normal, feeling human mother. If we hadn't personally witnessed this behaviour and documented the events with professionals, there is no way we could ever believe people without the full range of human feelings existed. We could never have believed the level of horrific emotional and physical abuse they could deliver and remain blameless for their actions. These unfortunate people actually saw themselves as perfect parents, brothers or sisters, uncles or aunts with often no personal discernment their abuse was abnormal.

The most insidious abuse was reserved for both my wife and I at our earliest stages. Our abusers would slowly, but cunningly, instil confusion in our lives and we lost trust in ourselves, our identity and even our environment. The abusers would undermine our self-confidence with lies about what other people were saying about us, our physical appearance, lies about what other people had discovered about us and the ability to twist an incident giving them the excuse to fly into a rage that was somehow our fault or their rage was caused by "our" paranoia or unstable emotions. The abusers would constantly interrupt our conversations with an unrelated topic and tell us to let them finish what they were saying while they would continue to be verbally and psychologically abusive. The abusers actually made us feel as if we deserved the terror they delivered and somehow it was our fault they acted the way they did – we had to be punished. As we matured, the abuse was elevated to trigger irrational behaviour based on the patterns they had implanted in our early development. They would use key words in their speech pattern to ensure we still knew the incredible scope of the assault they could and would deliver. We would later learn that abusers use these techniques and the colloquial label for their behaviour is called 'gas lighting.'

The term 'gas lighting' comes from a 1944 movie named *Gaslight* directed by George Cukor, with Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman, in which the central character continually changes the intensity of the gas lighting of a Victorian era house to induce uncertainty and confusion in his victim. Gas lighting is an incredibly effective way to allow the abuser to undermine an individual's perception of reality and permit them to continue their appalling behaviour or evil agenda. During our working lives, we would encounter numerous people who would use this technique in an attempt to be abusive, domineering and controlling in their race to climb the

corporate ladder. They would contrive situations or stories that made us look like idiots or liars in an effort to get us removed from the company we were working for, especially if our efficiency threatened them. At the time, their behaviour completely overwhelmed us, with no idea what these people were or why they were behaving in such a devious manner.

The delivery of extreme examples of gas lighting occurs as described below -

Abuser: Does something atrocious.

Victim: Reprimands the abuser for their shocking behaviour.

Abuser: Instantly gets angry, accuses the victim of wrongdoing for reprimanding them and attacking them, and demands an apology for being accused. The bad behaviour will never be admitted or acknowledged and the poor behaviour carefully placed on the victim, never the abuser. The words they use are nearly always the same, "Don't you trust me?" or "How can you say that?" and sometimes they just plain lie and say, "I never did that."

Victim: Is stunned and is required to defend himself or herself. If the victim refuses the gaslight attack and reminds the accuser of their original outburst, then the abuser will find as many past "transgressions" of the victim as necessary to distress the victim emotionally until the attack pattern is re-established.

Abuser: Takes the high moral ground since they were accused.

Victim: Must apologise for upsetting the abuser and "making" them upset. Their bad behaviour is now no longer the issue and rewarded. They have managed to get away with their appalling behaviour by accusing the victim of wrongdoing they never committed and forced to apologise for something they never did. It's the tried and trusted formula of 'people' using our emotions against us. If you ever find yourself in a situation of this nature, either at work or at home, seek professional advice immediately and carefully describe the abuse you have received. You will receive counselling and advice on the nature of the individual administering your abuse.

There was so much hatred and anger boiling below the surface of my mother in law, which would explode in a volcanic, Krakatoa eruption of frustration. This could be anywhere at any time, like a supermarket, a hotel, in a café or a street corner. The anger tantrums were childlike, complete with stamping feet and pumping arms. Real or imaginary frustrations triggered the outbursts, much to the amazement of bystanders. Again, the dissociated rage was never her fault; she always demanded the outburst was someone else's fault and an apology from that person was required for causing her appalling behaviour.

Eventually my wife reached adolescence and blossomed into a truly beautiful, articulate woman. Her mother regularly called her a slut and a whore, which was so far from reality it was laughable. These abuses began long before the child had even gone out with a boy. Her brief sexual education lesson from her mother included the statement, "You are filthy and stop asking dirty questions." Her mother would rifle through her personal possessions as if they were her own and one day found contraceptive pills carefully hidden, wrapped in a handkerchief in a zipped pocket of a handbag in the bottom of a drawer in her daughter's room. Her eighteen-year-old daughter, engaged to be married at that time felt violated once again. Her mother immediately launched into her well-rehearsed abuse and name-calling and ended by saying, "How could you do this to me? People will be laughing at me now. What will people think when I go to the chemist?" I guess the response should have been, "They will think of you now, just the same as they thought of you before!"

In an attempt to escape her mother's vile personality and get out of the house that held so much terror, my wife married her first husband when she was barely aged nineteen. The marriage was a disaster, my wife suffered regular sexually abuse and was savagely raped by her husband and they were divorced within twelve months. Her parents blamed her entirely for the rape, shunned her, offered no support to their only daughter and instead converted their shed for the rapist to live in. They bought him furniture, clothing, fed him, gave him large amounts of money and shortly after bought him a house in the nearby town! Meanwhile, their daughter was excommunicated from her family, destitute, emotionally shattered, living in fear and despair.

They gave the rapist many of the things belonging to their daughter, including a washing machine, given to her by her Grandmother as a birthday gift. My wife fought for years to have her personal belongings returned with limited results. My wife's parents forced her to pay \$30 per month for cat food to feed her pet cats the rapist had stolen from her. Her parents told her she didn't deserve to have anything, because she was the one who had left, She was continuously told by her adoptive parents she should return to her abusive ex-husband, as he would never have forced sex on her if she had loved him enough. She sought help from her recently discovered birth mother who whisked her away to another major city to her newly discovered sister to begin the recovery from her ordeal.

As a resident of the local town, I had heard about the divorce and the general population sided with the husband because his young wife had abandoned him. It was many years later that I discovered the hideous truth of the completely shameful business.

My wife's parents continued to support the rapist of their daughter with large amounts of cash, holidays and eventually, bought him a second house, close to their own house. They insisted he was present when my wife was finally able to return to the family farm and her mother would often spend large amounts of her time giggling on the phone to him and spend hours at a time visiting him alone. During these visits to her daughter's rapist, she stopped her husband from accompanying her. This bizarre behaviour went on for years, long after we had been married.

On my in-laws long visits with us in the tropics, my mother in law would lock herself in the bedroom and spend hours giggling like a teenager on the phone to my wife's ex-husband, despite my wife insisting she was not to contact him while in our home. My mother in law blatantly ignored this request and when challenged, made the calls in secret, always inside our home, knowing it was deeply distressing my wife. She took care rarely to call when I was in the house, but showed total disregard for my wife's wishes if she was at the house.

It was sickening to consider my wife's mother was having sex with her daughter's ex-husband, but the prospect of that was very real. After discussions with numerous mental health professionals, we later learned that she was very likely having sex with him before he married her daughter. It truly beggared belief and if we hadn't personally witnessed, discussed and documented this behaviour in various formats with registered professionals, we would never have believed this sort of behaviour was possible.

Who were the people that would support the rapist of their only daughter and throw her out? Why couldn't they feel the pain and trauma she was going through? What the hell was going on? It just did not make sense.

I never doubted my wife's recollections. Her stories never varied and I never knew her to lie. I personally witnessed the continual mentioning of my wife's rapists name in front of her and the childish giggling when her mother locked herself in a room to make hour-long phone calls to him. I never witnessed the full fury of her mother's rages, but I did see the public and private childish tantrums, complete with stamping feet and pumping arms. Her behaviour during these episodes was emotionally immature and disturbing.

Many years later, I did see both of my in-laws standing over their daughter, who was unconscious and gasping for breath on our kitchen floor because of a severe panic attack during one of their assaults. Neither of them assisted a non-responsive, choking woman. They were still verbally abusing her when I rushed into the room from an outside, downstairs area. After I had made sure my wife was safe from them, I placed her in a recovery position, cleared her airway and made sure she was eventually able to breathe normally and regain consciousness. I was furious at what had transpired and promptly kicked her parents out the house, but not before my mother in law had turned her rage and vile mouth onto me, blaming me for my wife's current state even though I wasn't even in the house when she had been attacked and collapsed.

To this day, their hatred of me is intense for daring to question their behaviour. I have no doubt they would have let their daughter choke to death on that cold kitchen floor. During this episode, my wife's father stood passively and silently behind his wife, doing nothing. I can safely say, these people are very capable of cunningly contrived, cold-blooded murder, even murdering their only daughter.

In another episode of uncaring behaviour many years later, my wife slipped in her parent's shower and fell heavily on the floor. Fortunately, she didn't smash through the small glass cubicle and get sliced to pieces, but she did injure her hands and hip and dented a towel rail as the glass door of the shower crashed into the wall. The loud noise of the fall, alerted me to a problem and I rushed to help her. Her mother was in her bedroom at the time and heard the commotion, but stayed in bed for at least another five minutes, before casually wandering into the bathroom to see what furniture her daughter had damaged in the room after her fall.

Shortly after the shower cubicle incident, my wife's mother stole cash and medication from her daughter, perhaps as revenge for damaging the shower rail.

Sometime later, we were minding my in-laws dog while they went for a short holiday. We invited a friend over for evening dinner and after a beautiful meal, we went outside to look at the garden and play ball with the dog. As our friend bent down to pick up a retrieved ball from the dog, the dog lunged at her face and bit her lower lip. Our friend recoiled in horror as blood poured from the wound and we rushed to her aid to stem the blood flow and pacify the visibly distraught victim. We made an emergency dash to the nearest hospital, thirty minutes away. The duty doctor quickly sutured the gaping wound and our friend made a complete recovery.

When we told the story of the dog attack to my mother in-law on her return, the very first thing she said was, "How much is this going to cost?" There were no questions about the condition or recovery of our friend, only the concern about how much the incident might cost her. There was no interest in the person attacked by the dog, only the amount of money necessary to pay damages and doctors' fees. At no time during the conversation about the dog attack did she ask about our friend's well-being! To this day, she has never asked how our friend coped with the vicious dog attack.

Chapter Nine

Voyage of Discovery

Clearly, my mother in-law suffered a significant personality disorder, but we weren't exactly sure what category of disorder or its treatment. It was extremely frustrating, as no professionals were interested in supplying answers to our questions. No doubt, some of them knew exactly what the personality disorder was; they just didn't give a fig – there was no substantial financial benefit for a doctor or therapist offering advice.

We were dealing with something that resembled a human being, but had none of the essential qualities of a human being. There was no love, she could not understand the feelings of other people, she was a consummate liar, cunning, was sexually promiscuous, she stole from emotionally challenged people and she had no guilt and felt no remorse for her actions. She looked human and could easily fool people, including doctors into believing she was normal, but she was a shallow facsimile of a human; a photocopy. She had no soul. Her heart was colder than an accountant's balance sheet and material possessions and money was far more important than her family. Instead of love and compassion, there was only hatred, abuse and a desire for control. Her twisted and reversed feelings meant she revelled in the pain and suffering she delivered to her family.

When she was confronted on behavioural issues, she would deliver blistering personal attacks on her accuser that left them reeling in shock and unable to establish a rational conversation. She could never apologise for her outrageous behaviour and honestly believed her actions were normal. She saw herself as perfect, directly related to god, all other people were below her and despised as stupid and inferior. She genuinely believed she had traced her family tree back to Jesus Christ with volumes of printed genealogy to prove her claim. She held nothing but disdain and contempt for everyone and would often remark how she hated all people; this was a chilling phrase repeated frequently to her entire family throughout my wife's childhood. She had no depth of emotion that humans feel; she was like some brilliantly programmed machine that ate food. She had learnt to copy other people's emotional states to hide her affliction and 'fit' into society. She had no real ideologies or firm political convictions – she was not an authentic human being.

Amazingly, she was unable to comprehend human facial expressions in relation to emotion. While sitting at a table during mealtime, my wife visually described a person in a threatening mood. She contorted her face in anger and raised her hands above her head. Her mother was unable to identify the mood and had to be told what the indicated emotion was. It was a stunning and saddening example of emotional bankruptcy.

As researchers, my wife and I would make some earth shattering discoveries regarding Anti-Social Behaviour as we explored the murky depths of the subject. We talked to psychologists, attended seminars; we researched books on many neurological subjects, as well as medical journals and trawled libraries for answers. We spent many years accumulating information on sociology, anthropology, psychology and personality disorders that would help us understand what was the cause of my mother in-law's condition. It was an appalling and soul crushing discovery for my wife to discover her mother hated her to the point of homicide and felt no regret or guilt for these thoughts. We desperately needed answers.

Like other researchers, my wife and I both had direct, personal contact with seriously psychologically ill individuals. We acknowledged that normality in a society is objective and past societies have literally held witch-hunts for anyone deviating from 'normal.' It wasn't that long ago that churches and states acquired massive income and real estate from inquisitions that stole from individuals in witch-hunts. We discovered there is no 'normal', only conscience and lack of conscience was a deviance found in certain individuals, globally.

We used personal experience and our learning skills to collect the information we needed to find answers to our questions. We weren't a third party researcher looking coldly at facts and figures or observing people locked in institutions. We had a genuine interest in unravelling our own experiences and trying to help the people with this crippling condition. Our subject was very much alive and still inflicting misery on people in society, but we knew she was far too cunning to be trapped into psychoanalysis. We knew many other people had experienced the horror of being associated with these defective entities and we would try and help as many people as possible recover their lives and avoid further abuse.

There were literally millions of people, globally who are directly affected by these non-humans. People who are left very bewildered by the abuse they have suffered. People who need to know their emotional and physical pain is inflicted by entities that have twisted feelings and if necessary are capable of murder and are not constrained by guilt or feelings of wrongdoings for their actions. People who need to know their abuse was never their fault and under no circumstances were they responsible for the appalling treatment they received.

What we discovered would shake our whole belief system, challenge our perceived reality and would reveal a level of global domination by defective entities posing as humans.

As we were learning more, my wife had a conversation with an overseas friend who had experienced a similar trauma to her own. As they exchanged horror stories, it became apparent the two perpetrators of the abuse were incredibly similar. The afflicted entities were emotionally childlike, lied, saw themselves as superior, were consumed by rage and hatred, were lazy, cunning and deceitful, they had no sense of guilt or remorse, were sexually promiscuous, were shallow and lacked the capacity to love and sympathise. The amazing discovery, was the fact they had an identical speech pattern, "How could you do this to me?" and "You are all crazy, I'm the only sane person here." as well as the tried and trusted, "What will people think of me?" There were many other quotes that dovetailed perfectly together and the words weren't just similar, they were spoken exactly the same! It was as if they were reading the same script! Their speech patterns revolved around eating, drinking, money and holidays and never anything

relating to how they or their daughters were feeling emotionally. They might ask if they were feeling hot or cold, where they had been, what they had paid for food or clothes, who they had seen, but never ask if they were happy or sad, the state of their relationships or their emotional well-being.

It was an extraordinary discovery. These two defective people were not physically similar and didn't even live in the same country, but they acted identically and even used exactly the same phrases when speaking. My wife's friend went on to say that, her mother suffered from 'Narcissistic Personality Disorder' (NPD) and at first, the diagnosis seemed to fit my mother in law, but there were some traits that were beyond NPD. We were stunned to discover how many medical practitioners were unaware of this common disorder and the emotional destruction caused by its perpetrators. We knew of Antisocial Personality Disorder (ASPD/APD) and soon discovered there were many people in our social circle affected by these dysfunctional people. People, who like us, had no idea why their abusers had treated them so appallingly. Kind, loving people who had their emotional hearts ripped from their bodies and trampled into the mud.

At last, the wall of terror my wife had endured from childhood was showing the method used in its cunning construction. We soon discovered there were many other people, globally, in all stages of their lives, physically and emotionally torn apart by the organisms masquerading as humans. The next staggering discovery was that nearly every single individual on the planet was a victim of the machinations of defective humans.

We started looking closely at people we knew in our extended family, friends and work colleagues. We had so many wonderful friends who had experiences similar to ours and we realised this abuse was being perpetrated on an enormous scale. We started looking for the creatures administering the abuse and found them in all walks of life. They often had a superficial charm that was irresistible to others, particularly the opposite sex. They were male or female, from various cultures, highly intelligent and often brilliant orators and sometimes had positions of power and authority. We looked at their children and found there were siblings who were shy and withdrawn. We listened to the children's stories, watched their body language and eye movements. We looked at the pictures the children drew and the stories they told. As the years continued and our knowledge increased, we were able to accurately identify the type of personality disorder of the abusers we met.

It was time for us to move, our government at the time had removed our civil liberties. The erosion of freedom started with the Second World War and successive governments insidiously legislated the removal of civil rights as the years progressed. We felt our personal freedom and our very souls squeezed from our bodies like toothpaste from a tube. Our beloved government could throw us in jail on 'suspicion' of anti-government or terrorist activities. That meant we would not have to commit a crime, we only had to contemplate anti-government activity to find ourselves thrown in jail! People incarcerated under these laws had no access to legal representation and faced imprisonment for an indefinite period.

Australia has no bill of human rights in its dubious constitution and although the population embraced democracy and freedom, that freedom was a fabrication. With no bill of human rights in the 'revised' Australian constitution, the incorporated government was free to award contracts

to a U.K. firm to build a proliferation of der Konzentrationslager, AKA Detention Centres containing refugees and political objectors that spread across the country.

Thomas Jefferson stated all those years ago, "A bill of rights is what the people are entitled to against every government on earth, general or particular; and what no just government should refuse, or rest on inference."

Before news reporters at these Detention centres were banned by the government, one of the captive refugees in a Huis van Bewaring, Mr Khan summed up the refugee abuse when he told a news reporter "Taliban attitudes were easy to cope with because they just shot you straight in the head and nothing else. Everything is gone." He continued, saying, "But Australia's immigration system keeps torturing you day and night."

Refugees wore the label of "illegal immigrants," "illegal arrivals" or "boat people" and once on Australian soil, with no bill of human rights in the Australian constitution, the government was free to administer outrageous abuse. Refugees endured the agony of inadequate, profit driven, corporate shelters for many years while their requests for entry were processed. Refugees in Australian detention centres committed suicide, drank poison, went on hunger strikes and sewed their lips together in a desperate attempt to escape their treatment or alert the media to their plight.

Dr Peter Young, the former director of mental health services at International Health and Mental Services (IHMS), has stated that the immigration detention system is deliberately designed to cause harm. While giving evidence at a national inquiry into children in immigration detention in 2014, Dr Young said the system in place allows companies to torture people so they want to return to where they came from. He said, "If we take the definition of torture to be the deliberate harming of people in order to coerce them into a desired outcome, I think it does fulfil that definition."

Julian Burnside AO QC, an Australian barrister said, "There is not much doubt that our treatment of asylum seekers in Manus constitutes a crime against humanity. This is a matter of legal analysis, not political rhetoric. The hard facts about the horrific conditions on Manus Island that I've outlined above may not be enough to shock us, but the one thing that really might shock us is to see Abbott (the then Prime Minister), Morrison and Dutton prosecuted in the International Criminal Court for those crimes. That's a pro bono case I would gladly prosecute."

The Australian navy patrolled the waters between Indonesia and the mainland and faced allegations of cruelty when navy personnel tied refugees to the engine of the patrol vessels causing serious burns to the refugee's hands.

The Australian government faced soft United Nations 'questioning' over allegations refugees, already confined in detention centres on Australian soil found themselves placed on incoming refugee boats and turned away from Australian shores without further immigration processing.

If a government could convince its citizens that refugees fleeing oppressive, life-threatening regimes were in their country “illegally,” what else could they make people swallow? There is no way a normal, feeling human being would flee their family, friends and country to risk their lives in an attempt to find refuge without very good reason; they certainly didn't flee for a holiday. These unfortunate people were fleeing from the personal horror of dispossessed homes, murder, rape and torture and were seeking shelter from abusive, feeling-less regimes. If we reversed the scenario, we wondered how many of our fellow Australian citizens would flee to remote parts of the world, claiming refugee status to gain entry to a foreign country and how they would enjoy their new government treating them like animals and seeing their drastic action as simply a way to get a free holiday.

The Migration Amendment Bill (Maintaining the Good Order of Immigration Detention Facilities), empowered authorised officers to use force against people held in 'detention' centres if they believe it is reasonable to do so. This fascist piece of legislation sanctions force against defenceless refugees in a manner that circumvents international human rights law. Should the use of force cause grievous bodily harm, and that force is exercised "in good faith," the Commonwealth of Australia will be considered immune from legal consequences. What the? A former Victorian Supreme Court judge, Stephen Charles SC said proposed amendments would make it harder to bring legal action against a guard who inflicted harm on a refugee, and may even encourage it. He said, "The guards were authorised to beat asylum seekers in detention centres to death with immunity." Even the Nazis in 1939 would be proud of this piece of heartless, invalid Australian legislation.

The focus of hatred the Australian government showed towards refugees was cowardly and psychotic. Once again, the government displayed their trademark of callousness when dealing with disenfranchised people on the fringe of mainstream society, suffering injustice and unable to defend themselves. Predictably, this flawed policy of refugee bashing became accepted and applauded by the majority of the general population and brought to the fore during electioneering by both major political parties to ensure election success.

News reporters in Australia were jailed for not revealing the source of their news stories and a deluge of new legislation turned everyday people into criminals. Before the introduction of total news censorship in the late 1980's, we saw harrowing televised reports of prisoners in jail, tied to chairs and injected with drugs or restrained on seats and attacked by dogs. We witnessed the installation of 'security' cameras in ever-increasing numbers and the police had powers beyond their charter to protect the public.

Australian police officers, originally issued with only batons for crowd control and defence, now carried .40 calibre Smith and Wesson semi-automatic pistols with a magazine capacity of 15 rounds, Tasers, sprays and truncheons. We were amazed they could keep their pants up with the weight of weaponry hanging on their belts. Our police officer's uniforms changed from navy blue to black and their outfits and cars closely resembled US models. The question we always asked was why they needed guns at all, as most of the population was cunningly disarmed through anti-gun legislation and unlikely to attack regular officers. With all the CCTV security, phone monitoring and facial recognition software in place, their paranoia was extreme. Were they expecting mass civil unrest?

The Australian Crime Commission (ACC) became the modern day version of the 'Star Chamber.' Originally conceptualised in Britain in the late 15th century with court sessions held in secret, with no indictments, and no witnesses, the Star Chamber was synonymous with misuse and abuse of power by the English monarchy and courts. The Australian Crime Commission's powers have the similar ability to summon any person for questioning and charge those who do not answer questions or lie to officers, with a maximum punishment of five years jail. It became illegal for someone who has attended an ACC examination to disclose information about the summons, the hearing or anything said during questioning, to another person.

The ACC effectively nulls the constitutional writ of Habeas Corpus, an English parliamentary act of 1679, whose Latin translation means, "You have the body." When someone finds himself or herself in jail, this writ is directed at the 'jailer,' commanding him to produce the person being detained, deliver them to a court for judgement by a judge, and jury. The Habeas Corpus writ prevents a person from languishing in illegal captivity, with no trial. In Australia, this ancient right ensuring citizens receive a fair trial has been removed and the ACC Star Chamber is free to do whatever it wants to ensure a statement or indictment. This includes lengthy imprisonment and torture.

Since 2005, in Australia,

1. ANY person can receive a subpoena to go to a crime commission.
2. You MUST go or a warrant will be issued for your arrest.
3. You attend and are asked questions.
4. You must answer ANY question asked.
5. It doesn't matter if that question relates to criminal activity by you, a friend or a loved one, you must answer.
6. If you refuse to answer – you are charged with contempt and are jailed.
7. If you lie (to protect yourself or someone else) – you are charged with perjury and are jailed. Sadly, Australians blindly believed they have a justice system.

Protesting against injustice and sanctioned thuggery by the Australian government became illegal in some areas and protesters may experience the trauma of crowd control using sonic canons such as the LRAD 500X-RE, which has a range of two kilometres, and the hand-held LRAD 100X, with a range of more than 600 metres. Being near these weapons could rupture eardrums or cause brain haemorrhages and possible permanent injury or death. Still the general population believed in demonocracy and its illusion of free speech. Strange, but I thought this sort of loss of personal freedom was the reason I was called up to fight the evil communist regime and their Marxist ideals in Vietnam! And wasn't freedom the reason so many Australian people sacrificed their life as soldiers during the first and second world wars? So where is the freedom they lost their lives for? Just curious.

Australia invaded other foreign countries without provocation in acts of war and the population eagerly supported this war crime aggression. People were encouraged to spy on their neighbours and report unusual activity. We felt a level of paranoia that was palpable and real. The government openly lied about their agendas and the whole feeling was like the abuse we suffered as children, only on a massive scale. Our wonderful friends seemed oblivious to the deteriorating social conditions and loyally trudged off to their own personal slavery every day.

We were sick and tired of the jackboot mentality of our country and realised Australia is firmly in the grip of conservative neoliberalism, bordering on fascism. This ideology espouses liberalised trade, sale of national assets and liberalised economics for large corporations, but not social liberalism. By privatising government assets (selling the assets of the people), socialising any losses (bailouts) and crushing small business and human rights, the foundation of the road to fascism is brutally established.

We couldn't stand one more day of the madness of our society and its soul crushing legislature and were constantly amazed at our countrymen's acceptance and support of social thuggery. There was nothing that could move them from their torpor, hedonistic indulgences and pursuit of money. There was absolutely no way of ever penetrating their wall of cognitive dissonance. It was as if they were standing in the world's most beautiful building, surrounded by room after room of massive, brightly lit glittering treasure, but they only had the light from a tiny match to find their way along the dark, draughty, narrow hallways. They could never find the doors that led to the treasure. They were held firmly in the spell of modern fascism, the economy, the bombs, bloodbaths, revenge and lies that are the surreal theatre known as 'news.' We realised there was nothing that could ever change their social conditioning, nothing.

We moved far away to a beautiful tropical island in the Pacific Ocean to experience a different culture, distance ourselves from the insanity of consumerism and distil the vast knowledge we had accumulated over many years of research.

The small island we settled on was cloaked in an impenetrable coat of living green. This stunning jewel had beckoned to us constantly since our honeymoon, many years earlier. Gentle sea breezes caressed the land and protected it from the harsh tropical heat. Rugged, jungle shrouded volcanic escarpments reared up vertically from the sea floor and hugged the clouds in a warm, moist embrace. There were trees of gigantic proportions with huge, succulent green leaves that supported lush ferns and epiphytes in abundance. Huge tendrils hung from the branches near the top of the trees to the ground, creating a veil of living wood. Vines with tense, clinging tendrils, clasped the massive trees and seemed to compete with them in a race to the sky above. There were massive Casurina pines on the coast, with their huge flying buttresses clamped solidly to the fragile soil as they ultimately anchored themselves to the sheets of limestone below. Large Kwila and other hardwood trees, as well as countless other jungle varieties created a solid mat of living dark green that covered the sides of steep hills and ravines. Every square centimetre of land supported some type of vegetation and even the limestone rocks were home to small trees and bushes. We noticed some of the massive trees had suffered cyclone damage over the years and had portions of their trunks missing or splintered. The moist humid conditions quickly regenerated the damage created from violent storms.

The earth had a strong smell of natural compost that was only noticeable for a brief time when we left and then returned to the island from a visit overseas. The strong 'earthy' smell would envelop us as we stepped from the aircraft onto the warm, steaming tarmac and into the rustic air terminal. Within the span of a few minutes, we were unable to detect the scent from the other jungle aromas around us.

There were hundreds of birds calling from the massive tree canopies and occasionally they would glide from one huge tree to another in a flash of blurred colour. Iridescent pigeons strutted around the clearings, pecking at the minuscule seeds embedded in the crushed limestone paths and heavily composted soil. There were no poisonous land snakes or life threatening predators on the island, but there were massive fast moving spiders and enormous cockroaches that were always seeking shelter in our house. At night, the cockroaches were so plentiful they formed a mat of rustling, rattling brown on the ground outdoors. The indoor cockroaches allowed our cat to hone his hunting skills. He bounded after the scuttling roaches and sat patiently on top of them until we could remove them. The huge wood spiders that casually walked under the doors and proudly sat on the walls seemed to move at twice the speed of sound and we would have to run to catch them.

With the absence of city lights, the intensity of the night sky with its millions of stars was extraordinary and we could easily walk outdoors during full moon and clearly see for hundreds of metres. Once again, we could drive over the white limestone roads of the island without using car headlights with the warm tropical air and the heavenly scent of Frangipani washing over us. Our tropical paradise came with many more benefits and we noticed the absence of pollutants from the large cities we had lived in, increased our sense of smell to the point we were able to easily identify the scent of people, animals and food from a considerable distance.

There was an explosion of plants and rampant chlorophyll that overwhelmed us at first, but later provided a soothing natural ambience, far removed from the parched desert landscape of most of our old country. Papaya, coconut and bananas grew in abundance and they tasted so much better than the hybridised, genetically modified, pesticide ridden facsimiles we were used to eating. We could buy cheap, fresh fruit and vegetables from the colourful, local market and we knew it hadn't been irradiated or layered with dangerous chemicals like our old supermarket fodder. Most importantly, it tasted like food; real food, not like the insipid cardboard flavoured rubbish we paid a fortune for in our former country. We discovered fruits and root vegetables that were completely alien; we had no idea what they were or what to do with them.

Fruit and vegetables were very seasonal and items like pineapple, pamplemousse and watermelon were only available for four to six weeks in the year. Bananas, coconuts and papaya were constantly available and we always enjoyed their delicious flavour, either straight from the tree or in tropical deserts or curries. When we ate a fresh young coconut, its juice was almost effervescent and incredibly refreshing in the warm humid weather. We used coconut recipes in numerous meals and always fried our food in coconut oil. We discovered the coconut oil didn't 'weld' to our pans like other oils, was able to be re-used many times and left our food amazingly crisp and tasty.

We found many other uses for coconut oil and some of the local island people ran their diesel engine vehicles on it. Local municipalities discovered they could use the vegetable oil for power generation. The indigenous population used coconut extensively and the more we learned about the product, the more amazing it became. We found doctors used coconut water as blood plasma during the Second World War when they ran out of supplies for transfusions. The natives could use it as a substitute for breast milk and the list of wonders went on and on. The fact was,

coconuts were incredibly plentiful, refreshing and tasted beautiful! Just a bit difficult to hack through their thick, fibrous husk.

The climate was surprisingly mild, we were near the equator, but the weather was dreamy. There were no extremes in temperature that we had experienced for most of our lives. The air temperature did not plunge from a hellish 48 degrees Celsius to a cold 15 degrees Celsius and then back up again in a span of several days. There were no freezing cold winds and frigid driving rain and hail. The tropical thunderstorms rolled slowly across our island and unlike our former country, there were no jagged slabs of ice to fall from the sky. Even the cyclones were hardly more dangerous than the wild, southerly winter gales we had experienced for the greater part of our life. These southern latitude gales, courtesy of the 'roaring forties' during August and September would rip roofs off houses, flatten sheds and leave huge numbers of trees up-rooted or limbless. To all intents and purposes, these gales were cyclonic in their viciousness; the major difference we experienced was the difference in temperature! The southern latitude gales were freezing.

On our beautiful tropical island, we could get out of bed all year round and never feel cold. We never shivered after we had taken a shower. We never had to wrap ourselves in layers of bulky clothing in an effort to stay warm. We rolled out of bed in the morning, slipped on a pair of shorts, and enjoyed the rest of the day in complete comfort. At night, the air temperature never went in retreat when the sun went down; it stayed deliciously warm until morning. Our skin glowed with the vibrancy of the unpolluted environment, the constant sunlight and the cleansing, warm salt-water we swam in nearly every day. When it rained, the rain was warm and occasionally we would take a shower outdoors as the beautifully warm rain poured over us. It was mildly inconvenient to be wet, not like the traumatic experience of the freezing cold rain of our youth. Our new jungle paradise was some kind of wonderful.

The surrounding tropical sea would change from blue to the most intense blue we had ever seen. The coral filtered water was deliciously warm and incredibly clear and we spent hours on some days, drifting weightlessly in its warm embrace. In the summer time, we took a thermometer with us and discovered the seawater temperature was 31 degrees Celsius or 88 degrees Fahrenheit and we even found fish swimming in 40 degree Celsius water! The coral reefs were surreal in their colour, shape and diversity and the fish that glided through them were equally astounding.

We discovered huge underwater chasms with massive coloured stone arches and perfectly white sand surrounding them. We swam over shoals of brightly coloured clams, their royal blue flesh in sharp contrast to the pale stone around them. We watched as colourful octopus glided over vibrant coral, their sensuous tentacles delicately probing the living structure for carefully hidden food. We soon discovered the tropical fish were as curious about us as we were about them and they would glide past on their sides with their strange round eye fixed firmly on us.

We had our own private rock pool with water fed directly from the ocean. The swimming pool filled regularly from the waves that smashed headlong into the rocky shore around us. Some boisterous waves would swamp us with warm salty water and we would cling to the rocks as the water foamed around our pool in an invigorating spa. Occasionally the enthusiastic surf would

dump sea snakes into our pool and we would have to retreat until the agitated snake moved out of the area.

The small, colourful fish that lived in the natural pool were terrified of us swimming with them at first, but later we started feeding them and they would crowd into the shallows waiting for us to wade into the water and distribute their free meal for them. At certain times of the year, the seas would rear up into massive swells and pound our pool with powerful ten-metre waves with strange alien fingers of foam, frantically clawing at the jagged shoreline. As the waves punched into the limestone shore, they sounded like cannon fire and the deep booming of the surf spread for kilometres. Even after many weeks of raging ocean, we were amazed to discover our little fish weren't killed or swept out to sea and still remembered their feeding ritual.

The water in the natural swimming pool was crystal clear, gloriously warm and inviting. It supported an incredible amount of plant and aquatic life and the longer we looked around the swimming pond, the more creatures we discovered. There were psychedelic coloured Nudibranchs that belonged on the cover of a 1960's record album, slow moving sea slugs, vivid black and silver sea snakes, small, fast moving starfish and hundreds of small crabs with their incredibly sharp eyesight. The crabs were the masters of camouflage on the dark limestone outcrops and could move with incredible speed as we approached them. It never ceased to amaze us, how a creature with so many legs could move so quickly over the rough vertical limestone and never trip over itself.

We watched fish surf on ferocious, pounding waves and revel in the highly oxygenated water. They would skilfully avoid the jagged, old coral at the coastal edge and skip on the top of the frothing waves to smaller pools of water near our swimming pond. They could jump several metres over dry land to another pool of water and if threatened, they could hastily jump from pool to pool and out to the open sea. We watched in amazement as Salamanders would leap out of the water and 'walk' up the jagged rocks on their fins to a crevice, then sit there watching us with their beady eyes glistening in the tropical sun.

We saw Spinner dolphins surf past our rock pool, swim back again and then catch the next set of waves past our pool. They would repeat their surf routine many times and occasionally we saw tiny young dolphins leap out the water and move forward on their tails or more incredibly, fly into the air spinning their bodies rapidly before diving back into the clear, warm surf.

The local natives would spend hours fishing with simple bamboo rods and hooks off the jagged, narrow ledges on the shoreline. They would skilfully avoid the large waves that crashed and foamed around them and ultimately landed small tropical fish attracted to the crabs on their small hooks. The native women combed the exposed rocks and sea grass at low tide looking for small clams, sea lettuce and crabs while their children watched from the safety of the shaded tree line. Shredded coconut became bait in the evening to entice reclusive crabs from their hiding spots and into the women's beautifully woven carry bags. Many of the crabs shared their fate with small molluscs in boiling water or became bait to catch more colourful reef fish from the shore.

Young native men and boys would plunge into the heaving ocean with flippers, masks and spear guns and hunt for larger fish in the deeper coral reefs. We were amazed how the young men could dive to incredible depths and then reach the safety of the shore as the huge swell tried to plunge them into the razor sharp rocks guarding the coastline. The native children swam like the fish around them and we were sometimes surprised to find them swimming beneath us in our private rock pool.

The local village men constructed large outrigger canoes with axes from bright, white jungle trees and would launch their sturdy, vine lashed craft from the rocky coast to explore the outer reefs using traditional paddles to push themselves through the clear, warm water. We were constantly amazed how the natives could clamber over the razor sharp coral and limestone in bare feet to launch their craft without slicing themselves to pieces. After a lifetime of wearing no shoes, their feet had developed thick callouses that seemed as tough as any shoe we could place on our tender European feet. Even with our protective shoes, we still managed to slice our feet on the razor sharp old coral and suffer the pain of infection as a result.

Our intrepid cat would follow us to the natural swimming pool, several hundred metres from our house and explore the jagged rocky outcrops and salt-water filled pools. He would fossick for hours among the limestone crevices chasing crabs and brightly coloured blue lizards close to the thundering surf until we had finished our swim, then follow us along the long, winding, coral path back to the house. He always made sure he came to the beach with us every day and never returned to our house without us. Our cat was free to wander the massive grounds of our house at will, free from the regulations, restrictions and hatred of our former country. He had learned over 25 oral instructions, would come to a whistle and could walk on a lead. He enjoyed travelling in a vehicle and would sit on the dashboard for a close view of the surroundings, especially at night. He had total freedom to explore his jungle environment and snooze in his beautiful tropical garden and he quickly identified friendly and not so friendly natives. He became very protective and would patrol the house at night to check for strangers and growl if he discovered unfamiliar people. The local natives were very strongly scented and our cat often alerted us to their strong body odour if they crept around the house at night. We couldn't see them in the pitch black, but once alerted, we sure as hell could smell them.

Then there were the earthquakes; hundreds of them throughout the year. Sometimes we could hear them roar toward our house like a massive freight train, the ground would buckle and heave like a huge ocean wave, our cat would throw himself on the ground with all four legs stretched wide and claws digging into the pitching earth. The house would sway back and forth, creak and moan and then we could hear the quake disappearing rapidly. The earthquakes varied in length of activity and intensity. Some would go off like artillery fire with absolutely no warning, the house would respond with a loud crack, but there was no swaying or rolling. Other quakes would be a series of rapid vibrations and often these would be in close succession, unlike the 'normal' quake that slowly lifted the house and ground into the air in a series of diminishing strength oscillations.

The first dozen earthquakes we experienced were unnerving, but after experiencing several dozen within a month and assurances from the natives, we realised we weren't in any great danger. We became quite blasé and would only wander outside the house if the walls were

swaying viciously for more than thirty seconds. During the larger quakes, it was difficult to walk, as the ground behaved like a liquid and we often felt we were on board a large ship in rough weather. Amazingly, little damage to people or buildings resulted from quakes registering well over six on the Richter scale. The island houses had survived countless earthquakes over the years and some of the older villas, built near cliff faces, complete with huge swimming pools that somehow stayed intact without sliding unceremoniously down the side of the precipice.

The town we had moved to was the administrative centre for the country made up of many scattered islands. Since its independence, thirty years before our arrival, it had steadily changed from a thriving colonial outpost to a decaying corpse of its former glory. The pedestrian's pavement was a series of dislocated slabs of concrete interspersed with huge drainage wells capped with ominous broken grates. The streets were a series of potholes and patched tar holes that sprang into suspension devouring craters after every downpour of rain. Road crews would fill the road holes with crushed coral that washed away with the next tropical downpour, as the government coffers were unable to pay for tar and a more permanent fix. Many of the streets were unpaved and impassable to vehicular traffic and we slowed to five kilometres per hour to avoid craters on the main island road, just out of town. Tourists who visited and hired cars, had the terror of literally having the wheels ripped off their cars while attempting to drive around the island. On many of the trips into the main town, we would see vehicles lying prostrate near the road with their front wheels splayed on peculiar angles. The natives found the most ingenious methods to render vehicles insensible. We came across cars in trees, in creeks, down embankments, wrapped around wooden light poles, rocks, buildings and on their sides in cemeteries.

There were rickety buildings masquerading as shops and offices desperately crying for paint and attention. Nearly all the signposts to the streets had been run over or stolen and the shabby appearance of the town with rubbish-covered roads was in sharp contrast to its Pacific Island neighbours.

Independence for this nation was an opportunity for politicians to elevate corruption to an art form and the naive island natives and the Westminster system of government were the means to their colossal personal wealth and influence. The politicians and their corrupt bureaucracy were like schoolchildren left in charge of an enormous cookie jar filled with the world's most tempting sweets and no one to monitor them. With no external auditing, as was the case with their hated colonial masters, the politicians and bureaucrats were now free to shovel huge sums of money into their bank accounts. There was keen competition for the top job of the nation and a chance to grab the loot and there were nearly as many changes in prime ministers as there were changes of boats in the harbour.

We soon discovered the primary industry of our island was theft and the national pastime was lying.

The level of government interference for ex-patriots was still insane and made even more complicated by a serious language barrier. Heavily regulated foreign investment and strict business rules applied to ex-patriot investors. Many Asian investors were able to side step the restrictive business rules and were encouraged to become national citizens by partaking in a

government sponsored scam that allowed them total trading freedom and citizenship for a fraction over US \$3,000. When we first landed on the island, this scheme was not available to other foreign investors who laboured under draconian, restrictive and expensive legislation.

The politician's sense of grandiosity was extreme and we often found ourselves forced into the shabby gutter of the pot-holed road, as the politicians swept past with their police escorts, complete with flashing lights and blaring sirens. These displays of importance were comical to us, but awe inspiring to the natives. The indigenous population's vote installed corrupt juntas that fed off massive overseas aid and kickbacks from foreign investment and laundered cash from Asia. Unlike the stifled press in our old country, the newspapers on the island were packed with stories of politicians involved in gun running, drug trafficking and bribery, complimented with reports of extraordinary sexual misconduct by members of the police force and clergy.

The lust for power and wealth of some of the politicians was truly off the scale. They actively maintained a corrupt police force that fed off the hated white ex-patriots in the town and we were victims of a cleverly masterminded robbery that stole large amounts of money from our home and bank account. The police enquiry into our robbery was a joke and the ANZ bank involved, refused to repay the stolen ATM money after assumingly receiving compensation by insurance themselves. We later heard of many more ex-patriots who had large amounts of cash removed in identical ATM frauds. The bank staff soon realised the ATM heists were chicken feed compared to what they could steal directly from ex-pat bank accounts. The bank later stole more of our money with a clever scam that removed the money held in bond for repatriation. This time we screamed long and loud and actually managed to get a small amount of the stolen repatriation money returned. Even though we knew who robbed our house and bank account and their relationship to the police chief, we could never prove it and the natives involved are happily robbing people with police immunity as I write.

Attempting restitution via the legal system was a complete waste of time and money, as the hated white people received few decisions granted in their favour. In a separate issue involving theft of our money, the solicitor we engaged, tipped off the individuals concerned and they fled before we could take appropriate action. It was a staggering example of racism and corruption and I doubt if the natives involved even realised the social ramifications of what they were doing.

Most of the houses in the central town had barred windows and many of these contained no glass with wooden shutters that opened to allow light into the house and provide protection from cyclones and burglars. There were residences with high walled perimeters and broken glass or razor wire toppings to keep thieves from attacking. Security guards and vicious dogs became deterrents along with elaborate alarm systems. Despite these measures, the town natives still found ingenious and devious ways to gain entry and steal cash, valuables and electronics.

After an elderly Dutch couple had their throats cut by natives in a fatal robbery, the ex-patriots of the town armed themselves. The local police officer was run ragged issuing gun licences and the hardware store sold out of guns and ammunition as the community braced for another spate of violent robberies. Fortunately no more ex-pat murders occurred, although white people survived having their throats cut and white women endured assaults regularly.

The brightly dressed natives outside the small central town were in sharp contrast to their brutal, thieving cousins in town. The village natives were contagiously friendly and their huge smiles came straight from their heart. Many of them lived simple lives in huts fashioned from native hardwood, pandanus and coconut palms. Ornately woven walls formed strikingly patterned panels and thick pandanus leaves became intricate roof sheets that kept the village occupants dry during the many outrageous rain deluges. These houses were simple to reconstruct after cyclones ploughed through the islands.

Our visiting friends from the mainland saw the natives as poverty stricken, living in sub-standard housing, lacking basic amenities and materials, but we saw incredibly healthy, happy families living closely with their environment. Their truly beautiful children laughed and played in the warm, crystal clear streams that sliced through the jungle. The women gathered in groups talking, laughing and weaving incredibly complex and beautiful mats and baskets. Not one of them paid taxes or experienced the frenetic world of jobs, traffic jams or government ordinances.

The tall, muscular men spent their time lazing in the villages or roaming the jungle and streams, hunting for food. We would often see the men carrying their small children around the village and we were amazed to see how much physical contact the natives had with their children.

The island children had a sense of belonging to a group of people who supported and cared for them with a strong connection to the elder generations of the village. The passage of tribal children to adulthood ensured ceremonies with the whole village in attendance that anchored the individual to their community and gave them a direction for their lives. Through this bonding in a village society, the indigenous children were less likely to become troubled adolescents and teenagers, provided they remained in their jungle environment.

In modern western society, parents are too busy to be able to listen to their children's needs and are constantly telling them they are wrong. Rarely are children told they are doing something well or receive praise for their achievements. Just the simple act of telling a child they have done something good is a powerful affirmation of appreciation and a way to create positive patterning. Perhaps western parents need to listen to what their children want and need or simply ask why they are doing the things they are doing instead of telling them they are wrong. With modern adults unable to listen to their inner selves, how can they possibly listen to their children?

Unlike our western society, the small native children we saw were constantly being touched and carried by various family and village members. Native society was extremely kinaesthetic and villagers, who became friends, would always be touching us as they talked. Our western culture had become extremely paranoid about people touching one another and it was wonderful to experience the close contact of real humans again.

The villagers need for western materials were minimal and we discovered that the remote islands north of us were totally self-sufficient, with no need for money or western influence at all. It was an anthropologists dream to visit these people; our western society meant nothing to them. When our western world collapses in chaos, it will just be another day in paradise for the

island villagers. They are living a lifestyle that is hardly different from their Melanesian ancestors thousands of years ago. The villagers are in communion with nature, not isolated from it and their jungle paradise easily caters for their physical needs.

We soon discovered the indigenous population had a magical sense of humour and would laugh at any incongruity they came across, like someone falling in a puddle of water, or a child trying awkwardly to catch one of the many jungle fowl. Once again, it was a 'oneness' with the environment. It was a cycle of birth and death, joy and sorrow, night and day, wet and dry that seemed incredibly natural and real. We met some of the most beautiful human beings we have ever associated with, who came from these outer islands and the experiences and love they shared will be with us for the rest of our lives.

The natives living in the town exchanged their village heritage with a belief in western values where money and materialism were their goals. They had lost touch with their village society, its simplicity and honesty. Their meagre wages and high unemployment failed to provide the lifestyle they desired and crime fuelled their warped sense of entitlement. In all my life, I had never experienced so much theft, lying and violence as the natives living in the central town delivered. As a direct comparison, I had experienced some miserable 'hell holes' in large cities, but nothing could prepare me for the overwhelming desire of the urban natives to perpetrate crime.

The islands had inherited a long history of violence. Missionaries who visited the islands in the early nineteenth century were confronted by warring tribesmen, with a society deeply entrenched in cannibalism and ancestral worshipping cults. Some islands worshipped the Natmas, a word used to describe every deity and translated, means a dead man. The Natma people lived in the land of the dead and were signified by pebbles, rocks and massive carved boulders in the villages. Testosterone fuelled violence and spurious religion was the foundation of their society.

Missionaries who visited remote islands became lunch at the hands cannibalistic tribesmen whose ferocity knew no bounds. These were extremely violent people and it took many years to replace their entrenched warrior ways with a more subdued and peaceful existence. The early missionaries covered the native women's bare breasts and curved waists with long, shapeless, colourful dresses and these dresses are still worn proudly by many of the women of the islands today.

Despite the huge influence of the missionaries, some of the islands still clung tenaciously to their old ways and we persistently heard rumours of secretive cannibalism. Natives working in the ex-patriot businesses of the town, although being educated and well versed in Christianity, would constantly refer to 'Island Magic' and island devils and warn us of the dangers. They even insisted our expatriate neighbours received a potent curse after a series of freak accidents occurred to the family and the natives told us how to look for signs of sticks in certain positions or recently dug ground, suggesting a potential curse. We learned of ancient ancestral gods, guardians of the earth, so old their origins were lost in the mists of jungle memories.

Apart from all the transparent corruption and theft, there was a total sense of freedom compared to our old country. There were no traffic lights, no traffic police to hound us for revenue, no speed cameras, no security cameras watching our every move or staring at us from every street corner and shop counter. No members of 'society' making sure we didn't stray from the norm. We could throw people in the back of a truck, cart them around, enjoy a beer and not face a rabid constabulary. There were no stoplights blaring at us from intersections and no revenue raising devices attached to the roads. Our phones weren't tracked and bugged and the lifestyle was wonderfully relaxed and casual. We could catch one of the many small buses that prowled the streets and asked to be dropped exactly where we wanted to go. Not like the massive fixed route buses of a large mainland city that usually dropped us far from where we wanted to be. The level of government interference for business people was still insane and made even more complicated by a comprehension deficit. Despite the intense dislike of white Australians, the governmental rules aimed at us were nowhere near as stifling as our former bureaucracy was.

We met so many wonderful 'larger than life' people that enjoyed the island freedom as much as we did. These people were like the swashbuckling people that leapt from the pages of books I read and heard about, as a child on our isolated Australian farm. Men and women, who had hunted crocodiles, traded with the island natives in classic old luggers and set up timber mills in remote jungle locations. They were kind; loving individualists who had experienced everything that life could throw at them and were truly amazing human beings. Their lust for freedom and adventure was enormous and the glorious tropical lifestyle complimented their outgoing personalities.

On the remote island road where we lived, there was a wonderful small community, packed with people from many countries and diverse backgrounds. We had bounty hunters, engineers, doctors, accountants, television producers, retailers, soldiers, diving instructors, singers, authors and even an individual once involved in cold war espionage as our neighbours. It was fascinating to listen to some of the amazing stories around the dinner table and there was a strong sense of camaraderie between us. Our remote location meant we could help each other if a car broke down, someone's children needed a lift home or we needed emergency supplies from town. The brutal roads took a vicious toll on our vehicles and we often had to share vehicles while we waited for replacement parts from overseas.

One of our neighbours was an attractive young woman who spent considerable time alone while her husband worked in Australia. They had purchased a large parcel of land near the sea and set about building several houses and storage facilities. The wife turned the grounds into a giant vegetable plot, with western and native vegetables, fruit trees and beautiful ornamentals. With the warm tropical weather and plenty of water from an overhead sprinkler system and fertiliser from a nearby farm, the garden exploded into a vegetable extravaganza and was soon producing enough fresh vegetables to share with neighbours and sell at the marketplace.

After a busy day building and gardening, she woke just after midnight to find a young native man in her room wearing only a strategically placed jungle leaf. Being a feisty woman, she grabbed her machete from under the bed and much to the surprise of the intruder; she threatened to reduce his chances of fathering children and chased him out the room. She raced after him as he fled into the nearby jungle, calling him every name under the sun. He managed to evade her

fury and several weeks later two young women in a nearby resort were confronted by the same individual wearing the same outfit. Their ear piercing screams sent him bolting for the jungle once again.

Several weeks later, my wife was ill in bed and I had to leave her alone and attend to business in town for the day. She had noticed our new gardener had been prowling around the house and when she went to the kitchen for a drink, she noticed him slowly creeping down the long veranda toward her bedroom door that opened to the outdoor area. With his large, sharp machete in hand, he tried to open the locked bedroom door, unaware my wife was watching from the kitchen. She yelled out to him, he was riveted to the spot for a second or two before bolting off the veranda muttering something in native dialect and racing for cover. We asked him to leave after the incident and his family sent him back to their ancestral island, but not before they argued vigorously for the restitution of his employment. We hadn't actually suspected him of being the local 'Peeping Tom,' until my wife found him stalking, but the incidences of house intrusions halted when he left the area.

Fortunately, for him, the feisty young woman living just down the road from our house never made the association of her intruder and our gardener and he escaped with his gene manufacturing equipment intact, back to his family island.

Chapter Ten

See Clearly

We found ourselves so far removed from our old lives; we were finally able to detach ourselves from our previous way of hectic, big city life. We had moved well away from the criminal activity of our tropical island's main town to a magnificent resort styled bungalow we called home. The huge white, purpose built house was unfurnished and we set about making basic furniture and beds from the plywood packing crates supplied on our arrival.

We learned to live a minimalist lifestyle and found it incredibly liberating and refreshing, it seemed as though we had removed so much physical and emotional clutter from our lives. We slowly but surely detached ourselves from materialism and entered a new and exciting phase of our lives. With very few personal possessions or pieces of furniture, cleaning was a joy, rooms were easy to keep clean and we knew the island natives would be extremely disappointed if they robbed us, as we now had very little of value for them to steal. The fact we had little of value, meant that we were well down the list of desirable westerners to rob.

The central town was a considerable distance from us, on an unsealed, limestone road that literally shook our car to pieces. There were times the road degenerated into chaos and natives could walk faster than we could drive. It was like riding a raging, bucking bull as our four-wheel drive vehicle brutally lurched from one huge crater in the road to the next. The deep holes were so close together there was no way to avoid them and we even tried driving through the small jungle clearings to avoid the pummelling. The only competent grader driver on the island was on holidays in another country for three months and with the help of continual tropical downpours, the road collapsed into a pock marked lunar landscape. My wife suffered debilitating migraine headaches from the continual pounding and spent many agonising days in bed trying to recover.

When we finally drove into our house, it was like driving into a magnificent botanical garden. Huge indigenous trees complimented manicured lawns and gardens that supported a large population of bird life. The trees were so large and lush, we felt like tiny insects in comparison and the heavenly scent from some of their sumptuous flowers was intoxicating. The gardens sprawled luxuriously over several acres towards the sea and there was a bewildering array of brightly flowing plants and leaves of varied textures and colours.

A crushed coral and limestone path led from the spacious tiled patio to a gigantic outdoor eating area and then continued winding its way to the warm, clear and inviting waters of the ocean to the west of the house. The dazzlingly white path was in sharp contrast to the lush green lawn and overhanging trees that formed a corridor through the garden. Huge Casuarina pines grew close to the ocean edge and their drooping, dark green needles hung casually from their reddish brown branches. Dappled light danced on the bright coral path and the huge jungle

foliage shone the most magnificent, translucent green we had ever seen. A carefully constructed free-standing, limestone fence, roughly one metre high with gaps in the construction to allow the local villagers easy access to one another and their favourite fishing areas, marked the boundary of the estate.

The most noticeable difference between our former lives and our life in the jungle was the lack of noise. There was just the natural ambience of surf brushing against the rocks, birds calling to each other, villagers laughing and talking and the wind gently rustling the massive leaves of the trees and bushes. The banana palms, with leaves sounding like sheets of thick plastic, would rattle chaotically if the breeze became a little more enthusiastic. It was quiet; in the morning, we could hear the island roosters crowing for kilometres and the wonderful sound of small birds as they woke for their daily rituals. On a still night, we could hear nothing at all and we slept like the dead.

Unlike the cities we were used to living in, there was no continual low frequency rumbling, no sounds of vehicle engines blasting into our eardrums and keeping us on edge and distracted for most of the day and night. The beautiful silence allowed us to relax and actually think about our environment, our society and us. The lack of continual loud noise was like an elixir for the soul that put us back in harmony with our environment and allowed us to explore our own humanity. We had forgotten the wonder of silence since leaving the isolated countryside of our youth. We had forgotten our own incredible inner spirituality and humaneness. We had forgotten how to look from the inside out. We had forgotten the simple wonder of life. We were 'grounded' by the simplicity of the jungle reality around us.

We gained insight into our current society, our old society and the people around us. On our own island, there were intriguing riddles that we found solutions for, by being away from distractions. As an example, just after we arrived in paradise, Australia arrested an island diplomat en route to a foreign destination in the Brisbane airport. The entire diplomatic party, including the then Prime Minister, unceremoniously found themselves on Australian soil, taken aside and treated appallingly by the Australian Federal Police. The island Prime Minister limped back home and promptly booted out the Australian Federal Police, effectively severing diplomatic relations with Australia. I doubt if this got a big mention in the Australian press, but it was a penultimate moment in Asian politics as it allowed Asian government's unrestricted access to yet another Pacific island.

The move by Australia to arrest an island official in an Australian airport was nearly as diabolical as the moment Australia sold its gold reserves and exacerbated the collapse of some Asian economies in the '90's. After the removal of the Australian Federal Police, Asia and Indonesia in particular, quickly flooded the Prime Minister's government with cash, farm machinery and vehicles and I would imagine his private company and bank balance benefited significantly as well.

Asian governments embarked on numerous civic projects including a brand new, state of the art Convention Centre. The government had just spent millions on a huge new convention complex at a beautiful resort and we wondered why they needed another convention centre. After all, who in the islands would be able to raise enough cash or interest to attend conventions?

Everything was ticking along beautifully and Prime Minister settled back into his routine of kicking every ex-pat in the guts with outrageous new legislation.

Then we had an election, the economy collapsed completely as millions of dollars were removed from circulation by villagers attempting to ensure political success of their preferred candidates. Government hopefuls stood at polling booths with handfuls of cash in an attempt to sway voters. Ultimately, the old Prime Minister was re-instated, but shortly after the election, a bloodless coup saw a new contender installed as Prime Minister.

Everything returned to tropical bliss and Australian diplomats managed to grovel back with promises of major infrastructure upgrades to the roads. This assurance quickly became another broken promise by a change in Australian government. The new Island Prime Minister stopped the ridiculous new convention centre project and promised ex-pats relief from the crippling legislation of the former Prime Minister. Everybody settled back to enjoy the new golden era of politics on the Island.

At first, we noticed a trickle of Asian businesses starting up in the town, but soon a flood of Asian projects engulfed us, including never before seen large malls and other new shopping precincts. There were now numerous new businesses springing up in our tiny town and we wondered who was going to buy products from the new stores, considering the economy of the islands was in ruins, tourism had stalled and the natives had less than no money to spend. Restrictive and expensive licensing hobbled us from starting new businesses or even adding new products to our existing businesses.

The new government attempted to introduce legislation ensuring every new business in the islands required 51% citizen or native ownership, effectively crippling investment in the area by Europeans. We were clouted from every direction by Asian infrastructure and suddenly work started on the cancelled convention centre project once again. The newly installed Prime Minister mumbled something about 'being tied' to the previous contract, but the convention centre was the key to discovering the covertly corrupt story. We still wondered who would want to go to conventions in our small town or how the Asians were able to start new businesses and we couldn't. We thought the Asians must have been marrying poor unfortunate island women to gain citizenship. Little did we know?

The new Prime Minister stopped an existing contract to upgrade the local airport and runway with very reasonable repayment terms (Free), with a new Singapore based contract that would effectively cripple the country for decades with massive debt. Not only was the main airport to be upgraded, but also every airport in the island chain would be upgraded; fascinating, we thought. The new airport upgrades would allow large commercial aircraft direct access from the Asian mainland. Now the pieces were starting to fit together. The Asians set the wheels in motion for new manufacturing projects for the area and the newly installed Prime Minister spent more time in Asia than he did in his own country.

The island press was still able to report political news stories and the New Zealand press in particular, was excellent at fossicking gems of truth from the slagheap of untruths supplied by

the island government. They discovered a scheme in Hong Kong, set up by the island government that allowed Asians to buy citizenship for a fraction over US \$3,000.

Once you become a citizen in the island nation, none of the crippling business restrictions applies and you are free to build new businesses, trade with total freedom and vote in island elections. As ex-pats, we had to reside in the islands for ten years before we could apply for citizenship. The New Zealand press caught the government beautifully and within two weeks, the island government whipped in a new constitution that allowed anyone to buy citizenship in their country. The difference was, the Asians still paid US \$3,000 and all other nationalities would have to pay nearly US \$500,000 per person and only issued with a seven-year semi citizenship and all the crippling business rules still applied.

We discovered the Asian government paid for the construction of new business premises on the island for their citizens and supplied stock, free of charge for one year. If the owner of a new store was unable to make a set amount of turnover within twelve months, they were replaced with a new proprietor. How's that for a level playing field? When we first noticed the increase in Asian businesses, we were puzzled why the proprietors were living in the native villages with few facilities. We later realised, that unlike the early Asian businesspeople in the area, the new proprietors never owned their businesses. They were working under their old communist model and state supplied materials effectively removed competition and non-Asian people from the area.

Now it all started to make sense. We discovered the new Prime Minister, was an Asian stooge, with a long history of Asian association. He hated us ex-pats vigorously and publicly poured shame on all Australians for their treatment of the island natives in the late nineteenth century servile trade. During this period, 'Blackbirders' ripped natives from their pristine, tropical paradise and forced them to work in the cane fields of north Queensland, Australia and according to the Prime Minister, that mistreatment in the 1800's was entirely our fault.

We suspect that in a cleverly orchestrated plot, the Asians had tipped off the Australian Federal Police about the wanted diplomat passing through Australia and set the whole Asian takeover of the island in motion. With Australia out of the way and their political stooge waiting in the wings, the Asians were free to move in. Now the convention centre and the new shops made sense. The airport upgrade would allow Asia direct flights to the islands. Hey! Now they could have conventions in paradise and trek through the hundreds of new Asian shops and malls ready to cater for them in their own language! Moreover, they could launder their liberal amounts of dirty money in the casinos while they were there. Well done Australia! To add insult to injury, the new multimillion-dollar convention centre reared out of the ground next to the Australian embassy.

All this would be of no interest whatsoever to people in Australia, who have forgotten the strategic importance of the Pacific Islands in World War II. Our island nation had some of the best deep-water harbours in the world and a million American troops used the islands during the war for that very reason. The islands are still a strategic military position, a fact that Asia have surely factored in to their quest for island acquisitions. With few distractions, we were able to fathom out many other island, global and personal mysteries that had plagued us for years.

We had no television, no radio, no daily newspaper and only an arthritic Internet connection that refused to work when it rained (which was frequently). As we weaned ourselves from the propaganda vision medium, we realised that it was no co-incidence those in power used the word 'program' in relation to television. Television is the most successful social programming device ever created.

The peace and quiet of our jungle paradise provided solace from the distracting, frantic city existence we had just come from. Natives who had fled the violence of one of the nearby islands surrounded us and some of them were the gentlest, most caring humans I have ever met. We would often see Erik, the gardener, carrying his small daughter Caroline through the beautiful garden. The look of love and pride on his face is a look I have never seen from his western counterparts. Erik was a kind, strong and generous man, who brought us fruit regularly and shared his meagre reserves of water when our local water supply dried up. We were able to observe Erik's relatives as they laughed and lazed their way through the endless days of tropical beauty. The village women would bring their Tappa mats under the wide, protective trees near their village and groom each other. They would sleep soundly as their children quietly moved around the group, playing games with the village dogs, pet pigs and each other.

Once again, our friends who visited could never understand how the natives could spend their days lazing under a copious tree, apparently doing nothing, but the longer our friends stayed, the more they unwound and I'm sure it wouldn't have been long before they fully understood the beautifully relaxed lifestyle of the natives.

Naturally, the natives never did 'nothing,' they had their daily routines of crushing manioc, catching fish, cooking, cleaning, washing clothes and caring for children, but they did have an incredible amount of leisure time to enjoy themselves. Whenever we went to the main town on a Friday, we would always ask the native girls working in the shops what they were doing on the weekend and the answer was nearly always the same. "We are going to sleep." They would say, and sure enough on Monday morning, they would tell us how they enjoyed their weekend snooze.

It was so very different from our old country, where people HAD to be doing something. Running here, running there, taking the children to friends and sporting events, fishing, playing golf, catching up with friends, going to movies, parties, mowing the lawns, renovating the house, shopping, catching up on household chores, watching television and never admit to actually stopping and doing nothing. They could never stop! It was as if some invisible force was pushing them, which is exactly what was happening. They could never be allowed to stop. They suffered transcendent dislocation that prevented them from connecting with their inner selves. The action of always having to do something, see something or listen to something prevented them from relaxing, listening to their authentic selves and considering the incongruity of their social structure. It seemed people in western society were becoming philosophical zombies, starring in a horror movie of their own making.

The natives' lives were very different from our own. Our western society's indoctrination in the belief that money was the ultimate goal we should attain. Economic growth, jobs and fiscal policy was the never-ending headlines force fed to us through the media. The televised media

deluged us with absurd graphs, charts and serious, authoritative individuals telling us how important money and monetary policy had become. This focus towered above all other social and environmental considerations. Money would buy us happiness. Money would find us the perfect partner. Money would get us the latest model car, a beautiful house and respect in the community. Money would solve our problems. Money, money, money. We would sacrifice our lives to the pursuit of money. We would prostitute our beliefs and our morals to the corporate gods that ruled us. We would join many of our friends and wear the yoke of debt in order to keep up with the Joneses. We would literally work ourselves to death and sacrifice our relationships in pursuit of money. Material possessions were the measure of success in our western society and dying as the person with the most assets and money in the bank was our ultimate goal. Materialism was the padding we used to shield ourselves from the cold, brutal, compassion crushing unreality of our social system.

The island natives we observed had little use for money; they had everything they needed for very happy, healthy lives. And they were happy. In all my life, I have never seen so many beautiful, laughing, happy people and children as I saw in the remote island villages. Even in the main town, I saw people dancing, singing and laughing happily in the streets. The remote village focus was on caring for family and sustenance, their day was for them to enjoy, from daylight to dark – day after day – year after year - century after century.

It was ironic to watch the tourists huffing and puffing hurriedly around the island in an attempt to soak up a few seconds of the idyllic island lifestyle the natives took for granted. The tourists had been saving their precious money, sometimes for years in an attempt to break free of slavery for a few days or weeks. Most of the tourists had no idea they were witnessing a different reality, no idea of a society poles apart, but equally as valid as their own and no idea their western life style held them tightly in a grip of debt-induced subjugation. It was no co-incidence travel agencies on the mainland used the word 'escape' in their advertising. If the western lifestyle and 'freedom' they upheld and were prepared to die for was so amazing, why did they need to escape?

For many, a trip to our island justified the tourist's belief in the superiority of their society and lifestyle based on material possessions, money, technology, centralised, corporate government and unsustainable consumerism. In contrast, we saw the natives needed none of this materialism, money or governmental interference to have wonderfully fulfilling and incredibly happy lives. When we returned to Australia on business, the people we talked to had no idea what we were saying when we described the island way of life and the illusion of money and centralised government. We may as well have been gibbering Swahili.

At last, we had time to ourselves to slide the pieces of the social jigsaw together. We accelerated our research into anti-social behaviour and discussed this with medical researchers and psychiatrists. The more we studied Psychopathology, psychopathic behaviour and conferred with professionals, the more the affliction fitted my mother in-law. My brother suffered emotional dislocation from childhood trauma and although he quickly aligned to Psychopathic behaviour, he was not a psychopath.

The Psychopath has been deliberately portrayed by the media as Hannibal Lecter type people in 'Silence Of The Lambs' and although many psychopaths have no hesitation in murdering you, chances are, you are already dealing with them in your day to day life and you don't even realise it. With a conservatively estimated 1% to 4% of the population (or up to one in every 25 people you have contact with) suffering from various levels of Anti-Social Personality Disorder. There is a very real chance you are in a relationship with one, have had a relationship with one, have one in your immediate family, are employed by one, you have one in your street or you are one, yourself.

At first, we thought my mother in-law was suffering Narcissistic Personality Disorder (NPD), a debilitating anti-social disorder in itself, but her homicidal tendencies, pathological lies, lack of conscience and disregard for society's rules meant she was suffering serious psychopathic traits. Every piece of research we studied, every psychologist we talked to, every test we compared her to, seemed to add to the conclusion my wife's mother may be a psychopath. I am going to use the word 'psychopath' even though I know this is a layman term for the Antisocial Personality Disorder(ASPD) as described by the APA and the World Health Organisation's, Dissocial Personality Disorder recommendations.

'Psychopathy' is deliberately not recognised as a category in the psychiatric DSM, the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual; partly because the concept of personality disorders is still being debated and so many of the symptoms coincide, such as narcissism, antisocial behaviour and lack of empathy. As you will discover later, there is another very important reason psychopathy is not officially recognised. There are varying degrees of anti-social behaviour and the studies of these conditions are beyond the scope of this document.

Some researchers have described ASPD/APD as the 'Dark Triad' whose traits consist of narcissistic and selfish actions, cunning or deceitful Machiavellian behaviour and psychopathic tendencies. For the purpose of this article, these people, particularly those known commonly as *psychopaths, are the most evil, cunning and dangerous life forms on the planet.*

So what is a Psychopath?

They are often -

- 1) Charming and generous.
- 2) Intelligent.
- 3) Confident and charismatic.
- 4) Impressive.
- 5) Inspiring.
- 6) Incredibly attractive.
- 7) Alert.
- 8) Able to tell great stories.
- 9) Love public speaking.
- 10) The 'life of the party.'

But, hang on! Haven't I been saying how dangerous these people are?

And that's the problem – these are the magnetic, hypnotic, superficially cultivated traits of a psychopath. That is why they are so difficult to discover at first. That is how they hide so invisibly in the society they manipulate. They use these deviously copied emotions during the 'interview.'

The interview is the process they use to find people on a first meeting to get what they want. It may be sex, power or money, but rest assured they are after something to benefit them – not benefit you or society. In the world of the psychopath, it's all take and no give. The interview is a series of rapid questions designed to discover vulnerabilities and status of a victim. Their human prey will naturally feel the psychopath is interested in them as a person from the attention they receive, with no idea they are being coldly analysed and assessed. The psychopath will use the information they obtain to create pseudo interest in a victim's hobbies or activities, provided the victim is of sufficient interest to their hidden agenda.

If you are their target, you are in danger – even mortal danger. They will use your emotions to play you like a fiddle. Your human feelings are the joystick they use in their game of control, mayhem and theft. If they are looking for sex, they will be the most appealing individual you could ever meet. They will turn on the charm, be attentive, shower you with gifts, treat you like royalty and sweep you off your feet. They make you feel special, tell you everything you want to hear, listen to everything you say, respond to every little whim, it all seems very wonderful and that's exactly the way the psychopath prepares their victim. I say victim, because there is no way an association with a psychopath is going to be beneficial to a feeling human being. You are simply a means to an end, disposable and a plaything to alleviate boredom and they may even murder you to relieve their boredom for a few moments.

Getting the picture yet?

Let me say it again. ***A psychopath/sociopath is the most dangerous and controlling life form on the planet!*** If you stay around long enough or survive long enough, the fictional caring mask of the psychopath will soon slip and you will see the real psychopath as -

- 1) Pathological Liars, capable of lying to a spouse, a jury, a whole nation.
- 2) Having grandiose self-importance seeing themselves as the centre of the universe; feeling “no one else is human, only I.”
- 3) Lacking guilt with no conscience.
- 4) Brutally callous.
- 5) Having absolutely no feelings or empathy for others.
- 6) Emotionally shallow with undeveloped childlike reactions to normal emotional intercourse.
- 7) Parasitic.
- 8) Sexually promiscuous.
- 9) Aggressive.
- 10) Irresponsible and inept.
- 11) Having poor money skills.
- 12) Failing to accept responsibility for their actions.
- 13) Impulsive.
- 14) Having no long term, realistic goals.
- 15) Manipulative.

- 16) Cunning and devious.
- 17) Having a history of juvenile delinquency.
- 18) Skilled at faking emotions, including love, sincerity, regret and bereavement.
- 19) Easily bored and needing constant stimulation.
- 20) Unable to maintain long term relationships.
- 21) An extreme desire for vengeance.
- 22) Constantly humiliating others physically, verbally, emotionally, psychologically or sexually.
- 23) Denigrating their own children or partner.
- 24) Abusive and will torture living creatures.
- 25) Underestimation of their own anger.
- 26) No sense of responsibility for their actions.
- 27) Contempt for those who “play by the rules.”
- 28) A talent for criminal behaviour, with energy and originality in this field.
- 29) Warlike courage far above the norm.
- 30) Superior and may believe they are closely connected to god.

That's a hell of a list of nasty traits and its worth backtracking and looking at the list a few times, just to gain a glimpse of the strange, twisted world the psychopath lives in. Unless you are a suicidal masochist, these are people to avoid at all costs. These traits are the vile inheritance psychopaths share.

Depending on their needs, psychopaths will hone in on kind and caring people. They will use them for whatever transient benefit they need and then dispose of them like toilet tissue and move on to the next victim. They are like alien leeches that suck the material and emotional life from their hosts. They do not care – in fact, they cannot care – they do not have the emotional capacity for caring. They have no neuron connection to the part of the brain responsible for caring. How warped, sad and dangerous is that! They literally cannot love, care or nurture, unbelievably, they have no concept of these feelings. It doesn't even register on their radar, yet they cleverly learn to fake these feelings! They are incredibly defective, dangerous and interacting with you on a daily basis and on a first meeting, they appear like everyone around you. Psychopaths are the ultimate immoral alien shape shifters and chameleons and they lurk at the heart of all societies.

They wreak havoc on countless numbers of people with whom they come in contact and their diminished emotional receptiveness results in a trail of hate, rage, control, theft and murder. These traits are the legacy they leave for the traumatised humans with whom they associate. I was staggered to discover the scale of their destructive power, both on a personal level and in a global scenario.

In the eyes of a psychopath, you are not enough of a thing for relationships to become personal. The Psychopath believes they are so superior that you are totally disposable; you are far less than shit in the field compared to them. Whenever you meet one they are thinking, “Is there anything I can take from this sucker? Is this idiot going to give me anything I want that I can enjoy?” If they have no dealings with you, it won't be because they feel philanthropic, it's more likely they have rapidly assessed you during the 'interview' and discovered you have nothing of interest for them or you don't pose a risk to their current projects or schemes. If they

sense you are a threat to their vile agendas, they will remove you from their program, have you sacked, ostracised from their social network or may even cold bloodedly kill you. One psychopath interviewed by a leading study group said frankly, "The first thing I do is, I size you up. I look for an angle, an edge, figure out what you need and give it to you. Then it's pay-back time, with interest. I tighten the screws. You have to pay – big time."

Another psychopath admitted that he never targeted attractive women socially; he was only interested in those who were insecure, lonely and vulnerable. He claimed he could smell a needy person "The way a pig smells truffles." Self-professed psychopath Jacob Wells said that on first meetings, he tries to become, "The most interesting person they know." and adopts suitable fake interests and responses to do this.

The insensitive use of the lonely, the vulnerable, the voiceless, the borderline or the aged is a trademark of the psychopath. When these vulnerable people discover what is happening to them, they are generally too embarrassed to complain. We watched my wife's mother feed off emotionally challenged people for years and to the rest of society it appeared her cunningly disguised acts of theft were acts of kindness and charity.

Psychopaths have little real concept of past or future and live entirely for their immediate needs and desires. Because of the desert of their inner life, they are often seeking new thrills to relieve their intense boredom, anything from feeling the power of manipulating and controlling others to engaging in illegal activities or homicide, all for a rush of adrenaline. Psychopaths don't feel emotion in a normal sense, but they do experience boredom, envy, exhilaration, contempt, sadistic pleasure, anger and bouts of depression. Their emotional vacuum leaves them needing constant stimulation to relieve the pang of boredom that stalks them constantly and is a strong indicator of their defectiveness.

The idea of cuddling up with a loved one and a book by the fire is totally incomprehensible to a psychopath. Psychopaths are so cold and calculating they process love and caring as an intellectual task not an emotion, they can only look out for Numero Uno and cannot do otherwise. They see society as a collection of walking 'humanthings,' inferior, touchy feely exploitables that are potential tools or victims, born just for their cruel enjoyment.

There is no lack of victims for psychopaths because people are very happy to play the role of victim by wearing their heart on their sleeve and are naively unaware that psychopaths exist in a normal social context as a predator. People could never believe the person who seems so fascinated by them on a first encounter is coldly assessing them as a possible target for later exploitation. The people used by a psychopath will refuse to believe hard evidence they have been swindled and we witnessed this on several occasions when talking to some of our abused friends. They filter out the information that is distressing, and most people clinging to their fantasies are usually unable to acknowledge their deception because it is far too painful emotionally to acknowledge the betrayal. It's only when they physically discover the level of deceit and theft or are dragged through the pain and trauma of a court system only to be relieved of more money by a system often designed to benefit the abuser, that they finally believe their role in an elaborate ruse. The universes most immoral actors, with no sense of guilt have cunningly used and abused them. In most cases, this is an emotionally devastating experience

requiring years of support or professional analysis to repair the damage. The victim of the horrific psychopathic encounter discovers the psychopath has moved on to the next victim, but is quite capable of maintaining abuse on their previous victim.

Our ancestral brain leaves us acutely aware to focus on immediate danger. If a hungry lion approaches us, we focus. If the lion stands still for a considerable time it blends into its surroundings, we lose focus and are distracted from danger. Like a hungry predator, the psychopath carefully stalks its unaware human prey, knowing social demands easily distract us. When the psychopath strikes, we are taken completely by surprise and cannot believe the stealth, intricate planning and cold bloodiness of the attack.

Sociopaths are less well organised than psychopaths and tend to make more mistakes when carrying out plans. A Sociopath may feel fear, guilt, remorse and some normal emotions, but only with family, colleagues and a few close associates. They behave as classic psychopaths with outsiders, for example people in an electorate. They easily recognise the true psychopath and may work for or against them, depending on their own personal agenda.

The idea of a child psychopath is almost unthinkable to most people, but the truth is, psychopaths are born and rarely made. Callous and Unemotional (CU) traits associated with psychopathy become evident in toddlers and infants. Psychopathy in toddlers and small children is relatively easy to detect, as the child has had insufficient time to gather social skills necessary to hide their ailment. Rarely is Psychopathy a spontaneous event in adulthood. The long list of psychopathic symptoms reveals themselves clearly in early childhood.

Parents of psychopaths know something is dreadfully wrong even before the child starts school. These children refuse to socialise normally. They are "different" from other children in subtle ways. They are difficult, aggressive, wilful and hard to get close to, cold, distant and self-reliant. They continually answer back, steal and have a volley of pre prepared answers to fire at authoritative people questioning their behaviour. It's a spiralling drop into the ravine of despair for any normal feeling parent of a psychopathic child. As the child matures, the parents endure the pain of watching their child becoming cold, cunning, devious, hurtful and more antisocial every day. The horror of parents shut out of their children's lives is one of the most devastating events for a feeling human mother or father and will often lead to severe parental anxiety and depression.

Just like normal human character, the psychopath comes in 'shades' of psychopathy and unfortunately, they look exactly like everybody else in society. They are virtually impossible to detect when you first encounter them, there may be no way to tell them apart from ordinary people on a first meeting. They range from the violent, cannibalistic murderer, to the bank employee stealing money from your account or the surgeon operating on your sons or daughters for the power, control and financial gain they will receive.

Regardless of their level of psychopathy or their position in society, they all have one thing in common; absolutely no conscience or guilt. Nil, Nothing, Zero, Zilch, Nix, Zippo, Naught, **NOTHING – NOT ANYTHING that even resembles a conscience.** Not even a teensy twinge of conscience. Not even a glimmer of remorse for cutting someone's throat. Just think how

terrifying that little bypass is! Without conscience, they are free to do WHATEVER they want and they do: on a global scale beyond the imagination of feeling humans.

Unfortunately, for their unaware human prey, there has to be a victim. The psychopath is of course, totally blameless for their appalling behaviour and will boldly lie, personally attack or fake pity with their accuser when confronted with the evidence of their shocking behaviour. If a sane person were presumed to be lying, they would quickly be happy to clear up any misinformation or misunderstanding. This is not the case with a psychopath; they will defend their stance to the point of absurdity. As an example in a court case, when confronted with irrefutable crime scene evidence of a psychopath's footprint, the psychopath said simply, "That's not my footprint." He then proceeded to cast doubt on the sanity of the attorney showing the evidence. In another example of twisted logic a psychopathic inmate who described his murder victim as having benefited from the homicide by learning, "A hard lesson about life."

The psychopathic pattern is always the same and predictable. Attack the messenger, but refuse to answer the documented allegations. If you try to make a psychopath answer a documented allegation, they will quickly turn on you, denounce you, and declare that you too are secretly plotting against them. They will light their 'straw man' and throw it into the conversation to totally confuse you with an unrelated issue and ensure you lose your train of thought. You are left stunned, struggling to extinguish the straw man while the 'path has deflected and diluted the original issue with lies and confusion. The 'straw man' technique is a well-rehearsed political ploy, where a questioner is rebuffed with a totally irrelevant statement in order to deflect the original question. A typical straw man argument is when a person has a certain position; his opponent altogether misrepresents that position. He then goes on to attack the distorted version that he has created and claims that the actual position is false or flawed. This flawed and cunning logic ensures that a normal feeling human is unable to follow the warped logic of a straw man attack and completely loses sight of the original statement. Psychopaths are the masters of verbal gymnastics and the straw man technique can tie a normal feeling human in knots during interviews, debates, credibility assassinations, arguments and interrogation.

There were so many times in my life I encountered straw man attacks and had no idea what was happening. As a classic straw man example, I was walking my pet around a caravan park with strict rules relating to dogs on leads at all times. My pet was on lead and enjoying his walk through the park when an unrestrained dog suddenly viciously attacked him. The owner of the dog appeared and made no apology for the terrifying attack, but later visited our caravan. I thought he may have come to apologise about his unrestrained dog, but no, he lit his angry straw man and accused my pet of biting him! Not only was this false, he attempted to shift the blame for the dog attack to me via his 'straw man.' If you encounter a straw man attack, simply remind the attacker they are engaging in 'straw man' tactics and keep to the original issue.

Unfettered with the full range of human feelings, particularly guilt, psychopaths can totally confuse and blind a normal feeling human with their ability to lie and remain calm in a highly emotional situation that they have cleverly created. It's a game to them; to wind up feeling human things so they can't think rationally and use the highly emotional situation to their advantage.

Jail holds no fear for a 'path, they know they can lie and manipulate the jail environment to their benefit. They have no feelings of loss for those they leave behind; these people mean absolutely nothing to them. There is no emotional attachment to their family and they coldly disconnect from them as simply as closing a door. The family they will not see while in prison is only a source of use, abuse and morbid entertainment. Psychopaths lack the emotional ties that bind ordinary people in a functioning, caring society. As you will discover later, imprisonment has absolutely no effect on modifying their anti-social behaviour. It does however; limit their negative effect on society.

Celebrated British journalist, Sir Trevor McDonald said he 'can't forget' the harrowing tales of APD prisoners he met at two of America's most notorious prisons for women. Sir Trevor had access to The Rockville Correctional Facility and Indiana Women's Prison and he spent two weeks interviewing baby killers and multiple murderers. He witnessed a world of seduction and manipulation as inmates preyed on each other and those who guarded them. The experience, he says, has upset him so deeply that he has vowed never to set foot inside a prison as a reporter again.

He told how he 'squirmed in horror' while interviewing 22-year-old Kyanah Ball, who is serving 30 years at Indiana Women's Prison for shooting a man in the face as she tried to steal his vehicle. "She glibly told me how the bullet went through his head and blinded him," said Sir Trevor. "What was astonishing was how she gave me all this information without any close questioning from me. She was happy to volunteer it." When he asked her how she felt when she learned that she had blinded her victim, she admitted: "I didn't have any feeling at all about it. I didn't feel sorry about it. I didn't regret it. I didn't want to take it back. I didn't want to fix anything. I didn't feel bad at all."

The people he witnessed are on the psychopathic end of the APD scale, people who look like any other human on planet earth, but are incapable of experiencing the full spectrum of normal human feelings. With no sense of guilt or feelings for other people, they are capable of extraordinary violence and abuse. Their complete lack of conscience and feeling for others is the key to unlocking their secret world.

Lying is the same as breathing to a 'path and they have been lying their whole life. Their life is a lie. They are a LIE (Lacking Integrity or Ethics). Truth is a vague notion that means very little to them unless directly aimed in their direction. By the time, a psychopath reaches adulthood they have perfected their ability to lie to an art form. If you catch them lying and challenge them, they will try to create new lies. 'Paths are master manipulators and manipulation, bluff and control is the key to their conquests. Lying and broken promises are the vehicle they use to achieve manipulative success. The truth means less than nothing to these freaks of nature and they can happily lie to a spouse, a jury or a whole society, it makes no difference.

Unlike 'feeling' humans, there is no semblance of conscience to keep a cold, callous, psychopath within the bounds of normal fair play and sanity. In the case of my mother-in-law, we quickly noticed her lying and incredibly selective memory, she could not (or would not) remember much of her daughter's childhood, but her memory on some early childhood events was word for word accurate when it suited her purpose. This accurate recollection would be or

used in preparation for an assault on our sanity if we caught her lying. Without the feeling of guilt, it was easy for her to fabricate stories to suit her need. It was an extraordinary event to witness; not a blush, not a twitch, not a stammer, no involuntary eye, hand or head movement, absolutely no physical or emotional indicators to show she was lying. She just had her usual deadpan contempt for us or any other person asking questions.

Psychopaths are the planet's most brilliant actors and they flock in abundance to this vocation. Seeming to behave like everyone else around them while in public, is their academy award performance. They completely fool people around them with their counterfeit charm and sincerity.

Their air of confidence ensures most people never question what they are told and like my brother, psychopaths use their magnetic confidence to move in social circles usually restricted to ordinary citizens. Faking feelings in order to manipulate others is their skill and is the key to their success in our emotive human world. Without their ability to lie and fake human feelings, they would be incredibly easy to detect as their abusive, homicidal nature would leave them looking like udders on a bull.

If we could strip away their cunningly created mask of sanity, we would easily see the raging psychopath beast beneath.

One psychologist noted that if you actually catch them in the act of committing a crime, or telling a lie, they immediately justify their actions by self-pity and blaming another, by creating a heart-rending scene of faked feelings. These counterfeit feelings are only camouflage and are not true human emotions. For the average feeling human being, it would be impossible, in most instances to detect the faked emotions, as psychopaths have perfected their deceit over a very long period. The psychopath considers lying as their way or getting out of trouble and using faked feelings is a victory over another person. This behaviour begins during childhood and the psychopath will hone this skill to an art form by the time they mature.

Once again, their human prey is completely unaware of their magnificent deceit. Like the perfect alien chameleon, the 'path has learned to hide their emotional deficiency from nearly every single 'feeling' human on the planet. On the stage of life, the psychopath is the academy award winning performer of deceit and camouflage. No feeling human can even imagine the huge number of psychopaths around them or the depth of cold-blooded hatred and contempt that flows through their veins. In reality, when you watch modern movies, you are exposed to psychopathic themes or characters in nearly every plot. The unbelievably debauched and violent characters you see on the screen are just a reflection of the real psychopaths you encounter in your daily life. Like alien life forms, morphing into their society as humans, you have no idea of their destructive power, simply because you could never believe such an emotional anomaly exists or the scale of its impact.

Unfortunately, psychopaths are real, very real; you are dealing with them frequently in your day-to-day existence and are blind to their existence and the incredible power they wield over society. At last, we have the tools to help you identify them, see through their cloak of invisibility and reveal their dark, sinister, warped and controlling world.

You may feel that some people you are involved with are peculiar, capable of extreme acts of callousness and cruelty, now we will give you the key to help unlock their bizarre, secretive and hidden world.

We realised the strange world of the psychopath was very, very different from ours, in fact the reverse of ours - where

Hate replaces love.

Lies replace truth.

Control replaces freedom.

Abuse replaces respect.

We watched the 'paths on our own island struggling to keep their loosely fitting mask of sanity in place. As usual, their assaults on employees and family were kept well away from public scrutiny, but the quiet, shell-shocked demeanour of the victims and their speech patterns, indicated the trauma they received. The people attacked by psychopaths, had no idea what they were dealing with and the sole purpose of this document is to raise awareness of the psychopath's destructive influence in every single person's life.

We found people with ASPD in all walks of life, but some seemed to gravitate towards positions of power and trust.

We knew from personal experience, how dangerous psychopaths could be and we searched for methods to help people afflicted with psychopathy. It turned out to be a futile exercise for so many reasons. Firstly, the psychopath sees themselves as perfect, even god-like and vastly superior to other humans. They see normal feeling people as inferior and only worthy of complete contempt and exploitation. Secondly, they strongly believe they have no need of 'treatment' and if, in extreme cases they are incarcerated for extreme acts of anti-social behaviour, psychotherapy has little effect on their condition. The people we personally knew as 'paths were far too cunning and devious to undergo analysis and just continued wreaking havoc on the exploitable humans around them. If any certified practitioner challenged their behaviour, they quickly disassociated from treatment and declared the practitioner incompetent.

The study of psychopathy is relatively recent and began in the late nineteenth century with observations by Freud and Jung. The French psychiatrist Philippe Pinel suggested, early in the 19th century, that there was a madness that didn't involve mania, depression or psychosis. He called it "manie sans délire" – insanity without delusions. He observed sufferers appeared normal on the surface, but they lacked impulse controls and were prone to outbursts of violence.

It wasn't until 1891, when the German doctor JLA Koch published his book 'Die Psychopathischen Minderwertigkeiten', that psychopathy became a word to describe people with a diabolical personality disorder. Hervey Milton Cleckley opened the floodgates in 1941 with his book 'The Mask of Sanity.'

Dr Robert Hare's intensive study of criminal psychopathy resulted in the Psychopathy Checklist (PCL) for the reliable and valid assessment of extreme Anti-Social Personality

Disorders, part of which describes those commonly called psychopaths. The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual (DSM-IV; American Psychiatric Association, 1994) provides a common language and standard criteria for the classification of mental disorders and is a tool for ASPD/APD diagnosis.

Dr Hare believes the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders should list psychopathy as a unique disorder, saying psychopathy has no precise equivalent in either the DSM-IV-TR, where it is most strongly correlated with the diagnosis of antisocial personality disorder, or the ICD-10, which has a partly similar condition called dis-social personality disorder. Both organisations view the terms as similar, but only a minority of what Hare and his colleagues would diagnose as psychopaths are in institutions as violent offenders and that is a terrifying prospect.

Our own research confirms Dr Hare's observations and we firmly believe the incidence of serious ASPD behaviour is far more widespread in society than anyone could ever imagine. Through social indoctrination, large portions of the human population now accept anti-social psychopathic behaviour as normal and that becomes a social nightmare.

The media has been carefully training feeling humans to accept appalling behaviour as normal for many years. Callous disregard for other people's feelings, social ostracising and violence toward them becomes acceptable to impressionable, modern, young people. People can watch other people being shot, strangled, beheaded, stoned, tortured, blown up, run over, burnt, raped, abused physically and verbally and feel absolutely nothing. There is a dangerous, socially engineered disconnect from empathy, understanding and sanity.

As mentioned, the Hare Psychopathy Check-list, Revised (PCL-R) is a diagnostic tool used to rate a person's psychopathic or antisocial tendencies. The PCL-R is a clinical rating scale (rated by a psychologist or other professional) of 20 items. Each of the items in the PCL-R is scored on a three-point scale according to specific criteria through file information and a semi-structured interview. A value of 0 is assigned if the item does not apply, 1 if it applies somewhat, and 2 if it fully applies. In addition to lifestyle and criminal behaviour the check-list assesses glib and superficial charm, grandiosity, need for stimulation, pathological lying, cunning and manipulating, lack of remorse, callousness, poor behavioural controls, compulsivity, irresponsibility, failure to accept responsibility for one's own actions and so forth.

The scores predict the risk for criminal re-offence and probability of rehabilitation. The current edition of the PCL-R officially lists four factors (1.a, 1.b, 2.a, and 2.b), which summarise the 20 assessed areas via factor analysis.

The previous edition of the PCL-R listed two factors. Factor 1 is labelled "selfish, callous and the remorseless use of others". Factor 2 is labelled as "chronically unstable, antisocial and socially deviant lifestyle". There is a high risk of re-offending if these people are caught and very little likelihood of rehabilitation for those who are labelled as having 'psychopathy' on the basis of the PCL-R ratings in the manual for the test. Although research into treatment for serious ASPD is continuing, the prognosis is poor, based on current information and treatment techniques.

We discovered the work of Professor Declan Murphy and colleagues Dr Michael Craig and Dr Marco Catani from the Institute of Psychiatry at King's College, London who used advanced imaging techniques (DT-MRI) to study the brain images of known anti-social offenders. These offenders included rapists and attempted murderers.

Early studies indicated that some areas of the brain may not be functioning correctly, in particular the amygdala, or the two almond shaped areas associated with emotional reactions and the orbitofrontal cortex (OFC), the region which deals with decision making. The researchers found there is a white matter tract that connects the amygdala and OFC, which is called the uncinate fasciculus (UF). Strangely, nobody had ever studied the UF in psychopaths. The team used an imaging method called in vivo diffusion tensor magnetic resonance imaging (DT-MRI) tractography to analyse the UF in psychopaths. They found a significant reduction in the integrity of the small particles that make up the structure of the UF of psychopaths, compared to control groups of people with the same age and IQ. In addition, the degree of abnormality identified, significantly related to the degree of Anti-Social behaviour. These results suggest that psychopaths have biological differences in the brain, which may help to explain their offensive behaviours.

In a nutshell, professor Murphy and his team had discovered the physical brain difference in people that explained the degree of psychopathy or anti-social behaviour in afflicted people. These people were physically unable to connect with their emotions of love and compassion like the majority of feeling human beings. It may also set a medical benchmark for testing suspected Psychopathic behaviour in legal scenarios.

Dr Stephane De Brito from the University of Birmingham, confirmed Dr Murphy's findings and found that, compared to typically developing young people, those with behavioural problems show grey matter reductions specifically within the amygdala, the insula, and the prefrontal cortex. Associate Professor of Psychology at Harvard University, Josh Buckholtz notes psychopaths over-value immediate rewards and neglect the future consequences of potentially dangerous or immoral actions.

Sadly, psychopaths are dangerously ill individuals seeking power and control who look and initially behave exactly like everyday people. In extreme cases, psychopaths are certifiably insane and chances are they are living very near to you or you are closely involved with them and you have no idea of their emotional deficiencies. Amazingly, I can GUARANTEE psychopaths deeply and directly affect your life. Unfortunately, their existence and emotional deficiencies and the impact these deficiencies have on society have been a closely guarded secret, until now. Now you have the key to open their heavily guarded door and peer at their secret, twisted world. A sinister, dark and evil world that influences all life forms on the planet.

Psychopaths are literally 'wired' differently to normal human beings. The cause of this discrepancy creates vigorous debate and it may be genetic deformation or trauma related or a combination of both that leads to their anti-social behaviour.

Our own personal studies indicated psychopathy might be genetic as we listened to terrifying testimonials from numerous people who told us stories of their family members and relatives from different generations who were certainly displaying strong APD traits. Socio-logic and anthropological studies also indicated that extreme ASPD might be genetic. The study of Psychopathy is still in its infancy and Professor Murphy and his team's exciting discovery may one-day lead to a cure for this crippling condition.

In the meantime, it explained the way 'paths acted exactly like faulty clones, running their faulty brain programming of hate and revenge. They were incapable of accessing the area of their brain necessary for love, compassion and understanding the feelings of others. Despite their belief of perfection and superiority, they are seriously emotionally crippled in need of care, treatment and pity. At last, there was exciting, clinical proof of the difference between 'paths and normal feeling humans.

Dr Robert Hare gives us a glimpse of the difference between ordinary people and 'paths when he was working as a prison psychologist in Vancouver in the 1960's. He used prison psychopathic and non-psychopathic volunteers for tests to look for differences in the two groups. He wired them up to EEG and blood pressure-measuring machines, connected the subjects to an electric shock generator, and explained very clearly to them that he was going to count backwards from 10 and when he reached the number one, they'd receive a very painful electric shock.

The difference in the responses stunned Hare. The non-psychopathic volunteers, with crimes of passion or crimes committed from terrible poverty or abuse braced themselves, as if a painful electric shock were just what they deserved. They were, Dr Hare noted, scared. Robert Hare was staggered by the psychopath response to the experiment. "They didn't break a sweat," he said. "Nothing." There was no fear, no sign of cause and effect. The tests seemed to show that the amygdala, the part of the brain that should have anticipated the pain from electric shocks and sent signals of fear to the central nervous system, wasn't functioning properly. The amygdala, an almond-shaped bundle of neurons deep within the brain, plays an important role in processing emotions such as fear, anger and pleasure. This area of the brain was the portion the psychopaths were unable to properly access.

It was an enormous breakthrough for Hare and his first clue that the physical brains of psychopaths were physically different from 'normal' human brains.

He was even more astonished when he repeated the test. This time, the psychopaths knew the procedure and the amount of pain they'd receive, and still: nothing, no fear response at all. Dr Hare learned something that others wouldn't learn for years: psychopaths were likely to re-offend. "They had no memory of the pain of the electric shock, even when the pain had occurred just moments before," He said. "So what's the point in threatening them with imprisonment if they break the terms of their parole? The threat has no meaning for them."

Robert Hare designed another experiment he called the startle reflex test, psychopaths and non-psychopaths looked at grotesque images, such as crime-scene photographs of blown-apart faces, the sort of images that would make feeling humans dry retch with horror. When they least

expected it, Dr Hare would let off an incredibly loud noise next to their ear. The non-psychopaths would leap off their seats with fright. Amazingly, the psychopaths would remain comparatively serene and stay seated. Hare knew that we tend to jump a lot higher when startled if we're on the edge of our seats anyway. However, if we're totally engrossed in something, like a gripping novel and someone startles us, our leap is less pronounced. From these observations, Hare deduced that when psychopaths see grotesque images of blown-apart faces or traumatising events, they aren't horrified. They are absorbed.

After many years of intense study, Dr Hare concluded, psychopaths are far from fragile; the way they behave comes from a rock solid personality structure that is extremely resistant to outside influences. Well-meaning family ensure protection for years from the consequences of their vile behaviour. They can glide through life with minimum interference so long as they stay unpunished or undetected and with so few people recognising psychopathy even exists as an ailment around them, they easily live out their double lives.

Dr Hare describes people he calls psychopaths as intra species predators who use charm, manipulation, intimidation, sex and violence to control others and to satisfy their own selfish needs. Lacking in conscience and empathy, they take what they want, do as they please, violating social norms and expectations without guilt or remorse; they literally are Anti-Social. What are missing are the very qualities that allow human beings to live in social harmony. Psychopathy is truly the most bizarre and diabolically dangerous personality disorder. It is nearly impossible for a normal feeling human to believe this condition exists, the huge number of sufferers and the enormous negative social impact that psychopathy delivers to everyone and everything on the planet.

What does the psychopath really get from their victims? It's easy to see what they are after when they lie and manipulate for money, material goods or power. When it comes to love, relationships or faked friendships, it is not so easy to see what the psychopath is after.

Psychopaths enjoy making others suffer.

Just as normal humans enjoy seeing other people happy, or doing positive things that make other people smile, the psychopath enjoys the exact opposite.

People suffering Narcissistic Personality Disorder, NPD, may be capable of feeling emotions like normal feeling humans. What is missing is the capacity to feel what other people are feeling and to be able to react to them appropriately. As a result, they suffer psychological pain from loneliness and may seek psychotherapy. A psychopath will never seek help, they have no reason to change; they like who they are. Winning, success, money, theft, sex, murder and controlling others is far more important than anything to a psychopath.

On the extreme scale of APD and psychopathy, we find sixteen-year-old Brenda Spencer, who received a rifle for her birthday in 1979. She used the rifle to shoot children at an elementary school near her San Diego home, wounding nine and killing two. A reporter asked her later why she had done it. Her deadpan response: "I don't like Mondays. This livens up the day."

In another example of extreme psychosis, Theodore Bundy, a good-looking, intelligent law student, would lure women into his car. He would put a fake cast on his arm or leg and then walk across a university campus carrying books. When he saw a stimulating co-ed standing or walking alone, he would pretend to drop the books near her. The girl would help him take the books to his car. He would tempt her or push her into the vehicle where she became prisoner. After he had sexually abused the victim, Bundy would kill her, continue his sexual frenzy and then dump her body in a region that took law enforcement agencies months to find. This went on for years. By the time he was caught, Bundy had killed at least twenty-eight young women and girls in acts too hideous for feeling humans to imagine. During a prison interview, Ted Bundy said, "I don't feel guilty for anything. I feel sorry for people who feel guilt." He went on to describe himself as, "The most cold-hearted son of a bitch you'll ever meet." He was finally convicted and sentenced to death for killing a twelve-year-old girl and dumping her body in a pigsty.

Killing people was easy for Eric Harris at Columbine. Prior to the Columbine massacre, he cold bloodedly wrote in his journal, humans were as disposable as fungus in a Petri dish. "Just all nature, chemistry, and math."

Like most psychopaths, Harris was witty, charming, and endearing and like many 'paths he carefully masked his hatred of feeling humans. "I hate the f--king world," his journal begins, a year before the attack. Hate screams from every page, but it is contempt that really leaps from the pages. "You know what I hate?" he posted on his website. "People, who mispronounce words, like 'acrost,' and 'pacific' for 'specific.' You know what I hate? The WB network!!!! Oh Jesus, Mary Mother of God Almighty, I hate that channel with all my heart and soul." His writings give us a glimpse of what an ordeal it is for a 'path to tolerate all of us inferior feeling human beings.

Harris's unnatural desire to kill fellow human beings was a grand performance of human carnage and suffering to show us how really powerful he was: "I have a goal to destroy as much as possible," he wrote in his journal. "I want to burn the world. KILL MANKIND. No one should survive."

It's really important to step inside the head of a psychopath and realise they are very capable of destroying the planet as we know it, just to let us know how 'powerful' and superior they are and how inferior we are. Also keep in mind that all 'paths are wired similarly, they are all stuck on their rail-road of hate, abuse, contempt and control, only the scale of their abuse and destruction varies in proportion to their affliction and their position in society. Given the opportunity, some psychopaths will kill and keep killing. Sadistic psychopaths are callous, vicious creatures, usually born that way, with excessive cruelty to animals and a fascination with fire typically showing up by early school age. Sadly, there is no known effective treatment or cure for psychopathy at this stage.

It's one thing for me to catalogue the various violent acts towards humanity perpetrated by psychopaths, but is impossible to describe the horror of being shot or wounded by these madmen. I can only imagine the terror of the last moments of the unfortunate individuals concerned and the incredible wake of loss and mourning of the families left to cope with the

tragedy. Acts of premeditated, indescribable savagery completely shatter the lives of those close friends and family left behind.

Amazingly, the 'path feels no guilt about killing innocent people and has no comprehension of the emotional devastation they leave behind. They often can't comprehend why feeling people are upset by their callous behaviour. If you think 'paths have feelings 'deep down,' you are blinded by your own powerful feelings of love and compassion. Psychopaths have no 'deep down' they are a hollow shell of a real, feeling human, yet they see themselves as superior. They lust for instant gratification, money, political power and materialism. They gather like-minded creatures around them to form brotherhoods and organisations to prey on the feeling humanthings around them. Sadly, there is no cure for their condition; you may as well ask a great white shark to be nice to other fish or a wolf to become vegetarian. In reality, these people require pity as deeply disturbed individuals, unlike normal human beings; they can never modify their outrageous behaviour.

A spiritualist described psychopaths as having their spirit trapped in a cage, as a wild tiger trapped in a zoo. If anyone comes near them emotionally, they can only lash out in fear and frustration. Like a small child, they are unable to understand or control their raw emotions.

Shortly after World War II, Rudolph Höss' affidavit made at Nuremberg on 5 April 1946 reads: "I commanded Auschwitz until 1 December 1943, and estimate that at least 2,500,000 victims were executed and exterminated there by gassing and burning, and at least another half million succumbed to starvation and disease, making a total dead of about 3,000,000. This figure represents about 70% or 80% of all persons sent to Auschwitz as prisoners, the remainder having been selected and used for slave labour in the concentration camp industries. Included among the executed and burnt were approximately 20,000 Russian prisoners of war (previously screened out of Prisoner of War cages by the Gestapo) who were delivered at Auschwitz in Wehrmacht transports operated by regular Wehrmacht officers and men. The remainder of the total number of victims included about 100,000 German Jews, and great numbers of citizens (mostly Jewish) from Holland, France, Belgium, Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Greece, or other countries. We executed about 400,000 Hungarian Jews alone at Auschwitz in the summer of 1944."

After discussions with Höss during the Nuremberg trials at which he testified, the American military psychologist Gustave Gilbert wrote the following: "In all of the discussions, Höss is quite matter-of-fact and apathetic, shows some belated interest in the enormity of his crime, but gives the impression that it never would have occurred to him if somebody hadn't asked him. There is too much apathy to leave any suggestion of remorse and even the prospect of hanging does not unduly stress him. One gets the general impression of a man who is intellectually normal, but with the schizoid apathy, insensitivity and lack of empathy that could hardly be more extreme in a frank psychotic."

Some of these are extreme examples of Anti-Social Personality Disorder and are the examples that the media uses to portray criminal psychopaths or paranoid schizophrenics. No one can deny these people are extremely dangerous, but they pale into insignificance when compared to the socially adept psychopath and their ability to wreak havoc on a massive scale.

'Socially Adept' Psychopaths are the incredibly cunning, cold, non-feeling humans who learn to successfully blend into positions of power in society without detection and 'appear' normal. These highly intelligent creatures have been studying and mirroring our feelings from birth and are able to hide their emotional desert with a cloak of fake charm and charisma. From infancy, they have studied us with the cold, calculating methodology of scientists studying insect behaviour. These cold hearted, non-humans, impeccably dressed in their designer suits, patent leather shoes and carefully coiffured hair are far more dangerous than their brutal cousins are, as they stay undetected and murderous in the very heart of society. They are infinitely more wily, dangerous, undetectable and powerful than their inept sociopath 'cousin' that reaches the headlines of news stories with their clumsily executed crimes.

They are often the people you look up to and respect. I guarantee you have met these creatures at social events and parties and have no idea of their hideous destructive power. They would have captivated you with their personal magnetism, storytelling, and their extravagant lifestyle and you would leave their gathering feeling these were some of the most wonderful people you have ever met. You could never imagine in your wildest dreams, these same 'people' are deviously thinking of ways to rape, murder you or drain your bank account of money. Unbelievably – they are; and they do. Without the awareness of serious ASPD behaviour and the ability of those individuals to hide their condition, there is no way the average human would ever know they are coldly being analysed as possible targets in the real life game of psychopathic manipulation.

Socially Adept Psychopaths (SAPs) crave constant stimulation to alleviate their emotionless lives. The soulless city deserts they create and haunt are the perfect vehicles for them to hunt for human prey to entrap in their Machiavellian reality. They aren't hiding in the rat infested alleyways waiting to stab and rob you, they are sitting behind polished desks in glittering offices waiting to steal your soul, your money, your freedom and your potential.

Socially adept psychopaths move toward careers of power and influence that require them to make objective, clinical decisions divorced from feelings. These careers reward the 'path with their required diet of materialism, control and human suffering. Stripped of the 'burden' of true feelings and compassion, the psychopath is free to concentrate with laser focus on manipulation, personal power and wealth. As a result, we find Socially Adept Psychopaths as CEO's, Politicians, Bureaucrats, Lawyers, Bankers, Accountants, Media Representatives (Film/TV/Radio and print), Salespeople, Surgeons, Police Officers, Military Personnel, Secret Service agents, Religious Leaders and Chefs. Careers involving human interaction and dealing with peoples' feelings don't offer much power, control or attraction for 'paths and careers that hold no interest whatsoever for a psychopath include Aide workers, Therapists, Beauticians, Charity Workers, Artisans and Hair Dressers.

Psychopaths will do whatever it takes to achieve their goals; they fake sincerity, lie, cheat, bribe or murder. With absolutely no conscience or moral restraint, they quickly realise that ordinary humans could never believe they exist or the level of evil they will sink to in order to gain power and control. They cleverly weave their web of invisibility with fake charm and sincerity to maintain their position in society.

Psychologist Michael Carr-Gregg suggests there are up to 20 per cent of the population that you meet every single day that experience some sort of personality disorder that means one person in every five people you know or meet may be suffering from an adverse emotional problem. Therefore, we can see the large number of people around us with possible ailments. These disorders may range from mild obsessive-compulsive disorders to full-blown psychosis. Psychosis is at the extreme end of mental disorders where individuals lose touch with reality as demonstrated by a serial murderer who killed women in the belief he would become a woman through slaying innocent females.

Nearly everyone has heard of schizophrenia, yet schizophrenia represents only a small percentage of a given population. Studies show that psychopaths are less well known, but infinitely more dangerous, more prevalent and hidden from scrutiny by their veil of cunningly copied normality. In their daily lives, people are literally shaking hands with Satan and have no idea of the contempt and hatred hiding behind the smile in front of them.

In ancient and modern human society, the brutal, cunning psychopath lurks at the centre of a social web; like-minded psychopaths/sociopaths form the first tier of the psychopath's control system. The next tier of this system uses compliant individuals who were born normal, but are either already twisted by exposure to psychopathic influence or through predisposition have chosen to meet the demands of psychopathy for their own selfish needs. We refer to these people as sycophants, equally as dangerous as their masters. These spineless individuals have literally sold their souls to the darkness for a few pieces of silver and the right to abuse their fellow humans.

According to Andrzej Lobaczewski, a noted Polish psychiatrist, dedicated to revealing the extent of ASPD influence in society, this group is about 12% of a given population under normal circumstances. So we can see approximately 18% of any given population is active in the creation and imposition of a Pathocracy. The 4%-6% group constitutes the Pathocratic nobility, the 12% group forms the new social class, whose wealth and power is gained through association. Just look at the wealthiest portion of society and you will discover the same small percentage of 'people' own all the wealth – a coincidence? I don't think so.

If we assume the population of the U.S.A. is around 312,000,000 (312 million) people, we can conservatively estimate the number of core psychopathic entities in the U.S. may be between 1% to 4% of the total population. At 4%, there may be 12,480,000 (12 million, four hundred and eighty thousand) core people suffering serious ASPD traits and that's a hell of a lot of psychopaths/sociopaths. Remember, a large proportion of these ASPD individuals are actively seeking positions of power and control and will do whatever it takes to achieve their selfish goals. These emotionally defective individuals despise their fellow humans to the point of hatred and view normal emotional receptiveness as a weakness for their exploitation.

The high proportion of psychopaths/sociopaths in human society has a huge effect on everyone and everything who has to share this planet, even those of us who haven't experienced the direct trauma of their warped sense of propriety.

Millions of people have no idea psychopathy even exists or the scale of psychopathic influence in their daily lives. The corrupted individuals who make up this small four per cent drain our relationships, our bank accounts, our accomplishments, our self-esteem, our very peace and existence on earth. If you think you are so astute and immune from psychopathic influence – you are one of the billions of happy residents in La La land.

Psychopathic creatures abuse and control you without your knowledge. Deprived of the full gamut of human emotions or feelings, they clamour for positions of power and control. In China with a population of 1.35 billion, you will encounter up to 54 million rampaging psychopaths, India also has a population of 1.3 billion and another 54 million defective ‘paths – getting the picture? There is no shortage of psychopaths to abuse humans and they are the most dangerous life forms on the planet, living successfully behind their cloak of invisibility and deception.

Amazingly, only a tiny fraction of a percentage of people are aware of their existence and an even smaller percentage of people have any idea of the scale of psychopathic influence over humanity both now and in the past.

As you continue reading, you will discover the true scope of their cold-hearted power and influence and you will be given the key to unlock the doors to their heavily guarded secret world. As you step inside their shadowy, hidden bunker and flick the switch to the floodlight of ASPD knowledge, you will expose their dark, sinister and hidden world. For the first time in recorded human history, you will have the power to accurately identify these people, the abuse they administer to all feeling humans and be able to change the negative effect they sway over the planet. You will discover how these soulless individuals are incredibly easy to detect and negate by their predictable and socially flawed behaviour. You now have the key to unlock every secret of every society.

Chapter Eleven

Crippled Inside

In 1971 John Lennon wrote a song titled 'Crippled Inside.' He hinted at people appearing to be normal, wearing suits, painting their faces, smiling, but hiding behind masks and crippled inside. I doubt if he had Psychopathy in mind when he penned the words, but I can remember listening to the song when first released while working on our isolated farm and the words seemed to resonate with the experiences I had encountered to that date. Certainly, many of the people I had met were a facsimile of a real human being; they literally wore a mask and painted their face. Outwardly, they were the life of the party, highly successful in an economic sense, physically attractive, charismatic and exciting to be around. In reality, they were morally bankrupt, vile and violent people who would treat people and society with utter contempt in their quest for material possessions, money, power and sex.

My own sister was victim to the machinations of an ASPD type individual and in the 1960's, her life of luxury ended with marriage and she entered the dark world of vile manipulation and abuse that lasted until her death in 2011. My sister's loathsome leach of a husband, managed to suck many thousands of dollars from his father and father in law as he craftily looked for other methods to increase his personal wealth. He joined societies and brotherhoods that granted immunity from prosecution for his nefarious activities and he sought associations with legal impresarios and international organisations to increase his personal bank account and circle of influence.

Bumbling and inept initially, he used his wife as an elegant hostess to move in the upper echelons of society until he developed the social skills to form a network of influential people that spanned the globe. He acquired a massive collection of shiny baubles, brought out on occasions to impress guests and new acquaintances. As a real life Ogre, he physically and psychologically abused his children, stole large amounts of money from them and drastically changed the course of his daughter's happiness. He managed to isolate his wife from her family through lies, manipulating the truth and pursued relatives through legal channels, effectively severing family support.

His obsession with motor vehicles, their maintenance and cleanliness, towered above his concern for his own family. He spent hours meticulously polishing his car's interior and exterior, completely ignoring his wife and children's pleas for help or interaction while engaged with his cleaning. If uninteresting guests arrived for a visit, he would show complete contempt during conversations by walking outside and starting some outdoor activity, totally ignoring his visitors. My sister attempted to break free on many occasions, but lingered in the pit of humiliation and abuse through caring for her children. She suffered the ignominy of having her husband's mistress paraded in front of her and her children at social events. She suffered sexual, physical,

emotional and economic abuse at the hands of a creature that I'm sure is still continuing his reign of terror. At the time, our family had no idea what we were dealing with, but we certainly know what he is now and we have dedicated our lives to bringing awareness of the dangers of ASPD to the human population. Ultimately, people closely associated with psychopaths will see the vile, violent and homicidal nature of the true psychopath. As Mr Lennon's song said, the one thing you can't hide is when you are crippled inside.

Psychopaths work hard at hiding their lack of true emotions by appearing to be normal – they work really hard – and it's frustrating, infuriating and tiring. Imagine trying to remain calm and 'nice' with people you actually despise and hate. People that you want to enslave, rape or murder. People that you want to steal every last cent from. People who are so far below you, they make you sick. The families of the psychopath withstand the worst of psychopathic frustration and anger behind closed doors and the all emotional devouring and vehement monster that is the 'path soon replaces the mask of a normal functioning human being. At some stage, they cannot hide the fact they are crippled inside. Psychopaths are real life 'Jekyll and Hyde' characters on steroids.

The problem for humans is, 'paths seem to behave like everybody around them. Initially there are no detectable signs of psychopathy, unless you are aware of ASPD behaviour and have been studying them closely for considerable time. Evil doesn't always look evil, sometimes it's staring us right in the face and we don't even know it.

Psychopaths are male or female, young or old, black or white and they look exactly like any other human being. They exist in all cultures, globally; they are beautiful or ugly, tall or short, fat or thin. They don't have any physical sign of the inner rage of hate and contempt that is their substitute for love and compassion (manie sans délire). They eat food, sleep and reproduce like all mammals.

Psychopaths don't have horns, glowing eyes, bolts through their necks or cloven feet. You can't tell them apart in a crowd and they have learned to blend in with the society they actually control. They mimic human feelings from an early age and are consummate actors. They laugh and smile and even cry when needed, but these are cleverly faked feelings they have copied since childhood to gain social acceptance. They turn these displays on and off like a light switch. If you look closely at a psychopath, you realise they don't smile, they bare their teeth! They disengage rapidly from normal social intercourse if they find the people or the subject boring. They are like interstellar predators, cunningly blending into every society on earth and remaining hidden from personal scrutiny by pretending to be ordinary, wholesome human beings.

Their veil of charm, caring and apparent warmth is the way they entice us into their web of abuse, violence and manipulation. They cannot give they can only take. They have cunningly taught whole generations of feeling humans that love and compassion is weakness and have now mobilised whole societies to accept and follow their violent, warped and instant gratification behaviour.

They know they are different, unfettered with true human feelings to hinder their quest for power, money, material possessions and sex. Their often-high intelligence leaves them a

reservoir of stories, anecdotes and bullshit to impress people for a long period. As adolescents, they can be so sickly sweet one moment in front of guests and strangers, then quickly turn around, and kick their family pet in the guts when they think no one is looking.

Psychopaths exist in large and small communities and although they prefer the anonymity of large cities, we personally witnessed the trauma of a young fifteen-year-old girl having her jaw and ankle broken by her mother and grandmother trying to kill her in a rural town with a population of less than 900 people. Her mother accused her of stealing the television set she gave her daughter as a gift several months before. The young girl was ambushed by her mother as she left school, dragged into a car with her grandmother screaming, "Kill her, kill her."

Fortunately, the young girl resisted their attempts to get her in the car, but suffered horrendous injuries as the car moved away, dragging the girl along the road. While she was still in the car, her mother punched her repeatedly in the face and cut off her beautiful long, dark hair with scissors. Some of the other schoolchildren, who witnessed the horror, were able to take videos of the attack and submit their evidence to authorities. Clearly, the mother is suffering from a severe Personality Disorder and I'm sure the small town is still bewildered by this extraordinary display of aggression with absolutely no idea of the underlying cause of the violence. We later learned the young girl, so terribly abused by her mother, attempted suicide. That is a high price to pay to a facsimile of a mother who does not care if her daughter lives or dies.

In a 1976 anthropologist Jane Murphy, attending Harvard University, studied an isolated group of Yupik speaking Inuits near the Bering Strait. They had a term 'Kunlangeta' which they used to describe "A man who repeatedly lies and cheats and steals things and takes sexual advantage of many women. Someone who does not pay attention to reprimands and who is always being brought to the elders for punishment." When Jane asked an Inuit what the group would typically do with a Kunlangeta, the Inuit replied, "Somebody would have pushed him off the ice when nobody else was looking." That may be a bit drastic, but it does illustrate the existence of psychopathic traits in ancient cultures and isolated societies.

For millennia, wars have tended to kill off decent people and volunteers, sparing the true instigators of conflicts. Warlords and kings have long been polygamous, siring enormous numbers of offspring. Historians suggest that Genghis Khan raped more than 10,000 women during his reign of terror and genetic studies indicate that 10% of all Northern Asians are descended from him. Genghis Khan is quoted as saying, "Happiness is to kill the foe, ride his horses, watch his wife and daughters weep and seize them to your bosom." That's an incredibly warped sense of 'happiness' and this violent individual managed to spread his defective DNA from the Pacific Ocean to the Dnieper River on the Black Sea and into Persia and China. His vile, defective legacy remains to this day.

Psychopaths rarely think of themselves as 'evil' and if they do, being evil to them doesn't have the same meaning of being truly bad as it does to other people. This is part of the contradiction that surrounds psychopathic individuals; they don't have the same emotional attachment to ideas and concepts that normal people have; they don't have the same emotions as normal people! One of the first things they notice about themselves is that they tend to react

differently to others around them. Just as Dr Hare observed in his experiments, they are not scared in threatening situations and become fascinated or intrigued rather than being afraid. They quickly discover that remaining calm when others are afraid is an enormous advantage. They also realise as children, that feelings of love, guilt and empathy are confinements forced on them by adults. The adults try to make them feel these feelings, but they just don't exist, so the psychopathic child quickly learns to mimic these emotions to gain social acceptance and soon realises people believe the faked feelings are really their feelings. From the child's point of view, many of them assume everyone is faking emotions, just like them.

They have studied humans intently from childhood and they know us better than we know ourselves. They are experts in knowing how to push our buttons, to use our emotions against us; it becomes a game to prove their superiority. They seem to use hypnosis over us when we deal with them. When the psychopath traps us in their web, our ability to think clearly and logically get muddled. It is only later when we are away from them, that our clarity of thought returns and we find ourselves wondering why we were unable to respond logically or resist what they were saying or doing. To this day, even though I know when I am dealing with a sociopath, I am sometimes unable to respond effectively to their warped logic or vile behaviour until I am physically away from their presence. That is how powerful their speech patterns and behaviour can be, they are the masters of language and emotional manipulation and we are literally under their 'spell.'

Psychopaths are so clever at avoiding detection, they can pass through many of the tests designed to identify them. Once they reach maturity, they know every trick in the book to hide their emotional deficiencies and the average human remains fooled by their illusion of normality.

If you have studied the subject of APD/APSD and people suffering from this affliction, it eventually becomes easier to spot the psychopaths around you. There are subtle differences that become apparent as you start looking. Amazingly, as you find ASPD individuals interacting with you, you will see subtle differences in facial expressions that become warning sirens of psychopathic tendencies. You will notice their derogatory, sneering and grandiose comments, the way they dismiss people who are of no interest and their 'interview' process. It takes time, increased observation skills and analysis, but eventually their cloak of invisibility falls away and they become 'visible,' but even with total awareness and the entire radar running, a particularly adept 'path can escape detection for long enough to start inflicting damage.

Amazingly, a simple test exists that positively identifies all alexithymia sufferers; one simple, ridiculously inexpensive test anyone can perform with products from their house that psychopaths cannot fake. One easy physical test that psychopaths have no idea they are being tested, that registers in the primitive thalamus area of the brain like an arrow hitting the 'bulls eye' and we used the test to verify our suspicions on several occasions.

Unless you have directly experienced and identified an abuser as a 'path, it is totally incomprehensible to a normal, loving human being that these crippled people even exist, let alone deliver their predictably cruel abuse so freely on such a massive scale.

Imagine strolling down a crowded street or mall with hundreds of people passing by (I'm sure you've done it many times). You may be aware of the clothes these people are wearing and you may even glance at people you feel are vaguely familiar. You would observe happy and not so happy individuals, children, teenagers and elderly citizens, people talking, laughing and joking as they walk near you. You could never imagine in your wildest dreams that more than one in every 100 people who walk past you is looking at you and thinking of ways to murder, rob or rape you. Incredibly, they are and they will, if given the opportunity. These people are at the coldest end of the ASPD spectrum, commonly known as Psychopaths and they are watching and interacting with you as coldly as a snake watches a mouse playing blissfully in a field and you are probably unaware they exist around you.

Very few people are aware they are living in a real science fiction movie where cold, soulless and manipulative people masquerade as humans. Ordinary feeling people become part of a 'movie script' where humans are slowly but surely removed from reality and trained to accept ASPD behaviour as normal and acceptable. Soulless people, so cold and dangerous, they will kill you for the fun of it to relieve the intense boredom that haunts them every single day. People so ruthless they can kill millions of humans with the press of a button and feel no remorse. These people have killed hundreds of thousands of people from nuclear explosions without regret and managed to turn their murderous assignation into a publicly accepted public relations theatre.

These are the cold, heartless creatures, profiting from marching your children and grandchildren to carefully created wars. These emotionally damaged people have no qualms about creating unimaginable agony for honest people from financial stock market crashes that benefit only them. These are the silver-tongued con men and women who know the price of everything, and the value of nothing. They are swindlers and feeling humans are the swindled. These 'people' revel in creating racial discrimination and feasting on the agony of people suffering injustice because of the irrelevant colour of their skin. These are the psychopathic creatures profiting from the divisiveness of cunningly crafted religions.

Those without the true spectrum of human feelings and conscience can easily create unimaginable violence and atrocities against humans. Those filled with love and normal human feelings can never commit these atrocities, as their inbuilt sense of conscience realises the pain and suffering of others. Humans have an inbuilt sense of propriety and conscience that is DNA programmed into our very being and necessary for constructive social interaction. Conscience is the glue for positive functioning society, it ensures we keep our promises, our commitment to others and stops the angry spouse from hitting back.

It's as simple as asking yourself, "O.K. Would I prefer the abuse of being physically or emotionally whipped every day or would I prefer to be supported with love, understanding and appreciation?" Just as we don't have to be taught how to breathe or digest food, amazingly we instinctively know right from wrong behaviour on a basic level. We have no desire to kill our fellow man or siblings for the fun or profit of it. Normal mothers have no desire to murder their children. Normal, balanced men are not looking for women to rape or harm. We uphold the sanctity of life; it's a genetic survival strategy necessary for the continuity of the species. We don't have to spend years in university, seminaries or read volumes of text learning these traits,

the emotional information we require is genetically encoded in our being and only has to be recognised and nurtured. It is the beauty of being an authentic, emotionally receptive human being.

As an example of human authenticity, it's been estimated that up to eighty per cent of conscripted soldiers in major conflicts will not fire to kill an enemy. Researchers discovered that many soldiers went through the motions of combat, firing their weapons, but deliberately aiming to miss their fellow human beings. The truly ill have no comprehension of love and compassion; they have only hate, abuse and contempt as their substitute feelings. They are capable of the most hideous acts against Homo Sapiens without guilt or comprehension of the emotional pain and suffering they create.

If you feel that global warfare has produced people with absolutely no feelings for other people, you are 100% correct – many of them don't care and what is more terrifying is, some of them CAN'T care! Not now, not ever. They don't even have a CONCEPT of caring! Psychopaths in power have no connection to the area in their brain necessary for these emotions. How incredibly sad, peculiar and dangerous is that.

The word "conscience" stems from the Latin conscientia, meaning "privity of knowledge" or "with-knowledge." In the English language, the word suggests an awareness of a moral standard concerning the quality of our human activity, as well as a realisation of our actions. Philosophically, conscience is a "gut feeling" or "sense of guilt" about the way we feel about an action we are taking. It's like an inbuilt filter that puts the brakes on bad behaviour and is the wonderful part of being human that will keep philosophers busy for centuries, debating its origin, its authenticity and its purpose. Conscience is not an appendage on our body, it can't be physically seen or detected on an MRI or brain scan, yet amazingly we can definitely feel its presence. It is the beauty of being human, an authentic human being.

Immanuel Kant, a central figure of the eighteenth century Age of Enlightenment, claimed that two things filled his mind with ever new and increasing admiration and awe. "The starry heavens above me and the moral law within me ... the latter begins from my invisible self, my personality, and exhibits me in a world which has true infinity but which I recognise myself as existing in a universal and necessary (and not only, as in the first case, contingent) connection." Kant considered critical conscience to be an internal court in which our thoughts accuse or excuse one another. He acknowledged that morally mature people often describe contentment or peace in the soul after allowing their conscience to perform a duty, but argued that such acts should simply be a natural duty and not an expectation of any bliss or reward.

The United Nations acknowledges conscience in its Universal Declaration on Human Rights Article 1, which states, "All human/ beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights. They are endowed with reason and conscience and should act towards one another in a spirit of brotherhood."

In our contemporary society, conscience played a major role when anaesthetist, Stephen Bolsin, whistle-blew on incompetent paediatric cardiac surgeons at the Bristol Royal Infirmary.

Conscience motivated Jeffrey Wigand to expose the Big Tobacco scandal, revealing that executives of the companies knew that cigarettes were addictive and approved the addition of carcinogenic ingredients to cigarettes.

David Graham, a Food and Drug Administration employee, was motivated by conscience to whistle-blow and alert the public to the fact the arthritis pain-reliever Vioxx, increased the risk of cardiovascular deaths despite the manufacturer suppressing this information.

Rick Piltz from the U.S. Climate Change Science Program blew the whistle on a White House official who ignored majority scientific opinion to edit a climate change report ("Our Changing Planet") to reflect the Bush administration's view that the problem was unlikely to exist.

Mordechai Vanunu an Israeli former nuclear technician, acted on conscience to reveal details of Israel's nuclear weapons program to the British press in 1986. Israeli agents kidnapped him, transported him to Israel, convicted him of treason and he spent 18 years in prison, including more than 11 years in solitary confinement. **All he did was tell the truth!**

Glenn Greenwald, the journalist who first published reports based on documents leaked by whistle blower Edward Snowden that exposed the mass surveillance of individuals globally via the international 'Five Eyes Partnership.' Greenwald exposed computer programs like Xkeyscore which give NSA the ability to look at metadata and open up actual emails of citizens and read what is being written. "XKeyscore is one of the most menacing surveillance programs ever invented in history," he said. He also stated, "Government has no business invading people's private communications on the Internet. That is not the proper role of Government." Just think about that comment for a second. Are you interested in spying on people's correspondence, the mundane, the irrelevant and the social chatter? I know I'm not remotely interested, I respect their privacy.

In recent times, there have been brave individuals, fully aware of the repercussions of their actions, who have revealed the extent of U.S. diplomatic chicanery and deceit with their own population and overseas governments. By revealing emails and faxes to the public sent by U.S. government departments, the world catches a glimpse of the magnitude of contempt and lying perpetrated by governments. In typical ASPD fashion, the U.S. government described the whistle-blowers as enemies of the state, terrorists, murderers and traitors in a 'straw man' attempt to deflect their immoral activity. At no stage did they deny the accuracy or truth of the leaked official correspondence. Truth is the granite boulder psychopaths continually stub their toe on.

William Blum, a former U.S. state department employee noted the lack of conscience and decency of governments and stated, "No matter how paranoid or conspiracy-minded you are, what the government is actually doing is worse than you imagine."

My wife would describe her mother and her lack of conscience to her close friends and the response was always the same, "But she must love you deep down." or they simply could not believe what they were being told. It is impossible for a normal feeling human to believe that a

mother could hate her child to the point of murder and reward the rapist of her daughter by having sex with him, showering him with extravagant gifts, cash, holidays and buying him houses, but she did! There is documented proof.

These actions were bewildering to us at the time, but now they make perfect sense. My wife's ASPD mother used her daughter's husband for sex and with her daughter cunningly removed from the scene; she was free to shower him with gifts to maintain their relationship. Her pseudo attempts to re-unite her daughter with her abusive husband were her way to gain 'victory' and superiority over her traumatised daughter and feast on her daughter's emotional pain. It was just a game to her; a way to relieve the incredible boredom she always feels. With absolutely no conscience; no moral compass at all, she was perfectly justified to do whatever she wanted, even having sex with the rapist of her only daughter. How's that for loving 'deep down?'

The truth is, the psychopath can never love 'deep down' – they have no 'deep down,' they have no concept of love – they have no physical brain connection to their emotions of love and compassion - they are lacking normal human feelings and should be identified, pitied and isolated. They are superficial facsimiles of a real human, a clever photocopy and two dimensional in every respect. *They are the most dangerous life forms on the planet with absolutely no conscience and they control our society.* Psychopaths are as 'deep' as a teaspoon of cold water and these are the sad, corrupted individuals who crave political and economic power.

Unfortunately, several of the people my wife told her story to would fall victim to APD abuse themselves. They would discover their lover and sometimes their own children were displaying psychopathic tendencies. They would experience the terror and devastation of having their families ripped apart by 'paths hiding as humans. They would discover the crippling emotional pain of their partner's lies and deceit or the horror of discovering their children were capable of hatred toward them to the point of murder. Some of our friends cautiously accepted the possibility of Anti-Social behaviour as a possible cause of their pain, but several of them utterly refused to contemplate the possibility; it was far too emotionally painful.

Women, throughout history, have been attracted to partners exhibiting bad behaviour, because genetically, they may wish to mother and change them. It's exciting, often economically rewarding and sexually stimulating, but always ends so incredibly badly. For the first time in human history, our friends were able to receive counselling and advice for their abuse and it was sickening to think of the countless millions of people before them that have suffered at the hands of 'paths. So many people, for so many thousands of years have had to endure the physical and emotional hell of psychopathic dogma and control with no idea of the faulty emotional wiring of their abusers. It was also incredibly exciting to think, this was the first time in recorded history the reign of psychopathic terror in a large population could be accurately, medically exposed and ultimately nullified.

Our abused friends would find themselves in emotional turmoil for years, before being able pick up the pieces of their lives. Victims of abuse lived their lives in an emotional whirlpool, they had no idea how different they had become. They often had debilitating physical symptoms caused from emotional stress and the excitement and exuberance of life evaporated from their lives.

Some victims of ASPD abuse would become 'brittle narcissists' and attempt to bolster their own low self-esteem by constantly demeaning and undermining their friends or partners. Sadly, their passionate love for their partner would slowly dissolve into passionate hate and they were often oblivious to their condition. Belittling a partner, sibling or associate becomes an essential part of their lives, an abusive ritual they enjoy delivering daily to boost their fragile self-esteem. Brittle narcissists can never acknowledge any good deeds or tasks well done by their victims, to do this would diminish their warped sense of superiority. Their friends witness the destruction of another human being at the hands of a faux narcissist and are powerless to prevent it.

Psychopathic abusers would rarely relinquish their hold on their victim or the victim's children if there were an opportunity to benefit financially. These people, deeply traumatised by the abuse from ASPD individuals required the long-term support of a loving friend, family member or counsellor to repair their emotional damage.

The 'path would use their spouse and their children as commodities in their quest for materiel gain or emotional control. With their lives lived in an emotional desert, a 'path has no qualms about using any measure to get what they want, even murder if it secures their desired object. Their twisted and literally reversed sense of pleasure ensures they enjoy watching their victim's economic, emotional and physical pain and the greater the pain, the more 'gratification' the 'path receives. 'Gratification' is the only way we can attempt to describe the feelings of a psychopath, as without the full spectrum of human feelings, their extreme violence and appalling behaviour is an attempt to gain a tiny, stimulating reward in the form of a dopamine brain infusion. This experience is a poor substitute for our human ability to feel the incredible power of love, joy and the full range of balanced human feelings.

Our friends were battered by the assault on their emotions as they tried to reclaim their lives from the grip of the psychopathic monsters that controlled them. Their psychopath partners would lie to their friends and authorities so convincingly, that courts would award the most bizarre decisions in favour of the 'path during custody hearings. Psychopaths can always say whatever is necessary to get what they want. In court, psychopaths can tell extreme lies in a believable manner, while their sane opponents are handicapped by an emotional tendency to remain within boundaries of sanity and the truth. As a result, the judge or jury imagines that the truth must be somewhere in the middle, and then issues decisions that benefit the psychopath. In a modern legal system, the judiciary themselves are often suffering ASPD symptoms and enjoy delivering outrageous decisions to bewildered feeling humans.

In some cases the only way of escaping the vile grip of the 'path was to move huge distances from the perpetrator – even moving to another country was the only solution in some instances.

Once you become aware of their existence, 'paths are relatively easy to find. They are all 'wired' the same; it's as if they follow the same script. They all behave identically. Look for signs of covert aggression, coldness, lies and intimidation. In a work situation, they may bully and pit people against each other up or set them up for failure as they clamber up the corporate ladder. They are actually quite inept and although they appear to be competent, they are actually incompetent, relying on their high intelligence and other people around them to maintain their

status. There will be a trail of lies, in either their personal life or their work history that is easy to substantiate. Make sure you actually check their stories if you feel individual are suffering ASPD symptoms; follow your 'gut instincts.' Look for people who talk constantly about money, material possessions and food, but never about their family and children. At some point the 'path will become abusive and belligerent, if they hint at violence toward you, your workmates or your friends, seek professional advice and keep well clear of them. Amazingly, if you are dealing with a narcissist, you can actually ask, "Are you a narcissist?" They will often tell you they are.

If you believe you are dealing with a psychopath in a business situation, avoid person-to-person contact and try to communicate with email, faxes or letters. This way you avoid the psychopathic 'charm' as people with Dark triad personalities can't rely on body language and appearance to manipulate you. People with narcissistic, psychopathic or Machiavellian tendencies find it difficult to respond compellingly in a written format. Their soulless correspondence disconnects them from direct manipulation. This also provides written verification of any dealings for future reference.

If you find yourself attacked, abused and vilified by 'trolls' in social media, simply respond by telling your abusers they are demonstrating strong ASPD traits. They will not respond to your comment and will block you from further contact – Bullseye!

Psychopaths are emotional chess players and a psychopathic boss sees their employees merely as pieces on an invisible psychological chessboard. Their servile employees are disposable, dispensable, and superfluous; they mean absolutely nothing to them. Psychopaths love to pick people up, move people round, make people jump just for the sake of something to do, even if it's not to their immediate benefit. Unnecessary rearrangements of workspace, the sudden imposition of unsocial working hours and the promise of favours for dishing the dirt on colleagues are just a few psychopathic favourites and indicators of APD behaviour.

'Paths are brilliant psychologists and frighteningly, can actually be found in this vocation. They know that, through evolution, our brains have developed to place importance in first meetings and psychopaths put huge effort into a new relationship or important meetings by turning on the charm to get what they want. One psychopath in an interview said, "Charm is the ability to roll out a red carpet for those you cannot stand in order to fast-track them, as smoothly and efficiently as possible, in the direction you want them to go." Whether they play the charm, manipulation or sympathy cards, psychopaths are corporate predators and are second to none in their ability to take you into their confidence and suck out valuable new ideas that may have been many months in the planning. A typical way they achieve this, is the use of reciprocity, a powerful tool of influence. A psychopath might 'confide' in you some low-level idea of their own in order that you follow with something better. Once in the psychopath's possession however, the idea is then 'seized' and somewhere down the line, suddenly becomes 'theirs.'

Psychopaths are completely driven by their own self-interest. Their self-adoration is absolute. Though they may pretend to have concern for others, appearing considerate, warm, and even helpful, such interest is shallow and superficial and merely serves as the stimulation for future exploitation. The caring or understanding feelings they seem to display, are cunningly faked and a well-rehearsed scene in the psychopathic theatre of shadow acting.

In both personal and corporate settings, Psychopathic relationship patterns are always stormy and transient. Friendships cut off without warning and a person mercilessly dumped once an individual ceases to be useful. Then there is the arrogant, grandiose and egocentric interpersonal style that leaves you with a ruthless ambition driven robot with no way to switch it off. If your employer has been known to fire people for no apparent reason, has an overtly extravagant management style, is abusive and unreasonable it's time to seek professional advice and alert your co-workers before you seek new employment.

Commentator Chris Gollis, says there are more signs to be wary of in the minefield of corporate employment. He observed corporate psychopaths are charming, but two things give them away. After asking what you do for a living and finding out where you work, they will soon drop names by asking if you know some important person and tacitly show they associate with winners. In addition, corporate psychopaths are driven by the desire for material success, so they will talk about recent gambling wins or money made in on the stock market.

In social gatherings they will first spend their initial conversation looking intently at you, but if they decide during their 'interview' phase that they should be spending time with someone more important, they will start looking around the room trying to see if such a person exists while still talking to you. Their interests outside of work either include gambling interests such as horse racing or expensive 'champion' sports like golfing, sailing or skiing. Corporate psychopaths exist everywhere and one major clue is frequent career changes. However, they are happiest in upper management or sales and intermediary roles where they act between buyers and sellers and the result of their work is high commissions or bonuses.

The business world grooms and encourages this sort of APD behaviour and rewards it with exaggerated CEO salaries. These required corporate traits help middle management climb the company ladder. There are many employers who are grandiose and narcissistic, but it doesn't make them psychopaths. They are just genuinely vile people.

A capitalist society rewards people who accept and play the game successfully, but the emotional price for success is high. Feeling humans who succeed in the fictitious corporate world often sacrifice their family, health and life for an elusive goal. They experience the pain of executive burnout as they slowly drown under the weight of grotesque workloads and work hours. People who slip and fall in the game of capitalism discover extreme poverty, ostracism and abuse by the Pathocratic system, its media and those citizens more fortunate.

There is a clearly defined pattern used by the APD individual seeking employment. The first phase is the 'interview,' where the psychopath charms the hiring team into selecting him or her for the job. Their ability to lie about qualifications, previous employment and their air of extreme confidence, usually ensures hiring success. The assessment phase is stage two, where the psychopathic employee identifies the potential support network of Patrons (those who will protect and defend the psychopath). They gather Pawns who can be unwittingly manipulated into using their power in service of the psychopath's goals. Staff, or 'Organisational Police' in such control functions as audit, security, human resources become people who might get in the way.

Stage three is manipulation, where the psychopath deviously works the patrons and pawns, building the influence network through close and intense one-on-one relationships and at the same time moving up the organisation. The next stage is confrontation, where people, no longer useful, find themselves on the footpath.

Two factions are created, influential supporters (Pawns and Patrons) and powerless detractors (Staff and Police). Finally, there's an ascension phase, where all the devious planning and manipulation pays off. The patrons are betrayed, the boss is unceremoniously booted and the psychopath strolls into the throne room.

Interestingly, female psychopaths are more dangerous than men in the work place. They have a superficial sexual charm, which they use ruthlessly to get what they want. In this way, women are a much more dangerous type of psychopath. It means that modern working women, have an enemy far more formidable than men. Female psychopaths usually see everything in competitive terms and foster female aggression. They have absolutely no respect for other women and that disrespect quickly distils to hatred. Statistics suggest that women are targeted more often than men in workplace bullying, but incredibly, in sixty per cent of cases of workplace abuse, it is a woman who is the bully, not a male. They despise and attack female subordinates and continually try to undermine their more competent and successful female peers. They seek success by using charm, sex and deception. They use their sexuality as a way to advance in a company or armour against males, claiming discrimination when it is necessary to further their career by eliminating opponents. Modern bureaucratic organisations are the perfect vehicle for this ploy of "fake victimisation" and pity.

If you feel an individual is emotionally cold, difficult to get close to, weird and aggressive, either in a personal relationship or work environment study them and research the subject of APSD for yourself. If you find yourself involved with someone who hurts you or others, but continually looks for sympathy, you can be 100 per cent certain that person is a cold, calculating psychopath. Incredibly, pity is one of the cards they use most in their game of social manipulation in an attempt to glue people to their web of deceit. Seek professional advice, as the individuals you are dealing with may be extremely dangerous.

This is the time to stop sucking your thumb, open your eyes, use your brains and do some research for yourself, make yourself and others aware of the creatures masquerading as humans. Find out if what I am writing is bullshit (I truly wish it were) – believe me, you will be amazed at what you find! Knowledge is power and your key to understanding how ALL Pathocratic social structures work.

Arming yourself and those around you with knowledge, not weapons is power and your key to understanding how ALL Pathocratic social structures work.

If you have been used and abused by a 'path from an early age, it will take many years before you are able to clearly identify your abuser. People are commonly forty years of age before they are able to break free of their psychopathic parent offender and seek counselling for the trauma they have endured as children. They have to step outside of their family's influence, gain significant life skills on their own and recognise their parent's or family member's

behaviour as abhorrent and unnatural. If you are the victim, the emotionally crippled 'path has so distorted your perception of yourself and the world that it takes an extraordinary length of time to be able to readjust your view of the world and gain enjoyment from society. In many instances, the abused child will never attain the full emotional spectrum of a normal feeling human. The psychopath has twisted your persona by feeding you lies about what people think of you for many years.

In extreme cases, you may become a 'secondary' psychopath yourself in an attempt to try to fit into their soul-crushing world. You may accept blind authoritarianism as your way of life and literally sell your soul. They have used you as a plaything and a slave for their own gratification and undermined your self-confidence in the cruelest way possible.

The following list is a litmus test for ASPD individuals you may encounter and may help you escape an abusive relationship. It may even save your life. This is the first time in human history that people have tools to help them avoid the mayhem of psychopathic encounters. Seek professional help if you experience too many of the scenarios described below, then **run**. Don't be hung up on the word 'psychopath,' it's only a common word to describe people with advanced Anti-Social Personality Disorders. Any person capable of deliberately harming other people for their personal enjoyment or benefit is not an authentic human being and must be treated with extreme caution.

Here are 20 warning signs of a psychopathic individual:

1. The psychopath will deliberately hurt you.

If he or she hits you, twists your arm, pulls your hair, kicks you, pushes you, or breaks your personal property even once, get out of the relationship. It's very important to get away from a psychopath at the slightest hint of violence, including verbal aggression, since abuse usually escalates in frequency and severity over time. With absolutely no conscience, the psychopath has no hesitation in murdering you. You cannot change the unchangeable no matter how qualified or loving you may be.

2. Quick Attachment.

The Psychopath has very superficial emotions and connections with others. One of the things that might attract you to the Psychopath is how quickly he or she says 'I Love You' or wants to marry or commit to you. In less than a few weeks of dating, you'll hear that you're the love of their life, they want to be with you forever. You'll receive gifts, promises, and be showered with their attention and nice gestures. Psychopaths pour on the charm; they deluge their targets with flattery and gifts at the beginning of the relationship. No matter how promiscuous they really are, they focus their energies on their desirable new target, this behaviour signals shallowness of emotions rather than strength of love. Normal, healthy individuals require a long process to develop a relationship because there is so much at stake. The rapid warm-up is always a sign of shallow emotions, which later cause the psychopath to detach from you as quickly as they committed.

3. Terrifying Temper.

Eventually the psychopath reveals his or her violent temper. Psychopaths often begin with indirect violence, such as hitting the wall with their fist or throwing objects, but it isn't long before they start pushing, punching or hitting their partners. The physical outbursts towards inanimate objects function as a form of intimidation. The Psychopaths show their targets that

they're capable of doing the same thing to them. These violent outbursts overtly train partners to accept acts of violence.

4. Destroying Your Self-Confidence.

Psychopaths generally prefer short-term affairs, which provide constant new thrills to relieve the boredom that constantly haunts them. In long-term relationships, it's nearly impossible to control healthy human beings who have clear boundaries and a strong self-esteem. This is when psychopaths move from the initial over-the-top flattery to scathing criticism. Once they have secured their chosen partner in their grasp, they begin to put them down to erode their self-esteem. Psychopaths constantly correct your slightest mistakes, making you feel 'on guard', unintelligent, and leaving you with the feeling that you are always doing something wrong. This gradually erodes your confidence and allows them to treat you badly, as though you deserved it. The increased insecurity you experience increases the control exerted by the psychopath.

5. Cutting Off Your Support.

In nature, predators isolate their prey from the rest of the herd to reduce the protection of the herd and allow them to attack and kill their target without harassment. That is precisely what psychopaths do to their human prey; psychopaths isolate their partners from their families, friends and colleagues. They do this through overt criticism and by following partners around when they meet with friends or associates. Psychopaths cunningly turn their victim against their own family and friends, they know your friends and family will influence you and offer negative opinions about the psychopath's behaviour. Rather than face the verbal punishment, interrogation, and abuse from the psychopath, you'll stop talking to family and friends.

6. The Nasty and Sweet Cycle.

The psychopath cycles from nasty to sweet and back again. You may find yourself verbally abused and threatened over some minor event, suddenly; the next day they become sweet, doing all those little things they did when you started dating. The period of sweetness leads the partners of psychopaths to cling to the relationship in the misguided hope of finding what psychologist Susan Forward calls "the magic key" that will make the psychopath stay nice to them. That magic key, however, does not exist. The psychopath invariably cycles back to his real, vile self. Over time, the nasty cycle escalates in severity and increases in duration. It's interspersed with increasingly fewer 'nice' moments, which trap the victim in her own wishful thinking. The psychopath victims stay in the relationship, hoping each nasty-then-sweet cycle is the last one. The other purpose of the nasty cycle is to allow the psychopath to say hurtful things about you or those you care about, again chipping away at your self-esteem and self-confidence.

7. It's Always Your Fault.

Psychopaths never accept blame for anything they do wrong; they deny the truth and accuse their victims of wrongdoing. Their twisted logic goes something like this: "I didn't do it, but even if I did, you deserved it." They outright lie in the case of abuse and blame partners for provoking them. According to the psychopath, they accuse their victim of lying about being hit or verbally abused. They create a picture of their victims as the ones who were 'on edge' and 'disturbed,' not the psychopath. The psychopath never, repeat never, takes personal responsibility for his or her poor behaviour - it's always the fault of someone else.

8. Breakup Panic.

Psychopaths need to control everything in their lives, especially their romantic relationships. When they get bored with one partner and find a replacement, they can leave them impulsively, heartlessly, often without even bothering to offer an explanation. Psychopaths get very angry when the tables are turned and their partners leave them. The Psychopath panics at the idea of

breaking up, unless it's completely their idea - then you're dropped like a hot rock. Abusive boyfriends often break down and cry, they plead, they promise to change, and they offer marriage, holidays and gifts when you threaten to end the relationship. If you foolishly return to the relationship, escape will be three times as difficult the next time and infinitely more dangerous.

9. No Outside Interests.

To control their victims, psychopaths don't just isolate them from other people. They also narrow the range of their interests and activities, leading their partners to focus exclusively on them. They give money and gifts, to keep victims financially and emotionally dependent on them. They may follow their partners everywhere to monitor if they were seeing other lovers. If you have an individual activity, they demand that they accompany you, making you feel miserable during the entire event. The purpose of this is to prevent you from having fun or interests other than those, which they totally control.

10. Paranoid Control.

As a mirror reflection of themselves, psychopaths suspect other people, including their partners, of being manipulative, deceptive and unscrupulous. Psychopaths routinely cheat on their spouses with countless sexual partners and they tend to think their spouses may be cheating on them as well. The psychopath will continually check up on you and keep track of where you are and whom you are seeing. If you speak to a member of the opposite sex, you must explain how you know them and what you were doing.

11. Public Embarrassment.

Psychopaths enjoy putting down their partners in private and publicly, to embarrass and isolate them. They attempt to build a psychological, if not physical, prison around their primary targets. They do everything possible to undermine their partner's confidence, reduce their sociability, narrow the range of their interests and eliminate all positive human contact from their lives. In an effort to keep you under control while in public, the psychopath will lash out at you, call you names, or say cruel or embarrassing things about you as you attempt social interaction. If you foolishly stay with the psychopath, you'll find yourself politely smiling, saying nothing, and holding on to their arm when in public. Psychopaths aim to transform strong and proud individuals into doormats.

12. It's Never Enough.

Incredibly, psychopaths don't want to have successful, balanced relationships, they want to dominate by destroying their partners psychologically and emotionally. Ultimately, there's nothing anybody can do to please a psychopath. You find yourself constantly jumping through more and more hoops to try to please them. Through this insidious process, a psychopath wears down his partner's self-esteem. Eventually, victims feel too insecure to leave the abusive relationship. The Psychopath convinces you that you are never quite good enough. You don't say 'I love you' enough, you don't stand close enough, you stand too close, you don't do enough for them after all their sacrifices, and your behaviour always falls short of what is expected. This is a method of destroying your self-esteem. After months of this regime, they begin telling you how lucky you are to have them, somebody who tolerates a person as inadequate and worthless as you.

13. Entitlement.

Psychopaths believe they are entitled to do and have everything and everyone they want. Laws, ethics and other people's feelings mean nothing to them. The psychopath has a tremendous sense of entitlement, the belief that they have a perfectly logical right to do whatever

they desire. If you disobey their desires or demands, or violate one of their rules, they feel they are entitled to punish you in any manner they see fit. The psychopath believes that you don't have the right to object to their mistreatment or to leave them as a result of it.

14. Your Friends and Family Dislike Them.

Psychopaths superficially tend to be pleasant and charming, especially at the beginning of a relationship. Once they have their partner firmly in their grip, they proceed to isolate them from their support system. As the relationship continues, your friends and family will see what the psychopath is doing to you. They will notice a change in your personality or your withdrawal and they will try to warn you. The psychopath will tell you they are jealous of the 'special love' you have and then use their protest and opinion as further evidence that they are against you, not him. If you fail to heed their advice, your life may be forfeited.

15. Bad Stories.

The best indicator of future behaviour is past behaviour. There may be exceptions to this general principle and authentic, feeling people can improve their character and behaviour with genuine and consistent effort. A psychopath can never change their behaviour. If a man cheated on every wife he's ever been with, it's highly likely that he'll cheat on the next one as well. The problem usually isn't the woman or women he was with, but his underlying lack of character. Psychopaths don't find anything wrong with their harmful behaviour, they're perfectly happy with what they are and may even boast about it. This also sends out some obvious warning signals. Psychopaths brag about their temper and violent outbursts because they don't see anything wrong with violence and actually take pride in the 'I don't take nothing from nobody' attitude. Listen to these stories, they tell you how you will eventually be treated and what's coming your way.

16. The Waitress Test.

The way people behaved in the past is an indication of how they'll behave in the future, so how they treat others functions as a good indicator of how you'll eventually be treated. A person who's uncaring and unethical towards others will most likely treat you that way when you no longer serve their interests. Psychologists call this 'the waitress test.' The way a Psychopath treats people who aren't useful to them, reveals how they'll treat you once your expiry date is up. When dating, the way an individual treats a waitress or other neutral person of the opposite sex is the way they will treat you in six months. During the 'honeymoon phase' of a relationship, you will be treated like royalty. If they whine, complain, criticize, and torment, that's how you'll be treated in six months' time. Psychopaths lack consistency in their 'good' behaviour because for them, goodness is a façade. The way they treat someone relates strictly to the person's perceived value. When people are useful to them, they treat them well. When they are no longer useful, they ignore or mistreat them. Genuine, authentic people treat others cordially, regardless of their perceived usefulness. If you find yourself dating a man who treats you like a queen and other females like dirt, hit the road. Soon, you'll be the dirt he walks on, on his way to conquering other temporary queens.

17. The Reputation.

Victims of psychopaths describe them as Jekyll and Hyde personalities. The Jekyll side is a mask they construct to attract, distract and use others. The Hyde side represents their true nature, which becomes increasingly dominant over time. To outsiders, psychopaths may appear to be easy-going, nice people. That's because people only see one side of them, the fun-loving mask they wear in public. The psychopath's families see another, much more sinister side of their personality.

Any sign of independence from partners means escaping control: something that can't be tolerated and results in punishment through abuse and possibly elevates to murder. Mentally healthy individuals are consistent in their personality and their behaviour. This is not the case with psychopaths, who may have two distinct reputations. Some people will give you glowing reports and others will warn you that you are in serious trouble. Pay attention to what others say, trust your own intuition and powers of observation. Pay close attention to how your partner treats you over time and in different circumstances. Be particularly attuned to how they respond when you express different needs or opinions. Psychopaths can't tolerate any real assertion of independence from others. Although some psychopaths may consistently maintain the mask of charm in superficial interactions with their friends, colleagues and acquaintances, their vile controlling, selfish and aggressive natures is exposed in extended intimate relationships.

18. Walking on Eggshells.

People entering a relationship with a psychopath, initially feel desirable, in love and valued. Over time, a partner finds himself or herself walking on eggshells. They fear that anything they do or say might trigger the psychopath's emotional detachment, abuse or hostility. Instead of experiencing the warmth and comfort of love in your relationship, you will be constantly on edge and tense when talking to others as they may say something you'll have to explain later.

19. Discounted Feelings and Opinions.

Psychopath's callousness and evil, stems from their selfishness and inability to respect other people. They cannot see fellow human beings as having independent needs and desires. Those involved with a psychopath, come to realise that their feelings, needs and opinions don't matter. As Hervey Cleckley's study of psychopathy concluded, the psychopath's narcissism is, absolute. The Psychopath is so self-involved and self-worshiping that the feelings and opinions of others are worthless. The Psychopath is extremely hostile toward criticism and often reacts with anger or rage when questioned on their behaviour. Narcissists and psychopaths flatter others only to use and manipulate them. They lack any genuine consideration for others.

20. They Drive You Crazy.

Psychopaths quite literally drive their partners crazy. They lie to them to the point where partners start doubting their perception of reality. They discourage and belittle them so they lose their self-confidence and become reclusive. They mistreat them to the point where they're overcome with rage. The Psychopath operates in such a damaging way that you find yourself doing 'crazy' things in self-defence. While you think you are 'going crazy,' it's important to remember that there is no such thing as 'normal behaviour' in a combat situation. Your behaviour will return to normal if you detach from the psychopath before permanent psychological damage occurs. When involved with a psychopath, you may escape alive, but unless you end the relationship in its earliest stages, you're not likely to escape unharmed.

Psychopathic seducers can fake decency and love convincingly in the beginning of a relationship, that's how they manage to attract so many potential partners, but they can't sustain their mask of sanity over time in intimate contact, since it's completely fake. If you remain vigilant, you'll be able to see red flags early on in the relationship with a psychopath despite his veneer of charm and extravagant romantic words and gestures. Psychotherapist Steve Becker suggests most of his clients recognised the warning signals in their relationships with ASPD partners. They just minimised those signals or completely ignored them. They preferred to focus on their romantic fantasies rather than face an unpleasant reality. According to Becker, the most

difficult challenge isn't noticing the red flags, but actually heeding them. He said, "I find that many of my clients were in fact cognisant of odd, disconcerting behaviours/attitudes that their exploitative partners were reckless enough to reveal (or incapable of concealing). They may have even felt troubled by them, but in their intense need to want the relationship, they found ways to suppress their uneasiness: to ignore and/or minimize the significance of these signals and rationalise the alarms their instincts triggered."

If you encounter a person, aroused by perverse and forbidden desires rather than by you, yourself, **run**.

If you encounter a person who appears to offer you the world to gain your trust only to violate his promises or raise the bar higher and higher, **run**.

If you encounter a man who behaves in a despicable manner towards any other woman, examine his behaviour carefully since that's how he'll eventually treat you and, needless to say, **run**.

Truth is not a convenient fiction. Similarly, love is not a power game for anyone capable of this emotion. Love is the deepest and most significant bond human beings form with one another and the foundation of our lives and society itself. If you encounter a man who gives any signs that he regards love as a game and you as a 'prize' to be won, run. Any intimate relationship with a psychopath is a gamble where you risk losing everything, including your life and gain nothing.

They have manipulated you in the most inhumane way possible for their selfish needs and they do not care.

Psychopaths cannot care.

Not now, not ever.

There is no physical connection to the nurturing area of their brain. Incredibly, psychopaths have substituted the feeling of love and care with their trademark of control, lies, hatred, contempt and violence. Without any moral compass whatsoever, the 'path is free to do whatever they wish with you – and they do, on a scale that is completely unbelievable to a normal, feeling human being. No ordinary, caring human being can comprehend the emotional desert of people suffering psychopathy.

The vast majority of humans believe that there is 'good' and honesty in all people and that all people are born equal. This belief is one of the major reasons people cannot believe psychopaths exist. The belief that all people are essentially 'good' is music to the psychopath's ears, as they know this is one of the greatest of all untruths.

To illustrate the untruth that all people are born equal and brimming with love and compassion, you need to imagine a mother giving birth to a child. A normal 'feeling' human mother will be flooded with natural hormones as the child is born, bonding her instinctively and lovingly to her beautiful newborn infant. The bond the human mother creates will last her lifetime and it is the most amazing and wonderful form of love. I can remember, only recently, a 12-year-old girl's loving expression when asked if she missed her mother after a long period of

illness kept them apart. The look from both mother and daughter was one the most hauntingly beautiful things I have ever seen.

The psychopathic mother on the other hand, will never share the human experience of love and bonding. The child is not a gift, it's a burden, she will hold the child responsible for the pain and trauma of giving birth and with no emotional bond, the psychopathic mother will be able to discard her child like a broken toy at any time. The child means absolutely nothing to her, other than to use as her personal slave and plaything. The child may suffer hideous childhood abuse with no idea why.

Strangely, I had seen this behaviour in the animal world, where a farm animal would give birth, turn around and look at the newborn as if it were some sort of alien insect and quickly walk away, leaving the small animal to perish if we didn't intervene to try and save it. Under normal circumstances the animal mother would give birth, lovingly clean the newborn animal, ensure the tiny creature could suckle correctly and offer protection if the newborn was threatened. Interestingly I saw the rejection of newborn in several animal species. The ability of a female animal to discard her offspring was rare, but it did happen.

The amazing thing is, the human spirit can survive the abuse the 'path delivers so freely. Our body may be broken and crippled from their abuse, but our spirit, our core self, remains powerfully ours. We may be chained, tortured and even murdered, but our spirit will never be imprisoned. We may be subjected to continual verbal and emotional abuse, but our beautiful authentic spirit is still with us. Our wounded spirit may retreat from abuse, but it cannot be surrendered or disappear. Riches, prestige, everything can be lost, but the happiness, love and beautiful memories in our own heart can only be dimmed, not stolen; it will always be there, as long as we live. Our feelings of love, compassion and forgiveness are far greater than the crippled 'path can ever imagine and unlike the material possessions we collect, can never be taken from us.

When the Enola Gay crew dropped an atomic bomb on Hiroshima one of the survivors, Shinji Mikamo, despite horrific lifelong injuries and unimaginable personal loss said, "Americans are not to blame, the war is to blame. People's unwillingness to understand those with different values - that is to blame. The pilot of the Enola Gay had only been following orders," he pointed out, "And risked his own life in the process."

We have the wonder of love, joy, trust and forgiveness that the 'path has no comprehension of. It's like normal feeling humans looking at the world in glorious three dimensional Technicolor, while the 'path can only see 2D black and white 'line art.' We have so much love, joy, wonder and forgiveness at our disposal, while the 'path will spend their lives in a whirlpool of hatred, abuse, control, the pursuit of material possessions, sex, money, control and revenge. You cannot change the unchangeable, no matter how loving or qualified you may be. Psychopaths have no reason to change, they are perfectly happy as they are.

Even though the 'paths who control us appear to enjoy their material wealth and power, they are constantly fighting to control the raging, caged beast inside them. It takes an enormous amount of effort for the 'path to keep their mask of sanity in place – trying to be friendly when

dealing with people, when in reality they loath and despise them and would be more than willing to commit murder if the need arose. Peoplethings that have been born for their cruel enjoyment; to manipulate, torture, dominate, murder and carry the yoke of serfdom.

As humans, we realise we are a thread in an enormous tapestry of life, where everything down to a molecular level is connected. Every breath we take has been shared by countless life forms around us for millennia. We are part of a complex and constant universal love that extends to all life forms. We are a vibrating mass of atomic intricacy linked to a vibrating mass of incomprehensible complexity. Humans are spiritual beings that exhibit love and understanding of their actions and are capable of positive, loving, supportive networks. Our ability to love, show compassion and understanding is hard wired into our genetic make-up. It's part of being an authentic human. It is the basic social framework for our survival.

Just as we don't have to be taught how to breathe air or digest food, it's instinctive, we don't have to be taught the wonder of love and understanding; it's a natural part of the human experience. We need to have these emotions recognised and nurtured, as this is the wonderfully powerful part of our human inheritance. We are born rich; rich in our depth of emotional understanding, wisdom, love, caring, creativity, trust and joy: rich in the true meaning of the word. With this inherent richness, we are able to reap the beauty and support that surrounds us.

Incredibly, psychopaths have no concept of these emotions, they have absolutely no understanding of love or compassion and they are shallow, selfish creatures lusting for power, sex, control and material possessions. The networks, brotherhoods and corporations they create are for the sole purpose of funnelling greater wealth and control into their hands. They can never give, they can only take; they are self-seeking, cunning, violent and devious creatures that have learned to mimic human feelings perfectly to their advantage.

Psychopaths know they are different from the majority of people around them and quickly discover that normal humans with the full range of emotions are unable to detect them. Sadly, they are missing the essential part that would make them human and they know can never be part of a loving, caring, trusting society. They can never be part of honesty and truth. They know the difference between right and wrong, but dismiss it as not applying to them. They are stuck in their vile, dark void of Anti-Social behaviour. They will live a lie until they die. They are a LIE (Lacking Integrity and Ethics).

To emphasise the incredibly bizarre mindset of the psychopath, a famous American psychologist used a test to determine if someone had the same mentality as a killer. Many arrested serial killers took part in the test and answered the question correctly, thus indicating a strong alignment to ASPD behaviour and psychopathy in particular. The psychologist would tell the story of a woman, while at the funeral of her own mother, met a guy whom she did not know. She thought this guy was amazing. She believed him to be her dream guy so much that she fell in love with him right there and then, but never asked for his number and could not find him. A few days later, she killed her sister. The psychologist would ask the question, "What was her motive for killing her sister?"

The psychopath would answer, "She was hoping the guy would appear at the funeral again."

There is no way I could come to that conclusion in a pink fit and I hope you didn't either.

Chapter Twelve

Tell me lies – Tell me Sweet Little Lies

The indigenous Hopi from North America have a saying, “Lose your temper and you lose a friend; lie and you lose yourself.”

The Russian philosopher and novelist, Fyodor Dostoyevsky noted, “Above all, don’t lie to yourself. The man who lies to himself and listens to his own lie comes to a point that he cannot distinguish the truth within him, or around him, and so loses all respect for himself and for others. And having no respect he ceases to love.”

Our personal contact with psychopaths, showed them to be consummate liars, it seemed as if they manipulated truth with clever wording and imagery to suit their purpose. When faced with irrefutable truth, psychopaths lie freely and at first, their lies sound completely convincing, but later analysis shows they are finely crafted strings of gibberish with sprinklings of truth or just plain untruths. Once again, their strange, alluring speech pattern is incredibly hypnotic, confusing and believable. They tell people what they want to hear. They cleverly create uncomfortable situations they can verbally remedy. Their words cast a spell over normal feeling humans, they are skilled wordsmiths and it may be no coincidence they use the word 'spell' and 'spelling' in relation to English language. People are literally under their spell.

In the case of my wife's mother, we captured her facial expressions on video camera as we asked her questions about her sexual liaisons with her daughter's ex-husband. Played at normal speed, her face looked blank and calm and she actually looked bored (which I'm sure she was), but played frame by frame, the recording revealed a sneer crossed her lips as she responded to the allegations. As usual, the accusations were of no interest to her whatsoever and her wispy sneer signalled her contempt for our questioning and the truth.

If I tell a lie, I am plagued with guilt. Amazingly, a psychopath has no guilt response at all (guilt is an emotional response requiring a conscience) and consequently will build their whole life around lies. If they are caught lying, they simply tell bigger lies, launch a blithering personal attack on their accuser or feign emotional distress. This horrific emotional bypass allows them to create outrageous scenarios designed to impress victims during the 'interview' stage of engagement or to ensure their success during business dealings or their quest for social power or sex. I'm certain all of us have told lies at some stage of our lives, but they are usually small insignificant deviations from the truth, unlike the 'path who will tell whoppers to bolster their need for grandiosity, manipulation or control.

As small children in school, we often heard the ancient chant of, “Sticks and stones will break my bones, but names will never hurt me.” That may be true for a psychopath, but calling a

normal feeling human a vile name will cause intense emotional pain. The amazing thing is, you can call a psychopath everything under the sun and the insults will have little visible effect initially. The psychopath will flick on the switch of pity if they think their accuser is worthy of entrapment, but the emotional pain we feel when someone says something derogatory about us, does not register the same way on the emotionally unreceptive 'path. It's like wearing a Teflon coated, stainless steel suit of armour when you get caught lying – nothing sticks.

With no sense of guilt, the 'path can easily lie and deceive and there is no way a normal feeling human can tell, unless they research what has been told to them. As feeling humans, speech is only a fraction of the way we interpret interpersonal information, we rely heavily on subconscious cues like eye and body movement to verify the validity of oral communication. With no visible cues of deceit, the psychopath is easily able to bypass our internal warning system.

If a psychopath tells the truth, it's an accident.

A leading psychologist shared a case where a psychopath was "Man of the Year" and president of the Chamber of Commerce in his small town. The man claimed to have a Ph.D. from Berkeley. He ran for a position on the school board from which he then planned to move into a political position that guaranteed wealth.

A local reporter decided to check to see if his credentials were real. The reporter discovered the only thing that was true about the person was his date of birth and the place he was born. Everything else was a lie. The man a complete impostor and had a history of antisocial behaviour, fraud, impersonation, and imprisonment. His only association with a university was a correspondence course that he took while in Leavenworth Federal Penitentiary. For twenty years he had weaved his way across America one step ahead of those he had conned. He had married three women and had four children, and he didn't even know what had happened to them. He would have completed his greatest deception, except for the nosy reporter.

When he was exposed, he was completely unconcerned. "These trusting people will stand behind me. A good liar is a good judge of people," he said. Amazingly, he was right. Far from being outraged at the fact that they had all been completely deceived, conned and taken for a ride, the local community he had defrauded so completely rushed to his support!

Dennis O'Riordan, a top British lawyer said that he had attended Harvard and Oxford universities to get jobs at a string of banks, barristers' chambers and solicitors' firms during his five-year legal career. His CV stated he had a doctorate in philosophy from Oxford, a master's degree from Harvard, attended Radley College and was an Elder Scholar and a member of the New York and Irish Bars and a string of other notable attendances and qualifications. All of these claims were lies. The Bar Standards board was finally tipped off about the fake qualifications and O'Riordan was forced to quit his job as special consultant at Paul Hastings after his lies were revealed.

The false academic background helped him become a partner at two City law firms, Cadwalader Wickersham & Taft and Paul Hastings. O'Riordan was originally called to the Bar

by Inner Temple in 1993. The barrister then went on to become a senior in-house London lawyer for a number of overseas banks. He was group counsel for Nomura; general counsel for Sumitomo Finance; and head of legal and tax for the Republic National Bank of New York. In 2005, he joined barristers' chambers 4-5 Gray's Inn Square. He moved to another chambers, Quadrant, before joining Cadwalader's in August 2008 to launch its financial regulatory group in London. In January 2009, he joined Paul Hastings and was a partner there until 2012, when he became a special consultant at its London office.

Surprise, surprise, he became fabulously wealthy along the way with a luxurious manor in Cotswold and all the trappings of a successful legal person.

Colleagues who worked with him described him as, "A clever, charming and creative lawyer but not suited to management." The work associates noted, "He had Gordon Brown-style eruptions when challenged - now at least we know why. He had plenty to hide."

In an attempt to stop a campaign against her release from prison, a notorious British killer tried to downplay the callousness of her crimes by writing a letter to the victim's family. In the letter, she stated 'I know almost everyone describes me as cold and calculating, but I ask you to believe that I find all this deeply upsetting.' She went on to write, 'Please believe me – not for my sake, but simply in the hope that it will give you even a little peace of mind, that however monstrous and unforgivable the crime was, your child was not tortured to death.' This statement was in direct conflict to the evidence obtained by police showing photographs of her and her accomplice torturing and murdering their victim along with audio tape recordings of the final, hideous tortured moments of the child's life. These people are capable of extreme cunning and deception in an attempt to get what they want, in this case, a release from prison. Like my brother, it is almost impossible for people to detect these non-humans ability to deceive and manipulate until it's too late.

It's one thing for people to lie, but when governments get into the act, it's time to start wondering how and why.

Adolf Hitler wrote, "In the big lie there is always a certain force of credibility; because the broad masses of a nation are always more easily corrupted in the deeper strata of their emotional nature than consciously or voluntarily; and thus in the primitive simplicity of their minds they more readily fall victims to the big lie than the small lie, since they themselves often tell small lies in little matters but would be ashamed to resort to large-scale falsehoods. It would never come into their heads to fabricate colossal untruths, and they would not believe that others could have the impudence to distort the truth so infamously." (Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf*, vol. I, ch. X.)

In other words, if a government tells a huge lie, the population will believe them because they cannot comprehend the scale of the lie. A normal feeling human can never tell such a colossal untruth; our conscience prevents it. Modern Pathocratic governments' foundations rest on lies so huge they would make Adolf Hitler blush. The Big Lie method works wonders when you have a willfully ignorant, mathematically challenged, easily manipulated populace. A lie

doesn't become truth, wrong doesn't become right and evil doesn't become good, just because it's accepted by the majority of society.

As another example of identifying governmental obsession with lying, very few people realised the west's concerns with Russia's "October Revolution" in 1917, were not about the threat of Communism to the West's precious Capitalism, but with what Lenin wrote in his famous 'Decree on Peace.' What he wrote was their greatest fear when he said, "We have to fight against the hypocrisy of the governments, which, while talking about peace and justice, actually carry on wars of conquest and plunder. Not one single government will tell you what it really means. However, we are opposed to secret diplomacy and can afford to act openly before all people. We do not now close nor have we ever closed our eyes to the difficulties." Lenin's written declaration was pure dynamite in the face of a lying capitalist establishment. He had to be opposed and punished! While Russia's former allies opposed communism as a direct threat to their treasured capitalism and needed an active Eastern Front to decrease pressure on the Western Front, they were desperate, as Lenin postulated, to hide their involvement in the catastrophe known as the First World War.

History shows, politicians will choose gunfire over sanity and reason every time. Forced to choose between truth and force, the communists chose force. Their regime became the new model for modern secretive, lying governments to follow and as Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov, better known as Lenin, later wrote, "A lie told often enough becomes the truth," a fact that had not escaped the attention of generations of deceitful rulers before him.

As an example of secretive government activity, in 1958, U.S. president Dwight David Eisenhower ordered the construction of a massive underground bunker to shelter 1,100 top bureaucrats from nuclear attack during the cold war. Naturally, in line with secretive, lying government policy, the general population was not made aware of this plan. The bunker was built under the luxurious Greenbrier Hotel in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, U.S.A. protected by 3-foot-thick concrete walls and an air-intake system designed to filter out dangerous radioactive fall-out. The 112,000 square foot bunker was completed in 1962 at the cost of \$US 14 million and boasted an 'Exhibition Hall' 89 feet (27 m) by 186 feet (57 m) beneath a ceiling nearly 20 feet (6.1 m) high and supported by 18 support columns. Either side of this room were two smaller halls, one seating about 470 people, which was big enough to host the 435-member House of Representatives, while the smaller hall had seating capacity for about 130, suitable as a temporary Senate chamber. With a thirty-year supply of food, a medical facility, an airstrip and a communication centre the U.S. government intended to weather out the anticipated nuclear attack while their countrymen bore the brunt of nuclear radiation. What a brave and charming bunch of individuals! I'm certain current governments have only extended their underground survival strategy from Eisenhower's original idea. And what an absurd strategy it is. Apart from the obvious survival flaws, imagine spending 30 years locked in a bunker with these people! I can't imagine being able to live more than 30 seconds with these creatures. If humans on the surface did survive the nuclear roasting, I'm sure they would be less than overjoyed to meet their leaders who deserted them in their hour of need.

John Swinton, an early New York Times Chief of Staff in the mid 1800's, summed up the climate of lying and press suppression in early America when he said to his fellow associates,

“There is no such thing, at this date of the world's history, in America, as an independent press. You know it and I know it. There is not one of you who dares to write your honest opinions, and if you did, you know beforehand that it would never appear in print. I am paid weekly for keeping my honest opinion out of the paper I am connected with. Others of you are paid similar weekly salaries for similar things, and any of you who would be so foolish as to write honest opinions would be out on the streets looking for another job. If I allowed my honest opinions to appear in one issue of my paper, before twenty-four hours my occupation would be gone. The business of the journalists is to destroy the truth; to lie outright; to pervert; to vilify; to fawn at the feet of Mammon, and to sell his country and his race for his daily bread. You know it and I know it, and what folly is this toasting an independent press? We are the tools and vassals of rich men behind the scenes. We are the jumping jacks, they pull the strings and we dance. Our talents, our possibilities, and our lives are all the property of other men. We are intellectual prostitutes.”

Mr. Swinton's statement is a stereotype reminder of typical ASPD behaviour where the suppression of the press supports secretive, lying governments and corporations and this lying in an early epoch of American history, blazed the trail for later modern Pathocracies.

Paper rarely refuses ink, anything can be printed, truth or lies.

Daniel Ellsberg discovered the U.S. Government was lying during the Vietnam war, the Johnson Administration had systematically lied, not only to the public, but also to Congress about a subject of national interest and significance and as a result Ellsberg made the following quote, “The public is lied to every day by the President, by his spokespeople, by his officers. If you can't handle the thought that the President lies to the public for all kinds of reasons, you couldn't stay in the government at that level... The fact is Presidents rarely say the whole truth — essentially, never say the whole truth of what they expect and what they're doing and what they believe and why they're doing it and rarely refrain from lying, actually, about these matters.”

On December 9, 1999, the New York Times published a small article by Emily Yellin in which a Memphis jury found a government conspiracy and cover up in Martin Luther King's death. The family of Dr King, the civil rights leader, were keen to set the record straight about his assassination and their belief in a government cover-up. The U.S government stood by their conviction of James Earl Ray as the one and only person to have fired the shot that killed Martin Luther King, but the Memphis jury exposed serious flaws in the government case. One juror, David Morphy, said after the trial, "We all thought it was a cut and dried case with the evidence that was brought to us, that there were a lot of people involved, everyone from the C.I.A., military involvement, and Jowers was involved." The jury discovered Mr. Jowers owned Jim's Grill in 1968, a restaurant opposite the motel where Dr. King was shot and just below the second-floor accommodation from which, according to James Earl Ray's confession in 1969, Mr. Ray fired the single shot that killed Dr. King. James Ray, who later declared his confession untrue, hinted at a conspiracy as well. He died in prison while serving a 99-year sentence.

The Australian government managed to keep the death of 16 Australians secret in 'Operation Claret' during the Konfrontasi skirmish between Malaysia and Indonesia. Unbeknown to the general population and most of the Australian parliament, the government was supporting the

Malaysian military in a border dispute with Indonesia between 1963 and 1966. Harold Holt, the prime minister at the time, was talking at a hall in Sydney in Dec 1966 and a citizen got up on the stage at the end of the meeting, and questioned him regarding Australia's involvement in the 'silent war.' A government assistant, Tony, frisked him and then said, "Harold, there's someone here who wants to talk to you". Holt responded to the person's questioning by saying, "If you won't fight for what you believe in, you're rubbish," and physically tried to push the individual out of the way. The individual questioning Holt resisted the push and said "This is what I believe in." Holt was stunned by the resistive response.

Later, another president, George H.W. Bush would hint at cover-ups when he said, "If the American people knew what we have done, they would string us up from the lamp posts."

The White House admitted that fake vaccination programs have been used by the United States as a cover for covertly stealing DNA samples from the public as part of the so-called "war on terror." The aim of the scheme, carried out in the Middle East, was to use DNA analysis to identify suspected terrorists who would then be targeted to be killed by the United States. As the New York Times reported in 2011, "In the months before Osama bin Laden was killed, the Central Intelligence Agency ran a bogus vaccination program in Abbottabad, Pakistan, as a ruse to obtain DNA evidence from members of Bin Laden's family thought to be holed up in an expansive compound there." The Guardian reported CIA agents recruited a senior Pakistani doctor to organise the vaccine drive in Abbottabad, even starting the project in a poorer part of town to make it look more authentic. This scheme, first unveiled in 2011, is the first time in history that the U.S. government has been forced to admit using a "public health" activity to secretly and illegally harvest DNA from the public in an attempt to assassinate an individual. How exactly could a vaccination program harvest DNA from people? It turns out to be relatively simple. As The Guardian paper explains, "Nurses could have been trained to withdraw some blood in the needle after administering the drug." The U.S. government says it will no longer use fake vaccination campaigns as a tactic in the "war on terror." and the people of the world will be asked to trust this promise even though it comes from the exact same regime that ran the deceptive vaccination operation in the first place. According to news sources, White House anti-terrorism advisor Lisa Monaco has now relayed this new claim to the heads of 13 public health schools in the United States. She reportedly said, "The agency will not seek to obtain or exploit DNA or other genetic material acquired through such programs," once again confirming the CIA had been using fake vaccination programs to acquire DNA samples in order to identify human targets. The U.S government has since issued a statement saying the whole vaccination, DNA program story was a deliberate hoax, and again the public is left bewildered as to what to believe.

The whole global vaccination program comes under scrutiny when 98 million Americans were found to have been injected with polio vaccines contaminated with cancer-causing viruses. In order to make sure no one learned about this deadly vaccine blunder, the Centres for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) quietly removed all accounts of this history from its website. Americans are still being vaccinated against polio even though there hasn't been a single case of polio in the USA for 35 years. Flu shots, similarly, have almost zero efficiency and have been scientifically proven to accomplish nothing in nearly 99 out of 100 people who receive them. At the same time, the CDC openly admits flu shots still contains toxic mercury adjuvants, a

documented toxic heavy metal that destroys brain tissue even in small doses as well as formaldehyde, a known carcinogenic and aluminium, a possible cause of dementia. Think I'm making this up? – check the vaccine data sheets for yourself.

In a recording made with Dr. Maurice Hilleman, a prominent Merck scientist and chief of the Merck Pharmaceutical Company's vaccine division, Hilleman reveals the presence of SV40 and other live viruses in popular vaccines supplied to the public. Simian vacuolating virus 40 or Simian virus 40, is a polyomavirus that is found in both monkeys and humans. Like other polyomaviruses, SV40 is a DNA virus that has the potential to cause tumours, but most often persists as a potential infection. Hilleman can be heard laughing along with his colleagues at the fact that due to the vaccines first being tested on Russians, the Russian Olympic team will be “loaded down with tumours.” Laughing can be heard in the background of the recording, as Hilleman's scientific colleagues snicker over the presence of cancer-causing viruses in the vaccines you and your family may have received. It turns even nastier, when we discover that Hilleman and his team imported monkeys directly from Africa due to kidney disease in American monkey stock. They were able to bypass quarantine regulations and import directly via Madrid, but unwittingly, the African Green monkeys they imported were contaminated with the AIDS virus, which suddenly spread like wildfire.

Despite governments being fully aware of the dangers of vaccines, they continue to lie about the benefits of their vaccination programs around the world; while the drug companies supplying vaccines and medications to offset the effects of the vaccines watch their profits soar into the stratosphere.

Michigan's Blue Cross Blue Shield pays a doctor a \$40,000 bonus for fully vaccinating 100 patients under the age of 2. If a doctor manages to fully vaccinate 200 patients, the bonus increases to \$80,000. Under BCBS's rules, paediatricians LOSE THE WHOLE BONUS if they don't have at least 63% of their patients vaccinated. If a patient doesn't vaccinate, the Dr. not only doesn't get \$400 for the child, he may lose the whole \$40,000 (or more) bonus. No wonder they are so keen to jab. (Source - The Physician Alliance BCBS Performance Recognition Program - page 15).

Governments force people into accepting vaccinations on threat of unemployment, defaults on social security payments and social ostracism. Perhaps we should invite the bureaucrats pushing the vaccine agenda to have the same number of vaccines as infants, simultaneously with dosages adjusted for their adult body weight. Once again, no feeling human could ever believe the scale of lying perpetrated by governments and corporations. No feeling human being could knowingly inflict such deceit and misery on his or her fellow humans; our conscience prevents it.

In 2013, when Barak Obama admitted the U.S. government was spying on American and international citizens using its PRISM surveillance network, he simply said there were, “Modest encroachments on privacy.” He forgot to mention the massive cyber spy network of the Central Intelligence Agency, the U.S Cyber Command, the National Security Agency (NSA), the National Geospatial-Intelligence Agency (NGA) and the Central Security Service used to spy on U.S. and international civilians with its \$US52.6 billion annual budget and estimated 107,035 employees. This massive network of spies, set up by departments of the U.S government had

been operating since the September 11 attack on New York's Twin Towers and is immune from public scrutiny. In 2014, the US National Security Agency (NSA) admitted it has collected and stored almost 200 million text messages every day from individuals' phones around the world. A "modest encroachment on privacy" is an understatement of extreme paranoia, deceit and blatant disregard for decency and truth. I am damned if I could tell a lie of that size, but the president of the United States of America did and he never batted an eyelid.

Why are those in power so paranoid? With all the spy satellites, phone taps, Internet intercepts, government spy-ware, surveillance cameras, facial recognition and espionage in place, how can paedophiles, rapists, murderers, war criminals, violent drug cartels, illicit drug importers, slave traders, despots, demon worshipping child killers, terrorists, traitors, Mafia, Triad etc. be unhampered in their activities? Maybe these people are the people involved in the surveillance and spy networks.

What do they have to protect or hide that makes them monitor nearly every physical and electronic conversation on planet earth?

The truth is, those in control have everything to hide and anyone capable of exposing their lies and criminal behaviour is a major threat to their secret Pathocratic agendas. The fact is, mass surveillance is not a part of normal functioning government, but is a strong indicator of ASPD behaviour. As you continue reading, you will discover how humans can begin to break free of their predatory masters and their lust for wealth, power and control at the cost of truth and sanity.

For many years, I was puzzled how those in control could keep the lid on their outrageous lies and secret agendas. How could a government keep projects like the construction of the first atomic bomb secret from project workers, the public and their Axis enemies, as was the case with the 'Manhattan Project?' The Manhattan Project began in 1939 during the Second World War and grew to employ more than 129,000 people and cost nearly US\$2 billion, a staggering figure in the 1940's. The workforce consisted of 84,500 construction workers, 40,500 plant operators and 1,800 military personnel. How could a secretive government stop people finding out what they were doing? After all, there were literally hundreds of thousands of people working on the project; surely, someone would blow the whistle on what was happening. The answer is surprisingly simple and the strategy successfully implemented for thousands of years. The hierarchy system of control, similar to the pyramid system of control, where a few at the top are the only ones with total knowledge, provided the key.

By spreading the Manhattan Project over several countries, research and production took place at more than 30 sites across the United States, the United Kingdom and Canada. Workers were told what to do on a need to know basis and were effectively isolated from other components of the project. People working at control consoles had no idea what they were really controlling and it was only many years after the second world war ended and they saw photographs of what they were doing, they were able to discover their place in an elaborate ruse. That they were part of building the most hideous explosive devices that murdered over 225,000 fellow humans with just two bombs.

This 'compartmentalisation' technique was extremely effective in keeping people insulated from the truth of what their government was really doing. This technique is still widely used to prevent individuals from knowing too much on any specific project. The worker on the floor has no idea what the overseer knows, the overseer has no idea what the manager knows, the manager has no idea what the area manager knows and so forth until we get to the top tier, who DO know what is happening. At last, I could see how groups of people could keep sensitive projects and information secret, simply through the 'compartmentalisation' technique or the art of keeping people or departments in separate micro-managed compartments.

The true civilian and military casualty toll of U.S. bombing of Japan is one of the biggest cover-ups of World War II. During 1945 as the war was ending, the US firebombed more than 67 Japanese cities. Tokyo was firebombed on the night of March 9, 1945 (just five months before the official end of war on August 14, 1945) at 02:10 hours, by low-flying B-29's with augmented bomb loads. One thousand, seven hundred tons of incendiary bombs, including napalm, jelled-gasoline and white phosphorus dropped in a densely populated civilian area of twelve square miles in Tokyo. The terrifying fireball the bombers created, officially incinerated more than 100,000 Japanese people, over 40,000 wounded, over 1,000,000 made homeless, over 267,000 buildings destroyed. People were boiled alive as they tried to escape in small canals due to the intense heat created by the firestorm. These weren't cardboard cut-outs or mannequins; these were real, flesh and blood people, human beings with the same feelings and aspirations as you and I. Mothers and fathers with children, grandchildren and extended family. They didn't die blissfully in their sleep. They died in the most horrific, agonising way possible. This was the most destructive and cruel air attack in the history of humanity, coldly carried out on mostly terrified civilians by the United States of America.

The Tokyo fire-bombing raid was followed by larger attacks against Nagoya, Osaka, and Kobe, some of Japan's largest cities. Then Nagoya was attacked again. More than 1,595 sorties were flown in 10 days, dropping more than 9,300 tons of bombs. Japanese cities, large and small, were continually pounded with conventional and incendiary bombs toward the end of the war. Tokyo at the time of the first raid had an estimated population of 3 million people. More than 40% of Tokyo was destroyed as shown in historical photographs. It is not even remotely near the truth to say the death toll of the Tokyo raid was 100,000 people. To gain some aspect of the scale of murder, the census data for Japan in February of 1944 was 78 million people and the census count in late 1945 was 72 million. The difference of 6 million would be a much more reasonable estimation of Japanese civilian and military casualties for the firebomb attacks and two nuclear bombs on the Japanese nation.

The bombing of Japanese cities and civilians was not war; it was wholesale murder of mostly ordinary people, carefully hidden by insidious propaganda and lies. Ultimately, the exploding of nuclear weapons over Hiroshima and Nagasaki at the end of World War II was not necessary for allied victory, but a prelude to U.S. supremacy in the cold war by demonstrating the power of U.S. weaponry to Russia. Unlike the psychopaths who control you, I am not making this up, these are historical facts you can research for yourself.

Nazi Germany provided Pervitin (a forerunner of Crystal meth) tablets to their troops during World War II. The German armed forces were supplied with more than 38 million Pervitin

tablets during Germany's "Blitzkrieg" invasion of Poland and the Battle of France during 1939-40 where it was introduced to soldiers and aviators to decrease anxiety and increase performance and concentration. It took only three days for the German division commander to report his fearless, drugged troops had reached the French border. Many of them had not shut their eyes since the start of the campaign. The Berlin-based Temmler pharmaceutical company was the initial source of the Pervitin drug and profited enormously from the distribution of Methamphetamine. It didn't take long for other countries involved in the second world war to start distributing 'ice' to their troops and the process has been used by military leaders to the present day. Adolph Hitler projected himself as a teetotaler who didn't even touch coffee or cigarettes, the reality was that he was a junkie, addicted to cocaine, the heroin-like eukodal, and a toxic cocktail of narcotics supplied by Theodor Morell, a doctor described as 'the Reich injection master'. Many of the top echelon of the Third Reich followed Hitler's drug addled example.

The truth is objective, but the verifiable, documented lies and untruths, perpetrated by global ASPD governments could fill all the major libraries of the world with shelf after shelf of colossal deceit and corruption. The scale of lying from governments is truly mind-boggling and it's not just contemporary rulers who have manipulated the truth. This callous ability to lie, control and set one group against another has been the hallmark of recorded Pathocratic governments and rulers throughout human history in their quest for control, plunder and material wealth.

Lacking true emotions, it's easy for ASPD governing entities with absolutely no sense of guilt or conscience, to set human against human and all they have to do is lie and create a perceived threat from the target group. It may be the colour of someone's skin, his or her religious beliefs, their sexuality or the belief someone may find a way to attack the protagonist. Once blood has spilled in the orchestrated conflict, the feeling humans will genuinely feel the need for justice and retaliation.

Neurosurgeon Itzhak Fried suggests that feeling humans suffer 'cognitive fracture' during these episodes of violence that temporarily overrides the amygdala's ability to regulate emotion. The vile ASPD creatures at the centre of the Pathocratic web may actually murder some of their own citizens to ignite conflict and escalate emotive humans into war scenarios. With the only source of information supplied through carefully filtered media, people would have no idea if what they were being told were within a bull's roar of the truth.

Charles Mackay wrote in 1859, "Men, it has been well said, think in herds; it will be seen that they go mad in herds, while they only recover their senses slowly, one by one."

Those in control lie steadfastly about their real social agenda, both now and in the past. It may be a created belief in afterlife that harnesses an ancient population to haul massive blocks to create titanic pyramids, dig huge burial mounds or chisel huge granite edifices in remote locations for the benefit of a religious bureaucracy. It may be the illusion of money and security that enslaves global populations to a fictitious fiscal belief system that ultimately benefits a small percentage of society and engulfs the majority in serfdom and spiritual dislocation.

Marcus Tullius Cicero (106 BC – 43 BC) was a Roman philosopher, politician, lawyer, orator and political theorist who observed social patterns in ancient Rome similar to our modern

society. He said, "Do not blame Caesar, blame the people of Rome who have so enthusiastically acclaimed and adored him and rejoiced in their loss of freedom and danced in his path and gave him triumphal processions and laughed delightedly at his licentiousness and thought it very superior of him to acquire vast amounts of gold illicitly. Blame the people who hail him when he speaks in the Forum of the 'new, wonderful good society' which shall now be Rome's, interpreted to mean 'more money, more ease, more security, more living fatly at the expense of the industrious.'"

As all human society becomes top heavy with sociopath bureaucracies, we inevitably see fascism raise its ugly head as the pendulum swings in favour of military rule over consensus, sanity and reason. Fascism is a modern term for an ancient ideology of totalitarian military rule and the pattern of violence can be seen repeated again and again and again and again in all human history. The ideology of superiority is the foundation of fascist regimes and in our time U.S. president, Barak Obama evoked nationalistic obedience reminiscent of Hitler's rants in the 1930's when he said, "I believe in American exceptionalism with every fibre of my being." Since the overthrow of the Nazis regime in 1945, we discover the Nazi party was defeated, but not dismantled. The U.S. recruited many of the top Nazis for the CIA and aeronautical science.

Wernher von Braun, the creator of the Nazi V-2 terror bomb was a notable Nazi scientist instrumental in the success of the US space and nuclear missile programme. The CIA used key Nazis party members to broaden their experiments in social control. Because of Nazi recruitment by secret service agencies, core fascist beliefs are the solid heartbeat of the United States of America. Since 1945, more than 69 countries or a third of the membership of the United Nations have been invaded, their popular movements suppressed, their governments overthrown, their elections undermined, their people bombed and their economies ruined by crippling sanctions. Most, if not all atrocities were committed by America's modern version of fascism. The British historian Mark Curtis estimates the death toll from these intrusions in the many millions.

The common element in fascism, past and present, is mass murder of civilians. The American invasion of Vietnam saw many thousands of civilians murdered by the US and its allies; yet only one massacre, at My Lai, is remembered. All the other atrocities were carefully swept under the carpet. In Laos and Cambodia, the greatest aerial bombardment in history produced linked bomb craters, which, from the air, resembled grotesque jewellery. The resulting terror inflicted on civilians gave Cambodia its own ISIS, led by Pol Pot.

As I write in 2015, the world's greatest single campaign of terror, led by the United States of America sees the execution of entire families, children, wedding guests, patients in hospitals in Kunduz, mourners at funerals in Middle Eastern countries America and Australia have illegally invaded. The New York Times reported, the U.S. President is instrumental in these attacks and makes his deadly selection from a CIA "kill list" presented to him every Tuesday in the White House Situation Room. Barack Obama then decides, without a shred of legal vindication, who will live and who will die. The weapon he prefers is the Hellfire missile with its metal augmented charge and cost of US \$110,000 per unit. Carried by drones, these remote controlled aircraft launch their horrific cargo to roast their victims and cover the target area with their mutilated remains. Each "hit" is registered on a faraway computer screen as a "bugslat." To a psychopath, humans are less than bugs, easily squashed and easily forgotten.

No western leader has spoken up about the revival of fascism in Europe except for Vladimir Putin, whose country lost 22 million people to a Nazi invasion that came through the borderland of Ukraine during the Second World War. Figures show that the Red Army destroyed most of the Nazi war machine, at a cost of 13 million Russian soldiers. By contrast, US losses, including military in the Pacific, were 400,000. With the help of Hollywood, the scenario was reversed for the western world audience.

At a Munich Security Conference, U.S. President Obama's Assistant Secretary of State for European and Eurasian Affairs, Victoria Nuland, abused European leaders for opposing the US arming of the Kiev regime in the Ukraine. She called the German Defence Minister, "The minister for defeatism." Victoria Nuland is the wife of Robert D. Kagan, co-founder of the extreme right wing Project for a New American Century. Nuland was foreign policy advisor to Dick Cheney and mastermind of the coup in Kiev. A Republican from Oklahoma, US Senator James Inhofe, put forward a bill that would authorise American arms for the Kiev regime. In his Senate address, Inhofe used photographs he claimed were of Russian troops crossing into Ukraine. These photos were shown to be fakes and it was reminiscent of Ronald Reagan's fake pictures of Soviet installations in Nicaragua, and Colin Powell's lies to the UN of weapons of mass destruction in Iraq.

Behind all the lies and U.S. fascist propaganda, there is a sinister agenda where the western world rulers not only want Ukraine as a missile base, they want its economy and abundant gas reserves with the evil Monsanto looking hungrily at the Ukraine's fertile farmland. Kiev's new Finance Minister, Nataliwe Jaresko, is a former senior US State Department official in charge of US overseas investment. She was hastily given Ukrainian citizenship to cement her schedule. To ensure the U.S takeover and successful spoils of war from the Ukraine, Vice President Joe Biden's son is on the board of Ukraine's biggest oil, gas and fracking company.

The jewel in the crown is the Ukraine's mighty neighbour, Russia. The west's aim is to dismember Russia and exploit the greatest source of natural gas on earth. As they watch the Arctic ice melt, they want control of the Arctic Ocean and Russia's long Arctic land border with its energy riches. Their man in Moscow used to be Boris Yeltsin, an alcoholic, who blindly donated Russia's economy to the West. His successor, Putin, has re-established Russia as a sovereign economic nation and that is his biggest crime in the eyes of the west. If Putin can be provoked into coming to the Ukraine's aid, his pre-ordained pariah role in the West will justify the lie that Russia is invading Ukraine. The west is desperate to invite Russia into armed conflict somewhere on planet earth. If their Ukraine strategy fails, the ASPD military will create another flash point somewhere to ignite war. They know no other way. There is no way a socially adept psychopath can access their feelings of trust and compassion. They know only lies, hatred, abuse and warfare and they profit enormously from this insanity.

The Ukraine's top military commander, General Viktor Muzhemko, almost accidentally dismissed the reason for US sanctions on Russia when he told a news conference, "The Ukrainian army is not fighting with the regular units of the Russian Army." There were "individual citizens" who were members of "illegal armed groups" fighting, but there was no Russian invasion. One of the groups funded by the U.S. is the Ukrainian paramilitary group

known as the Azov battalion. These extreme right fighters proudly display their Swastikas and Hitler SS insignia on the walls of their Mariupol base in southern Ukraine. It's a frightening reminder of the rise of fascism in Europe. To keep up the provocation of Putin, Vadym Prystaiko, Kiev's Deputy Foreign Minister, has called for "full scale war" with nuclear-armed Russia - In GOD we trust (Gold, Oil and Drugs).

Ever since we heard the news stories from the Ukraine conflict, we were puzzled why Ukraine refugees were fleeing to Russia – weren't they supposed to be the enemy? Surely refugees wouldn't flee to the country invading them, I know I wouldn't! If there truly was a threat from Ukrainian separatists, Russia would have the military muscle to quickly subdue an uprising; just one simple phone call from Putin to the Ukrainian leader would pour cold water on any uprising. Once again, we could see the real picture that made sense as opposed to the total lies and bullshit supplied by the 'path controlled media. Once again, if a psychopath tells the truth, it's an accident.

Now we are getting into really scary territory. Could there be a connection with psychopathic lying, lack of guilt and contemporary governments and leaders? You bet there is - and this discovery was the most important discovery of my life. Remember how I said 'paths gravitate towards power and control.' Well folks, here they are – at the top of the heap, the best psychopaths in the business, lying their way into the ultimate in power trips. The leaders that rule you are the media face of a small group of the most evil, corrupt and soulless men and women on the planet. Little by little, I will show you how your whole life is being controlled and cruelly manipulated by the most seriously mentally ill and emotionally disturbed people in the most powerful of positions. These people prey on your emotions and sense of decency in the cruellest and most insidious manner and they don't care; and even more terrifying is the fact they can't care, not now, not ever! The link to that part of their brain is literally missing!

The people who rule you are not humans as we imagine, they are emotionally stricken mutants who look exactly like everyday people, but have absolutely no comprehension of decency, truth and compassion. There is not one drop of decency and empathy flowing through their veins. They are the masters of camouflage and although they appear human, they are lacking the essential qualities of love and compassion shared by most of humanity. They are broken and so is the cruel society they always create.

It is extremely exciting, for the first time ever, we now have the scientific tools to positively identify parasitic psychopaths and break their long established tyranny of hatred, war, abuse and social unreality.

Chapter Thirteen

House of Cards

Every human life begins the same remarkable way and our miraculous entry into the world for our short visit should be heralded as an extraordinary, precious event and for some lucky infants, it is.

A prominent U.K. midwife observed that most newborn babies in western society have a brutal entry into the world. Where the baby is pulled out of its mother's body, accompanied by loud voices and bright lights, and then rubbed with a rough towel. It teaches this oh-so-sensitive baby that the world is a tough place where they may not always be welcome. Wow! That's a great start to our life and it's a psychopath's dream to be able to instil uncertainty and disconnection into a normal feeling human at such an early stage. Remember how the 'path manipulates through fear, uncertainty and lies. Immediately, we discover the obsession of a health system demanding that women go through the process of institutionalised birth. After severing the umbilical cord, the newborn baby is quickly whisked away from its mother to undergo the rituals of vaccination, circumcision and a bevy of tests and procedures to satisfy the clinical bureaucracy. It wasn't always like this – humans have been giving birth for aeons and yes, it's a miraculous, wonderful, dangerous and painful ordeal with many fatalities, but amazingly humans have proliferated. The modern health system has significantly reduced the number of deaths for both mother and child, but to treat the extraordinary miracle of pregnancy and birth like a disease in a hospital environment is peculiar. It reeks of Pathocratic intervention.

If you have ever held a newborn infant in your arms and marvelled at its tiny hands, fingers and fingernails, its beautiful face, placid eyes, its petite nose, tiny mouth, its soft sensitive skin, its total trust and dependence. How the hell could you ever make that exquisite piece of incredible creation scream in agony by ramming a vaccination needle into it or slicing/clamping off the most sensitive part of its penis without anaesthesia? Chances are you could not, but there are those among us who receive 'pleasure' and enormous financial reward from this abuse and ***far more terrifying is the fact the majority of society supports and encourages this abuse***. Lies won't become truth, wrong won't become right and evil doesn't become virtuous, just because it's accepted by most of society.

Human babies have incredible instincts that allow them to function for survival. They feel hunger, pain, warmth and have the ability to suckle for sustenance. Their early brains, structured for survival, make human babies incredibly strong and resilient and we find infants pulled from catastrophic earthquakes and other natural disasters where adults have failed to survive, but human development is slow. Unlike other animals whose offspring are walking within minutes, human infants may take up to twelve months or more before they are able to gain modest mobility. It will take a human many years to attain the same level of independence as our

mammalian cousins achieve in weeks. I had witnessed the miracle of birth many thousands of times on our remote farm and was always amazed how quickly the fragile young animal could get to its feet and take its first few tottering steps. It would only be a matter of hours before the tiny animal could walk confidently around with its mother.

In comparison, human development is painfully slow and even basic muscle co-ordination is difficult for young babies, it's as if we are programming an incredibly complex computer from scratch and it takes years before we can access the incredible reserves of emotion, intellect and wisdom that make us human. During this early period of development, our brains are taking on staggering amounts of information and raw data. Most of that data originates from those closely associated with us and may, or may not be corrupted information. As we develop, everything we experience is dutifully stored in our unconscious mind. Nothing is omitted: every scent, every sound, every sight, every feeling, every movement, every thought and every word is dutifully stored. It may become suppressed or inaccessible through injury, disease, physical or emotional trauma, but everything we experience is carefully deposited in the incredible matrix of our mind. Absolutely everything is recorded and filed without prejudice. I can vividly remember running down the grass-covered hill of our farm as a child, the bright sunlight accentuating the yellow floral carpet that flowed over the ground. I can still feel the warmth, the scent and the joy of that day so long ago and I'm sure you have similar stored memories as well. Everything we have ever experienced is stored in our amazing unconscious mind without bias.

As small children, we accept everything imprinted in our brain. The love, joy, the hate, the physical and emotional pain, the acceptance of our world and our society as it is shown to us and it is only when we reach age four or five that we can start to ask questions about what we see, feel and learn. It's the why period that every parent remembers as their children continually ask – Why? Why? Why? I'm sure I drove my parents crazy at that stage of development and I had to wait until I was twelve before I could stand on the windswept hills of our farm and wonder why ordinary people were punished and never rewarded by authorities. I wondered why individuals in ancient cultures, without a concept of money could build huge villas, palaces and gigantic monuments. I wondered why our country, with rich resources and skilled labour was shutting down all major manufacturing. Why governments were preventing people from having a wonderful time and I wondered why our agricultural system was so inefficient at producing food. There were so many social and environmental questions to find answers to, for me the 'why' period has never ended!

We need to STOP

and think about our current reality; the society we live in and question our contemporary view of reality no matter how comfortable the reality seems and examine the 'people' who create and enforce that reality.

We create our perception of reality on the information we receive genetically and the information we receive through our senses in our environment. The perception of reality is the way we personally view and interact with our world, emotionally, socially and environmentally. Obviously, this varies greatly from one person to another, as we are all different. The way an artist views a tree is very different to the way a lumberjack views the same tree.

As a four-year-old child, our family lived in the foothills of a major city and I can remember steep mountain valleys with a fast flowing river at our southern boundary. I left the area aged eight and never returned until I was a mature adult. When I returned, I was stunned to discover the vast, steep area I remembered as a child was a gently sloping hill and the raging river at the bottom of the garden was a gently trickling creek. Both realities as a child and an adult were equally valid, what had changed was my perception of reality.

Imagine being born in a beautiful, isolated, equatorial tribal village where warm, crystal clear streams become your highways and gigantic forest trees from a bygone era stretch toward a distant sweating sky. Your stunning village is so remote; you and your tribe are unaware of any other humans outside your rainforest area. You would accept the simple jungle existence as your way of life and your reality. Because of your isolation as you matured, you would have no idea of different civilisations, cultures and people beyond your forest territory. You would have no comprehension of an advanced society's technology, how to use it or understanding of their social structure. You and your tribal friends would be blind to any other society's ideologies, culture and philosophies. You would accept the rituals and restrictions of your remote village society to the point you would allow the pain and disfigurement of having a boar tusk pushed through your nostril. You would happily hunt; build shelters and mate in accordance to the traditions of the tribe. The village shaman would model your concept of spirituality and again, isolation would limit your choice of guidance. You would still be accessing your conscience and human feelings, but your perception of the reality of your world in a tribal society would be vastly different to your current modern reality.

If you were born into a Detroit ghetto, you would accept the first stages of your life as a ghetto reality.

If you were born disabled and blind into a wealthy Jewish family in Berlin in 1936, you would accept that reality for a portion of your life.

Your physical environment, your genetic make-up and your culture will play a role in the development of your perception of reality and controlling groups in society usually construct a large portion of your perception of reality for you.

Those who control or govern us can easily distort our view of the world and perception of reality. Just because we are born into a tribal society doesn't mean we are unable to discover and accept new realities and modify our perception of the world. Conversely, if we are born into a glitzy modern society, we have the ability to understand the perceptions of an isolated village society. Our ability to re-align our perception of reality, to get a different view, is an important element in using The Key to unlock the mysteries of society.

People in Pathocratic societies endure intense social and religious conditioning. Pathocracies achieve their goal through disconnect, where feeling humans are disconnected from their true selves. It may be the brutal and rigorous military training of an ancient Spartan culture or it may be the acceptance of a modern debt structured consumer society. It may be religious dogma rammed down people's throat for generation after generation. It may be the indoctrination of an 'education' system that disconnects people from their true self. Regardless of the point in history

we find ourselves, we are born into a social system, controlled by psychopathic individuals, hell bent on maintaining their twisted view of reality and self-interest. No sane human clamours for power and control like psychopaths. No sane person can treat other humans so appallingly except psychopaths. No sane person will force other humans to fight in constructed warfare like psychopaths. Although they look human, psychopaths are so far removed from humanity it's hard to believe they are the same species.

Psychopaths see only evil, hear only evil, speak only evil.

Amaryllis Fox, a former CIA agent has shared her insight into warfare saying, "While it may be easier to dismiss your enemy as evil, hearing them out on policy concerns is actually an amazing thing, because as long as your enemy is a subhuman psychopath that's gonna attack you no matter what you do, this never ends. But, if your enemy is a policy, however complicated — that we can work with."

In modern society, we find ourselves forced into a social contract with a government. This 'government' is a vague notion that no one has agreed to: that allows a minority group to steal, imprison and kill in order to benefit the 'greater good.' I don't remember agreeing nor signing any such contract, do you? The ruling regime contract allows one party to change the deal whenever they want and the other can't. Ordinary citizens who represent the other party and never have the opportunity to negotiate the 'contract' or even approve it. Hello, are you thinking about this? Government is a fictional entity thrust on the majority of humanity.

Ultimately, the created reality that surrounds people in complex societies by 'governments' will come crashing down around their ears and the question is not when, but how fast and how much pain individuals feel when they realise the system they sacrificed their lives for is a psychopathic mirage.

Aldous Huxley, an English philosopher, described our current societies subservience as, "A pharmacological method of making people love their servitude, and producing dictatorship without tears, so to speak, producing a kind of painless concentration camp for entire societies, so that people will in fact have their liberties taken away from them, but will rather enjoy it, because they will be distracted from any desire to rebel by propaganda or brainwashing, or brainwashing enhanced by pharmacological methods."

It's time to stop snorting your Hopium and sniff a little reality.

Nearly 2,500 years ago Plato, the Greek student of Socrates, gave us a story of personal perception of reality as well. Plato told the story where there were prisoners, chained and facing the back wall of a cave. The cave has a sloping exit that leads to the world above. The chained prisoners cannot move their heads or turn around, so they are always watching the wall. They have been there since childhood and only know the shadows on the wall and the other prisoners.

Above and behind them is a horizontal wall; and above and behind that is a fire. Between the fire and the horizontal wall, people walk back and forth carrying all sorts of vessels, and statues and figures of animals made of wood, stone and various materials, which appear over the wall. Some of them are talking, others silent. The prisoners can only see the shadows of the

people behind them walking back and forth being cast by the fire on the wall in front of them. Therefore, the prisoners are watching the shadows of the people and particularly the objects they carry.

Imagine one of the prisoners is released and allowed to turn away from the shadows on the wall and see the fire behind him. The direct light of the fire would blind him and then, as his eyes painfully adjusted to the bright light he would see the people walking around the horizontal wall. He would recognise that the shadows he has been watching all his life are not what he thought and are a false reality. He would tell his fellow prisoners what he saw, but they could never believe him as they have are still seeing the shadows and can't possibly believe what he is telling them.

The now excited and free prisoner is able to climb up past the fire toward the sloping cave entrance. He would be blinded by the light of day shining in through the cave opening and not be able to go outside until his eyes adjusted to the painfully bright sunlight. When he finally walks outside, he will first be able to view the reflections in the river below him and other shapes and shadows. Gradually he will be able to see the objects around him more clearly, and finally, he will be able to gaze upon the sun and stars in the sky and truly know the magnificence of the world. He would remember his fellow prisoners in the darkness of their cave, still watching the shadows and the shadows to them are their reality. He would take pity on them and return to tell them of the real world he has seen. They would never believe him! How could they believe such an outrageous story! They would question how a pile of sticks could create flickering hot light, the shadows being cast by real people and the strange shapes they had witnessed all their life being real life 3D objects, not shadows. Then, they would have to believe a world outside of the darkness of their cave? A world where a giant hot orb that casts bright white light in amidst a blue quilt of cloud. They could never believe such a story; and would surely kill him if he tried to free them from the comforting shadows they have grown accustomed.

Plato is trying to tell us the world, as we know it is merely a shadow of the truth as shown to us by those in control and cognitive dissonance (The emotion that results from considering two contradictory points of view at the same time) provides an inability to accept truth and prevents us from seeing reality. In order to find the truth, we should look beyond the comforting obvious and reduce our focus on physical distractions of the society we live in and focus on using our incredible inner reasoning to discover reality. Just like the chained prisoner in Plato's cave, this can be a painful, but liberating experience for some people. He also notes that most people are incapable of change or awareness, no matter how large the pile of truth placed in front of them may be. To all intents and purposes, they are blind, their own ego structure and materialistic padding depends on always being right, and to admit an error of judgement would destroy their fragile, carefully constructed, self-righteous image of themselves and their world. Many people are like Plato's prisoners, chained to their rigid belief system and will probably never experience the exhilaration of freedom and truth.

As normal, feeling human beings, we are all fundamentally 'wired' the same and the core feelings of love, nurturing and understanding are the same for the majority of us. It is truly staggering, that we can understand the feelings of other humans and other species and interact successfully and beneficially with them. We don't have to be Einstein to grasp the fundamental

concepts of human society. We don't have to spend years slaving over text books and lectures to learn these skills; they are part of being human. They are with us from birth. The full range of normal human feelings is genetically inherent and enhanced with nurturing in the majority of the authentic human population. We have an amazing capacity for learning, love, compassion, sharing, happiness, creativity, wisdom and change during our lives that allow us to move freely in different societies and understand their basic moral requirements. We may not agree with their philosophies or social structure, but we certainly understand the basic framework of alternate societies.

The psychopath knows it is incredibly easy to alter our perception of reality with misinformation and fear. A single psychopath can twist your reality to whatever they want in their effort to control and use you. With no true human feelings of conscience or guilt, they can tell you whatever they want to create your reality for you. For total control, they would prefer to start altering your perceptions of reality from birth. To achieve this, they will tell lies about you, what other people say or think about you and even lie about your environment. If they can't manipulate you from birth, it really doesn't matter, as they know you will happily swallow their lies and deceit for a very long period of time.

It will take many years of personal discovery before you are able to see through their manipulative lies, control and violence. If a single psychopath can create an illusion of reality, imagine what a collection of psychopaths can achieve? Chances are you can't imagine, because you are already part of their lies. You may already be accepting their bizarre social reality.

Living in a fear based not compassion based society, humans through conditioning, respond easily to blind authoritarianism. Allen Funt, host of a popular television show, Candid Camera, was once asked what the most disturbing thing he had learned about people in his years of dealing with them through the media. His response was chilling in its ramifications when he said. "The worst thing; and I see it over and over, is how easily people can be led by any kind of authority figure, or even the most minimal kinds of authority. A well-dressed man walks up the down escalator and most people will turn around and try desperately to go up also... We put up a sign on the road, 'Delaware Closed Today.' Motorists didn't even question it. Instead, they asked, "Is Jersey open?"

Lies and fear are the primary tools in the psychopath toolbox and control through fear and pain is their trademark. They pump paranoia into their society like drug dealers and feeling human beings are the end user junkies. The government's sales pitch is that you need them, that they will protect you from a never-ending merry-go-round of fear. News headlines of fabricated terror atrocities, wars, malicious administrations, lethal viruses, natural disasters and failing economic strategies are pushed in front of traumatised humans on a daily basis. It's possible a large number of feeling humans may experience complex PTSD as a result of the continual media abuse. Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder is nothing new, it has been with humanity since documented society and warfare commenced. Professor Jamie Hacker Hughes, MPhil (Cantab), MSc PsychD, Cpsychol, CSci FBPsS, FRSM is a consultant clinical psychologist, clinical neuropsychologist, psychotherapist, EMDR consultant and trauma specialist. A former head of clinical psychology for the UK's Ministry of Defence, Hughes said the Greek historian Herodotus gave the first recorded description of PTSD. Early Greek warriors described hearing

and seeing ghosts talking to them, who appeared to be the ghosts of people they'd killed in battle similar to the experience of modern-day soldiers who've been involved in close hand-to-hand combat and been diagnosed with PTSD. Some ancient warriors described blindness after battle, although there were no physical injuries to their eyes. Unfortunately, the early documentation only takes into account the warriors and not the surviving civilian population subjected to the trauma of violence, torture, mutilation, murder, rape, castration, slavery, humiliation and pillage.

PTSD type symptoms not only exists in humans, I witnessed the effects of persistent abuse on dogs, cattle, horses and other mammals as I matured in a rural environment. Dogs would cringe and experience night tremors, horses would rear and cattle would stampede when confronted with humans. Inevitably, the cruel custodian of the animals was the source of irrational fear.

Humans prefer pleasure to pain and the fundamental fear of pain makes us easy to control and manipulate. People will accept any absurd legislation and loss of liberty to avoid the 'pain' or perceived threat, artificially created by a lying Pathocracy.

When my wife and I first met, we were living in a small, picturesque coastal village of eight thousand people. We met many wonderful, caring people who became lifelong friends, but we also noticed there were a large number of very peculiar, strange and rude people. These people would be friendly with us one day, but not the next. These people would sometimes be sociable to our face and then we would discover on the same day, they would turn on us like rabid dogs and go out of their way to tell lies about us to other people in the town. There were people in the town who were self-absorbed and did little for other people in their community. The local government was corrupt to the core and only interested in economic growth that would benefit their individual businesses. A local government so corrupt and inept, they were one of the few local governments to ever be sacked in Australia.

The village was a retirement haven and supported a large number of retired bureaucrats from the nearby capital city who were rude to the extreme. What we later learnt was our early perception of a 'weird town' and bizarre behaviour was correct, as we were dealing with a disproportional number of APD's and psychopaths. What seemed weird behaviour to us, felt perfectly normal to them. We later discovered this scenario in several other towns around our country.

We discovered that 'paths can clump together and it's very creepy for humans. We would later learn that psychopaths recognise each other in a crowd from early childhood and are aware of being different from other people around them. They view humans from a different perspective and see us as a sub species to be used and abused for their benefit and amusement. This was a powerful discovery to realise they could detect each other and it made sense they would form alliances with each other and create networks and brotherhoods to support and hide their anti-social activities. They know they can never participate in the human world of truth, honour and decency; amazingly, they have no concept of these fundamental values.

As a result, psychopaths replace normal human behaviour with their own warped values of lying, cheating and stealing. They believe they have the right to power and possessions and gain

perverse pleasure from taking these things from us. To be able to swindle and cheat these things from feeling humans is confirmation of their 'superiority' and these fruits are far sweeter to them than earning these things from honest labour. They also realise at an early age how taking these things from feeling humans has a devastating emotional effect on them, unlike the emotionally bankrupt psychopath. This anti-social behaviour becomes a game to them to relieve their insatiable boredom. By forming bonds with other psychopathic entities, they are able to traumatise and control large groups of humans with their outrageous behaviour and ideals.

Now for a scary leap of faith. My wife and I had personally seen the trauma that a single psychopath could deliver, so what happens if you put a group of 'paths or ASPD's together? Collectively, they can create carnage on a grand scale. They can create soulless corporations with no regard for the environment or consequences of damage of the materials they produce. Their employment criteria ensure they employ the right number of similar soulless creatures to ensure their quest for material gain, control and dominance are achieved. If you have ever been interviewed for a job by a large corporation and found some of their questions bizarre and irrelevant, you can be certain the questions you were asked were designed to weed out the 'touchy feely' humans during the psychometric testing phase. The 'corporation' is a brilliantly constructed, fabricated, legal entity that allows the psychopath freedom to deliver their abuse on a global scale with personal immunity.

Just like the horror of my childhood abusers, the large corporation's core personnel have immunity from prosecution to enable the company structure to enslave humans in a vile grip of unreality and abuse. The trapped human supplies a ready supply of emotional trauma and material wealth, necessary to the psychopath. The corporation does not care; they cannot care, they are a fabricated legal entity, they are not 'real.' They discard employees with no feeling; people are treated with disdain and contempt and in extreme cases, they will make troublesome people disappear.

The corporations have become so powerful, they control governments, in fact, they are governments. If you search through Dun & Bradstreet, ASIC, the SEC or any national company registry, you may find your political parties registered as corporations. You will also find your religions, police force and courts merrily registered as profit orientated corporations!

Amazingly, we found the 'Commonwealth of Australia' registered with the Securities and Exchange Commission in the U.S. with a filing date of 2010-12-09, file number 333-163307, CIK 0000805157, SEC Accession No. 0001341004-10-0002039, Film number, 101241152. Business address, 1601 Massachusetts Ave NW, c/o Australian Embassy, Washington DC, 20036. Through an intricate series of corporate chicanery, the 'Common Wealth' of Australia is moved overseas, resources stripped and citizens of the land known as Australia are enslaved to a fictitious, corporate debt structured society, The Commonwealth of Australia 'Ltd.'

The citizens of Australia never receive the full benefit of having trillions of dollars made from the sale of their infrastructure assets, coal, gas, iron ore and rare mineral deposits. Large, foreign-based companies operating in Australia receive massive tax exemptions and publically funded grants that force everyday people and small business into crippling tax scenarios to maintain government infrastructure and welfare. Australian citizens are part of liberalised

economics for large overseas businesses, but not social liberalism. The people of Australia had their freedom and rights stripped from them like the 'common wealth' of their nation.

We found the Queensland Treasury Corp (Australia), file number 333-147-600 and many other Australian government departments. What the FUQ? – Frequently Unanswered Questions of the Australian Government. Not surprisingly, only a fraction of a tiny percentage of the population in Australia finds the fact their government is registered as a foreign corporation in another country, in any way disturbing. What is disturbing is the fact that no Australian government department will supply answers to the questions of SEC registration. If there were a simple explanation to the registration of their country in a foreign exchange, it would be an easy matter to clarify, but they do not supply answers! The ramifications of their silence are chilling. If you live in Australia, please write to your local M.P. and ask.

Voting for a candidate in an election may change the faces in the elected government, but it will not change the board of directors of the company and bureaucrats who actually control society and your destiny. It's like a horse race where the horse is always the same and only the jockey changes. The candidates selected for you to elect into government, are the media representatives of the faceless corporations behind governments. Choosing leaders in a modern democracy is like choosing between an electric chair and a firing squad.

If voting mattered, they wouldn't let you do it.

Your vote is an absurd illusion in the world of corporate manipulation, lies, control and profit. Profit is all a corporation is interested in; governments are corporations, they require profit at any cost and ultimately just a few global bankers and corporate sociopaths control everyone's destiny with their rabid lust for currency and control.

Myopic government policies never consider their carnage of the environment. They don't care if they destroy forests, oceans or people's lives as long as they make a profit. As psychopaths, they can't care. They have no notion of what caring may be. As long as they live, they will never understand what caring is or why they should bother. These people are easily capable of cutting your throat in front of your children. They will murder as many as they want and need to, they are quite capable of murdering their own family if it suits their purpose. Do you seriously think they give a fig about you or the planet? They haven't in early human history and they certainly don't now.

They don't care if you can't safely drink the water or breathe the air; they don't care if you drink your own excrement and toxic waste as people are forced to do in Queensland, Australia. It's of no concern to them, just as long as their cronies short-sightedly make money and they personally benefit from lobbying and shareholder investment.

They don't care how many millions of people are killed in fabricated wars, just as long as there is profit, real estate acquisition and attainment of raw materials, looting and control. Even the looted treasure seized in war only represents a monetary or ransom item, as incredibly, psychopaths have no concept of true beauty in works of art, literature or music.

They don't care how many people are killed or seriously injured in motor vehicles, as long as it makes mind bogglingly huge amounts of fuel tax and registration revenue for the government and huge profits for the car manufacturers, oil companies and road construction companies. We were always amazed how a single toy, suspected of killing one child could be ripped off retailers' shelves and banished forever, yet motor vehicles could kill or seriously injure thousands of children every year and never face similar zealous legislature. There was no profit for governments in a few toys compared to the astronomical revenue raised from motor vehicles that had to be kept on the roads no matter what carnage and environmental damage they created. By focusing on the removal of a single dangerous toy, ASPD governments could pretend to show caring and concern.

The corporation is the perfect vehicle for ASPD control and they have attempted to create a soulless society, hell bent on materialism and hedonistic pursuits. Without any real love to commit them to co-operation, without any anxiety to prevent fear of abandonment, without guilt to inspire repentance, they are free to play for the short-term benefit and they do. In a lawsuit, Lord Denning, in *British Steel Corporation v Granada Television Ltd* summed up the fabricated ASPD nature of many corporations when he stated, "That a corporation has no body to be kicked or soul to be damned."

Like Lord Denning, I am a flesh and blood human being with intense feelings, not a cold, fabricated, Legalese Corporation. When confronted with the overbearing legislation a corporation hands me, I ask to see the flesh and blood 'corporation.' Not a representative of the 'corporation' or a piece of paper pertaining to a contrived company, I want to meet the real flesh and blood corporation. Of course, no such thing exists; a corporation is a fictional legal entity lending itself to indemnity for those with not a shred of humanity flowing through their veins.

Fortunately, not all corporations and CEO's are exclusively psychopathic and there are many wonderful companies doing incredibly wonderful, creative and benevolent things. In fact, there are over one million registered organisations worldwide, working on environmental and social justice as I write. Eighty-one billionaires have signed 'The Giving Pledge' in the two years since Bill Gates and Mr. Buffett called on the super-rich to stop hoarding their wealth. The chief executive of Apple, Tim Cook, has said he will donate most of his wealth to charity before he dies. The head of the world's most profitable company is said to be worth over \$800 million. Mr Cook told *Fortune Magazine* that he would pay for his 10-year-old nephew's college education and leave the bulk of his wealth to philanthropic causes. One of the billionaires pledging money, Jeffrey Skoll, past president of eBay Inc. has put forward the notion of "impact investing" a method of channelling funds into projects that yield a tangible social benefit as well as financial returns. Skoll has said, "There's really only so much that you need, or your family needs, all else is to be turned, hopefully smartly, into a benefit for the world." He has he has started a global foundation, launched a media company that produces Oscar-winning movies and become one of just 20 people in the world to donate at least \$1-billion to charity in their lifetime. He has financed everything from a Stairmaster-like water pump that helps African farmers irrigate their crops, to arts-education centres for at-risk American kids. His philanthropic foundation is now the largest of its kind, supporting 74 entrepreneurial organisations in about 100 countries. This includes former Prime Minister Paul Martin's CAPE Fund, which supports economic independence among Canada's aboriginal people and Riders for Health, whose motorcycles bring

health care to remote villages in Gambia, which now has 100-per-cent coverage, effectively more than in the United States. His Capricorn Investment Group supports ventures such as electric cars, solar panels and rice plantations in Tanzania, while the newer Skoll Global Threats Fund is tackling such persuasive problems as climate change, nuclear proliferation, pandemics, water scarcity and the Middle East conflict. Skoll believes it's "The hardest thing I've bitten off." Skoll's 'Participant Media,' started in 2004 has financed 39 movies. Each entertaining production is designed to educate and comes with a public campaign related to its message. Some of the movies include: An Inconvenient Truth (Al Gore, 2006). Contagion (Matt Damon, Kate Winslet, 2011), Charlie Wilson's War (Tom Hanks, Julia Roberts, 2007), The Cove (documentary on Japan's dolphin harvest, 2009), Fair Game (Naomi Watts, Sean Penn, 2010), Fast Food Nation (Greg Kinnear, Bruce Willis, 2006), Good Night, and Good Luck (George Clooney, 2005).

The concept of a 'Multinational Company' began in the early 1600's to protect Dutch traders from financial risk in their quest for East Asian spices and silk. The Dutch had stolen the trade routes to the 'Spice Islands' from the Portuguese, but needed a legal entity to protect them and their investors from the incredible risks associated with early sea voyages. In 1598, Jakob von Neck created a group of five companies to finance a daring trade expedition. He was personally unable to raise the huge amount of capital required to build a fleet of trading vessels and found a method for people to invest and 'share' in his venture, with a promise of returns on their investments at the completion of his expedition. He left with 22 ships, visited the Spice Islands, in what is now Indonesia and managed to negotiate and secure a cargo of pepper and other valuable spices. By the time he had returned to the Netherlands, von Neck had lost eight ships but still earned his investing partners a massive 400% return on their initial contribution and the concept of a 'company' was created.

Each voyage they undertook was a stand-alone business endeavour. Piracy, disease, weather and simple navigation error made these trips highly risky. In addition, the commodities traded were subject to huge swings in profitability. A successful voyage could generate staggering profits, but losses were common and could be devastating. The Dutch saw an opportunity to create a cartel. The result was the Dutch East India Company formed in 1602. This was the world's first recorded multinational company. The enterprise was the world's first corporation owned by investors through the issuance of stock equity. Von Neck's financial ingenuity was the road to individuals being able to fund large-scale endeavours and it became the model for corporations to minimise personal risk until the present day.

The modern Pathocratic Company has no loyalty to its employees, only to top management and major shareholders and is always playing for short-term, parasitic profit. Originally, company hierarchy had a group called 'Personnel' because companies hired persons to work for them. Modern companies have a group called 'Human Resources.' The humans working for today's companies are merely another resource like a desks, chair or computers. The chairperson of the board probably believes that every daylight moment is dedicated to serving human needs. Noam Chomsky noted that if the CEO were to act on these delusions instead of pursuing profit and market share, they would no longer be chairperson of the board. It's a sober reminder of the nature of many multinational companies and their fixation on money.

The truth is the corporation is the dominant force in our modern western society. Like the power of the church before it, corporations carefully determine what we eat, what we wear, where we work, what we read, what we listen to, what we say, what we watch, what car we drive, what we look like, what we do and what we think. It controls our every aspect of our lives and crushes our beautiful, vibrant spirit. As Noam Chomsky again points out, there is a serious flaw with the modern corporation. Its legally defined mandate is to pursue its self-interest regardless of whom or what suffers because of its actions. With this callous approach, Joel Bakan, a University of British Columbia law professor and author of the 'Corporation: The Pathological Pursuit of Profit and Power,' shows the corporation, already considered in law as a "person" can therefore be diagnosed, like a person as a cold, reptilian psychopath.

At last, the questions I had been asking as a child were beginning to find answers that made perfect sense. On a massive scale, multinational corporations and their government juntas were mirroring the same Anti-Social Personality Disorder behaviour my wife and I had experienced. As long as money was the motivator, corporations were free to do as they wished with no guilt, shame or flicker of conscience. Their lust for money is insane.

Stop.

And ask yourself, "What is money?" Really think about it.
Explain what 'money' is.

Tell me everything about 'money.'

Tell me what you think money is.

Once again, to understand psychopathic control through deceitfulness in society, we have to step back further in time to grasp the ancient concept of money. It is only a concept; 'money' or currency, as you understand it, is not what your society would have you believe. You may hold a one hundred dollar note in your hot little hand and it may look real, but it's not what you imagine. It is a representation of a trading concept, where early civilisations created a system of replacing barter and exchange with objects or coins. Ultimately, money came to represent precious metals held in safety for investors. In modern society, you effectively trade your precious, finite time on this planet for a 'promissory' note that you can exchange for items you require.

The one hundred dollar note you hold in your hand is made of plastic or paper and is real, but the concept of the value of the paper you hold is a fabrication of someone's imagination, someone's indoctrination. Its only genuine worth is the value of the paper or plastic and the ink it is created with. Therefore, a hundred dollar note's genuine value is a tiny, tiny fraction of its perceived value. The power of money is only a concept in your perceived reality. It is only an IDEA; it has no reality. It is not, nor ever has been 'real.' It is a belief implanted by a fictitious, fraudulent and avaricious section of society.

If you could take your precious one hundred dollar bill to an inhabited alien planet, the occupants will have no idea of its 'value', they will only see it for what it is – a piece of coloured paper. They would have no idea why it means so much to you! Fortunately, you don't have to strap on a space suit and wave money in front of aliens to test this theory. Just head for a remote area of planet earth and try convincing the local natives your piece of paper is worth anything to them. For a real stretch, you could try selling them stocks and bonds, keeping in mind their currency of seashells! We had a glimpse of indigenous societies on our Pacific Island and I can assure you, they have no need of your 'money.' Money is only useful to light fires in a remote village society, the importance and emotional attachment you place on money is incomprehensible to a native culture. Money is not real; it is an accepted concept through integrated social indoctrination. It has no morality, no conscience and no sense of right or wrong and no perceivable beauty. It is an illusion.

Imagine placing a one hundred dollar bill on a table, it is inert and will stay there indefinitely doing nothing. Your hundred dollar bill won't suddenly stand up and perform the famous Parisian 'Can Can.' It is only the indoctrinated belief by your society in the coloured piece of paper on the table that gives it any perceived power. The piece of paper lying on the table requires YOU to activate its perceived power. Without YOUR indoctrinated belief, the piece of paper has no power or value. It will always remain a coloured piece of paper until YOU and your BELIEF SYSTEM enter the room. The 'value' you attach to Money is not real.

In pursuit of money, people sell the hours and the days of their life, which are the only true wealth they have. They sell the beauty, the sunshine, the dawn and the dusk, the moon and the

stars, the wind and the rain, the green fields and the flowers, the rivers and the sweet fresh air. They sell their health, joy, freedom and hand their life to others without thinking.

Equally, those who lust for money excessively, have no conscience, no sense of right or wrong and no concept of love for human kind or their environment. Everything bankers attach to money is a total fabrication and the greatest lie ever told, but believed by all. Although people laugh at some island cultures currency of shells, the islanders shell will still be a shell tomorrow, your dollar probably will not.

Socially Adept Psychopaths and their lust for money are the root of all evil and those few pursuing money above all else are corrupted beyond comprehension.

The religion of money will fail because of its unreality, the huge number of sociopaths attracted to its concept and their desire to manipulate the system to their advantage. Ordinary exploitable citizens will painfully discover their high priests of currency are nothing more than snake oil salespeople.

The current status quo has ventured into the shallow sea of unreality just to keep the global socio-economic system afloat. Those in control are able to hide behind authority and academic vocabulary which if put in plain terms for the layperson is theft, Ponzi, tyrannical and moronic.

When economies fail and banks collapse taking people's life savings with them, people suddenly realise the huge investment of time and effort they have spent chasing an illusion. This is when people discover their money is at best an I.O.U. They have spent their lives trapped in an absurd belief that money is real. The 'value' of money fluctuates without social consent. What your dollar is worth today may not be what it is worth tomorrow, it can increase or decrease on an hourly basis. Individuals trading in the currency market receive staggering profits on the volatility of countries currency fluctuations. People live in an economic system that is complicated by design. It is created so most people don't even try to understand it.

ASPD Pathocracies have systematically devalued the purchasing power of money to the point it is nearly worthless.

The founding fathers of the USA stated that only gold or silver coins could be "money" in America. Gold and silver coinage was heavy and inconvenient for many transactions, precious metals were stored in banks, and a claim cheque issued as a money substitute. People used their coupons as money, or "currency." Currency is not money, but a reality substitute. Redeemable currency promises to pay a dollar equivalent in gold or silver money. Federal Reserve Notes (FRNs) make no such promises, and are not "money." A Federal Reserve Note is a debt obligation of the federal United States government, not "money.' The federal United States government and the U.S. CONgress were not and have never been authorized by the Constitution for the USA to issue currency of any kind, but only lawful money, which is gold and silver bullion or coin. Global bankers quickly realised they had perfected the ultimate fraud and were grossly rewarded for their criminality.

Federal Reserve Notes (FRNs) are an inflatable paper system designed to create debt through inflation (devaluation of currency). History shows when there is an increase of the supply of a money substitute in the economy without a corresponding increase in the gold and silver backing, inflation occurs. Inflation creates the illusion of a wealth in society and governments are the ultimate illusion. The real winner from inflation is of course (you guessed it), parasitic governments. Higher wages and commodity prices deliver greater tax revenues. Increased money from tax opens up a range of opportunities for governments to expand their bureaucratic tentacles. Through inflation, billion and trillion, dollar debt obligations reduce in value without any real need for budget restraint.

Inflation becomes an invisible form of taxation that Pathocratic governments inflict on their citizens. The Federal Reserve Bank who controls the supply and movement of FRNs are the masters of illusion. They have access to an unlimited supply of FRNs, paying only for the printing costs of what they need. FRNs are nothing more than promissory notes for U.S. Treasury securities (T-Bills) - a promise to pay a debt to the Federal Reserve Bank. Money is not 'real.'

Imagine if the world's system of weights and measures all grew or shrunk each day. One day a metre measurement of length would be one metre, the next day it may be 70 centimetres. That would open the doors of exploitation, wouldn't it?

Well, that is exactly what happens with global money markets, the value of a country's currency increases and decreases on a daily basis. What one dollar was worth yesterday, probably isn't what it is worth today. Central bank money is so much easier to distort without a connection to reality. The current Fiat money in circulation is likely to get much more bent out of shape than a commodity-based measuring stick.

The carrot on a stick 'money,' people chase every day, is not connected to a base commodity.

With the advent of computers, money becomes a series of bits and bytes in a mythical digital ocean and is even less real than the one hundred dollar note we hold in our hands. Credit cards, ATM cards, Pay Wave cards, crypto currencies and cashless societies add another dimension of unreality. Banks have long ago lost sight of their original gold and silver standard for currency allocation and are desperate to complete the illusion by introducing total control through a 'cashless society,' like Sweden is sadly adopting. A cashless monetary system is a psychopath's wet dream; it is the ultimate in surveillance, control and unreality.

As their fictitious money system collapses, ASPD banks will simply impose 'negative interest rates' and a cashless society. They will impose fees on your deposits so you will effectively continue to fund their criminal Ponzi scheme. They have cunningly been training people for years to use ATM and credit cards for financial transactions and realise the total control of a cashless society is only a tiny step for the exploitables to take. In Australia, welfare recipients are forced to use a welfare card for purchases at 'authorised' retailers only. This 'welfare' card ensures the issuing company receives many thousands of dollars per recipient, payments from participating companies and is not subject to standard accountancy procedure or

accountability. In fact, the scheme has the potential to make billions to the card company to fund an Australian political party by creating wealth from the poor. Beam me up Scotty!

The psychopaths, who control you, are well aware of your emotional attachment to money and use it to instil fear and manipulation. They have elevated human emotional attachment of currency to deity status and people have turned their backs on their favourite religions in favour of money and materialism. ASPD Pathocracies instil fear through making you imagine life with no money and through this, they can manipulate you to accept their abusive treatment and alter your whole reality to their own misshapen value system. The lies and abuse they administer is the outward manifestation of their ailment. No normal, emotionally responsive human being can ever deliver such lies, control and abuse on such a scale to so many people: it is impossible. As a result, feeling humans become fair game on the shooting range of socially adept psychopaths.

Some lucky people absolutely love their work environment and it's a pleasure to be around them, but millions and millions of people wake up every morning in fear and trudge off to a job they hate doing. They work in a contrived environment in order to survive. They are emotionally abused, work insanely long hours with insufficient sleep and are forced to travel on monstrously congested, polluted and dangerous roads to get to work. I was recently talking to a young fifteen-year-old supermarket checkout operator in Australia, who said she was working more than thirteen hours a day on a pitiful wage, with very few days off and was sick of it! The problem was, she had only just started her working life and had many years of employment drudgery ahead of her.

For the majority, it is slavery on an enormous scale. The difference between slavery in the nineteenth century and today is the fact that the nineteenth century slaves KNEW they were slaves. Very few people today do. Many slaves in ancient times were continuously seeking a path to freedom; very few people in today's society even consider escape. If you feel trapped in a job you hate, but are afraid to leave, because you need the MONEY, you are a SLAVE. You are not a slave to an individual, as in the 19th century or before; instead, you are a slave to an unreal CONCEPT, held in place by an imaginary entity, a corporation. That corporation may be your government, bank or any other registered business entity with limited liability. The modern 'free man' is continuously seeking a path to slavery by willingly trading his freedom for the false sense of security that money and government will provide.

There are numerous company 'legal' structures, but 'Limited,' 'Limited Liability' or 'Proprietary Limited' structures form the basis of most company creations. So what is 'limited liability?' A very simplified explanation of limited liability is, it's a way to make sure that anyone engaging in business as a corporation, doesn't risk their personal assets or possessions in case the business fails or is sued, they literally have limited liability. Often companies are involved in raising massive capital for speculative activities on behalf of shareholders and a legal form of protecting heads of companies is required. Any investor, partner, or member of the company that by law has limited liability, cannot be made responsible for any unfulfilled company obligations and debts that are more than the amount that the person has invested.

So, 'Screw You Proprietary Limited' with an initial shareholding of \$2, is a legalese method of gaining immunity from prosecution in most instances. Only when companies have completely

overstepped the borders of acceptable behaviour, bureaucrats have been stung and there is sufficient public uproar, will prosecution of the company directors occur. That is a wonderful little gem the psychopaths latched onto with all their might. It's a little like some religions saying, "Yeah you can be a downright bastard in this life, go ahead steal, fornicate, murder and lie, but give us a pile of cash and all your belief and we'll see you right in the afterlife." It's another example of personal indemnity that allows outrageous behaviour to proliferate and is an extremely appealing piece of absurd logic that flies in the face of our authentic human conscience and sensibility.

Ultimately, it seems, it is not belief in the same god or gods that good people have had in common - its humanity, our inbuilt conscience. The action of doing good deeds toward one another is genetically encoded in true, authentic human beings and does not need to be taught, only nurtured. If you ever want to check the validity of a religious or spiritual organisation, just take money out of the equation and see what support, teaching, spirituality and nurturing remains. As far as I know, none of their gods has ever slapped cash on the table to fund their temples; ordinary, vulnerable people are the source of religious wealth.

The absurd belief in money above morals is sometimes the key to understanding illogical legislation produced by governments. If you are ever puzzled by strange new laws or taxes produced from time to time, just look for the money trail, it is always about the money. Psychopaths and money are inseparable – the more they have, the more they need. Someone somewhere is sure to be making large amounts of money from laws that do not benefit society. Sensationalist headlines in news stories that promote violence toward secular groups and reduce personal freedom ensure massive revenue for the companies providing the propaganda promotion in the form of newspapers or transmitted news media. Often warmongering headlines are the 'straw-man' subterfuge necessary for unpopular governments. This is a tried and trusted way for governments to focus attention away from their poor performance, economic mismanagement or freedom robbing legislation, particularly nearing the end of election terms, during leadership battles or catastrophic financial collapses.

Chemical companies are now the masters of ensuring legislation benefits their shareholders by holding governments' hostage to their outrageous demands. It may be by polluting drinking water with known toxic chemicals they need to dump without citizen consent to being mass medicated or producing medicines with known deadly side effects in the 'fight' against disease. I can actually recall reading the side effects on a particular pharmaceutical drug, that listed one of the side effects as death – how's that for a side effect! The multitrillion-dollar vaccination industry has now convinced governments to allow aerial spraying of vaccine components, some of which contain mutated DNA. For god's sake, these soulless corporate sociopaths with their fixation on money and no conscience will kill us all.

The Australian government's obsession with refugee bashing is another interesting money trail. It starts with the incredible length of time refugees spend in detention and a British company named G4S and its sister company Serco. These multinationals make outrageous profits from the misery of refugees and prisoners in privatised Australian jails and vile concentration camps, AKA, 'Detention Centres.'

An accounting expert from the University of NSW, Jeff Knapp says the Australian government has opened the doors to multinational abuse by removing red tape associated with G4S and Serco and allowed these companies to be non-reporting entities as far as accounting and taxation are concerned. Knapp extrapolates that the Serco and G4S non-reporting entity status mean these companies avoid disclosures in accordance with accepted accounting standards - especially disclosures about related party transactions and balances.

Amazingly, the government is another stakeholder in these two companies that should be interested in related party transactions disclosed in the financial reports. "The government is handing over hundreds of millions of taxpayer dollars to these companies, but not showing any concern about the blatant information deficiencies in their financial reports," said Knapp.

Serco's revenue has increased threefold in a four-year period and in 2013 it rose from \$915 million to \$1.25 billion. The cash-flow statement receipts from customers shows there is one significant customer, the Australian government. With around 1,200 asylum seekers on Manus Island, in Papua New Guinea in March 2014, the G4S made a profit of at least \$17,355 per inmate before tax. Psychologist and traumatologist Paul Stevenson said, "People don't understand that about \$5 billion per year goes into offshore detention to keep fewer than 2,000 people out of the country, I think that's obscene." That equates to \$2.5 million per refugee paid to a private foreign company. It's a classic example of corporations and governments profiteering from misery. No wonder the government turns refugees into 'illegal' entities and holds them prisoner for lengthy periods in foul hell holes, it's incredibly profitable.

The multinational company profits directly from the government and the government profits from the bloated bureaucracies supported by the taxpayer in the trade of human misery, the refugees. It's a win, win situation for everyone except the refugees, but hey, they deserve to live in inhumane hell holes, swallow razor blades, set themselves alight and sew their lips together in protest – those rotten bastards trying to flee oppressive life threatening regimes. They have to be punished (or so the ruling ASPD Pathocracy and the majority of the Australian population believe.)

So it comes as no surprise Australia's prison system is bursting at the seams, with draconian right wing punishment sending record numbers of people to jail. In 2014, the Australian Bureau of Statistics figures indicated there were 33,000 inmates held in profitable privately owned Australian jails; the highest number ever. Costing more than AU \$100,000 per year, per inmate, the government happily pours taxpayer money into overseas corporations with dubious accounting practises. In 2014, it costs \$652 a day or \$237,980 per year to incarcerate a juvenile person in Australia. No wonder the corporate legal and government system introduces more and more laws; it is incredibly profitable to drag people through the court system and ultimately imprisonment. As we were once told by a friend's solicitor, "There is no justice system; there is only a legal system."

It's fascinating to follow the money trail when outrageous laws and abuse are enacted and it usually leads to a Pathocratic government and a multinational overlord reaping monetary rewards from ill-informed exploitable humanthings. If you cannot understand outrageous government decisions, just look for the money trail. It is always about the money! The more you explore

money and those who distribute it, the less real it becomes; it is only an indoctrinated concept, maintained by a corrupt, broken and heartless system.

In our current ASPD Pathocratic society, the base of the Ponzi pyramid scheme consists of exploitable human workers. That's you and I, blindly slaving away at honest endeavours to 'pay our way' in society.

The next pyramid level is the government, with their mandate from the exploitable humanthings to use force to subdue dissenters and collect taxes with the pretext of serving and protecting the community.

The next level is the Corporations, whose task it is to ensure the governments and exploitable populations use the services and products they produce. This may be pharmaceuticals, chemicals, missiles, education, media distribution, communication devices, food, clothing and a plethora of other offerings designed to keep the money flowing up the pyramid.

At the top of the pyramid scheme are the oil barons, the private bankers, the Bank of London, the Morgans, Rothschilds, Warburgs, Schiffs and Rockefellers etc. These people control the Reserve Banks and corporations with massive amounts of currency to finance their schemes and reap the reward from interest bearing loans and joint venture dividends to their corporate cousins and corporate governments.

Mayer Amschel Rothschild (1744-1812), founder of the Rothschild banking dynasty said, "Give me control of a nation's money and I care not who makes the laws." The banker's corporate media arm is quick to discredit any information exposing this private central banking cartel as a "conspiracy theory." This is no longer a conspiracy 'theory,' this is a conspiracy fact!

To illustrate the illusion in the reality of money, imagine walking into your local bank and asking for a \$120,000 home loan. When the bank approves the loan, the bank simply types \$120,000 onto a computer screen in your account. The bank doesn't mint any coins, shift any gold or print any currency, they don't do anything other than type numbers on a screen, just like you could on your computer at home and you find yourself paying interest on dollars that never did or never will exist.

Seems unbelievable doesn't it?

Economics Professor Richard Werner explains how banks fraudulently make money from thin air.

Let's take a real world look at accounting.

When a manufacturer in the real world, grants a loan to another firm, the loan contract appears as an increase in assets: the firm now has an additional claim on debtors — this is the borrower's promise to repay the loan. The lender purchases the loan contract, treated as a promissory note. Meanwhile, when the firm disburses the loan (and hence discharges its obligation to make the money available to the borrower), it is drawing down its cash reserves or monetary deposits with its banks. As a result, one gross asset increase is matched by an equally sized gross asset decrease, leaving net total assets unchanged. This is standard accounting practice.

The picture looks very different in the case of a bank. The disbursement of the loan appears as a positive entry on the liability side of the balance sheet, as opposed to being a negative entry on the asset side, as in the case of non-banks. As a result, it does not counter-balance the increased gross assets. Instead, both assets and liabilities expand. The bank's balance sheet lengthens on both sides by the amount of the loan. It is clear that banks conduct their accounting operations differently from others, even differently from their near-relatives, the non-bank financial institutions.

The bank, having 'disbursed' the loan, remains in a position where it still owes the money. In other words, the bank does not actually make any money available to the borrower: No transfer of funds from anywhere to the customer or indeed the customer's account takes place. There is no equal reduction in the balance of another account to pay the borrower. Instead, the bank simply re-classified its liabilities, changing the 'accounts payable' obligation arising from the bank loan contract to another liability category called 'customer deposits.'

While the borrower has the impression the bank transferred money from its capital reserves, this is not the case. Neither the bank nor the customer deposited any money, nor were any funds from anywhere outside the bank used to make the deposit in the borrower's account. There was no depositing of any funds.

Seems far-fetched doesn't it?

Yet there is a documented case in Minnesota, USA, on 12th December 1968, where Jerome Daly proved the First National Bank of Montgomery had created money out of thin air. Justice Mahoney ordered the return of Jerome Daly's repossessed home and instructed the bank to render Daly's mortgage contract null and void. Judge Mahoney's murder briefly appeared in the press two weeks later. No judge since that precedent was set, has ever had the courage to deliver a similar verdict. They know they will die.

The money banks hold in their vaults belongs to other people who "invest" their savings. Nobody who puts their money into banks as savings ever actually signs an agreement at any time to have that money loaned out! Have you? Your money is the banks opportunity to shift currency wherever they like to whomever they like, whenever they like for whatever they like.

For every one dollar held in a bank account, the bank can 'officially' lend 10 dollars against it. Not being happy with making money from thin air, the Bank fraudsters can then leverage money from investors into risky derivative markets that create literally quadrillions of debt money. Call me crazy, but that sounds like a magnificent legalised Ponzi scheme and recipe for disaster.

Bankers and governments can remain irrational longer than you can remain solvent.

As difficult, as it is to understand from our modern viewpoint, indigenous populations globally and particularly Australia didn't have 'economic value' attached to the land under their feet. They saw themselves as being part of the land, the air, the water and sky. Their land was never for rent or sale, it was a foreign, unfathomable, concept for them. Many of the indigenous occupants never 'owned' the land, but they shared the 'Common Wealth' of their environment for many thousands of years with each other. It wasn't Utopia, there were territory disputes, tribal

wars, quarrels, murders, human sacrifice and disease, but for 50,000 years, global tribal societies functioned without fraudulent debt structured land ownership.

The rabid banking system have created an economic 'value system' for our land and homes because they are real, as opposed to the unreal credit/debit fantasy created by the banks. The real estate/mortgage industry instils fear and uncertainty unless we 'own' property and through this need for security, the banks create 'real' value from fiat money. It's another way of looking at the term 'real estate.'

In Australia, real estate companies launder money from overseas investors. By converting their currency to real estate, they effectively have something real from something that was unreal (money). With no effective Australian legislation in place to restrict foreign investment, the criminal currency creates a housing bubble that greatly increases criminal wealth to the detriment of Australian citizens who can no longer afford to own a simple home.

The terrifying thing is it does not matter if you are in debt, rich or poor, old or young; the corporations/government juntas can take your property whenever they want it. It may be through 'legal' acquisitions, redevelopments, land tax, defaults on loan repayments, financial market collapses, socialising or any other government-sanctioned method. In the case of war, whole countries sign their sovereignty and real estate to the conquering entity. In these situations, what was yours today is someone else's tomorrow. So where is the security they promised with the fanatical illusion of 'owning' real estate?

People become slaves to the greatest illusion of all time! The greatest lie ever told! The biggest con job in the history of planet earth! The banks have literally made money from nothing through a process called 'Fractional Reserve Lending.' Fractional Reserve Lending is like saying, "I only have one banana, but I'm going to loan you 10 bananas, and I will make you pay me back 10 bananas plus a few extra bananas as interest and charges." The 9 bananas don't exist, I have made them up, but you will never know and I have invented a legal system to make sure you repay every one of your bananas. It is complete and utter fraud by banking criminals, and has been perpetuated for so long that people don't even question the illusion. They achieve this fraud through another illusion called the 'Reserve Bank' that prints money for the government, sets national prime interest rates and determines the amount a bank should hold in hard currency on loans. In most instances, the reserve on loans held by a bank is around 10% and this is a rubbery figure, rarely authenticated. The money they have created is loaned again and again in a cycle of exponential deception to create astronomical amounts of currency.

The banks literally make dollars from nothing, while honest people slave to 'make' money and repay loans to banks that have rigged the entire fairy-tale system for their benefit.

Recently introduced Basel III legislation requires the banking crime syndicates to hold a capital reserve to cover any potential liabilities, but this doesn't mean their total potential liabilities. Rather, they cunningly hold sufficient assets to cover some of their potential liabilities (a fractional reserve). This generous latitude was not sufficient for the world's biggest crime syndicate, so it "re-invented" its liabilities, particularly its derivatives liabilities. Instead of holding assets in relation to their actual derivatives liabilities, the Big Banks only hold assets in

relation to the replacement cost of the contract. This is a near-zero amount in comparison to their derivatives liabilities.

The Derivatives Market is not some small-scale side business; it is an unregulated, totally fraudulent book-making operation, where this mountain of fraudulent gambling is somewhere around twenty times larger than the entire global economy. The banks hold “fractional reserves” not to cover a small portion of their derivatives liabilities, but rather to cover a small portion of the cost of writing up new contracts. When the banking criminals suffer a loss on one of their derivatives bets, instead of paying off on that bet, they just tear up the contract and write a new one. This is ASPD madness on a terrifying scale and another example of the unreality of money. The soulless ASPD creatures who manipulate the system for their benefit feed off their gullible, financially illiterate population. The derivative market is one giant mountain of dynamite waiting for a tiny detonator.

Thomas Jefferson said, “I sincerely believe that banking establishments are more dangerous than standing armies, and that the principle of spending money to be paid by posterity, under the name of funding, is but swindling futurity on a large scale.”

Despite its deceptive name, the 'Reserve Bank' or 'Federal Reserve' is a privately owned bank, not a government reserve institution and it sits above the government with access to economic figures available only to itself. The way the media portrays the reserve bank, clearly sets it as a government or Federal Reserve; it most definitely is not. It is a privately owned banking corporation lending money to governments! Private banking families with the pretence of stabilising economies cunningly established the Reserve Bank system in the early 1900's in the U.S., but in truth, the reserve bank has effectively destabilised economies and reduced the purchasing power of the dollar in the United States by a staggering 96%. Find out what a U.S dollar could buy in 1900 (houses, groceries etc.) and look at what it buys today. The reserve Bank has overseen titanic currency collapses and 'depressions' in its one hundred year history.

Louis T. McFadden was the Chairman of the House Banking Committee in the 1930s. He criticised both the Herbert Hoover and Franklin Roosevelt administrations. In describing the Federal Reserve, he remarked in the Congressional House Record, pages 1295 and 1296 on June 10, 1932 - “Mr. Chairman, we have in this country one of the most corrupt institutions the world has ever known. I refer to the Federal Reserve Board and the Federal Reserve banks. The Federal Reserve Board, a Government Board, has cheated the Government of the United States and the people of the United States out of enough money to pay the national debt. The depredations and the iniquities of the Federal Reserve Board and the Federal reserve banks acting together have cost this country enough money to pay the national debt several times over. This evil institution has impoverished and ruined the people of the United States; has bankrupted itself, and has practically bankrupted our Government. It has done this through the maladministration of that law by which the Federal Reserve Board, and through the corrupt practices of the moneyed vultures who control it.” Please check these facts for yourself, it makes fascinating reading.

Few people realise the reserve bank is not a government reserve and does not answer to a government, it is privately owned, yet is instrumental in the success or failure of global economies. The bankers at the top of the government sanctioned Ponzi scheme set the agenda for

wealth acquisition by manipulating the prime interest rates of a nation. When interest rates are low, people have confidence in the economy, they have money to spend on new business ventures, bigger houses and money is injected into the economy. Jobs and mortgage repayments are easy to find and the banks happily print money to pump into the system. Then it's payback time, the interest rates are raised, there is less money in circulation, repayments become harder and businesses fail. People lose jobs, houses, hope and the banks convert repossessions from 'created' money to 'real' estate assets, and the whole cycle is repeated again and again.

Central Banks are not the solution, they are the problem; they are the Disease, not the Cure. They are riddled with ASPD cancer and it should be no surprise Alan Blinder, former Federal Reserve Board Vice Chairman said, "The last duty of a central banker is to tell the public the truth." As we now know, they CANNOT tell the truth, the nature of their personality disorder prevents them from EVER telling the truth.

On June 4, 1963, President John F. Kennedy signed Executive Order No. 11110 that gave the U.S. government the power to issue national currency without going through the Federal Reserve and paying debt interest on borrowings to a private corporation. The new order gave the U.S. treasury power to issue silver certificates against any silver bullion, silver, or standard silver dollars held in the Federal Treasury. Kennedy brought nearly \$4.3 billion in newly designed U.S. notes into circulation using the new legislation to produce currency. ***President Kennedy was assassinated five months later.*** The U.S. was quickly returned to the debt structured Reserve Bank lending system, Kennedy's newly minted notes and coins were removed from circulation and U.S. citizens were again enslaved to the fraudulent private banking system. Interestingly, Executive Order No. 11110 has never been rescinded, but no president since Kennedy has ever been brave enough to re-instate it, they know they will die.

In recent times, we discover Libya's Muammar Gaddafi was sodomised, tortured and shot after his attempt to gain Libya's economic independence. He intended to stop selling Africa's major oil reserves in US dollars. The petrodollar is the pillar of American imperialism and Gaddafi planned to underwrite a common African currency backed by gold reserves and establish an all-African bank to promote economic union among poor countries with precious resources. It was a noble plan that was completely intolerable to the US and their central bankers and like Kennedy's attempt to break free of the reserve bank, Gaddafi was assassinated in a carefully choreographed propaganda performance. To add insult to injury, Barack Obama confiscated \$30 billion from Libya's Central Bank, which Gaddafi had set aside for the establishment of an African Central Bank and the African gold backed Dinar currency.

The few remaining sovereign banking systems in the world are firmly in the crosshairs of the imperialist central bankers.

The winners are always the banks at the top of the pyramid scheme with their ASPD Machiavellian illusion of money and through manipulation, violence and media lies; they achieve staggering wealth, real estate and power.

Have you ever played Monopoly? Imagine one player can print all the money they need.

It doesn't take long before one player will own everything, and everyone else is broke or in debt. Sound familiar?

U.S. President Theodore Roosevelt noted on April 19, 1906, "Behind the ostensible government sits enthroned an invisible government owing no allegiance and acknowledging no responsibility to the people. To destroy this invisible government, to befoul the unholy alliance between corrupt business and corrupt politics is the first task of the statesmanship of the day."

Pathocratic puppet masters were instrumental in the Great Depression. The apparent prosperity of the 'Roaring Twenties' depended upon vendor finance. With the help of the Federal Reserve, the US banking system and bond market, loans were advanced to foreign customers of US farmers and manufacturers. The reckless expansion of bank credit during the years prior to the 1929 crash was liquidated because it grew enormously and couldn't be serviced or repaid. When the stock market bubble collapsed in October 1929, the Wall Street market in foreign debt went stone cold, triggering a cascade of worldwide defaults. By early 1933, the booming foreign debt market of the 1920s had stalled, with debt prices sinking to less than ten cents on the dollar. The 'created' wealth of the prior credit boom quickly evaporated. Investors found themselves standing stark naked as the tide went out and discovered US export customers had been borrowing new money in order to pay interest on their accumulating debts, but without access to new credits they had no option but to drastically curtail new orders. The world economy collapsed and everyday people sold their children to survive. As ill-informed investors sold off their worthless stock in panic for pennies, the Pathocratic controlling bankers began buying back stock at bargain prices and greatly increased their portfolios, real estate assets and personal wealth as stocks eventually rose again. The pain and misery this cold-hearted action created for millions of people globally are unimaginable. This extreme case of callous market manipulation was repeated several more times on a lesser scale and in 2008, when the top bankers set up junk bonds to destabilise the market and force everyday people to pay back the racketeering banks for the losses they had cleverly orchestrated!

Banks can make a loan and then finance it out of thin air, through the fractional reserve banking system, something no other business can do. Central banks adding unnecessary liquidity aggravate the problem; create the boom and bust cycles. Currently, banks are required to hold between 0 and 10 per cent reserves against deposits. To stabilise the system, the 'Chicago Plan' suggests bank assets should bring their reserves up to 100%. An IMF paper on the Chicago Plan estimates that government could cancel the entire government debt held by banks and over \$15 trillion of private debt! Irvin Fisher, a Yale economist said that the plan would greatly reduce the severity of business cycles, probably eliminating booms and busts. Bank runs would be impossible, making deposit insurance unnecessary, and it would greatly reduce the amount of public and private debt.

As sure as the rising sun tomorrow, Pathocratic central bankers will create catastrophic financial collapses globally in the future. With financial collapse come desperation, anarchy, insanity and war as psychopathic individuals squabble among themselves to re-establish their twisted empires and the ASPD puppeteers who created financial fracture sit back smiling, swilling their Louis Roederer Cristal and write another chapter of 'Warmongering for fun and profit.'

As Henry Ford pointed out in 1922, *“It is well enough that people of a nation do not understand our banking and monetary system, for if they did, I believe there would be a revolution before tomorrow morning.”* Mind you, if we print money, it's called counterfeiting and we are dragged off to jail. If the Reserve Bank prints money from nothing, it's called 'Quantitative Easing' and the bankers are richly rewarded. Recently they have been printing QE money like a counterfeiter on crack.

In a disturbing survey, only 1 in 10 British Members of Parliament understand that 97% of money is created by private banks. One hundred MPs were polled through Dods Monitoring in July 2014. MPs were asked to read a number of statements and indicate whether they were true or false. They could also select “Don't know.” In response to the statement, “Only the government – via the Bank of England or Royal Mint – has the authority to create money, including coins, notes and the electronic money in your bank account. 71% said this was true, 20% said it was false (the correct answer) and 9% said they did not know. Alarming, there was no significant difference in responses between the surveyed political parties. If the people in positions of authority have no idea of the power of the Reserve Bank, what hope does the average person have of understanding the illusion of money and the banking system?

The psychopath relies on lies and manipulation for continued success. They have built an entire hedonistic, consumer society that relies entirely on counterfeit money and materialism. There is no way our beautiful island natives, with no need for money, could survive in the fabricated world of a consumer society. With almost every human on the planet, believing money is real; it is easy for the controlling few to manipulate the system for incredible wealth and power.

Corporations, where shareholders could receive dividends as a reward for helping companies raise money for growth is gone. It has been replaced with a computerised share trading network complete with jargon like 'Double Exponential Moving Average' and 'Auto-Regressive Conditional Heteroskedasticity,' designed to confuse average investors and allow maximum profit from a highly corrupt system for those people controlling the system. The sociopathic wolves of Wall Street literally feast off gullible humanthings in a smorgasbord orgy of greed and parasitic game play.

Computers effectively created wealth beyond the comprehension of most people by allowing lenders to charge compounding interest, daily. Even on small amounts of money, this is an efficient method of increasing digits, but when you apply the principal to billions or trillions of units, the total aggregate increase is mind blowing. The introduction of the humble International Business Machine (IBM) was the holy grail of Pathocratic central bankers. Calculations that would take an army of mathematicians' years to complete could suddenly be done in seconds by computer and compounded every day if required, over almost infinite numbers of accounts. Add to that, the benefits of a cleverly, debt constructed society requiring interest repayments and Eureka! Bankers, hit the jackpot. In typical ASPD fashion, wealth beyond reason wasn't enough.

IBM computing ultimately slotted into the stock markets, allowing rapid trading down to the millisecond, effectively undermining the traditional solidity of share trading. The practice of

making thousands of algorithmic stock trades per minute is known as High Frequency Trading and the U.S Company, Anova deploys low-latency networks for stock trading. This network is an ultra-high-speed laser network connecting the New York Stock Exchange (NYSE) and the NASDAQ. The link is just a few nanoseconds faster than the current microwave and fibre-optic, but in the world of high-frequency trading (HFT), those nanoseconds result in millions of dollars in profits for the trading companies. This is classic psychopathic madness and demonstrates the unbelievable capacity of HFT to create money out of almost nothing.

This is insanity on a grand and dangerous scale. The banking sociopaths have created a huge toxic waste dump in their lounge room and tried to cover it with a flimsy sheet. The old relationship between production, distribution, consumption, savings and investment has long been out-dated. There is a huge bonfire of paper just waiting for a lighted match. As the blaze from the bonfire subsides, global financial depression, then war will proliferate, as they have in the past.

When you examine the character of the individuals at the highest levels of banking you realise they have strong ASPD traits. A young female business reporter experienced attempted rape from a leading world banker. The banker, once tipped to be a French prime minister, sexually assaulted the girl who said, "It was not the physical attack, but the psychological violence of a man of power, because, when an important man of a certain age puts pressure, as it was in my case at the time, a young girl, it is a wrong thing and unpleasant." This was not an isolated incidence of sexual impropriety by this individual, but part of a cavalcade of appalling, debauched behaviour and abuse from one of the financial world's most influential leaders.

Former IMF chief, Rodrigo Rato was the head of the International Monetary Fund between 2004 and 2007. Mr Rato later became director of Bankia in 2010, but resigned two years later amid concerns over the bank's liquidity. Company executives at Bankia completely and knowingly misled regulators about the bank's finances and Bankia bosses including Mr Rato were accused of widespread misuse of company funds and credit cards under his leadership. These allegations aren't aimed at small time bank staff; they were an indictment on the top level financiers of the world and their lust for fraud, corruption, greed and immorality.

There is a video of Dick Fuld, the former CEO of Lehman Brothers and the architect of its downfall, where you can see Fuld snarling to Lehman staff and saying that he wanted to "rip out their [his competitors] hearts and eat them before they died". You don't really have to see the whole video to conclude he was very weird; you can read a 2,200-page report by Anton Valukas, the Chicago-based lawyer hired by a US court to investigate Lehman's failure. Mr Valukas revealed systemic chicanery within the bank; he described management failures and a destructive, internal culture of reckless risk-taking worthy of any psychopath.

The ripple effect of Lehman Brothers failure and the largest bankruptcy case in U.S history to that date and the aftershocks were widespread, giving rise to a confidence crisis in global banks and hedge funds. Credit markets froze, forcing international governments to step in and attempt to ease concerns. In the U.S. this resulted in the controversial passage of the Trouble Asset Relief Program, a \$700 BILLION federal rescue aid package, on October 3, 2008. The ramifications of this incident have caused global financial instability as governments struggle to

plug their leaking boats even as I write. Since 2008, the Fed has pumped \$3.6 trillion of fiat credit into Wall Street, but there has been no genuine economic recovery.

China was touted as having pulled the world out of recession in 2009 with trillions of Dollars in credit expansion, but the reality is; Chinese expansion is an enormous debt Ponzi scheme dressed up as a “miracle.” The world economy is on a monetary ventilator and the central bankers have been too petrified to pull the plug.

The Dodd–Frank Wall Street Reform and Consumer Protection Act, commonly referred to as Dodd-Frank, was signed into federal law by President Barack Obama on July 21, 2010 at the Ronald Reagan Building in Washington, DC. Dodd-Frank was passed to increase regulations on large banks, making sure they were no longer too big to collapse. Within a year after the legislation was passed, the 15 largest banks were all larger than before Dodd-Frank, because thousands of small banks and mortgage companies could not survive under the weight of the new oppressive rules and were taken over by the larger banks. When they regulated "too big to fail," they actually created "too small to succeed," just as they were supposed to.

In the U.S.A. there is a political system that churns out more than 80,000 pages of regulations every year, robbing personal freedom and stifling production through De-industrialization and these regulations require larger and larger government, which can only be funded by more debt and more tax revenue. Panama-based law firm, Mossack Fonseca craftily helps the global ruling elite hide their ill-gotten gains from prying eyes and hungry taxation agents through an elaborate maize of shelf companies. Many world leaders use this company to hide their true wealth while they preach austerity, reduced welfare support and increased tax levels to their overtaxed, over governed, welfare deprived population.

The more regulations the U.S. CONgress passed to seemingly regulate big businesses, the more the large banks benefit from the reduction in small businesses and start-ups that can't survive or even get off the drawing board under the weight of these regulations. Any regulation that truly reigns in the large banks and frees up the small banks and corporations is unfortunately highly unlikely. Welcome to fictional bureaucratic double talk and the twilight zone of the Pathocracy.

Regulations, are the illusion created by Pathocratic politicians to make people believe they will save them from the abuses of giant business, when in fact those politicians and big businesses are all colluding together and everything they do supports the continued growth of bloated bureaucracies and gravid corporations, at the expense of small business and entrepreneurship. The controlling psychopathic entities don't want people thinking or working for themselves, they don't want creativity and fulfilment they want slaves, billions of them! They achieve this through enslaving people to their credit and debit finance fantasy world and their freedom robbing legislation.

Pathocratic governments cleverly mask debt in Trillions of dollars and it's difficult to comprehend such massive numbers. In the case of seven trillion US debt dollars (\$7,000,000,000,000), if you started spending \$1 million every day since the day, Jesus Christ was born, you still wouldn't have spent \$7 trillion. To try to gain the magnitude of these

numbers, seven trillion seconds is over 217 thousand years and just one trillion pennies stacked on top of each other would make a tower about 1,400,129 kilometres high. This is the same distance as going to the moon, back to earth, then to the moon again. In fact, global debt, the money owed by the world's businesses, governments and households, now stands 'officially' at almost \$200 trillion (but independent sources show the figure to be way beyond \$400 trillion).

The youth of the US watch their debt obligation rise by \$59.6 million per hour and act like this is a reasonable and normal situation. It's enough to make a rational person's head burst. That is an obscene amount of debt money! It's also an obscene amount of greed and mismanagement by any standard. The global monetary system is rampant ASPD madness on a dangerous and crushing scale.

U.S. financial criminals commit crimes a thousand times larger than anything previously seen in the history of humanity and then repeat these crimes again and again. The U.S. 'Justus' Department spends its vitalities explaining why it will not prosecute these criminals. The American people and the whole economy become the "prey" of this banking crime syndicate. This ASPD madness has not merely left the U.S. insolvent; it affects honest hard working people globally by a morally bankrupt minority. The psychopaths who control the puppet government literally ship U.S. manufacturing to the low-wage regimes of Asia. As a result, the once-envied U.S. middle class joins the ranks of the working poor.

Psychopath elites, who have benefited so greatly from globalization, corruption, central bank stimulus and the profiteering of state-enforced cartels still rule. None of the stupendous wealth created out of thin air has trickled down to the bottom 95% of the population - it never will.

Replacing income with debt in order to give the appearance of wealth is the ultimate cruel lie. The population of the US has grown by 54% since 1971, but the amount of credit card debt per person has grown by 6,782%, in the same period and the amount of auto loan debt has grown by 1,650%. Hello, am I the only person on planet earth sitting here with my tin foil hat thinking this is insane and unsustainable!

While there are millions of wonderful, loving, caring people working in the banking and finance industry and many of these wonderful people have helped me over the years, it's a powerful reminder that the often admired 'ruthlessness' of their controlling officers is a strong indicator of ASPD and particularly, psychopathy. Sociopath executives are fearless and can demonstrate "courage under fire." They will take incredible risks, endangering the very company they serve. In times of crisis, they can behave calmly and are not prone to panic like normal humans. From our study of sociopaths, we know they need constant excitement in their life to eliminate boredom and revel in crisis environments, even if they create the 'crisis' themselves. Psychopathic bosses achieve power by the way they isolate you, intimidate you or can make you feel bad if you don't give in to their demands, especially in times of crisis.

Female psychopaths can be some of the most dangerous type of corporate psychopaths and we see them excel in the banking and corporate world. They excel in indirect intimidation; Woman's inhumanity to women in the work place will often exceed anything done by men. Like

my wife's mother, a female psychopath will treat her female subordinate as if they are despised captive slaves; theirs to humiliate and control. Female 'paths use peer group exclusion as their method of indirect bullying and this offers security to those who conform and insecurity and alienation for those who don't. If you ever experience this sickening treatment in your workplace, realise this is not normal behaviour and seek professional advice immediately. Always seek advice from more than two independent sources as a guarantee of reliable information before seeking alternative employment.

People have been conditioned to believe the ruthlessness of business leaders and dog eat dog mentality is necessary for the success of a corporation and most people accept that invalid belief. We see the massive and impressive edifices they create in their cities as proof of their power and success at any cost. The buildings they create are certainly impressive and like the religious cathedrals in medieval Europe or the pyramids of ancient Egypt, they physically demonstrate the power of the controlling bureaucracy.

If we could leap in the trusty old time machine we keep in the closet and travel back in time to early Egypt, we could witness the ancient Bedouin, slogging their way through the desert with their camel trains loaded with precious items to trade. After many weeks of seeing endless desert and eating sand from countless dust storms, the ancient Bedouin traders would have entered the glistening cities of ancient Egypt. Massive, brightly coloured monuments and staggeringly beautiful pyramids with their brilliant white limestone sides and gold tipped pinnacles would appear as if magically from the surrounding desert. They would glisten like massive jewels against the bright blue desert sky and the traders would pause to gaze in awe and wonder at the sight.

The ancient merchants would wind their way through the palm-fringed streets of the city on the way to their market rendezvous. There would have been all the excitement of a vibrant metropolis with the enchantment of beautiful women, exotic stalls with copious amounts of gloriously scented food from the rich alluvial fields nearby. Fragrant perfume would waft to their nostrils from the many myrrh and frankincense burners placed throughout the city. The traders would witness extravagant festivities with colourful costumes, decorated oxen and raucous music and they would slake their thirst with the beer and wine of the local Egyptian merchants. The Bedouin would be able to tell the tale of their desert odyssey and recount their encounter with hostile tribes in an effort to inflate the price of their cargo. They would be able to tell of far off lands, inhabited with strange people and creatures that would totally captivate their eager audience. The very nature of their precious goods would confirm their flamboyant stories and we can imagine young Egyptian children peering nervously from the safety of their parents robes as they studied the strangers in their midst.

Lovingly crafted Fellucas, with their elegant lines and mystical curved sails, would be gliding effortlessly on the wide river in the afternoon breezes and the Bedouin would witness the many heavily laden barges plying their way downstream. The weary travellers would be able to trade their goods and engage in the hospitality of their fellow merchants in the noisy, bustling streets of the ancient market place. They would marvel at the richly decorated temples, opulent palaces and rows of immaculately carved statues that lined the main thoroughfares. The traders

would have been incredibly impressed with all they saw and would immediately know they were dealing with a powerful, controlling bureaucracy.

The huge constructions, used by controlling groups throughout history, are a physical representation of the ideas and prevailing ideologies of a particular period and they instil a sense of wonder, subservience and fear in their observer. This physical representation of economic, political and spiritual power has been the hallmark of Pathocratic civilisations to the present day. The buildings they create are so far removed from their natural surroundings they actually jar our sense of reality just by looking at them; they are asynchronous to nature.

Huge bluestone monoliths created by early European societies, finely crafted pyramids in the jungles of South America, built by the ancient Mayans, Gothic cathedrals in the middle ages and soaring skyscrapers of the modern skyline share this physical representation of power. Along with the impressive buildings, we continually see the undisputed ruthlessness of the people who are at the top of these ancient and modern organisations. What we also often see is the appalling treatment of the families and employees of these 'successful' modern business people.

As an example, Charles Saatchi, owner of one of the largest advertising firms in the world, grabbed his wife by the throat in a public restaurant during an intense argument. Millions around the world saw the visibly distraught woman as a cameraman caught the extraordinary behaviour for all to see. In predictable APD fashion, Saatchi then went on to attempt to diffuse his appalling behaviour by throwing 'straw men' to the media reporters and derogation on his wife. He dragged up every piece of dirt on his wife he could find in an effort to make himself look better and distract the press from the real issue of his inexcusable and criminal abuse in a classic ASPD straw man performance.

There are numerous documented cases of extreme abuse at the hands of wealthy industrialists. Fortunately, not all wealthy CEO's are psychopaths, in fact, there are thousands and thousands of wonderful, compassionate heads of corporations around the globe, but the corporate world is a magnet for psychopaths and their destructive power at the helm of multinational behemoths is now felt globally. They have become so powerful and staggeringly wealthy they can actually buy whole countries, and tobacco corporations, eager to avoid criminal litigation by using their acquired countries constitution to avoid prosecution are contemplating that strategy. It would be small change for a company like Microsoft to enter into country acquisition and buy a small country like Nauru. It would take a tiny 4 per cent of its groaning cash pile to accomplish; yet, it would slip a hefty \$300,000 into every Nauruan's pocket. With an average island household of six, Nauruans might well regard a cheque for \$1.8 million per family as decent compensation. They would wave goodbye to poverty by renting their constitution to a corporation.

Legislation in the U.S. that provides immunity to drug companies from prosecution due to dangerous products, hints at the close relationship of insanity that is the hallmark of the 'path and the bond between corporate power and governments. Just like a psychopath, a corporation has no conscience about killing people or poisoning the environment. Like a psychopath, they have no true human feelings of love, compassion or empathy, they put short-term profit, materialism and control above all else. Lacking the true feelings of love, honesty and deep commitment, their

focus is solely on their carefully fabricated, self-serving concept of money, which provides their required diet of control, dominance, hate, abuse, contempt and material possessions. Until sociopaths/psychopaths are identified, brought to heel and removed from positions of power and trust, the insanity will always persist. History as we know it, will just keep repeating itself. The insane circus will entertain itself from the money collected from exploitable humanthings. War and violence will accelerate and the divide between rich and poor will increase. Psychopaths and their insane lust for power and material possessions know no other way. They will find ways to steal or tax people into oblivion as their fantasy corporate world crumbles around them.

Originally introduced in the late 19th century before federation in Australia, taxes today are at crippling levels. In 1884, a general tax on income was introduced in the state of South Australia, and in 1895 income tax was introduced in the state of New South Wales at the reasonable rate of six pence in the pound, or 2.5%. Federal income tax was first introduced in 1915, in order to fund Australia's disastrous involvement in the First World War AKA, the Gallipoli campaign. From 1915 to 1942, increased income taxes were levied at both the state and federal level. Local councils leapt on the joy ride by unconstitutionally sucking rates, fees and fines from their constituents. During the war years, the bureaucracy expanded dramatically and has never been dismantled, only enlarged. The cost of maintaining this absurdly bloated and intrusive bureaucracy has sky-rocketed into the ionosphere and exploitable citizens and foreign loans fund bloated, bureaucratic extravagance.

Australians gleefully pay tax and more tax. They love paying tax on tax. They are one of the highest taxed nations in the world and never question their taxation system. An example of overtaxing is sales of fuel and alcohol, where a Goods and Services Tax exists on top of excise duties (tax). Forty per cent of the purchasing cost of alcohol in Australia is taxation and it's only when you leave Australia and buy these products overseas that you discover how inexpensive they really are. People never understand that power bills, dog licenses, council rates and charges, marriage licenses, water rates etc. are all taxes. Licensing is when the government takes a right from you, and sells it back.

In the U.S.A., convoluted tax legislation is around 4 million words long, which is more than four times longer than all of William Shakespeare's works put together. Ordinary people can never hope to comprehend this absurd level of legislation and merely become free-range serfs on a tax plantation.

Thomas Jefferson noted. "A wise and frugal government... shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government."

Not that most people object to taxation, they realise that under the current system, taxes are necessary to fund social systems and large infrastructure projects, it's the fact that the tax collected is never directed to areas requiring funding. In 2014, the Australian government allowed nearly 600 huge, multinational companies to pay no tax on massive profits and over 1,000 large companies to pay tax at ridiculously low rates while citizens of Australia Ltd buckled under the weight of obscene taxation.

If you have the misfortune to drive down any rural road in Australia, you quickly realise the money extracted from honest people from fuel tax, vehicle registration, local government rates and Goods and Services Tax is quickly whisked out of rural areas and never directed at road repairs. I recently had the horror of travelling around a notable tourist town in northern New South Wales, Australia and was shocked to discover the roads were in the same appalling condition as our third world island. I approached the council, who extracts many millions of dollars in rates and taxes every year from its constituents in pretence of maintaining their roads for an answer to the shocking and vehicle damaging state of their roads and their response was as follows –

From: "C---k, G--g" <G--.C--k@b---n.nsw.gov.au>

To: "'zortac@mail.vu'" <zortac@mail.vu>

Subject: Roads Byron Shire

Date: Sun 07/26/15 10:15 PM

Dear Mr Zortac,

Thank you for your E-mail concerning the conditions of Byron Shire Roads.

Inspections and repairs are carried out regularly in each area of the shire although overuse and weather conditions sometimes hinder our efforts.

Byron Council will be increasing funding to road repair and reconstruction over the next few years.

Yours sincerely

G--g C---k

Acting Asset Officer

The above correspondence in no way addressed the issues I raised concerning the lack of road repair funding despite the bulging revenue stream collected by local government and the unconstitutional method the local government uses to raise their revenue. The response was vintage Pathocratic rhetoric.

I honestly believe that if I received the staggering revenue from just one month of collected fuel tax and GST (Goods and Services Tax) in the whole of Australia, I could fund the successful repair and restoration of roads for several states for many years. That includes gold plated signposts!

Australia is in the unique position of having an invalid revised constitution and any taxes, rates or levies raised by the government and local government in particular are possibly fraudulent and criminal. After twice trying to amend the constitution to allow a third tier of government in referendums and failing, local government sidestepped the constitution by creating Constitutional Trading Corporations to allow them to steal money from ill-informed citizens. Australians happily trot off to work for a deceitful and very corrupt Corporate Government Junta.

One belief regarding Australia is that it is a democracy. The problem is that Australia simply never was a democracy. This is a difficult reality for people and they will dismiss such a claim as postposterous rather than take the time to check the historical record and see for themselves.

Such a dismissive reaction is due in large part to what is perhaps the most successful public relations campaign in modern history.

Australia was a penal colony founded on elite, colonial rule based on the power of wealth — a plutocratic colonial oligarchy that succeeded not only in buying the label of “democracy” to market itself to the masses, but in having its citizens buy its nationalist origin myth so they refuse to hear well-documented arguments to the contrary.

British colonial expansion into Australia did not occur in the name of the freedom and equality or conferring power to the people. Those who settled on the shores of the “new world,” did not respect the fact that it was a very old world and that a vast indigenous population had been living there for 50,000 years.

As soon as the British set foot, they began robbing, raping, enslaving and killing the native inhabitants. Rather than the land of the free and equal, British colonial rule in Australia imposed a land of the prison warden, the colonizer and the colonized, the master and the slave, the rich and the poor, the free and the un-free. The overwhelming majority, “the people,” were subjected to death, slavery, servitude, and unremitting socio-economic oppression. That may be your idea of a democracy, but it’s not mine.

With a cavalier attitude for the truth, Australian fascist laws have been wallpapered over the constitution, stripping the Australian people of their rights and freedom. In fact, Australia is and always has been since white settlement, the world’s greatest whore. With her parliamentary pimps, she has effectively sold off her land and mineral wealth to anyone with sufficient money to wave in her direction. She stripped her native forests faster than any land mass on the planet and surrendered her naked, freehold land to foreign investors. Many of her once pristine clear rivers are now salty, poisoned and muddied remnants of an abused landscape. Her Condamine River can be set alight with a match and her farmland, ravaged with weeds, pests and chemical residue becomes less productive every year. She has sold the assets of her population to foreign multinationals and has even sold her land titles office, social security, farmland, roads, water resources, shipping ports, airports and railways. She happily lies on her back and allows giant mining corporations to plunge their massive machinery into her body to extract her valuable minerals. The Common Wealth (the wealth of the common men and women) of the beleaguered population is stolen from under their feet, whisked away to foreign bank accounts and the real benefit of mineral and gas reserves is never realised for Australian citizens. That finite mineral wealth disappears, never be returned and nearly every single person in Australia is happy to allow this prostitution to continue.

Through incredible economic mismanagement during some of the most buoyant economic conditions in human history, successive Australian governments have left their blind, obedient population with a vertical cliff face of debt. The people of Australia are happily sailing down the intoxicating river of debt, sipping on champagne and partying wildly, blissfully unaware of the cataclysmic waterfall waiting around the next river bend. Deliriously drunk with debt, they are in for one blinder of a hangover!

In an interview with the Barcelona-based newspaper, Vanguardia, Pope Francis described the world's economic system as, "Madness." He went on to say, "We discard a whole generation to maintain an economic system that no longer endures. A system that to survive has to make war, as the big empires has always done, but since we cannot wage the third world war, we make regional wars." He continued, "We have placed money in the centre, the god of money. We have fallen into the sin of idolatry, the idolatry of money. The economy moves by the desire to have more and paradoxically it feeds a disposable culture."

During my life, I met many thousands of wonderful Australian people both personally and professionally in a broad spectrum of society. These people were a pleasure to associate with and conduct business dealings. Some of these people would become life-long friends and the love and support they have provided is truly amazing. All these beautiful people are the complete reverse of the controlling fiends at the heart of their society. These kind, considerate people have no idea of the tsunami wave of horror ASPD bureaucracies are about to unleash on them. The purpose of this document is to halt the spread of ASPD madness from destroying the lives and agrarian structure of millions of caring, authentic humans as Pathocracies have done throughout history.

Just like the lies and abuse my wife and I experienced as children, the western world is a flimsy house of cards built on lies, the Pathocratic illusion of money, twisted perceptions, fear and control. Now we know why. As humans, we may feel the current world system is insane, insensitive and diametrically opposed to our human feelings and needs. I met hundreds and hundreds of people during my life who used the word 'crazy' or 'insane' to describe contemporary governments and modern society. Many of them said they felt 'out of sync' with their society and were bewildered by the deluge of insensitive, stifling laws and new taxes thrust on them daily.

At some point, we have to trust someone. It may be a business transaction, where we trust a bank to transfer funds and not steal them. We have to trust the pilot of the plane we are flying in has flown an aircraft before. We have to trust our lover will not stab us as we sleep. Ultimately, we need to trust – there is no way anyone can trust a current government. They continually lie, introduce 'retrospective' legislature, incarcerate and destroy people's freedom and lives with reams of laws that bind people to their strange, twisted Pathocratic logic. Trust without legislature is a rare commodity in modern, western society that sees trust as an archaic artefact.

It's worth taking a very quick look at law and the legal system as it is represented in our society. As a child, I discovered a *natural lore* on our farm where light followed dark, flood-followed drought and death followed birth. They were conditions of a natural world that sustained life in a rhythm of complex continuity. If I couldn't get breath and oxygen to my lungs, the natural lore suggested I might die. I couldn't stop the sun from rising, the tides from flowing or the moon from waning. If I jumped in the air from the ground, I would always land back on the ground. This natural lore, not legislated by humans was difficult to dispute. As I started school, I discovered man-made laws and through continual floggings and punishment; I learned to accept authority and man-made law in a way that would last into adult life. Later I would

discover I could wipe my nose with the paper that many of the fabricated laws were written on. Many of these laws, written to intimidate and relieve me of money and in the doubtful Australian constitution in particular, with their pompous kangaroo courts, these laws were invalid in every sense.

Pathocracies have made slavery *'legal,'* the holocaust was made *'legal,'* segregation and apartheid were *'legal,'* fascism was *'legal,'* wars were *'legal.'* Legality is a vagrancy of human lore that allows Pathocracies to maintain their rule by force, unreality and citizen ignorance. Psychopaths in government may tell us what we can and cannot do, but they cannot tell us what to feel. Our inner feelings are our own lore and no psychopath can ever understand, own them or steal them.

Albert Einstein noted, "I am convinced that vivid consciousness of the primary importance of moral principles for the betterment and ennoblement of life does not need the idea of a law-giver, especially a law-giver who works on the basis of reward and punishment."

Ultimately, I discovered no person is held by man-made 'law,' we are all free in the truest sense of the word and not bound by avaricious legal systems, borders or rabid patriotism. Our inbuilt lore of conscience and the desire to help one another in a true society is far stronger and more valid than all the volumes of law ever written.

Think about it, no typical, authentic, feeling human runs around looking for people to harm, defraud or control, our conscience prevents it. Any person who seeks power and dominance at any cost and imposes laws to protect their status is possibly not an authentic human and an aberrant of nature. We need guidance and assistance in resolving disputes and maintaining a safe, balanced social status, but it's important to realise the legal system is as fictitious as the banking system. The 'law' protects the few at the cost of many. There is little justice and a lot of 'just-us.'

As Thomas Jefferson, the third president of the United States observed, "If a law is unjust, a man is not only right to disobey it, he is obligated to do so."

People were beginning to realise the lunatics were running the asylum. So many of our friends were awakening from the hypnotic web of their society and trying to make the final connection to the callousness of their fictitious modern society. Like my wife and I, they understood the rabid desire for monetary profit by corporations posing as governments, but the actual underlying reason these people were blind to anything but monetary gain was beyond understanding. They knew their political system was totally corrupt and incapable of proper governance.

They watched government's slash-and-burn social programs, education, health care, default on pension obligations and do nothing about extreme poverty and the epidemic of homeless people, all the while claiming that there was no money to continue to fund necessary programs. Meanwhile, these same ASPD bureaucracies could find billions of taxed or borrowed money to

put into the pockets of their corporate masters in the form of subsidies or fight costly wars on foreign soil.

War is the ultimate profit machine for psychopaths and they have profited from war and plunder for thousands of years. In modern society, infrastructure, welfare and social support schemes shrink as warfare budgets dwarf them in comparison. Smedley D. Butler said, "War is a racket. It always has been. It is possibly the oldest, easily the most profitable, surely the most vicious. It is the only one international in scope. It is the only one in which the profits are reckoned in dollars and the losses in lives."

Government becomes welfare for the well connected.

If we look at the 2013 SIPRI Military Expenditure Database we see the absurd military spending of the U.S.A. to be **\$640 Billion** (the U.K. spent \$58 billion.)

The 2015 U.S. home economy budget shows a war budget reduction since 2013, but the spending of \$599 Billion, clearly indicates the lopsided size of military expenditure in relation to other government funding. ***For psychopaths, it's always about the money***, someone somewhere is making obscene amounts of money from suffering and abuse at the expense of sanity and compassion.

Other people around us discovered, in order to produce; we need to obtain permission from people who produce nothing. They saw that money is flowing to those who deal, not in goods, but in favours. They saw that people get richer by corruption than by honest work, our laws don't protect us against them, but protect them against us. They saw corruption rewarded and honesty becoming martyrdom. All these traits are the easily verifiable ASPD symptoms found in corrupted individuals seeking power globally.

Our friends understood the obsession with money, control and the lies thrust on them daily by governments and media, but the underlying reason the culprits did what they did was a mystery.

Only now can we reveal the nature of that bewilderment and those who coldly deliver predictable social insanity: the Dark Triad of Anti-Social Personality Disorders and cold, cruel, Socially Adept Psychopaths in particular!

Chapter Fourteen

Unchain My Heart

Since our quiet amble down the runway at the start of this book, we packed our bag of anticipation and soared into the heavens. We have encountered some turbulence, fastened our seatbelts for extreme turbulence. Most readers have reached for their parachute and bailed out, but now it's time to bring this thing in for a perfect landing.

One of the most amazing discoveries of my life was using the key of ASPD awareness to unlock the massive, heavily guarded doors of deception and find the real reason society is what it is and what it always has been. Making sense of all the questions that had plagued me since childhood. Sifting through the lies and bullshit supplied by ruling entities that had left me feeling like a square peg trying to fit in a round hole! Finally putting all the pieces of the jigsaw puzzle together, being able to alert people to the cause of many of their problems, both personally and socially, and supplying solutions to their predicament. Initially I only found tiny pieces of the puzzle, like finding a tiny blue jigsaw tile that may represent sky, sea, a building or vehicle. Over many years of searching for relevant jigsaw tiles, they eventually fitted perfectly together and the jigsaw picture became very clear. The pieces of the puzzle fitted both contemporary and ancient societies and the people who led those civilisations. The puzzle pieces fitted the glorification of war and the elevated status of some of the greatest murderers in history.

Finding the key to unlock the reason the modern world seems out of sync with normal feeling humans is as exhilarating as finding the key of a piece of music. Musical 'keys' are the specific pattern of notes that governs the tonality a song. To discover the 'key' of a piece of music, will mean you to have basic musical skills. For some people this is incredibly easy, they just pick up an instrument and seem to be able to play along to any melody without effort. For the rest of us it may be more of a challenge. You will have to experience the vibration of the music. Your ears will have to transmit the audio oscillations of the melody you hear for your brain to decode and you will have to transpose your experience to a device capable of producing sound waves. It sounds complicated and its way more complicated than you imagine. There are stereocilia to decode, neurons to fire, synapsis to bridge, chemicals to exude, muscles to contract, eyes to focus, fingers to move in a precise trajectory and all of this in a fraction of a second. You will have to listen to the music you hear and be able to play the melody on your instrument of choice. If you have no musical skill, this might be frustrating as you find yourself blundering around on an instrument and you may give up in frustration. You need an 'ear' for music to be able to play the same notes as the music you are hearing. You need to know the chromatic scale of your instrument to be able to identify the 'key' the music was written in. When you finally discover the key the music was written in, it's an exciting feeling to be able to crack the code of the music and play harmoniously as the composer intended. If you are unable to find the right key, the music you play will sound more like a cat sliding down a steep tin roof, than music.

As humans, we are using incredible cognitive processes to accomplish this musical task and we are using powerful, intuitive abilities when we sense that something is wrong with people or the society we live in. We may be able to sense that something is inappropriate with a society, but it takes an incredible series of events to be able to diagnose the problem and alert others to the issue. As Plato discovered, trying to show feeling humans the level of unreality, insanity and abuse they are receiving can be difficult, but not impossible.

I was so incredibly fortunate to receive abuse as a child, without that abuse I would have no true understanding of the emotional repercussions of the ill-treatment people receive. I would have had no real idea of the physical and emotional pain associated with abuse. I would have found it almost impossible to believe the stories of horror that would unfold from other people during my life and I would never have studied the area of Anti-Social Personality Disorders so intensely, if I had not been a subject of manipulation myself.

In an amazing sequence of events, I was able to discover the reason I received abuse and the reason the abusers did what they did. I was also fortunate that the abuse I received was insignificant compared to many people I would meet in later life. Wonderfully brave people that I listened to told me truly horrific stories of childhood abuse or abuse as an adult. I honestly cringed with horror as they recounted their shocking stories at the hands of non-humans. I heard stories of young girls raped by their parents, locked away and beaten regularly. People subjected to extreme sexual abuse and slavery and taught this was their lot in life and they deserved it. There were recollections of parents of young girls who loaned and sold them to paedophile groups to be shared around the district. People, so controlled by sociopaths as children, they believed their hideous treatment was the same for everyone. People who believed they were worthless trash and deserved every vile experience hoisted upon them. People whose twisted perception of reality ensured they would spend the rest of their tortured lives in therapy. As these people matured and realised the extent of their abuse and the monstrous parents who abused them, they found it nearly impossible to participate in normal social interaction. Meanwhile, their abusers, devoid of any glimmer of conscience or guilt were free to carry on their agenda of total debauchery with immunity.

Without personally experiencing abuse and understanding the experiences of my wife, I would have stumbled through life with no possibility of ever comprehending the workings of very dangerous 'people' and their effect on complex human society. I would never have discovered the key to unlocking the proliferation of global madness, both now and in the past. Like almost every single person around me, I would have never questioned. I would have spent my life with my nose to grindstone, pedantically defending my position in society and nurturing my implanted beliefs. I would have never discovered that I am powerful beyond belief, that everything I need for spiritual and social awareness is contained within me. I would have never known that psychopathic duality cleverly eroded my personal power and spirituality. I would have never discovered their need to create confusion, hatred, disorder and control that ultimately rewards them materialistically, but bankrupted me spiritually.

Like vile, alien vampires, psychopaths literally suck the beauty of life from feeling human societies. They treat us as if we are all livestock, constantly being prodded, monitored, surveyed, vaccinated and herded for slaughter in wars by the Pathocracy and its sycophants.

I was incredibly fortunate to be able to observe people with Anti-Social Personality Disorder as they lived in a normal social environment, not an institution. This was vital in understanding the sheer cunningness of ASPD people and the way they could trick people into believing they were normal functioning members of society. I could witness their total lack of love and normal human feelings and measure the effect of close questioning on them via social experimentation. I saw how they used pity as a way of enticing people into their whirlpool of abuse and control. I could read and analyse their emotionless correspondence in letters and emails. The lack of caring and feeling, leapt from the pages like headlines near a news stand. It was like watching some brilliantly programmed machine, perfect in every physical detail, but definitely not human. There was a glitch in the CPU, a tiny circuitry malfunction that was evident to us, but not the machine.

I watched, as these 'people' used modern media to gain new ways to manipulate human exploitables. They were totally absorbed by the portrayal of emotions on television when it suited their purpose. It was effectively a study program for them to examine ways to copy or exploit human feelings. I watched as they cleverly exerted their superiority over gullible humans by making them bend to their unrealistic demands. As an example, my mother in law would make restaurant staff prepare strange dishes that the restaurant was not catering for. This was a twofold attack, it exerted superiority over the staff members and it exhibited superiority to the restaurant patrons by demonstrating she would not eat 'common' food.

It was fascinating to see the lack of comprehension of anything involving real feeling in my mother in-law and terrifying to witness the childlike emotional responses to stress or perceived threats. I was able to construct emotional experiments to validate my hypothesis on psychopathy by asking a question involving what the subject was feeling or simply "How do you feel about that?" Most of these questions were simply ignored or the 'straw man' was lit and thrown in the conversation in an attempt to sabotage the questioning. There was an occasion where she mentioned how politicians lie and was genuinely surprised when she discovered not everybody lies. Even more astonishing for her, was the fact that normal feeling humans cannot lie because their conscience will not allow it; she truly had no concept of conscience. We employed similar experimentation on other suspected ASPD individuals we knew in our social circle.

I watched closely as my mother in law drummed her fingers on the seat of her chair in boredom while my wife and I were reduced to tears as we watched an incredibly sad movie in her house. The movie failed to move her in the slightest, as we hypothesised; she was emotionally bankrupt, completely incapable of feeling for other people, in fact incapable of the full spectrum of authentic human emotions. It was incredibly good luck to be part of their dysfunctional world and study their perceptions.

My wife was adept at dream analysis and she sometimes tried to analyse her mother's dreams. Often her mother's dreams were very bizarre with strange short segments of disjointed events. There were elements of fear and anxiety in some of the dreams as well as moments of being lost and disorientated. Her dreams were mostly jumbled fragments of strange and nonsensical elements with no pattern or theme. There were never any references to emotive events such as nurturing, longing and love.

My wife also noted over the years, her mother's sleep patterns were considerably different to other family members. She seemed to require far less sleep than the rest of the family and would be up at all hours of the night eating or starting odd activities. It seemed she only needed small, irregular amounts of sleep to function. Could it be the ASPD brain, void of valid human emotions can process the day's activities faster than a normal human brain? Our daily activity involves an enormous amount of emotional information to sift through and sort during sleep. Without the burden of true human feelings, the psychopath brain only has to sort data, not emotions and therefore less sleep time may be necessary. It was an interesting theory, possibly completely incorrect, but worthy of further study.

Unlike ASPD individuals, the majority of emotionally aligned human beings on planet earth are an exquisite, colourful thread in the glowing tapestry of life and love. We have unlimited potential, with a mind capable of soaring self-analysis, feats of incredible ingenuity, creativity, and an ability to communicate on many levels augmented with the ability to create expansive loving networks. We are complex organisms; so complex and finely tuned to our environment, it is almost beyond comprehension. We have the wonder of emotion that billows into unbridled ecstasy or deep compassion. Endowed with a capacity for incredible deduction, understanding and wisdom, we are similar yet like no other life form. Every breath we take is a miracle of natural, biological engineering and a celebration of our cosmic uniqueness.

If you don't think you're incredibly amazing, special or unique, just try manufacturing a human being from the atomic energy around you. That doesn't mean bolting together a robot with a pretty face, artificial intelligence, banks of batteries and a 'made in China' sticker glued to its foot. It means starting from nothing and using only the atoms and molecules surrounding you assemble a living, feeling human being with more than 37,000,000,000,000,000,000 reproducing cells capable of repairing themselves, a memory system with a capacity in the petabyte range or as much as the entire World Wide Web. A neuron network that has the maximum amount of high-dimensional structures, way beyond our known three-dimensional world. An organic system, capable of powering itself with the material around it, with blood, muscles, mobility, sensitivity, vision, audio receptors, intelligence, emotions, spirituality and love. It is impossible! Now can you catch a glimpse how amazing you are? Can you begin to see what an incredible creation you are? Can you feel, no matter how physically or mentally incapacitated you may be you are a stupendous marvel of biological endeavour? ***As a life form on this planet, you are the most amazingly powerful assemblage of physical and spiritual energy in the universe.***

Everything is connected to allow us to experience the wonder of our existence at this point in time. The air we breathe, the water we drink, the food we eat, the people we love. Every vibrating atom around us is a vibrating part of the whole. If you don't think you're connected to everything around you, just try holding your breath for thirty minutes or not eating and drinking for six months! We are all part of one and one is part of all. We are not in a state of thinking, but a state of spiritualistic being and this state of oneness transcends indoctrinated, psychopathic duality. We are able to get in touch with which we are; truly are, the part of us that's eternal, infinite and authentic and encompasses the whole. Once recognised, the unlimited love we have inside us spreads out like a boundless ocean not constrained by space or time and envelops the whole world. We are all one and all part of the same whole. We are part of the blindingly colourful tapestry of life that is pure, unconditional love.

My physical presence on this planet is truly miraculous. I was not spontaneously created; I arrived here through a series of reproductive miracles. I have arrived at this point in linear time because thousands of years ago some hunter-gatherers had a child. All the countless generations before and after them are linked to me. No one and no thing is insignificant. Everything is connected. The food my ancestors ate, the animals they sacrificed, the grass the animals ate, the rain that made the grass grow, the micro bacteria in the soil - the love - the hate - the passion – the spirituality - the survival - the good - the bad – the evil – the wars. Everything down to a molecular level is connected. Everything on the non-physical plane is connected. Everything connects to the past, the present and the future. There are no coincidences.

All of this was necessary to get me to this realisation in this point of time. Everything becomes an infinite plane through these connections. In this existence, with this knowledge, you and I are powerful beyond measure. I cannot, nor ever could have existed without love. It is and always will be the reason for my existence. It creatively weaves through every atom in the comprehensible universe. It has always been and always will, continue. We are all One. Everything is part of everyone. Every vibrating atom of our incredible being connects to every vibrating atom around us. We are a vibrant mass of atomic intricacy linked to a support system of unimaginable complexity, beauty and antiquity.

As if that isn't amazing enough, I am currently sitting at a desk, hurtling through the incredibly cold and hostile vacuum of space at 108,000 kilometres per hour or a staggering 30,000 metres every second. Combined with this velocity, my desk is spinning at 1,670 kilometres per hour around an incredibly violent and life obliterating hydrogen and helium fission reactor that consumes over 600 million tonnes of hydrogen every second. The reactor, our sun, is also travelling at 675,000 kilometres per hour as it plunges through our Milky Way galaxy, dragging our little planet along for the ride! Just as my head is spinning from these velocities, I discover our Milky Way galaxy itself is tearing through space at 2.1 *million* kilometres per hour (630 km per second). I am oblivious to this incredible velocity, yet I am experiencing it. These seem crazy figures, until we see a shooting star streak across the night sky. We can witness the speed of the shooting star to be around 200,000 kilometres per hour as it plunges thousands of kilometres in fractions of a second. This is the object's terminal velocity as it slows and burns in earth's atmosphere. If a jet aircraft were to travel the same distance it would be a painfully slow journey to cover the same distance. We are aware, yet we are so unaware.

Although I can see, I am blind; I can only 'see' 1/10 billionth of the electro-magnetic spectrum emitted from the sun. All the other radiated frequencies are invisible and many of these pass through my body. Just because I cannot see this radiation, does not mean it doesn't exist. Some of it I can 'feel' as infrared radiation, but I am unaware of the most of the radiation travelling through space, yet I may be experiencing it. I can increase my awareness through research and analysis and continually check the results for validity and accuracy. Similarly, just because I may be unaware of emotionally disturbed people and their colossal negative influence around me, doesn't mean they don't exist. We need to pop our head out of our comfortable rabbit hole and look differently at our world. Look and actually see.

None of our experiences would be possible if our little planet was slightly closer or further away from our companion star. A fraction closer to the sun would sterilise our planet from the intense radiation. Being too far from the sun would freeze dry the surface of the planet; even the speed of our planet's rotation and the moon's orbit ensures our existence. Carbon based life, as we know it could not exist if not for an incredible cosmic balancing act. Everything, even on a cosmic scale connects to allow us to experience this existence. Like dropping a stone in a pond, every ripple, every oscillation connects infinitely. It is incredible beyond belief. We are part of a massive, multi-dimensional, universal matrix that stretches beyond our imagination. We are part of a massive, multi-dimensional matrix that stretches beyond our imagination. We are part of the intense vibrating energy that is life and a fundamental law of quantum mechanics states that no information from the universe can ever disappear. It may change state, but it will not disappear. Most of the carbon, oxygen, and nitrogen in our bodies exist by the complex reactions of the stars around us. By definition, we are part of an incredibly complex living cosmos, infinitely.

Life is so precious it defies logic.

I cannot count the number of people who told me how much better their life would be if they won the lottery. The truth is we have all won the lottery! The chances of being a life form with intelligence and emotions in the universe are zillions to one against. Your existence is a miracle; *you have the won the greatest cosmic lottery of all time*, celebrate it; enjoy it, share it, live it, love it!

If you cannot grasp the significance of your incredibly powerful existence, your being, your potential, your creativity, your oneness, your infinite spirituality, your connection to an evolving universe, your amazing capacity for love, joy and beauty, your total human experience, your positive interaction with everything and everyone around you. You could well be a soulless psychopath, hell bent on disseminating duality, confusion, hatred and control or you are blinded by the current global psychopathic corporate indoctrination we call modern society.

I am constantly in awe of love; I feel it; I have always felt it. I know it exists in many of those around me and that it is an undeletable, incorruptible universal constant with infinite power. Love is not manufactured, distributed for sale or held in trust, it flows freely and infinitely around us and is available for any feeling person to access at any time.

Love is not restricted to race, social status, class, or gender; it exists for all to partake and cannot be owned or controlled. The distribution of love is not incorporated or measured; it is an infinite source of positive energy available to all feeling life forms to use for the benefit of all. Love can only be given, not stolen. Love is not weakness; it is the strength to stand up against those who are evil beyond comprehension: those who watch every word you write, listen to every word you say and control every aspect of your life. Love is the language softly spoken and understood by all authentic life forms. Love is the smile that radiates from the heart like a beacon. Love is the soft feather quilt we trustingly lie on in loving relationships. Love is the wonder, devotion, protection and self-sacrifice of raising children. Love to another is not reserved for a single day or for a special event or occasion, it is the caring way you live each day with the one you love.

Love is the strength to help a stranger, knowing you will be rewarded spiritually, not financially. Love is a beautiful fruit, in season at all times and within reach of every hand. Love is understanding someone, caring for them, sharing their joys and sorrows. The more you love, the more you lose a part of yourself, yet you don't become less of who you are; you end up being whole with your loved ones. The love between mother and daughter, father and son is infinitely more powerful, real and exquisite than any written law a human society has ever created. Love is the flexible golden link that binds humanity in a sense of purpose. Ultimately, love is the only reflection of a person's true worth.

The love I feel does not dilute from age and infirmity, it is the most valuable gift I have ever received and I wonder at its purity, beauty, simplicity and universal acceptance. Love and empathy is one of those rare gifts that bestow ecstasy on both the giver and the recipient. Love is the legal tender of the universe, carried in abundance by all authentic life forms.

I unashamedly love my life, every millisecond of it, the brilliant, the beautiful, the wonder, the adventure, the passion, the bad, the difficult, the painful, the deeply regrettable and the ugly and all the incredible experiences that led me to a realisation of staggering proportions. I love the ancient dance of life with its pulsating rhythms, whirlpools of emotions, waterfalls of ecstasy and placid lakes of serenity. I love the gift of wisdom that flows into my heart like an endless stream. I love my wife and all the incredible years we shared together, all the wonderful, beautiful years and all the many very difficult years we experienced. I love my wonderful friends who have stuck by me through thick and thin. My love is something I would give to all, in a hall, with weeping lawyers 'round the wall. I love our brilliant cat that has travelled half way around the world and given me a very different perspective on existence and purpose. I love the warmth of the sun on my skin, the wind rustling the leaves of trees and the millions of truly beautiful things I experienced during my life. I love interacting with people every day and the incredible connections that expand with those exchanges. I have met so many thousands of wonderful, generous, kind and strong people who have reinforced my belief in humanity and universal consciousness and understanding, caring people who go out of their way to assist without expectation of financial reward. I love watching the sunrise, the sun set and the moon floating westward on an ocean of cloud and I love the incredibly powerful life force that surges, vibrates and dances around me. I love watching children play, parents laughing, the elderly holding hands, the pure melodies of feathered maestros and the wonder of simplicity. My body becomes weak and frail with age; my mind slows, my eyes dim, I stumble and fall, yet the love I feel is as strong, in fact stronger than the day I was born. I am so fortunate that I can feel so much love from so many people and so many life forms around me. Life without love is poverty beyond measure.

To discover your own powerful self, all you have to do is

STOP.

Stop playing your societies games. Stop being involved in your daily grind, just stop, switch off the cultural noise around you, relax and experience the moment. Just stop and connect with the real and powerful you, the authentic, vibrating essence that is the real and powerful you and connects the spirit to all. Realise it is in the shelter of others that the people live.

You don't have to drop out of society for twenty seven years or live in a cave in the Himalayas in a cupboard drinking Yak milk and chewing on obscure mountain weeds. Just

switch off the television, the radio, the cell phone, the computer and remove yourself from all life's distractions for a few minutes and feel the power of your inner self and conscience; the real you, the core you, the powerful you that only you know – the authentic, universally loving and aware you. As an authentic human, there is no reason to play small. Living a life that is less than the one you are capable of living is the result of living in a contaminated, Pathocratic, repressive society. Life is for living – Live it! Love it! Celebrate it – every day!

What is it that we really want? We push ourselves instead of allowing ourselves, we try hard to please other people and this enormous effort blinds us to our incredible inherited potential. We need to allow ourselves to be ourselves. It's important to allow yourself to know what you know from the inside, your intuition, instead of forcing yourself to be what others think you should be - to 'fit in.' When there is so much importance to 'be' and become, we often cannot see what we really want or what we are, even when its staring us in the face. We become easily led and controlled.

Money will never buy happiness; the illusion of money that people chase will not benefit them emotionally. It is the spiritual connection of pure love, trust and sharing that brings contentment and happiness. Our outer island villagers, with no need for money or governmental interference, demonstrated this simplicity and bathed daily in happiness. If you don't believe people can be outrageously happy without money or government, just visit the remote Pacific islands and see for yourself. These people are deliriously happy.

To enter into our power, our truth, our internal divinity and alignment, we need to be in the vibration of love, not fear. When we live in a state of fear, our vitality and spirit contracts. Ultimately, love is strength, freedom and true happiness and not bound by physical space, boundaries or time. With a spiritual connection to all around us, love is the link that removes the fear of life and the fear of death. Think of the times you were separated by large distances from family, friends, siblings or lovers. Did you love them any less because of enormous distances apart? Of course, not: as we grow older and look back at the times spent separated from loved ones, the feelings of love are as strong as the day they were apart.

When we understand and accept the power of unconditional love and compassion, we learn to love all people for whom they are and not try to change them. You yourself, as much as anybody in the entire universe deserve love, affection, appreciation and respect. The ASPD Pathocracies controlling societies have no concept or understanding of this simple and powerful reality and rule entirely from hatred, lies and fear. Like military indoctrination over the millennia, they do all in their power to **disconnect** you from love, compassion and your powerful philosophical self. Psychopaths have no comprehension of love; the closest they get to love is sex. While reproduction is a powerful part of existence, sex is not love. Ask any sex worker if sex is love, it most certainly is not.

Psychopaths know that no bureaucracy or controlling Pathocratic group could survive for long without a well-defined, hate-created enemy. The creation of an 'enemy' ensures humanthings remain cringing in a state of fear and require their psychopath overlords for protection. Psychopaths are completely incapable of ruling with love, honesty and support. Sadly, the access to that area of their brain is literally missing. Psychopaths know only greed,

lies, warfare and misery and that is what is governing you! That is what has always governed you. That is what will always govern you if you don't *wake up!*

Until you are able to believe the almost unbelievable, explore the ramifications of ASPD for yourself, morally bankrupt people will dance gleefully on your head.

Spirituality and compassion in the majority of humanity is similar for nearly all individuals and it is up to each person whether or not they choose to acknowledge that path. Psychopaths can cleverly infiltrate spiritual organisations and churches for the benefit of personal wealth, power, control and sex, but they truly have no understanding of spirituality. They have no physical neuron connection to the area of their brain necessary for love and compassion. They prey on the presumption of feeling people that there is goodness in all people and with this false belief; cunningly tailor their religions to opiate the masses or harness people for war and wealth in the name of a third party entity or god (psychopaths never personally accept responsibility for their malevolent actions). Hate cannot drive out hate, only love can do that.

Joseph Campbell, an American writer and lecturer, told a story revealing what true power is, and how the ruling class seldom understands it.

A king ruled a large kingdom in India and met a Sadhu who gave him such good advice that the king invited the penniless monk to stay with him and become his chancellor.

"You will be the second most powerful person in the land." The king told the monk.

The Sadhu declined the king's offer.

"Thank you, but I am already the most powerful person in the land," he laughed.

The king, who commanded legions of armies and possessed treasure beyond imagination, was not amused.

He asked the sadhu to explain his impertinence.

The Sadhu responded by inviting the king to go horse riding and they rode all day until they reached the river marking the border of the king's empire. The Sadhu spurred his horse into the river and crossed into the neighbouring kingdom.

From the other side he called for the king to join him.

The king called back, saying he could not go further for he was not safe beyond the borders of his own kingdom.

By crossing the river into the next kingdom, the Sadhu had shown the king the limit of regal power and shown him the extent of *true power*.

That power is freedom of spirit.

No amount of money in the world can buy spiritual freedom.

No armies can control it or imprison it, yet all authentic humans possess it.

We are born powerful and rich with this freedom, rich in the true meaning of the word.

Until we understand the infinite power of our feelings, our mind and soul or what is within us, we cannot understand much around us.

Ask yourself what you are doing, why you are doing and especially ask who is telling you to do the things you are doing. Look around and see the large number of people filled with hatred and rage, cleverly created by the ruling Pathocracy. These ordinary human beings have

swallowed every lie ever told since birth, cling to their fragile belief system and can never admit to being wrong or misinformed. To admit to being misinformed or wrong would shatter their fragile, one-dimensional perception of themselves and tarnish their image in the eyes of their peers or subordinates. If these people discover they are wrong about one thing, what else could they be wrong about? They have built their life on appearing to be always right. They may have a padding of material wealth, possessions and circles of like-minded friends that they think insulates them from truth and supports their stance, but materialism is the delicate shield used to fend off new concepts, perceptions and truth. Their minds become as inflexible as the roads they travel; they lose the mental and spiritual elasticity of their youth. These people hate and abuse those they have no understanding of and they blindly obey indoctrinated beliefs. No feeling human is born hating other humans; hatred spawns from a Pathocratic society that manufactures fear, racial, religious intolerance and animosity. Psychopaths are the masters of playing one group of humans against the other; they benefit financially and politically from the hatred and fear they infuse.

Stop and see yourself as the incredibly powerful and amazing life source you really are. You don't have to bow to deities or seek spiritual guidance from obscure gurus. You don't have to belong to spiritual groups with arguable promises of extended existence. You don't have to recite mantras ad infinitum. Everything for spiritual awareness is contained within you. It is you, the real, authentic you. It is your life source, vibrating in perfect alignment with all around it.

Stop and see yourself as wonderfully powerful, courageous, loving and worthy of wonderful things. A person who has courage, love and spirituality will never die in misery! Know that genetically, you have an infinite capacity for love, understanding, knowledge, wisdom and sharing through expanding loving networks and understand you don't have to give money to anyone or anything for this realisation; it is part of being human, a human being, it is a part of you. It always has been part of you and it always will be a part of you. It is you! The desire you feel to help and connect with other people is a flame, never extinguished that burns in every authentic human. It is available for you to access at all times and has no price attached. All you have to do is acknowledge your inner self, the real, beautiful and powerful you, the authentic you, your real and true self and live your life fearlessly (without fear). Simply love yourself unconditionally and always look from the pure, inner you to the outside. Everything you need for your spirituality is miraculously contained within you! It is hard wired in your Deoxyribose Nucleic Acid. It is your bountiful, universal, unconditional inheritance. Realise your incredible potential to do wonderful things for yourself, your family and your society through your capacity for love and understanding. You are born infinitely rich and powerful with this free, beautiful, bountiful universal gift.

You are born with the real and authentic you, which does not need to be produced, it is part of you. This real you, not the person society sees, not the person society shapes, but the powerful, feeling, inner you, needs to be discovered and nurtured. No society allows this to happen because the real self is dangerous for the states, the traditions, the crowds, the religions. When you realise your true self, you become an individual. When you realise you are born with your authentic, powerful self and discover you are a gifted individual with genetically encoded morals, you cannot be exploited. You no longer belong to mob psychology and cannot be led like sheep. You cannot be ordered and commanded. Life lived from the strength of inner awareness, realisation and authenticity will have amazing beauty, integrity and freedom aStop and see

yourself as the incredibly powerful and amazing life source you really are. You don't have to bow to deities or seek spiritual guidance from obscure gurus. You don't have to belong to spiritual groups with arguable promises of extended existence. You don't have to recite mantras ad infinitum. Everything for spiritual awareness is contained within you. **It is you**, the real, authentic you. It is your life source, vibrating in perfect alignment with all around it. You are a beautiful measure in the cosmic symphony of life.

Stop and see yourself as wonderfully powerful, courageous, loving and worthy of wonderful things. A person who has courage, love and spirituality will never die in misery! You are unique and irreplaceable, no other life form in the universe has had exactly the same experiences as you. No amount of money or gold can create this. No amount of ASPD abuse can steal this.

Genetically, you have an *infinite capacity for love*, understanding, knowledge, wisdom and sharing through expanding loving networks and understand you don't have to give money to anyone or anything for this realisation; it is part of being human, a human being, it is a part of you. It always has been part of you and it always will be a part of you. It is you! The desire you feel to help and connect with other people is a flame, never extinguished that burns in every authentic human. It is available for you to access at all times and has no price attached. All you have to do is acknowledge your inner self, the real, beautiful and powerful you, the authentic you, your real and true self and live your life fearlessly (without fear).

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The more my wife and I studied the bureaucracies and leaders of our society, the more they resembled the psychopaths who had abused us as children. The absolute callous treatment of people and the utter disregard for the truth and the environment by ruling governments was almost identical to the behaviour we had experienced as children and young adults. What we saw was the blatant lying, the craving for control and power, the hatred, the wars, the broken political

promises. Governments revelled in short sightedness, theft, abuse, the mistreatment of those unable to defend themselves, the total fixation on money, materialism and emotional bankruptcy. The personal attacks on political opponents, the 'straw men,' the lack of positive policy creation, the lazy leaching of money from ever increasing taxes, fines and compliance, the corruption, the protection of corrupt corporations and complete incompetence were all evident in higher governmental individuals. They appeared to relate everything to money and to try to extract money from everything we did. When we compared the corporations and people governing us to the proven ASPD checklist from Dr Robert Hare and the PPI-R (Lilienfeld & Widows), the results were chillingly similar to people suffering serious Anti-Social Personality Disorders.

Governments were capable of callous acts and even murder, similar to people with ASPD and like those with diagnosed Anti-Social Personality Disorder, governments showed no sign of guilt or wrongdoing and could never apologise. And if they did, it was with carefully constructed words that truly rang hollow and devoid of genuine feeling. "I'm sorry if you suspect we hurt you" is a standard 'path response. Its true meaning is in its analysis. You think you were hurt; we're annoyed you suspect we have anything to do with that. The result is that anything like an apology from a 'path comes with another cost that you will be made to pay later for daring to question their delusions of grandeur.

With people, being unaware of socially adept psychopaths and the ability of those unfortunate affected individuals to hide their emotional ill health from people around them (manie sans délire), they would have no idea they were being conned and controlled by fake humans. Being totally in the dark about being deceived and controlled by heartless, SAPs (Socially Adept Psychopaths), humans would never know their emotionally defective bureaucracy and leaders are cunningly pretending to be loyal to their population, yet at the same time stirring feelings of hatred based on meaningless differences such as skin colour and religion. Humans instinctively believe what those in control tell them and will fight against each other based on the false information supplied. Meanwhile their ASPD leaders, with no conscience and no true feelings of caring and compassion sit back and reap the material rewards from the conflict they have created.

The level of corruption of people in public office is beyond the scale of human belief and as Simon Cameron; President Lincoln's Secretary of War said in the early 1860's, "An honest politician is one who, when he is bought, stays bought." Despite their sense of grandiosity and omnipotence, the heartless people who control us are still public servants. They are part of an entrenched bureaucracy that was originally empowered by the general population to work on behalf of the people who elected them. The ASPD Pathocracy, with their twisted sense of entitlement, sees us as indentured to them. With very few people aware of socially adept psychopaths and their evil agendas, society has surrendered its personal power to their peculiar demands. They have become the untouchable masters of crime and corruption and we are the slaves. This is absurd and so far removed from a functional, democratically elected government it's a joke. How corrupt are ASPD governments, corporations and central bankers? Like a mosquito at a nudist convention, it's hard to know where to begin.

For centuries, psychopaths have known that feeling humanthings have no idea they are

controlled by non-human masters. Even if humans became aware of the abuse, lies and deceit delivered by their psychopathic masters, they would accept that abuse due to their inability to accept the embarrassment of their own human stupidity. The humans would rather accept their abuse, than accept they had been conned on such a gigantic scale. It's just too emotionally painful to believe the level of deception, corruption and unreality and society slides into a mass 'Stockholm Syndrome' and actually supports the psychopathic perpetrators.

As Carl Sagan, astronomer, cosmologist and astrophysicist noted, "One of the saddest lessons of history is this: If we've been bamboozled long enough, we tend to reject any evidence of the bamboozle. We're no longer interested in finding out the truth. The bamboozle has captured us. It's simply too painful to acknowledge, even to ourselves, that we've been taken. Once you give a charlatan power over you, you almost never get it back."

As children, spouses, or citizens, we have an inbuilt need to TRUST our parents, lovers, and our government. When we find ourselves abused physically or emotionally in these relationships, we instinctively try to keep that trust intact by supporting the abuser's actions and blaming ourselves. We incorrectly believe it is somehow our fault we receive abuse. When we fall into this pattern, we feel powerless, which in turn causes our anger and frustration to build. If we have the courage to think for ourselves, we discover that we do not deserve this abuse; even though we still may try to work with the abusers. The abuse we received was in no way our fault and sometimes delivered by soulless creatures with no conscience. As we gain further courage, we can break away from the abusive relationship. Through this process, we regain our self-respect, sense of personal power and direction.

Psychologist, Patrick J. Carnes gives us a further understanding of the abuse syndrome by introducing the concept of "betrayal bonding" or, alternately, "trauma bonding." Through intense research, he found that these dysfunctional bonds originate when those who are betrayed (usually children) bond with someone who is destructive to their well-being, resulting in a template for future insane loyalties. We think of abusive relationships as applying to children abused by their parents or wives battered by their violent husbands, but the truth is, the abuse syndrome also applies to entire societies. Individuals and whole societies feel there is nothing they can do about the abuse they receive. ***Nothing could be further from the truth.*** Just the non-violent action of letting cold-hearted bureaucracies, bankers and individuals know that they are suffering severe ASPD symptoms that many of their laws and policies are heartless, insane, fictitious and unconstitutional, is sufficient to undermine their vile hold on feeling human populations. Those cold hearted individuals in power can never change their behaviour, they can only bluff and once identified as chronically emotionally defective, they can no longer bluff. By revealing their vile personality and verifiable mental illness to all around them, their power dissipates. They can no longer deceive. The reason their society is the way it is, the way it always has been, becomes visible to all.

A way to explain the "nothing we can do about it" reaction to things around us is the abuse syndrome, as described by clinical psychologist Bruce E. Levine. To maintain control, abusive spouses, bosses, and governments continually push lies, physical and emotional abuse, and injustice in their victims' faces. When the victims are too scared to flee from these relationships or fail to fight back, they get weaker, they feel humiliated by their inertia, they feel defective and they feel shame. Our true human nature does not have feelings of shame. Originating from

trauma, shame is characterised by self-hatred and a strong sense that we are unworthy and unlovable. Eventually, victims in a relationship marked by trauma can develop a deep-seated fear that they cannot survive without the abuser in their lives. This belief increases their feelings of helplessness and in a social context; people think there is nothing they can do to change their political situation.

An extreme form of an abuse syndrome involves victims of violent robberies, who attached to their captors and may even defend them. Known as the “Stockholm syndrome,” this relationship can also apply to children who are, psychologically and physically, abused captives of abusive parents.

Humans have become like elephants, chained to their belief system. Small chains restrain captive elephants as infants; an adult elephant remains restrained by the same small chains used in its infancy. It would be simple for the adult elephant to break the tiny chain and walk away, but the belief of the strength of the chains from its infancy prevents it from breaking free. Similarly, humans are chained to the belief system of their youth and unable to break free of their Pathocratic indoctrination.

Only a tiny percentage of any population will ever question their society and psychopathic control has relied on this fact for thousands of years. Only when overwhelming abuse is delivered to a massive number of people will the population of ‘exploitables’ turn against their oppressors. Humans are simply nails, driven by a psychopath hammer used in constructing a fictitious society to benefit the few. It does not matter if the society is modern, with a fixation on money or an ancient society with a fixation on afterlife, the Pathocratic hammer of lies, hatred, violence, warfare and fear is always evident.

As U.S. President Woodrow Wilson noted before his death in 1924, “I am a most unhappy man. I have unwittingly ruined my country. A great industrial nation is controlled by its system of credit. Our system of credit is concentrated. The growth of the nation, therefore, and all our activities are in the hands of a few men. We have come to be one of the worst ruled, one of the most completely controlled and dominated Governments in the civilized world no longer a Government by free opinion, no longer a Government by conviction and the vote of the majority, but a Government by the opinion and duress of a small group of dominant men.”

Since President Wilson’s observation in 1924, the underlying hidden Pathocracy in U.S. politics has strangled freedom and economic growth. U.S. CONgressional staffer Mike Lofgren gives us a glimpse of the modern state within a state when he said, “Concealed behind the one that is visible at either end of Pennsylvania Avenue is a hybrid entity of public and private institutions ruling the country according to consistent patterns in season and out, connected to, but only intermittently controlled by, the visible state whose leaders we choose.” This ‘Deep State’ not only holds the nation’s capital in captivity, it controls Wall Street which supplies cash to the political machine operating as a diversionary marionette theatre. This is fascism in a concealed form, using public agencies and private companies to carry out its dirty deeds.

Mike Lofgren concludes: “The Deep State is so heavily entrenched, so well protected by surveillance, firepower, money and its ability to co-opt resistance that it is almost impervious to

change. If there is anything the Deep State requires it is silent, uninterrupted cash flow and the confidence that things will go on as they have in the past. It is even willing to tolerate a degree of gridlock: Partisan mud wrestling over cultural issues may be a useful distraction from its agenda.” No matter who is elected in a political party, a self-serving Pathocratic bureaucracy that cares little for ordinary citizens controls them, just as they always have done.

So, the key to our current world conundrum is control by a minority core of socially adept psychopaths, their sycophants and the flawed social indoctrination of a total population. I have personally experienced it, one on one and I have seen it administered on a global scale. If you think your government is crazy – they are. It's a finely crafted form of incurable and nearly undetectable abnormality that has been enslaving exploitable 'humanthings' for an enormous period of history. The people who control you are very mentally ill and need help and until now, have been virtually impossible to detect.

We now have the knowledge and scientific tools to identify the enslavers and destroyers of humanity. Ever since humans formed social groups, an elite ASPD Pathocracy has controlled them. The strange, twisted world of a psychopath makes perfect sense to them, but not to feeling humans. For these modern murderers, con men and women, ethics are thrown headfirst out the office window. The Stock Exchange Year Book and Hitler's Mein Kampf have replaced the beauty of Michelangelo's David and Beethoven's uplifting symphonies. Soulless, selfish psychopathic financial and political powers that care nothing for the feeling human individual, rule our magnificent planet.

In the late 1800's, Mark Twain observed, “There is no distinctive native American criminal class except CONgress.” Modern racketeering has become so accepted and pervasive that evading prosecution has been elevated to an enviable skill-set. The art of evasion has taken the place of truth and honour. Young people see corrupt deviates all around them and seek the path of anti-social behaviour as a life choice. People look to ‘superheroes’ because it is impossible for them to imagine mere humans having super human strength, courage, fortitude, and respect for truth. The Pathocracy has eroded citizens' belief in themselves to the point they accept racketeering as normal.

The psychopathic world is the complete reverse of ours.

Where hate replaces love - lies replace truth - control replaces freedom - abuse replaces respect.

They may call themselves Democracies, Monarchies, Oligarchies, Theocracies, Socialists, Communists, Fundamentalists, Social Democracies, Aristocracies, Autocracies, Plutocracies, Theocracies, Diarchies, Emirates, Peoples Republics or Independent States. They may be left wing or right wing, Democrat or Republican, Whigs or Tories, Liberal, Labor or Independent, but they are all ruled by Pathocratic bureaucracies controlled by seriously mentally ill people, exhibiting severe ASPD symptoms, capable of extraordinary abuse, violence and disregard for normal human feelings. They are broken and society will always be broken as long as they have control. We will always hear the sickening crunch of the Schutzstaffel boots over the cobblestones of history as long as ASPD Pathocracies rule.

Almost everyone reading this document will dismiss this information as unbelievable, jaundiced, unsubstantiated, half-baked rubbish and I truly wished it were. I would love these writings to be wrong. I sincerely wish that not one word of these writings were true, but it is veritably authentic. I truly wish ASPD did not exist, but it does, on a manipulative scale you cannot comprehend.

My writings are not alone in the belief of psychopathic social control. Every day, more and more scientific papers verify the existence of corrupted ruling elite. As feeling humans we instinctively know our ineffective political system is the opposite of our needs and delivers callous control and insanity. Now we need to understand the source of that madness, ASPD induced Psychopathy.

Amazingly, every word you have read to this point has been dutifully stored in your unconscious mind – incredible isn't it? No matter how much you try to reject this information, no matter how much cognitive dissonance you apply, your unconscious mind has stored every single word you have read dutifully away without prejudice. The conscious mind may attempt to block the information received, but the reality is every word is meticulously filed by your subconscious. At some point in time, the information you have carefully repressed will come flooding back like a searchlight illuminating a massive sign. What an incomprehensibly complex creation, the human mind is! I hope the illumination will come before you hear the sickening sound of doors locking shut on the gas chamber.

Keeping your head in the sand through cognitive dissonance will not stop the blatant abuse of humans, the planet itself and particularly, you by the 'undetectable.'

Readers will accuse me of labelling people, but I say, if you received abuse, tell your story, you are the owner of everything that has happened to you. If people wanted you to write nicely about them, they should have behaved better. In writing this story, I will receive every evil piece of derogation the 'paths and their blind, sycophant followers can muster and all I have done is tell the truth. ***Truth is Treason in an Empire of Lies.***

If you come from the modality of science, you may call these controlling people psychopaths, but the reality is, I could name these people psychopaths, hikopaths, mikopaths, tricopaths any name I could dream up; it does not matter what descriptive name is used, these 'people' are seriously emotionally flawed and extremely dangerous to everyone and everything sharing this planet. There are just degrees of ASPD awful! They are unequivocally, the coldest hearted, devious, most dangerous and vile life forms on planet earth. Unlike a predator that kills to survive; a psychopath will kill for pleasure.

In a pivotal point in human history, where all life forms are under a cloud of extinction, we need to grasp the significance of new understandings and actually look beyond the walls of the glittering material prison created for us. Propaganda saves people the trouble of thinking for themselves, but it's like walking onto thin ice with your worst enemy telling you it's completely safe. People believe whatever they need to believe when they need to believe it, but rarely believe the truth.

Very disturbed people have carefully constructed your whole society, belief system and reality and their contempt for your personal sovereignty is unimaginable. They treat you like morons because they pathologically despise and hate all feeling humans. They know you are born just for their cruel enjoyment. A U.S. CONgressman has verified their contempt for citizens by writing, "Voters are incredibly ignorant and know little about our form of government and how it works. It's far easier than you think to manipulate a nation of naive, self-absorbed sheep who crave instant gratification." He continued, "We spend money we don't have and blithely mortgage the future with a wink and a nod. Screw the next generation."

Politics becomes an elite sport, a pastime with an infinite expense account that enables a luxurious lifestyle, rather than having to work or benefit society.

Until you research the subject of ASPD and psychopathy and challenge your beliefs, you will remain in their vice like grip. You will remain locked in the large, rickety, gilded cage, carefully constructed for you, always looking away from your powerful inner self toward role models created by the ruling elite. Your blind obedience to socio-economic insanity and continual social abuse is the veil that prevents you from seeing the reality of your predicament. It's not that ASPD and psychopathy has been thrust on us recently; it has been with us for millennia, ever since Adam begot Seth, creating hatred and wars through lies and deceit for the benefit of a ruling core Pathocracy. We are born into the endemic madness around us and it is difficult to see the fire because of the smoke. The difference between our current society and ancient societies is the potential of our current system to destroy our whole planet and it's a very long, cold walk to the next one.

Because we are born into the ruling unreality surrounding us, it may take many years to break free of the fabricated society and find our free, authentic selves. Like blindness from following a cult leader, humans become trapped in the cult of consumerism and blind obedience; people believe they are free as long as they're not in jail.

The purpose of this book is to dramatically speed up the learning process and allow you to discover, research and identify ASPD and its effects for yourself, and regain your true freedom. Unlike me, you don't have to spend a lifetime searching for the reason societies become irrational. You don't have to spend thousands of hours researching relevant data and discussing your findings with professionals. You only have to verify the sad world of the psychopath for yourself to realise the constrained life you lead.

When you understand the rigid framework of psychopathic control, you can see the same ASPD Pathocratic patterns in the ancient Phoenicians, Egyptians, Sumerians, Greeks, Romans, Etruscans, Macedonians, Aztecs, Mayans, Incas and the Tiahuanaco. The psychopaths have controlled the Easter Islanders, Pacific Islanders, the Ramas of India and the Chinese. "To plunder, to slaughter, to steal, these things they misname empire; and where they make a wilderness, they call it peace." (Tacitus - senator and a historian of the Roman Empire.)

Malignant transactional empathy is the tool they use for social integration. *It is always the few harnessing the many for the benefit of very few.* This is the first time in history we can break their cycle of abuse and actually medically identify ASPD psychopaths with incredible scientific accuracy as the vile perpetrators of abuse on humanity.

One definition of insanity is doing the same thing over and over again, but expecting a different outcome, like continually electing governments chained to the ruling elite. If you want something you've never had, you must be willing to do something you've never done. It doesn't mean you have to walk over broken glass to achieve a major goal or result. Quite often, it's as simple as looking at things from a different perspective to achieve a spectacular result. One thing is certain, inertia ensures you, your political, social and financial situation will never change only deteriorate. The Pathocracy that governs you relies on your inertia to survive.

You need the guts to realise YOU have been taken for the greatest ride in human history, led by the nose, hoodwinked, conned deluxe, ripped off, swindled, brainwashed, programmed, indoctrinated, fleeced, emasculated, made idiots of and now is the time for you take positive non-violent action against the unfortunate, heartless ASPD freaks who govern you.

Your amazing human emotions are your strength. If you feel that any part of the world is wrong – it probably is and now you have the key to unlock the cells of the prison that you find constructed for you, unchain your heart and set those around you free. That key is the ability to detect psychopathy in all levels of society and once you have it, you are powerful beyond measure.

You now have the power to identify Anti-Social Personality Disorder, its ramifications on you personally, your relationships and on a complex society. You now have the key to actually unlock the chains of violence, thuggery, division, racial hatred, terrorism, religious intolerance and control, find the answer to many global problems and make others aware of the perpetrators of abuse; what they are and why they do the things they do and cease interaction with them.

Most importantly, you must let your Pathocratic overlords know that you are aware of their emotional deficiencies and challenge them with the truth of their affliction. Be careful not to challenge them directly by saying, "You are a psychopath." You may not have the expertise to make that judgement and if you are right, they may kill you. Rather say they are displaying the symptoms of Anti-Social Personality Disorder (ASPD). On the spiritual level, offering an ASPD individual love and understanding is an opportunity to test the emotional alignment of the individual without confrontation. Let them know their cold-hearted society is the exact opposite of feeling human requirements. Challenge these soulless, murdering, thieving, un-caring creatures with the nature of their personality disorder and their rabid desire for money, power, warfare and control at any price. Never automatically give respect to people because of their relationship to you or their professional role with you. Respect must be earned, not bestowed blindly.

Using violence against psychopaths is pointless; they are the masters of violence and are prepared. They are baiting humans to use violence against them. War and death are hard wired in their DNA. Using violence is playing the Pathocratic government's game. They will taunt you, pull your hair, push you to make you fight. Once you retaliate with violence, they know how to handle you. The only thing they don't know how to handle is non-violence and humour.

Violence has not worked in the past against them and it will not work in the future. Genetically, they understand violence and abuse as a control mechanism. What they don't

understand is love. They have absolutely no concept of this powerful emotion and by showing them love and compassion only proves to the world the scope of their diabolical illness. They have no understanding of compassion. It dilutes their power by showing the insanity of their cold-hearted system and its diametrically opposed mantra to feeling human needs and wants.

For me, many of the questions of my youth finally had answers. When I asked, “What the hell was going on?” I finally had answers. At last, the nonsense surrounding me began to make perfect sense.

The reason teachers beat us into submission as children, was to establish a fixed response to authority and after ten or more years in an abusive school environment, we responded automatically when someone in authority told us what to do. This remodelling of our response reaction was a fixed neurological re-patterning that would last into adulthood. The absurd level of importance teachers placed on the lessons they taught was to not only to ensure the teachers met their performance criteria, but to ensure we accepted people in authority as telling the truth and rarely question the source of their information, its validity or social responsibility.

From cradle to grave, indoctrination from the education system is used during our most informative years to drill in social dogma and disconnect us from our authentic selves.

The reason people could strip magnificent forests and never leave a square millimetre of the beauty that existed was that they were sociopaths with no emotional attachment to natural beauty, only the monetary value they could attain through development and environmental rape. Looking at a glorious, pristine forest with beautiful natural basilicas of ancient trees surrounding cool, clear water that supported an abundance of beautiful native fauna meant absolutely nothing to them. They were blind to natural beauty; it didn't even register in their misconceived minds.

I finally understood the reason bureaucrats could send young people to their deaths in a foreign country through carefully fabricated wars and have no feelings for the loved ones and heartache they left behind. They were cold, heartless psychopaths; they had absolutely no comprehension of love or 'feelings.' They relished dealing in pain and misery and they were handsomely rewarded for their cold-hearted policies. They had no comprehension of the emotional pain of losing sons or daughters, lovers or friends or family. They only understand and crave material gain and control. Amazingly, even if psychopaths went through ninety years of therapy to try to make them understand love and compassion, they would still have no idea what it was, what it felt like or why they would bother! They literally have no physical connection to the portion of their brain responsible for love and caring. They are broken and incredibly dangerous and the cold, heartless, dazzling, warmongering societies they create reflect their illness. Of all the health cures pursued on planet earth, a cure for ASPD induced psychopathy is the most important.

The reason a mother could hate her daughter to the point of murder. She was a psychopath; life has no value other than a monetary value or recruiting slaves. There is no bond of love, self-sacrifice and understanding between a 'path mother and sibling, not even a glimmer of understanding of this purest form of love. She effectively had a slave to do her bidding and bow to her irrational behaviour. With absolutely no concept of conscience, she was free to administer

extraordinary abuse again and again infinitum. Her daughter's death would relieve the continual boredom that lingered in her emotionless world. If a psychopathic mother could successfully perform infanticide, she could feast off the sympathy and the knowledge she had 'put one over' gullible humanthings. After all, she had already pulled the wool over people's eyes by successfully pretending to be human.

The reason governments could tell incredible lies and never retract their actions is that psychopaths controlled them; their lives are a lie, telling the truth is impossible; lying is the same as breathing to a psychopath and with no feeling of guilt, the lies take on monstrous Machiavellian and sinister proportions. No feeling human being with conscience could ever construct lies on the scale of Pathocratic bureaucracies. It is impossible!

The reason the world's political, corporate, legal and banking system seemed cold, callous and crazy; it is. The leaders and their top-level bureaucracy are often suffering ASPD, they literally are insane and their policies and laws reflect this cold-hearted personality disorder. ASPD individuals shortsightedly focus on money, material gain, abuse and control. To them, there is nothing else. There is no love, compassion and empathy for their fellow man. There is no wisdom built from foundations of conscience and authenticity. There never will be compassion, empathy, understanding or valid functioning societies as long as psychopaths have control! There will always be secrecy; wars, financial collapses, hatred, religious and racial discrimination, misinformation and misery as long as ASPD inflicted individuals maintain control in society. There always will be a huge divide between rich and poor as long as these emotionally debilitated individuals have control. There will always be catastrophic financial collapses as long as those filled only with greed, control, hatred and loathing has control.

Psychopaths know no other way; they have no concept of consequence, there is not one drop of decency or compassion flowing through their veins. There never will be decency or compassion in their lives; they are damaged and incapable of accessing these feelings. The Western world consists of an accepted tyranny in which brainwashed humanthings live in a fictional constructed reality. Allowing cunning, lying, murdering, psychopaths to govern us is the same as letting a pyromaniac become a fire chief.

Psychopath treat planet earth and outer space like a trash can.

They don't care if polished hulks of steel choke highways, pump toxic gases into the atmosphere, kill and maim thousands in traffic accidents, just as long as it makes obscene amounts of money and they receive their share through lobbying, taxation or stock dividends!

They don't care if chemical toxins run from the farmlands and poison the rivers, oceans and coral reefs, just as long as there are outrageous amounts of money to be made.

They don't care if the oceans rise as Antarctica's Larsen B ice shelf collapses and floods huge areas of the planet.

They don't care if genetically modified food and its associated pesticides destroy the eco system and poison the population, just as long as there are staggering short term corporate profits.

They don't care how many women they poison with feminine hygiene products laced with toxic chemicals used to produce cotton.

They don't care how many peoples' lives they destroy with 83% of vaccines now made in China with no authentic product monitoring.

They don't care if oceans turn to carbolic acid and annihilate life. The scary thing is the 'people' who govern literally *can't care*; not now, not ever; they are broken and can only play for the short term gain. Their addiction to instant gratification, short-term policies, money, abuse and power is because they are unable to understand consequence. It requires a normal emotional response. Just like the electric shock tests that Dr Robert Hare performed in Canadian prisons, the memory of a previous action or result holds no significance.

The ASPD's controlling the corporations who will destroy the planet simply cannot understand that their current desperate, insane greed for money comes with consequence and cause and effect has no meaning to them. They simply cannot understand that poisoned food, polluted air to breathe and toxic water to drink means they too will die. Their belief in their own superiority prevents it. What makes perfect sense to a psychopath/sociopath makes absolutely no sense to us.

Their warped sense of entitlement ensures they lock onto the well-rehearsed and destructive path of the psychopath. As a result, all power structures in civilisations inevitably become top-heavy with psychopaths. Since psychopaths have no limitations on what they will do to get to the top, the ones in charge are generally pathological. It is not the power that corrupts; it is the fact that corrupted individuals seek power.

Psychopaths will do whatever it takes to get to the top; lie, cheat, steal, murder, imprison and most terrifying of all – pretend to be human. Amazingly, these people would be perfectly happy to destroy the world in seconds, just so they can demonstrate their power and ensure no one else could exploit it as well. These sad ASPD individuals despise normal feeling humans to the point they plan to remove them with Artificial Intelligence to establish their warped view of reality.

Only when the power of love overrules the love of power will the world embrace peace.

The ruling psychopath has absolutely no comprehension of human 'personal values' or feelings and is completely incapable of understanding these things. It is impossible for them to take any interest in the joy or tragedy of humanity as conveyed in major works of music, art or literature. Astonishingly, they have no understanding of these things. Equally unbelievably, beauty and ugliness, except in a very superficial sense have no meaning to them. Goodness, evil, love, horror or humour has no meaning or power to move them. Amazingly, they are lacking the ability to even see that others are moved, it's as though they were blind. They are real life androids, emotionally bankrupt and incapable of meaningful emotional intercourse. Psychopaths are violent, emotionally undeveloped children, trapped in an adult exoskeleton.

Even though they are highly intelligent, you cannot explain feelings to them because there is nothing in their narrow emotional world that can make them aware. They can repeat the words they hear and say they understand love or goodness, but without true human emotional experiences, there is no way for them to realise the things they do not understand.

They have the superficial understanding of pain when they stab themselves with a pin, but they are totally oblivious to emotional pain, like the death of a family member or lover. ASPD individuals are so narcissistic and fixed on their material goals, that a son with broken arm or a wife with cancer are mere bagatelles. They may inflict incredible emotional pain and suffering on feeling humans, but it is only a game to demonstrate their power, relieve their overpowering boredom and feast on the suffering they create. They will fake the emotion of grief to hide their emotional deficiency to gain social acceptability and sympathy, but it has no real meaning or depth at all.

Getting a psychopath to describe loving and caring emotions is like asking a blind person to describe the colour blue or a deaf man to describe Beethoven's ninth symphony. Sadly, psychopaths have no concept of the full panorama of human emotion.

Incomprehensible as it seems to a normal feeling human; psychopaths have no comprehension of the full gamut of human emotional feeling. A colour-blind person may never realise they are colour blind unless given a test to find out. Similarly, a psychopath is unable to assess the depth of his own emotional poverty. They convince themselves their own perceptions are the same as everyone else's. Amazingly, you cannot hurt their feelings because they do not have any! They will pretend to have feelings if it suits their needs or gets them what they want, but sadly, they truly have no 'normal' human emotional feelings at all.

In the case of my mother in law, she had a morbid fascination with cemeteries in relation to genealogy and would travel thousands of kilometres to study and photograph headstones, but never visited the graves of friends or family, buried only a few kilometres from where she lived. These people were gone; they held no emotional attachment whatsoever. They meant absolutely nothing to her, these people could no longer be used or abused and they were no longer exploitable by her and totally redundant. She even refused to attend the funerals of her own parents, and fought viciously against attending the funeral of her own son, killed in a freak car accident aged twenty. Possibly because she was not certain she could effectively fake the necessary amount of grief she was supposed to feel, in front of hundreds of people, when in fact, the whole thing was a massive bore and an act of people pretending (in her eyes) to be distressed. Any distress she did feel was because she had lost control of her young son, his potential to earn money for her, do her bidding as a willing slave and look after her when she aged.

Now at last, I could see how tearing young people from their families and splattering their guts over the jungles of Asia during the Vietnam War held no emotive meaning to a government blinded by profit and plunder from a foreign conflict. The instruments of governance at the senior level were soulless ASPD individuals, void of emotion and true human feelings, with absolutely no morals, conscience or sense of guilt whatsoever they were free to do whatever they wanted to increase their personal power and wealth as they profited from the vile work they carried out for their corporate masters. While the young men and women of their country were

suffering unimaginable trauma, pain and discomfort in a war zone, far from family and loved ones, the sociopaths who sent them there were enjoying prostitutes, fine French champagne and ever expanding bank accounts.

Creating conflict and war is the realm of the psychopath with their penchant for ensuring division and hatred between feeling humans. Sociopaths can bomb the world to pieces, but they can never bomb it to peace. As long as ASPD Pathocracies have control over us, there can never be peace. 'Paths can never understand the trust, love and co-operation that bind people together in a rational functioning society. Just like the psychopaths that came before them throughout history, they can never change their limited emotional understanding and responses; they are broken. The glittering civilisations they create are broken and will always follow the same twisted path of lies, hatred and warfare and ultimately catastrophic collapse. Even more frightening, is the realisation these people are capable of reducing populations with eugenics programs with not the slightest feelings of guilt or remorse.

Australians love affair with war has always astounded me. Even some of the people I knew closely would happily flee from a Sunday luncheon to fight for god knows what in a foreign country. They seem to have some vision of glamour in warfare, but historical records show them screaming for their mother as they find their entrails dragging on the ground after being shot. Warfare is the ultimate Pathocratic insanity inflicted on us all and evil and abuse is the manufactured reality of all psychopaths. An eye for an eye renders the whole world blind and war rarely determines who is right, only who is left.

Now I could see how hospital staff could strap a defenceless child to chair and administer painful electric shocks while the child screamed for them to stop. They were people suffering from severe Anti-Social Personality Disorders and their whole hospital environment was a breeding ground for psychopathic personalities. With so many sick people unable to defend themselves, the hospital environment was a 'Devils Playground' for bureaucratic psychopaths. They were free to consume massive amounts of taxpayer money for their upper level administration, benefit economically from drug company agendas, distribute abuse through their Pathocratic web and create immunity for their inefficiency and horrific patient mismanagement. The desire to reduce the efficiency of a health system and create trauma, pain and death for desperately ill people is pure psychopath and the exact opposite of normal human caring and feeling.

I had personally witnessed the abuse hospital bureaucracy could place on an individual working in the health care system and it was soul destroying to see the misery they inflicted on the loving, caring employee. As a microcosm of humans in a Pathocracy, the individual concerned would not accept her abusers were the people she tried to defend, the hospital administrators. Amazingly, she would defend her system to the point of absurdity no matter what they did in the form of patient and staff abuse. Even more incredible, although highly intelligent, she was brainwashed to the point she accepted any outrageous decisions and abuse from any government department. It was as if she was living in a beautiful mansion with spectacular vistas from huge windows, but she was unable to see the view because someone had boarded over the windows and she could only see through the tiny cracks between the boards of one of the many windows. She seemed trapped in a bureaucratic darkroom and sustained on a diet of abuse and

misinformation. She knew nothing else. It was a classic example of Bruce E. Levine's 'abuse syndrome' mentioned above.

Now I could see how multi trillion dollar pharmaceutical companies were suppressing disease cures to ensure their chemicals and drugs were the only available solutions to chronic ailments. As a Pathocratic corporation, curing disease was never on their agenda and creating and prolonging disease was very beneficial to their shareholders. In a twisted psychopath world, there is infinitely more money in sickness than in wellness.

The ambiguously named 'Cancer Foundation' ensured a constant flow of research grants to their corporations and a cure for that disease would be diabolical to their funding. I found it interesting they were called the 'Cancer Foundation' and no longer called the 'Anti-Cancer Foundation!' After nearly one hundred years of research and consuming billions of dollars of donations and grants, they still can't find a cancer cure. Come on; give me a break, obviously, disease is very profitable! Predictably, the U.K. introduced the 'Cancer Act' in 1939 to prohibit people and practitioners from stating there were cures for cancer outside the profitable Chemo and radiation treatment regime and people are still being prosecuted under this act. Please research this statement for yourself – the truth is far weirder than fiction.

At last, I had the answers to more of the questions I had as a child. The reason governments would not allow people to live wonderfully creative and fulfilling lives. Like my wife's mother, the psychopath needs slaves to control and they see themselves as so superior, they would never partake in lowly endeavours. Millions of exploitable humanthings, yoked in serfdom are their source of wealth and power. It doesn't matter if humans are harnessed to build pyramids, chisel huge effigies on remote islands or sacrifice their lives to modern day corporate greed and a debit/credit fantasy world, the pattern of core psychopathic control, unreality and insanity is always the same and predictable.

Psychopaths must always create division, hatred and warfare with another group of humans. Psychopaths must create the most absurd religions to wrestle away human inner spirituality and awareness. Psychopaths must always disconnect people from their inner awareness. Psychopaths must always distort reality for their own selfish needs; their defective DNA ensures they always follow this course. ASPD individuals are always stuck on their railroad of hatred, loathing and material gain. With only a handful of humans realising the emotional deficiencies of their leaders, the leaders remain free to cement their self-serving agendas. Their smiles and tears are as unbelievable as an Icelandic suntan in winter and with few humans understanding they are in slavery to an ASPD Pathocracy, their modern leaders are laughing all the way to the bank.

At last, I could understand the mentality of police officers who accepted blind authoritarian policy. What sort of police officer can beat an unarmed, mentally disabled person on a free-way with a piece of timber as we witnessed on an Australian news broadcast? And what sort of a policeman can run down the platform of an Australian railway station and break the leg of art student Rachel Gardiner on March 13, 2011, while she was standing answering questions from transit officers? What sort of person could uphold the insane laws designed to subjugate their fellow compatriots? A person whose human values are missing, quite possibly psychopathic, that's who. A percentage of the police are paid to belt the piss out of us and they enjoy it. While

there are many thousands of wonderful, genuine law enforcement officers, serving and protecting society, they are increasingly outnumbered by their ASPD cousins and their desire for power, abuse, extortion, lies, corruption, murder and rabid desire for money.

People who follow orders regardless of how horrific those orders may be may be more morally culpable than the order givers. These people actually carry out the abuse. They have ultimately been personally responsible for every totalitarian regime and act of slavery on the planet. "I was just following orders." or "I was just doing my job." is the greatest cop out in history and wholly against human conscience and decency. If these people had the guts or conscience to say, "No, I will never carry out these abominable actions against my fellow man," none of the injustices of our current or past societies is possible.

When forced to do something against your moral character by employees of a corporation (personal bag inspections etc.) and you question their authority, the person usually responds with, "I'm only doing my job." This is an opportunity to remind the oppressive employee that Hitler's staff were only 'doing their job' when they shoved their fellow Germans into the gas chambers. Store policy demanding bag searches is a recommendation at best and not enforceable by law.

Finally, I could see how ancient civilisations rose and fell. All civilisations suffer from infiltration by psychopaths and ultimately many civilisations fail due to their rule by hatred, fear, ineptitude or cataclysmic climate change. In the end, their ruling structures are top heavy with psychopaths and their railroad of self-interest, lies, hatred, wars, warped perceptions, total control and incompetence; they know no other way. Ultimately, the abuse and unreality they deliver and the demands on their environment become intolerable for their subjects, corruption multiplies and their societies collapse or are overrun.

At the root of modern elite ASPD Pathocracy, is the desire to control totally and maintain their twisted version of reality. They employ tactics to ensure their control is absolute. One such tactic is "infiltration," where political, social and religious groups are infiltrated and turned as rapidly as possible to their twisted view. As psychopaths at the elite level have an unlimited budget to pursue their goals, most organised social structures today are either infiltrated or totally controlled. There are literally no areas of society immune from their effect and this includes the legal system, which once corrupted, is the cancer of any society's demise. In reality, the manipulated legal structure supports the Pathocratic corporate system and their government henchmen. In some instances, stealing money results in longer jail terms than committing murder. Without the full spectrum of human emotions, there is a constant need from those in power to monitor populations' feelings via 'polls' to gauge the general sentiments of the population and allow those in control to plot their next steps.

Psychotherapist, Nick Duffell introduces the concept of 'privileged abandonment,' where young boys from privileged families are wrenched from their families at an early age and sent to elite boarding schools. Removed from any semblance of love and support they must 'mature' rapidly in order to survive the rigors of boarding school bullying. The child fails to mature normally and remains in a state of emotional immaturity, despite the facade of carefully created adulthood. The boys attach themselves to the cold boarding school structure instead of a parent.

The child survives, but a permanent unconscious anxiety flows into adulthood and these privileged boys will rarely develop what Daniel Goleman calls 'emotional intelligence.' They fail to make the step to emotional maturity and are locked in their childlike state of pretence and fear. Frighteningly, these privileged boys make up a large percentage of many global political systems and are perfect candidates for core psychopathic control in the Pathocratic web of obedience.

People in modern society look toward role models and sporting heroes and never allowed to realise their own personal inner self and strength. People align themselves to current trends and fashion created by corporations. This is why models in magazines look so unrealistic. The images used are completely unnatural and superficial and appeal to our basic instincts. The models used are malnourished, surgically or digitally manipulated, so people try to look like what is really a superficial illusion. The total fixation on outward appearance is straight from the psychopath's handbook. ASPD individuals literally are only skin-deep.

Movies and console games portray violence, debauchery, blood, death and appalling behaviour so you believe this is part of your world - it certainly is the world of a psychopath! The controlled media 'news' has endless reports of negative stories ensuring your focus is distracted and your beautiful human spirit is crushed and ground into the concrete. Reality television programs focus on the abuse of individuals and people begin to accept this treatment. Viewers of reality shows begin to accept seeing people reduced to tears and feeling worthless by sociopath presenters. Little by little, people accept abuse and would be too scared to question what they see for fear of not being accepted by their peer group. Psychopaths have mobilised whole societies that monitor dissenters and ensure the twisted psychopathic mode of behaviour and abuse is established and maintained.

This is how trying to drink clean water makes us activists, while destroying the water with chemical warfare fails to make corporations a terrorist organisation.

The modern human is bombarded with distractions like mobile phones, apps, widgets, swipe screens, tilt screens, flat screens, LCD screens, keypads, keyboards, styluses, docking stations, social media, text messages, email, television, TV 'reality' shows, movies, news programs, wars, murder, games consoles, computers, laptops, tablets, operating systems, networks, software, hardware, bits, bytes, gigabytes, terabytes, printers, digital cameras, pixels, stabilisers, ISO, Wi Fi, Hi Fi, Bluetooth, modems, Internet, ISP's, spyware, malware, browsers, movie downloads, radio, AM, FM, news, digital, analogue, pop music, advertising, street signs, traffic lights, roundabouts, billboards, road signs, detours, stop signs, parking meters, speed humps, speed cameras, give way signs, hotels, motels, bars, road rules, news updates, shopping malls, supermarkets, grocers, butchers, bakers, specials, rewards programs, discounts, washing products, cleaners, packaged meals, heating, cooling, instruction manuals, service manuals, pool chemicals, lawns, mowers, weeding, gardens, chemicals, flood lights, led lights, mood lights, vacuum cleaners, washers, dryers, news bulletins, fast food, cooking shows, news flashes, latest fashion, perfume, shoes, boots, hair dressers, dating, parties, contraception, pregnancy, maternity bras, nappies, up to the minute news, infant formula, baby bottles, vaccinations, clinics, pre-school, child care, world news, kindergarten, rents, mortgages, doctors, hospitals, nurses, blood tests, blood pressure, health checks, operations, x rays, dentists, pain relievers, chemists,

prescriptions, drugs, high rise offices, cafes, restaurants, glossy magazines, novels, sport, sport stars, pop stars, movie stars, local news, rules, newspaper headlines, talk back radio, sporting news, mortgage repayments, hire purchases, credit cards, loans, weddings, finance news, instant news, breaking news, divorces, solicitors, alimony, funerals, religions, pets, vets, sterilisation, income tax, 24 hour news, company tax, rates, takeovers, bankruptcy, debt consolidation, stock markets, car registration, licenses, jobs, social security, elections, voting, business ventures, meetings, health and safety, time lines, deadlines, headlines, appointments, alarms, free-ways, toll roads, under pass, over pass, speed limits, seat belts, infringement notices, traffic jams, breakdowns, traffic accidents, fuel types, fuel prices, tyre pressure, tyre wear, clutches, transfer cases, gears, constant velocity joints, mountain bikes, motorbikes, quad bikes, air ports, security protocol, passports, visas, baggage, satellite navigators, car parks, hire car bays, elevators, escalators, schools, colleges, universities, graduation, pin numbers, phone numbers, addresses, passwords, key codes, insurance, car repayments, the latest model car, vehicle servicing, exaggerated utility bills and relentless noise pollution. Endless rules and regulations all designed to fill people's mind with clutter. While humans are distracted with these pursuits, they won't be asking awkward questions. In fact, they will be far too distracted to be asking any questions at all!

Unlike a small child, people will stop asking why. Why is my world the way it is? Why are governments and huge centralised banks focused on the illusion of money? Why are there wars and poverty? Why are there financial collapses? Why am I living in fear? Why do I hate my job? Why do I have no job? Why do people hate me because of the colour of my skin? Why don't people understand my religion? Why is it when I vote for a new government, they turn out even worse than the previous government? Why do the newly elected government always break election promises? Why do governments lie? Why do I need government? Is this what life is all about?

Meanwhile, the socially adept psychopath is cunningly steaming the 'Titanic' and its cargo of gold into the icy Atlantic water. It's all part of the distorted psychopathic view of the world and once again, they are misrepresenting reality. Their total focus is on the unreality of money and this is their substitute for the amazingly beautiful feelings of love, trust, spirituality and creativity encapsulated in the vast majority of humanity. Their lust for currency provides them with the power, materialism and control they so desperately crave. The creation of money is the psychopath's reward for corruption, lies, violence, abuse control and unreality. They feed on your tortured emotions like vampires and delight in your pain and suffering. They are the people who create and benefit from your economic pain and reinforce their twisted views with absurd headlines like, "Share the pain." in relation to monetary policy. Once again, let's visit the unreality of money, it has no fangs, it cannot bite you, it cannot cause you pain unless you allow it through indoctrination.

Psychopathic lies are carefully orchestrated, reported, photographed and printed, they are filmed and choreographed on a grand scale of illusion that allow the psychopath to make laws that don't serve to protect people from danger (which is the only reason to have any law). By creating laws on 'terror' or any number of perceived 'threats' based on lies and deceit, the psychopath cleverly erodes human liberty and freedom and ensures humans require their Pathocratic government for salvation. Pathocratic governments can never make rational, wise

decisions; the nature of their personality disorder prevents them. As this book and many scientific papers have proven repeatedly, psychopaths know only hate, derision and abuse. They are seriously emotionally debilitated and there is no cure for their condition, yet they heartlessly control societies.

Due to the proliferation of technically sophisticated gadgetry, we are more intellectually and spiritually shallow than we have ever been in the history of humanity. Good fortune, stable diets and creature comforts have been the hallmark of cultures at their peak. Grand sounding ideals have been the trademark of Pathocracies from Rule Britannia to Pax Romana. They experience a riotous, noble birth, a meteoric rise and slowly and inevitably decline into decadence and degeneracy as psychopaths squabble over the spoils and toils of feeling humanthings and ultimately the madness and misery of their society becomes intolerable to their subjects and rebellion, anarchy or warfare replaces sanity.

When economic, financial and political power is concentrated in the hands of a few people, it becomes easy for Global Powers or neighbouring nations seeking increased powers to overthrow the government and sit on top of the pyramid. By imprisoning, exiling or murdering just a handful of key players, governments are easily replaced.

Societies allowing dissent, vigorous debate and broad circles of civil, political, religious and economic power can't easily be captured by coups, as power is too broad to be stolen in a few hours by a small group or the agents of a foreign power. When governments remove civil liberties and strip communities of their voice the dictators or monarchs become vulnerable to oblivion.

Since the creation of modern communications, the psychopaths have been able to harness exploitable humanthings into fabricated conflict and enslavement on a scale unimaginable to their predecessors. As a result, they have accumulated wealth and power way beyond the comprehension of ordinary people. Amazingly, despite their unimaginable wealth and power, psychopaths can never love or experience the incredible panorama of true, human feelings. They cannot hold a newborn baby in their arms and feel that incredible power of love, devotion and nurturing. They cannot feel the beautiful bond of love and pride as that child matures and grows into a beautiful, loving human being, capable of positive contributions to society. They cannot support that child with love and understanding and give loving guidance on the child's incredible journey through its early stages of life.

They cannot look at a beautiful woman and see anything but lust.

They cannot walk on a beach in the moonlight with a loved one and share the magnificence of being.

They cannot hold a lover in an everlasting embrace and truly say, "I love you."

They cannot sit in an auditorium, listening to the emotional power of a symphony orchestra and feel their spirit lifted.

They cannot look at a magnificent painting and feel what the artist felt or captured.

They cannot pick up a phone and share the feelings of their adult children or take an interest in their siblings' achievements or adversities.

They cannot take pleasure from sharing precious, happy times with close friends.
They cannot help those in need.

They cannot feel the joy of sharing and love when taking a faithful pet for a walk.

They cannot be part of the world of decency and truth.

Psychopaths are empty shells, visibly solid, but void of 'normal' feeling and the full spectrum of true, authentic human emotions and these are the creatures that control you. They are the vile, empty vessels that must take from others who are full. These vampires feast opulently on your pain and suffering. These are the 'people' who dream up the policies and laws that bind you to their strange and twisted world vision and their contempt for you is almost unimaginable.

No matter how important you feel in society, no matter how clever you think you are, no matter how many university degrees and letters you have after your name, no matter how grammatically correct you are, no matter how many scientific papers you have published, no matter how glib you are at reciting indoctrinated propaganda, no matter how comfortable and secure you think you are, no matter how much money you think you have, you are spiritually dislocated and only useful as monetised serfs, slaves and cannon fodder in the world of a sociably adept psychopath. You mean less than nothing to them and you, your money, your retirement benefits and your assets are totally disposable for their acquisition and enjoyment.

In Western Australia, Ningaloo Station, a 50,000 hectare property arduously turned into an eco-resort, along with neighbouring farms have been stolen from their owners by the government after assurances in 2005 this would never happen. In many countries, politicians have sold the assets of the tax paying population. Generations of taxed people have contributed to the infrastructures and pension schemes of their nation that is then literally stolen from under them and their children! Thefts include sale of farmland, roads, railways, water storage, power generation, airports, ports, postal services, telecommunications, police forces, major infrastructure contracts, saving funds and superannuation funds. As the western world monetary and social system collapses, governments will steal your cash, your gold and your jewellery. These are the soulless, thieving, bullying, murdering, loutish, unbelievably cunning psychopathic con men and women that you allow to rule you.

They send sanity and diplomacy fleeing from the meeting room with their pants on fire from bullying tactics like U.S. Deputy Secretary of State Richard Armitage, when he told President Musharraf of Pakistan. "Do as you are told or we will bomb you into the Stone Age."

Psychopaths hide behind the central banking system, enslaving you to a lifetime of debt and repayment. These unfortunate, soulless freaks of nature create your reality. For another sniff of reality, consider the word 'mortgage', it is a combination of Latin and Anglo-French words,

literally translated as death (mortis) and deed or pledge (gage), a contract binding until death! And how many humans have the central bankers enslaved in 'death pledges?' Millions and millions of people, possibly billions! The psychopath lust for control and currency is insatiable. In their soulless, dark world, there is only money, possessions and control. There is no love and understanding, there never will be compassion and sane government as long as socially adept psychopaths clamber for control. Socially Adept Psychopaths are the epicentre of evil, a vortex of abuse and carry no weight of conscience.

Although I feel incredibly sad for their condition, I realise the only 'suffering' a psychopath knows, is when something material, particularly their precious, fictitious money is taken away from them. That is the shallowness of their emotions. They can NEVER feel true happiness, unbridled joy or love! They can never experience the honour of trust or truth. Psychopaths don't even have the slightest understanding of these words. They are broken, yet people allow these unfortunate things to control them, simply because they have no idea they exist or the manifestly evil nature and scale of their control.

The Psychopaths that control you are like poker players who have absolutely nothing in their hand, but because of their focus on winning and showing no signs of the possibility of losing, lying about their cards will produce no visible sign of fear. There will be no sweat on the brow or the palms of the hands, no nervous tremor in the voice, not even the slightest hint of lying. With no real human feelings, they can bluff so convincingly that the other players, who actually have a winning hand, fold and walk away because they think the psychopath's confidence means the 'path must have the winning hand.

However, they do not.

This means that the psychopath's strength is also their weakness. Once they have been recognised, identified and understood, they no longer have the power to bluff. Once knowledge enters the game, the psychopath is unmasked and can no longer deceive the other players. They are forced to stand naked in front of their subordinates and their citizens and reveal their cruel emotional deficiencies. The sad part is, unlike humans, psychopaths have no ability to learn from their experience anything other than how to make a more successful bluff next time.

As Dr Robert Hare discovered, they will not and cannot change their behaviour. The psychopath never gets ruffled because they are caught lying. They are only concerned with 'damage control' as a way to continue to deceive others. Once again, knowledge is the 'full house' in the game of life. Knowing psychopaths even exist, often-in positions of trust and authority. Ensuring other people realise they exist and knowing psychopathic affinity for cold hearted emotional and physical destruction is the key to breaking their hold.

We can substitute human societies as "players" in the psychopath's game of poker. Knowledge and awareness is the key to exposing these non-humans. Once exposed as fraudulent human beings, their power diminishes and their vile hold on humanity reduces. In fact, this is the ONE THING that psychopaths are concerned about – humans discovering they are grossly defective and should be pitied and isolated from positions of power and trust. The truth that humans have discovered the reason their society is cold, uncaring, violent and unsustainable.

Humans have endured wars and more wars over the centuries; clearly, the current method of government is a failure and needs addressing before the insane elite reduce planet earth to lifeless lump of rock.

Identifying the psychopaths around us, stopping our interaction with them, cutting them off from our society, making ourselves unavailable to them as objects to be exploited and used, is the single most effective strategy that we can use. It's improbable that human nature will change because of a great spiritual awakening, socio-economic reforms, or a sudden desire among people globally to be nice to each other.

We can safely anticipate the current psychopathic program of suffering and abuse will fail, as it has throughout history, because misery and pain is not a sustainable strategy. People find themselves in a state of increasing unhappiness, as their Pathocratic overlords extract more and more money in taxes, fines and civil liberties from them. As they march them to more and more carefully orchestrated wars, as they feast on people emotionally devastated by economic collapses, humans will try to avoid the pain and this will lead them to ask what is really causing their agony.

The fact that there are considerably more decent, wonderful, loving and sharing human beings, than defective psychopathic entities is a major advantage in favour of feeling humans. People will discover the true source of their misery as having their cards dealt by psychopathic croupiers.

In an age of rapid information interchange, this information spreads incredibly rapidly and effectively. I doubt we would allow visibly emotionally challenged individuals to run for public office due to their reduced emotional bandwidth or instability. Incredibly, we allow psychopaths and their cloak of invisibility to rule us, simply because we are unaware they exist, the nature of their illness, the depth of their depravity or the fact they exist in positions of power and trust.

When we do discover their deceit, we have incredible trouble accepting these creatures have duped us, played with our emotions and emotionally mutated us for such a length of history. It's as if we experience 'Stockholm Syndrome' on a social scale and actually try to protect our abusers. We become susceptible to the age-old Hegelian Dialectic, or problem, reaction, solution method of control as well as the Divide and Conquer technique used by 'Paths ever since humans clumped in social groups. With humanity on the brink of a totalitarian new world order, teetering on annihilation, spearheaded by those with unimaginable wealth and power, lusting for total control, it's time to acknowledge the insanity of people hungering for global power and complete control. These people are mentally ill and need help and now we know the nature of their illness, Psychopathy. Now we have the technology to positively identify these individuals. Unfortunately, there is no known cure at this stage.

Difficult as it seems, the first step in correcting our situation is not to look at the world as it appears to us, but how it actually is. To see things for what they are, to reject the falsehoods, no matter how pleasant they may seem in order to embrace the truth regardless of how painful it may be. That pain is fleeting, as we discover the magnitude of government's lies and rediscover

our incredible personal power and our ability to rectify the situation.

A powerful word is WHY?

Yet very few people **genuinely** ask WHY?

Why are there wars?

Why are there refugees?

Why are people starving?

Why is there so much violence?

Why is there hatred?

Why do governments always use control and force?

Why is there poverty?

Why are people unhappy?

People become lazy, stop asking WHY and actively seeking valid answers. They surrender their personal sovereignty, their wisdom and drown philosophically in a sea of misinformation. They become a sheep, lost in the flock, fleeced at every turn, surveyed, monitored, vaccinated, savaged by wolves, emasculated, prodded and herded for slaughter in wars.

To avoid having the wool pulled over their eyes, all people have to do is ask WHY and search for answers. People can't possibly hope to understand their world without asking why.

Psychopathic control may be broken far more quickly and easily than the 'paths could ever envisage. The simple process of making people aware that psychopaths even exist is a massive move in the destabilisation of their control. That psychopaths are creatures living next door or with us, male or female, pretending to be human, that they are feeling-less droids lusting after money, sex and power, hiding their emotional affliction with a cloak of lies and deception, capable of murder or planetary destruction and they are manufacturing the very society and unreality people live in, is incredibly powerful. The truth our whole society rests on shaky, fabricated ASPD Pathocratic foundations, far removed from solid human emotional bonds and aspirations.

Psychopaths and their twisted associates in positions of power have cleverly stolen our personal power by making us rely on someone else for our well-being or solutions to daily problems. We rely on supermarkets for our food, doctors for our health, police for our protection, clergy for our spirituality, teachers for our education, lawyers for our justice, politicians for our governance, and corporations for our information. People are cunningly disconnected from their authentic spiritual self and surrender themselves completely to other people's perceptions and control. Millions of people become fixed in their narrow field of expertise and reality and lose touch with who they really are, the part of them that is infinitely powerful, resourceful, creative, loving and wise. People lose confidence in their own capabilities and lose sight of the truth as those in power cleverly distort it.

We just can't blame Anti Social Personality Disorder for global predicaments, we have to accept most of the blame ourselves for not seeking reasons and remedies for the mistreatment

and abuse of humanity. By sitting in the dark sucking our thumbs, psychopaths have gained complete control of our personal sovereignty.

The truth is the razor sharp sword that the psychopaths fear: the truth about their terrible emotional deficiency. It's time to let all people know, that those in powerful positions are often fake humans with no true feelings and absolutely no capacity for love, compassion or understanding of human needs and emotive desires.

The truth is, that our governments are totally incapable of ever telling the truth and that their lies are on an incomprehensible scale. The truth that your belief in money is a fabrication of social engineering, the greatest hoax ever executed, the greatest illusion ever attempted, the greatest lie ever told, but believed by all. Realising that money is only a concept, not a reality. That these fake ASPD humans can tell these lies and never ever feel guilt or shame.

The truth, that these people are a LIE (Lacking Integrity or Ethics), a fabrication; they are defective and very, very damaged and dangerous. The truth that those in control are infinitely criminal and protect their criminality with a fabricated 'legal' system. Once exposed, unlike humans, psychopaths are incapable of change for the better and they know it. Sadly, they cannot change their behaviour they can only bluff.

Love is the four-letter word they are terrified of. They have no understanding of this fundamental energy that binds caring, functional societies. Psychopaths will mumble they understand love, but they have no neuron connection to the area of the brain responsible for love, empathy and compassion. Simply ask them to explain what love is. They can't; they truly have no comprehension of the incredible gift most of humanity has in common. Love really baffles socially adept psychopaths; they can't tax it, declare it illegal, control it, understand it, feel it, sell it or declare war on it, yet the exploitables they loath, thrive on it.

The universal, powerful gift of love that humans share globally is ultimately the psychopaths undoing. It reveals to all around them what vile, uncaring, morally bankrupt creatures they really are. Love is the stumbling block that drives them frantic. They have no comprehension of this word and they cannot steal or corporatize it, yet is more powerful than all the money in the world. The word they fear, holds functioning societies together, is free to all to access any time, gives meaning to life and not bound by language, time, distance, borders, race or religions. With love, the humanthings they exploit and abuse can actually survive without the prefabricated and illusionary world of laws, money, taxes, rampant consumerism the psychopaths have produced. The love between mother and daughter, father and son is infinitely more powerful, real and exquisite than any written law a psychopathic society has ever created.

The simple act of sending an unmasked psychopath love and pity is enough to derail their vile agendas. Psychopaths in control have no concept of love and compassion; they are stuck in their self-seeking world of instant gratification and abuse.

Exposure as defective humans is the shaft of sunlight that will reduce the power of these controlling vampires. Just knowing they exist, knowing they are controlling you in an uncaring, fictitious society and sharing the knowledge that socially adept psychopaths exist and making sure the psychopaths know you know is the key to breaking their hold over exploitable humans

that they have clung to for centuries. Knowing your society reflects the twisted ASPD traits of materialism, hatred, misery, control, division and warfare.

The knowledge you have gained through reading this document is one of the tools to use on the sad creatures that control you. As you research more on the subject of ASPD and psychopathy, you will discover you are not alone in the quest to make our beautiful world sustainable and liveable. Every day the momentum of psychopathic control is undermined by people simply realising psychopaths exist in position of power and trust and letting those in power know their citizens are aware of their diabolical emotional void. Every second of every day, another person discovers the reason their life is in the hands of uncaring people with an unfortunate, but diabolical emotional illness.

Knowledge is power. You now have the knowledge to realise some of those who govern you are as fake as snow in a furnace.

You now have the key to understand the reason all human societies follow the path of war and hatred.

For the first time in human history, we now have the knowledge and the medical tools for accurate analysis of their ailment necessary to reduce the power of *the institutions in which psychopaths flourish*: the military, multinational corporations, central banks, intelligence agencies, DARPA, police forces, governments, religious movements and secret societies.

Do not become part of the psychopath's reality; it is so far removed from normal human authenticity, it's hard to believe psychopaths are the same species!

It has been incredibly liberating for me to see and discover psychopaths/sociopaths in all walks of life. I look for them constantly and marvel at their hatred and contempt of me. I look for them in the societal institutions they control and marvel at their glib confidence. At social gatherings, they look at me with pure disdain and disinterest, as I am still an incredibly unlikely challenger. In their wildest dreams, they could never imagine I know exactly what they are, what they are doing and what they are thinking. Their cold, calculating soul is the dark corner in any room of light.

There are countless people globally, dedicated to halting the endemic madness psychopaths spread, by making people aware of their diabolical affliction, their ability to deceive and control normal feeling people for their own benefit. To stop the spread of the hatred 'paths infuse into all society like an addictive drug and to offer feeling humans an alternative to the long established Pathocratic dynasty.

In a time of deceit, telling the truth is a revolutionary act and in doing so, Pathocratic governments respond to truth with derogation, incarceration and annihilation. The truth is irrefutable. Hatred may attack it, ignorance may deride it, but in the end, the truth remains. The further a society drifts from the truth, the more society will hate those that speak it.

The truth is a force the psychopaths have twisted for their convenience. Like all natural forces, distorting the truth is dangerous. Ultimately the power of truth will destroy their vile hold on humanity by showing the psychopathic soullessness and lack of empathy.

Trying to tell a society, heartless psychopaths and their indoctrinated henchmen who turn on the charm at every media event are ruling them, is like chipping at a granite boulder with a length of liquorice. Even if I could walk on water and have multi-coloured meteorites shoot out my arse, most people will never believe the obvious. People immediately apply their snug fitting coat of cognitive dissonance, huddle under their comfortable blanket of materialism and plug their ears with concrete. Any refugee, who has experienced the horror of displacement, loss, rape and abuse, has a vague understanding of the Pathocratic mantra, but I truly have to smile at the explanations people apply to their current social and fiscal dilemma. They defend their point of view to the point of absurdity with eloquent, indoctrinated, ideology. There seems to be two distinct classes in society: those who don't know and those who don't know they don't know.

Understanding your society is possible. It doesn't take genius. It takes diligence. It takes moral clarity. It takes ingenuity. And above all, it takes a willingness to **try**.

It's easy to forgive a child who is afraid of the dark; the real tragedy of life is when whole populations are afraid of the light. The most exciting thing for me is when someone makes the connection between misery, abuse, war, poverty, governments and psychopaths. It's like watching a huge crystal chandelier suddenly illuminating a pitch black room. A room filled with beautiful furniture, stunning works of art and sumptuous cuisine.

I often read in recent non-mainstream articles about psychopaths in control, but without understanding the fundamental evil of the psychopath, it's a little like saying 'bad people are in control.' ***Psychopaths aren't bad; they are evil beyond comprehension.***

They hate and despise you and would happily murder every single feeling human on the planet except they need them as slaves. These ASPD individuals in power see you as complete idiots, disposable, worthless dung beetles and only useful as exploitable serfs and cannon fodder. These sad, compassion less monsters steal your very country, its assets, the value of your savings and retirement funds. They steal your life! They march you to 'profitable' wars, prostitute the land under your feet and hide behind counterfeit laws that protect them, but ultimately enslave you and destroy your eco system. They entice you into their suicide cult.

This document gives you a basic understanding of the strange and twisted way a psychopath views the world, their lust for control through force, immorality and injustice. The Key is the ability to break their stranglehold on humanity through non-violent awareness directed at those in power.

It would be better to hug the whole world like Mata Amritanandamayi with unconditional love and show the 'leaders' of the world how far removed they are from the majority of humans on the planet.

For one of the few times in recorded history, the psychopaths who control us are running very, very scared. They are desperate to prevent the spread of this knowledge, the scientific confirmation they are cold-hearted facsimiles of real human beings and fundamentally flawed. They are currently 'sugar coating' psychopaths in the media by saying low level ASPD is quite acceptable and necessary in society. The powerful National Institute of Mental Health in the U.S. are demanding an end to symptom-based diagnosis and the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders (DSM) in favour of a greater emphasis on biology. They are already too late, the horse has bolted and every day more and more beautiful, caring human beings are awakening and accessing the vast pool of knowledge concerning psychopathic control and abuse, both personally and globally.

More and more people are seeing the parallel between ASPD behaviour and callous banking cartels and governments and are challenging those in power with the reality of their affliction. People are beginning to see, that no matter what, the ASPD Pathocracy that governs us is insane and unsustainable as it always has been. Social change will occur only when people become aware of psychopathy in all its chilling reality and challenge those in control with their illness. Viewed from a new perspective, the world looks very different. Discovering the difference between feeling humans and scheming psychopaths is the key to creating new foundations to build sustainable societies.

Only when humanity with a healthy conscience understand we have a natural predator, made up of defective people living amongst us, seeing us as powerless victims to be freely fed upon to achieve their inhuman ends will social change occur. Removing psychopathic deviants from any position of power over people of conscience is necessary for sustaining functioning society.

TAT (Truth Accountability and Transparency) are the tools to weed out the 'paths around us. Until recently, the knowledge of psychopathy and how psychopaths rule the world has been shrouded in secrecy. Making bureaucracies accountable for their actions and ensuring transparency in financial dealings is simple for feeling humans and necessary for sane governance.

Only two things can bring a psychopath under submission:

1. A bigger psychopath.
2. Awareness, letting psychopaths know we realise their diabolical emotional deficiency and refusing to acknowledge their insane reality.

The world has so many millions of wonderful feeling humans, full of innovative technical and social expertise that can re-establish positive networks and solutions to repair damage created by the likes of soulless petro-chemical and banking corporations. Re-establishing and recognising the power of the real human spirit, with its infinite creativity and capacity for love, compassion and transparency is necessary for future development and dislodgement of the current fear based Pathocracies.

Just one person with courage is a majority.

Just one person with inherent moral courage to stand up against global ruling insanity can change much around them for the better simply by awakening people who surround them. No authentic, feeling human being needs the hidden insanity of psychopathy in his or her life.

There are so many alternative technologies, stifled by contemporary insensitive conglomerates to implement as alternative energy sources, renewable resources and innovations that have a beneficial effect on the planet and humanity. Associate Professor Jun Chen and Professor Gerry Swiegers at UOW's Australian Research Council Centre of Excellence for Electromaterials Science (ACES) have produced artificial chlorophyll on a conductive plastic film that acts as a catalyst to begin splitting water to produce hydrogen. Using this system, five litres of seawater per day would produce enough hydrogen inexpensively, to power an average-sized home and an electric car for one day.

Solar power scientists are close to making a cheap and fast way to print solar cells on to plastic. Australian CSIRO's senior research scientist Dr Fiona Scholes said the technology was almost at a commercial stage and could be used to power everything from laptops to skyscrapers. Dr Scholes said the team used commercial printers that were adapted to take solar ink. "It's very cheap. The way in which it looks and works is quite different to conventional silicon rooftop solar," she said. "It can be made to be semitransparent - we can use it for a tinted window scenario." Dr Scholes said any plastic surface could be substituted for solar panels. That made it perfect for powering up a skyscraper. Connecting the solar panels is as simple as connecting a battery.

Scientists at the Lawrence Berkeley National Laboratory (Berkeley Lab) and the University of Illinois have created solar cells that collect blue light photons at 30 times the concentration of conventional solar cells, the highest concentration factor ever recorded. They achieved this breakthrough by combining designer quantum dot light-emitters with spectrally matched photonic mirrors. This breakthrough paves the way for the future development of low-cost solar cells that utilise the high-energy part of the solar spectrum.

Physicists from the Australian National University have discovered thermo photovoltaic cells, which could one day harvest heat in the dark and turn it into electricity. Thermo photovoltaic cells may be more than two times more efficient than conventional solar cells. They don't need direct sunlight to generate electricity, and instead harvest heat from their surroundings in the form of infrared radiation. Dr Sergey Kruk from the ANU Research School of Physics and Engineering said, "Our metamaterial overcomes several obstacles and could help to unlock the potential of thermo photovoltaic cells."

Researchers at EPFL's Laboratory of Nanoscale Biology have found a new way to generate electricity using water and a very thin membrane. Their simple concept uses a semipermeable membrane separating two fluids with different salt concentrations. Salt ions travel through the membrane until the salt concentrations in the two fluids reach equilibrium. The system utilises readily available seawater and fresh water. Salt ions in the seawater pass through the membrane into the fresh water until both fluids have the same salt concentration. An ion is an atom with an electrical charge and the movement of the salt ions generates electricity. The potential of the new system is enormous. According to calculations, a 1m² membrane with 30% of its surface covered

by nanopores could produce 1Megawatt of electricity, enough to power 50,000 energy-saving light bulbs.

Mycologist Paul Stamets has patented a chemical-free method to control insect pests. His patent makes insects gather, stockpile and eat insect-killing entomopathogenic fungi, which then take over their bodies and destroy them. This method of pest control could shatter the power of the diabolical pesticide industry, by providing sustainable, natural solutions for pest control.

Matthew Kanan, an assistant professor of chemistry at Stanford have discovered a way to make plastic from carbon dioxide (CO₂) and inedible plant material, such as agricultural waste and grasses. Researchers say the new technology could provide a low-carbon alternative to plastic bottles and other items currently made from petroleum.

Australian soil scientist Dr Melissa Fraser, has been trialling the 'New Horizons' soil improvement system that does not require GM methods to increase cropping production by up to 300%. The system incorporates clay with sand and organic matter to allow crops to access rich nutrients at greater depths than previously thought possible.

There are countless numbers of workable alternative energy and agrarian systems available right now.

Removing the stifling tyranny of control exercised by the current Pathocratic regime is vital to opening dialogue on methods to restore the planet to a sustainable model for future generations. We have to look beyond short-term policies, lies and monetary gain to ensure a healthy, vibrant eco system. Like the wisdom of the native North Americans, we have to view the impact of our decisions in generations rather than myopic four-year political terms.

Indigenous North American tribes like the Cheyenne and Lakota saw themselves as caretakers of Mother Earth. With this natural intimacy, they managed to maintain their environment for tens of thousands of years without the concept of money or debt. The harmony they found in their environment was a spiritual bond for the harmony of the individuals within the tribe. They saw the land as the Great Mother or life giver and the sky and heavens as the Father or Grandfather in a female/male principle. They didn't see themselves separate from nature or the cosmos and believed that all life was sacred. Whatever was done to earth and its inhabitants was also done to the natives and they realised everything was part of the 'One.' Their communal sharing philosophy ensured there was no hoarding and all prospered equally. If one hunter was particularly successful, they didn't get to keep more than anyone else and instead, the skilled hunter was given a place of honour in the tribe.

The tribes had no concept of scarcity as western culture falsely preaches and there was no need for excessive accumulation of material and personal belongings. Many indigenous cultures see humans as physical and spiritual, but encompassing the whole. When they experience disease, it is the person who is sick that is treated, not just the disease. They see 'ease' and 'disease' and treat the whole human as opposed to western medicine that treats only the secular physical symptoms of a particular disease and never the combination of whole body and spirit.

There is a wonderful word in the African Xhosa vocabulary called 'Ubuntu' and it means, "I am because we are." and it's worth backing up a bit and re-reading that tiny quote because it is a very powerful observation. A noted anthropologist discovered the phrase while working in Africa and set up an interesting experiment to show us its simple power. He created a game with the children of the village, put a basket full of delicious fruit near a tree and told the children that whoever got to the tree first would win all the precious fruit. He gave them the signal to run and the village children quickly took each other's hands and ran together as a group, then sat in a circle around the fruit, enjoying their treats. When he asked them why they chose to run as a group, when obviously one of them could have raced their friends to the tree and had more fruit if they kept the fruit for themselves, one child spoke up and said "Ubuntu, how can one of us be happy if all the other ones are sad?" Hoarding materials to gain benefit or superiority would be a foreign concept to the Xhosa people and they realise to be one, we need the whole, to be part of life – I am because we are. We are all in this boat together. We are all part of the whole.

If someone lives in a house with newspapers stacked to the ceiling, we call them crazy. If someone lives in a small house packed full of cats, we call them insane. When people pathologically hoard so much cash they impoverish an entire nation, they are on the cover of Fortune magazine and displayed as role models.

You may have raced to collect all the money in the world for yourself, but if you can't breathe the polluted air or drink the poisoned water and have no one to love or care for (because you have no idea what love and caring are), your money is pointless. If money and the pursuit of money is all you have in life, you are the poorest individual on the planet and money will never buy love. The illusion of money will never buy trust, sincerity, happiness, support and fulfilment that come hand in hand with loving relationships. As our Pacific Island friends know, wealth is not measured by money. The North American Cree prophesied, "Only after the last tree has been cut down, only after the last river has been poisoned, only after the last fish has been caught. Only then will you find money cannot be eaten."

What is lacking in the current global Pathocratic regimes is any semblance of wisdom. As I write, I cannot think of one single world leader who displays wisdom. Modern government is myopically pushing their corrupt barrow of consumerism, money, employment, warfare and short terms of governance. Any wise, long-term decisions disappear in the face of short-term profit driven choices to the detriment of all society and the planet. Wisdom seems to have evaporated from modern human consciousness like mist facing the heat of a summer's day.

Wisdom is the gift of accumulated experiences of life that fill the library of our mind with knowledge, insight, understanding, compassion and solutions. Wisdom is the ability to recognize the limits of our knowledge, to be aware of the varied perspectives of life. Wisdom acknowledges others' points of view, and seeks sane resolution of opposing viewpoints. Wisdom is looking at a small child and understanding the trials and tribulations they will experience and knowing the incredible gifts of love, joy, passion, fulfilment and understanding that are waiting for them. It's possible knowledge is sometimes substituted for wisdom in a modern society, but knowledge is knowing a tomato is a fruit. Wisdom is not putting it in a fruit salad.

At a time when western society as we know it will collapse in chaos and our eco system is buckling at the knees, we find our sabre rattling world leaders hiding behind the Great Wall Of Impotence and incapable of effective, rational governance or displaying wisdom.

There are so many remedial social solutions based on our natural conscience and genetic ability to socialise successfully. Some of these principals are in place, where employees are shareholders in the company they work for and they make positive and rewarding contributions to their workplace and their community.

Communities based on natural caring foundations are appearing globally and disenfranchised people, stuck in the rat race of modern society are realising their validity. We need to reduce the insane amount of governmental interference on all levels by utilising our own initiative and ability to deal with each other on a person-to-person basis in a sharing environment. Many of the insane laws enacted today are a result of psychopathic distrust of each other. Unlike a feeling human, a handshake and promise of commitment means absolutely nothing to them. They require written confirmation of their dealings for indemnity and restitution, hence the complexity of the modern legal system. Ultimately, this only binds feeling humans to fabricated legislation and laws.

With absolutely no conscience, morals or sense of guilt, emotionally crippled sociopaths are free to break any social, business or environmental law created and they do; on a scale that is unbelievable to feeling people.

Imagine what we could accomplish if government worked for us, not against us. Imagine government where the national 'common wealth' and natural resources of a nation weren't stripped from the local economy into foreign corporations and never benefit their citizens. Imagine a government that actually supported its citizens and didn't leave them cringing in fear. Imagine a government that actually cared, recognised the potential of its citizens, and rewarded them accordingly. Imagine a government that fully realised the negative impact of their legislation on the environment. Imagine a government that didn't stifle productivity with mile after mile of expensive red tape. Imagine a government that didn't see everything and everyone as disposable. Imagine the removal of borders, dominance, gangland mentality and war. This isn't some Utopian fairyland idyll; this is within our grasp now; today.

Truly making any form of governance *fully transparent and audit-able* in every sense is necessary, simple and sustainable for authentic feeling humans. No transparency in government programs is always associated with corruption and is a strong indication of ASPD behaviour. Psychopaths have plenty to hide. Governments know everything about us, yet we know nothing about them! It's time to reverse this madness.

All governments produce nothing on their own and in order to spend, must either borrow, swindle, or steal from those who do produce. Think about what a modern government is and how it fails its electoral mandate and social responsibility. Every year in typical ASPD fashion,

governments become more secretive, create more wars, break more promises, become more corrupt, sell more national assets, blatantly lie, steal more money, behave like louts, stir up trouble, provide less service or support and erode citizens' rights to the point their citizens cannot protest against their inhumane treatment. In fact, governments have privatised most of the responsibility of past government, which leads to the question, 'What are governments in power for?' They no longer perform the duties they were elected to carry out.

Governments flaunt the legal system that throws ordinary citizens in prison.

It's legal for them to threaten and commit offensive, rather than defensive, violence.

They can take property from others without their consent. They spy on people's email and bank accounts whenever they please.

They create trillions of dollars of debt for their citizens to repay without social consent. As long as the government spends money, it will find ways to make you pay for it, through direct and indirect taxation, money printing, or debt; they counterfeit the currency.

They psychopathically lie with misleading statistics and use accounting magic no business can duplicate.

They are criminal, evil and controlled by those without a shred of conscience.

Government employees perform duties that would land an ordinary citizen in prison.

The government can monitor almost any aspect of the average citizen's life whenever it wants, but it's impossible for the average citizen to monitor the government. In a free, democratic society, the opposite would be true and necessary. Transparency is vital if we wish to utilise the social and economic tools already in place in modern society.

Secret agencies operate above governments with publicly funded budgets, but without public scrutiny or accountability. Think how people constantly see their universal liberties eroded and lose their right to free speech. In South Australia in 2015, people working for the state government face dismissal for criticising their government. What the? This is closer to a totalitarian fascist regime than a democratically elected government capable of allowing citizens free speech and debate.

We are not naive children, as authentic, feeling adults; we are capable of forging alliances and networks with minimum supervision both personally and commercially without the current insane level of government interference and expensive bureaucratic legislation. We are capable of solving problems, differences of opinion, allegations and loss through rational channels of mediation. This rationale is not just applicable to the English speaking world; all people with the full range of human feeling in all places globally are capable of self-governance.

We have come such a long way from even 100 years ago where violence and abuse was tolerated, accepted and encouraged. We have made incredible technological advances that allowed my parents, who used horse and carts for transport in their youth, to witness men on the moon. My parents experienced technological and social changes like no other period in history. We just need one tiny social step to realise the injustice delivered by psychopaths and their scale of abuse to allow the fullness of human endeavour to multiply.

No human should ever again cower to the insanity of a secretive, abusive totalitarian Pathocracy. Abuse is the symptom of a sick individual or society and abuse is the manifested alternative to appreciation and respect. Life should be carefree, enjoying the sunshine; not living a nightmare in the darkness of the soul from abuse. Darkness needs darkness to exist – it is unable to exist in the light. By definition, the psychopaths who control you are dark, unfortunate beings never capable of telling the truth. They are terrified of having the blazing spotlight of truth shone in their direction. They are like cowardly, emotionally bereft children, who use their ill-gotten power over subordinates to carry out their evil agendas. Once socially adept psychopaths are unmasked and confronted with the nature of their personality disorder, they are unable to maintain their illusion of superiority and control. They have to stand naked in the light of truth and reveal to their subordinates and the world, their mental illness and vile emotional inadequacies. Sadly, they are incapable of change; they can only lie, play their fake pity card and bluff.

As feeling humans, we have no desire to kill other humans needlessly or cause harm for pleasure, all life is sacred and the shape it comes in is irrelevant. The majority of humans are not born hating. People learn to hate through corrupted individuals, perpetrated outrages or social indoctrination, but hatred as a primary emotion, is not part of an authentic human being. We now have the scientific knowledge to accurately identify those who are skilled at hating, spreading hatred and potentially killing us all. We have the ability to pinpoint the abusers of humanity. We have the incredible gift of love, compassion and sharing that sets us apart from our ASPD overlords and binds us in a blinding light of unity. We need to focus that light of knowledge and love at the emotional vampires in control, regain our true freedom and strength and remove the blanket of psychopathic misinformation, viciousness and darkness. We now have the power to break the cycle of gang violence that has ruled the planet for millennia.

When informed human populations discover the emotional vacuum of their ASPD Pathocratic bureaucracy and their litany of lies, they realise this is the thing their bureaucracy fear the most. The truth: the truth is the razor sharp sword that stops them. The frightening realisation that socially adept psychopaths and their sycophants in control don't have even a vague notion of truth and decency, but realise revealing their emotional inadequacies to all is a serious detour on their road to power and control if it exposes their real agendas to the general population. Unlike the ruling Pathocracy, we have an inherent conscience that gives us the moral compass necessary for social stability, governance, sensibility and sustainability. We have the genetically encoded tools for co-operation, trust, transparency and successful self-governance. They are part of being a beautiful, trustworthy, authentic, spiritually aligned human being. I often listen to people asking the government for help in their current predicament, but as

Ronald Reagan famously put it: "Government is not the solution to our problems; government is the problem."

We need a government so small, we can hardly see it.

Government is a fictional entity, forced on people globally. No person has willingly signed a contract between themselves and a Pathocratic institution. The true root of the problem is the BELIEF in government and authority. Just because someone wears a uniform or performs some a ritual which no one else has access to, blinds people to any alternative except the force exerted by the ruling elite. There are alternatives.

Use The Key to unlock the vault of knowledge regarding Anti-Social Personality Disorder, research the similarities between Anti-Social Personality Disorders, ruling governments, corporations, banking cartels, abusive individuals you associate with and stop the endemic madness, corruption and violence. You will suddenly have the clarity and power to see through their cloak of invisibility and deception. All their strange callous decisions, their lies, their wars, their freedom robbing laws, their cowardly attacks on the powerless in society, their total focus on the illusion of money, their fake sincerity, the way they 'apologise' when their comments and actions are totally offensive will make perfect sense. The people who crave power, money and possessions above all else are seriously ill and are all very predictable and transparent once you understand the nature of their illness. The level of madness of society is in direct proportion to the number of psychopaths in power and their incurable ailment.

The exciting world of change starts with the knowledge you have gained and shared.

Knowledge is the razor sharp sword to cut through and dilute the insanity of a Pathocratic society.

View your world in an exciting, new and positive way, pass the key of knowledge to your friends and let them see with your eyes. Everything your government does or has done in the past will suddenly be perfectly clear. The nonsense Pathocratic society spreads is a thick blanket of fog, waiting for the breeze of sanity to reveal the truth.

Help the people of all nations recover their true, authentic and powerful selves. Know that you are now part of one the greatest shifts in human consciousness in the recorded history of the planet. Being bold, powerful and wise is your human inheritance and realise you are born rich beyond measure. You are rich in the vast resource of human spirituality, love, emotion, creativity, sociability, truth, wisdom, strength, understanding and endowed with rich genetic diversity; rich in the true meaning of the word.

Know that your amazing, inherent human spirit, with its capacity for love, dazzling forgiveness, incredible joy and learning will make amazing changes to the world we all share. As authentic human beings, gifted with the full spectrum of human emotions, we have the ability to forge alliances built on sound human foundations that create and maintain lasting emotional connections that make sense.

Embrace the incredible diversity of human society globally. We are all similar yet uniquely and wonderfully different. We all tread different paths; yet arrive at the same destination. Each authentic human ethnicity is a celebration of genetic multiplicity, social diversity, wisdom and love. Every genuine culture and society has contributions to the total whole and should be heard. All authentic humans have the capacity for incredible change, personally, emotionally and socially.

Universally united by our beautiful sense of inherent conscience and truth, we have all the tools necessary for creating lasting, functioning societies. The tools for co-operation are free to all, not restricted by time, race or gender. They do not require licensing, university degrees or payment to any party; they are our bountiful inheritance at birth.

Anyone who claims your life, your body, your mind, your work, or your property without your consent is a predator. No person is in bondage to another, we all free in the truest sense to live our fleeting life in the abundance of beauty, love and happiness. No person or group of persons has the right to remove that universally inherited freedom and joy.

**Yesterday is history,
Tomorrow is the future
And now is a miraculous, exquisite gift.**

Love yourself unconditionally; count your life by happiness, selfless actions, precious memories and friends, not coins. Bank the treasure of love in the hearts of your friends. Live your precious life authentically, fearlessly and beautifully for the benefit of all.

You are free to give this book to as many as you wish.

ZORTAC

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The Key

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