

THE PLOT TO OVERTHROW

THE 4 HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE



MOHAMMAD GOLDSTEIN

*“Love cannot remain silent – when it sees
Injustice, Abuse, Deception or Hypocrisy*

*‘Real Love’ will always stand-up and speak-out
Even at the expense of one’s own life.”*

– mg –

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*“When the power of love
Overcomes the love of power
The world will know peace.”*

– Jimi Hendrix–



The 50s were the decade where the conception took place; the embryo incubated in the womb, growing and kicking, for the entire ten years. Finally, the pregnancy ended, and with violent labor pains, the water broke on January 1, 1960. After inhaling the first breath of life, what exhaled was a very loud, non-stop screaming, colic baby; a byproduct perhaps, of the stifled emotions from its parents trapped in a generation of war. After the violent birth, the umbilical cord cut, the life-giving 50s placenta was discarded as useless afterbirth.

It was out with the 50s doo-wop music ... “Good night, sweetheart, well, it’s time to go” ... had to go. None of that would be the new baby’s style. There would be no more short haircuts, butch wax, teased hair, greasy Elvis hair, poodle skirts, fake rock and roll, or black and white television. The baby turned off *Father Knows Best*, *Sky King*, and *Leave It to Beaver* as he tuned in and tripped out.

“Gimme a head with hair – Long beautiful hair – Shining, gleaming, streaming, flaxen, waxen – Give me down to there – Shoulder length or longer – Here baby, there mama – Everywhere daddy, daddy, hair.”

This colic baby was going to keep everyone up night and day for more than a decade, screaming all the way into the early 70s against every established rule of order. Spitting out its pacifier in protest against everything governmental, the colic baby took to the streets in rebellion against war, abusive law enforcement, denial of civil rights, parental restrictions, and the need for organized religion. Schizophrenic in personality, the colic baby held peaceful love-ins and sit-ins, followed by campus protests, civil rights marches, and the burning of cities in riotous rebellion. Change was coming to America, by any and every means necessary, making this a decade that was electrifying and full of life.

To understand the colic baby’s screams, and why those screams were so full of life, ask anyone living in the 60s; they will tell you what an awesome and troubled time it was to be alive. The air was saturated with an energy so rich and full of life, you could almost touch it, or, at the very least, inhale it with every breath you took. It was as if, somewhere in the heavens, the world clock of time and history had suddenly clicked into a new era, intoxicating everything with change.

New expressions and views on every moral issue of life surfaced each day. For generations, society had previously considered it morally taboo to openly discuss the secret side of human sexuality. Such topics were supposed to remain locked away in the private, individual closet of life.

This curious, colic baby opened the door to the private closet of life, took out every hidden taboo, and played with them openly as toys, to the shock of the world. The generation of free love played with every sexual toy, openly discussed human sexuality and multiple orgasms, while watching the movie *I Am Curious (Yellow)*. Free love, sex, drugs, race relations, pop art, poetry, pornography, abortion, and the politics of an illegal war all “mushroomed” into a newfound freedom of speech. Communal living, group sex, and the Summer of Love in Haight-Ashbury became a festival of love-ins, psychedelic drugs, and sex.

In the midst of love and turmoil,
The colic, pacifier-spitting baby became a dancing machine.

Music reverberated from all over the world, rolling in waves onto every shoreline. Each new wave introduced never-before-heard lyrics, beats, and rhythms. Many came with new dances from artists unknown just the day before. The Twist, Mashed Potato, Hully Gully, the Watusi, the Swim, the Jerk, the Monkey, Pony Time, and the Locomotion; the new songs and dances were endless. The music shouted to everyone breathing the air of change. “Hey, you, come out here on the floor; let’s rock some more.” The colic baby was “Dancing in the Streets” all over the nation as white kids were finding their rhythm on American Bandstand. Soul music and black kids already had rhythm from the red-hot, record-producing Motown. Free love, peace signs, tie-and dyed clothing – it was game time for the generation of sex, drugs, and real rock and roll. Not the Elvis shake, rattle, and roll. Elvis was not invited to perform at Woodstock. Say hello to acid rock, hard rock, and just good ol’ rock from The Rolling Stones, The Doors, Jimmy Hendrix, Jefferson Airplane, Creedence, and Janis Joplin.

Church leaders joined hands with law enforcement in a show of unprecedented and unconstitutional unity to stop this new music, reportedly made by the devil himself. In several vain attempts to stop the music, churches held their own protests, burning records while claiming, “The devil himself is in the music, I tell you.”

“This is RJ, your favorite DJ, with a special song to all of the pastors burning records today. I say halleluiaah, brother; figure out the words to this one, if you can, preacher – Here’s ‘Louie Louie’ by The Kingsmen.” Through it all, the colic babies rocked on, dancing in the streets.

How these five radical colic babies ever connected is still a bit of a mystery. None of them understood how much their lives and career choices would impact one another until many years later.

Scott, Jerry, and Steve were from wealthy families with doctors, lawyers, and morticians as parents. Roger and Larry were a pair of poor white trash bad boys, from the wrong side of town.

Scott Riley was the upper-crust snot of the school, quarterback, debater, and a natural leader. His rich parents used their social influence to place Scott in every important school office. Grooming a son's career begins early in life by well-heeled parents, who, in turn, had been groomed by their parents. Scott's position as quarterback was clearly the work of his parents' social influence. He fumbled frequently and ended the season with a record number of fumbles. Scott experienced his largest failure when he ran for class president. Even though his parents provided him with professionally made posters bearing the slogan Scott "Can Do" Riley, the long-haired colic babies rejected his parental influence, scratching out "Can Do" and replacing it with "Can Fumble." Scott never got over the political loss or his record-setting number of fumbles that year.

His mom was so hot, that every teenager with raging testosterone immediately wanted to bone her. Steve was the first to crack her panties and brag about how good an older woman was. After that, everyone in the group boned her on a regular basis. If anyone brought a joint after school, she would take on two or more. Say hello to sex class and free love.

Scott's dad was one of the top doctors in the city and the administrator of a hospital. He always tried to appear cool by offering us a beer. When he would catch anyone looking at, or up, his wife's short skirt, he would look that person in the eye, wink, and smile. No one was ever sure what the wink or smile actually meant.

Their home was one of the most expensive in the city, mainly because of the basement that connected to a new underground fallout shelter. To the group, the shelter was party time; bring a case of beer, a bag of Mary Jane, throw in the hot mom or a few girls, and shut the nuclear door.

Encouraged by his father, Scott often attended civil rights marches or worked at voter registration booths. His white skin often got him face time on the local news, as he was usually seen locking arms with blacks in civil rights marches. Behind his back, most whites called him a nigger lover, and most blacks called him a rich white honky with a guilty conscience.

Jerry Duncan was the son of parents who were both morticians. Having heard every joke about stiffs and undertakers, Jerry defended the profession as a great business model. "It has an endless supply of customers who do not complain, and families that shop emotionally. What else could you possibly ask for?" Jerry was all business all the time. He was expected to become an undertaker or take over the family business.

Mannequin in appearance, Jerry was a fanatical dresser, every hair perfect and never a wrinkle. The common joke about Jerry was that his parents had trained him from a little boy by having him dress the dead bodies. He always looked fresh off the ironing board; you could have popped him into a coffin at any moment.

Steve Whitman was the county prosecutor's son. His grandfather was a judge, and his uncle the county sheriff. All of his relatives were on a crusade to catch the pot-smoking, protesting hippies and lock them up. Steve became our main source for acquiring weed. He was a big pothead who often joked about expanding the minds of his legal relatives. His uncle's deputies were often on television using clubs and dogs on civil rights protesters.

Roger Majors and Larry Thomas were the polar opposites of Scott, Jerry, and Steve. They came from poor white families, living in shotgun houses near the railroad tracks, and grew up in tough, racially mixed neighborhoods. Close friends since grade school, they liked to fight and were the stereotypical bad boys in the 60s from the wrong side of the tracks. By the age of fifteen, due to family problems in both homes, Roger and Larry moved into their own place.

The old house they rented was party central seven days a week, and completely furnished with every bad boy's dream – an endless stream of girls, pot, and booze. A year earlier, at the age of fourteen, they had started their own band. After moving into party central, the band began playing events around the city and grew in popularity. At one point, the band won a citywide battle of the bands competition at the local community center. The winning prize was an appearance as the opening act in the amphitheater on Dick Clark's Caravan of Stars. The band was red hot when Larry walked on stage and performed a song he had written, "The Dirty Dog." The crowd went absolutely wild with excitement. As he stood center stage, singing "Come on girls, let me show you how to do the dirty dog" while humping the microphone in a slow rhythm, Larry sent over ten thousand girls screaming into the aisles. After that performance, the crowds were huge wherever the band played, and the money was good.

Roger and Larry had a natural "cool," a commodity that Scott, Jerry, and Steve loved to be seen hanging with. Scott, Jerry, and Steve, on the other hand, had status, nice cars, and expensive homes, a commodity that Roger and Larry liked to be seen hanging with. Besides, at Scott's home, the pretty-little-rich-girls were all looking for the bad boy deflowering experience, making it a living dream for Larry and Roger.

Baiting the group with a road trip to Florida, Scott convinced everyone to join him in a civil rights march in St. Augustine.

What everyone else envisioned was beaches, bikinis, and booze. As the five boys got into the VW bus, ready to party hard in Florida, none of them realized this trip would change their lives individually and as a group.

Unwittingly, Scott's dad had booked a room at the Monson Motel in St. Augustine, Florida. Little did they know that this motel would become battleground central for Martin Luther King, Jr.'s fight for the rights of blacks to sleep, swim, and eat in all motels. High on pot, Jerry and Steve met some blacks in the parking lot early one morning. After talking for half an hour, they led ten blacks on a full run through the lobby, and everyone jumped into the pool together. The motel owner watched and smiled as they ran past the registration desk. No one knew the owner had dumped large amounts of muriatic acid in the pool to keep blacks from jumping in like they had the previous day. Consequently, Jerry and Steve received several burns from muriatic acid, and after a shower, the owner kicked the five of them out of the motel. During a nighttime protest march, the cops beat them, cracking several ribs and a few bones in the face and hands. Once arrested, the jails were so crowded they were locked in a fenced area with exposure to full sun for several days. Harassed as nigger lovers, the cops often spit – or threw urine on them. Bail was excessive at three thousand dollars, but leave it to Scott's dad to get all five boys released on one condition: that we leave immediately. By the time we headed home, the police had beaten each of us severely, and Roger had received numerous dog bites. The ride home was silent for the most part. Roger and Larry seethed with anger, swearing they would get even.

After they returned home, Roger and Larry took protesting to a completely new level. Scott freaked out as they elevated their fight by throwing Molotov cocktails from the roofs of buildings during race riots. Several times, as a group, the cops almost caught them as they set cop cars on fire. Roger and Larry began stalking cops patrolling alone and beating them.

In the first official group meeting as activists, they swore allegiance to one another, and Steve made a motion to stop joining the riots and protest movements. "I think there is a smarter way to do this. Why don't we watch the news, pick out the unfair bastards, and pay them a personal visit?" As a group, that made everyone smile. They voted to go after every unfair individual seen on the news. It did not matter who you were; if you beat up on protestors, harassed people, discriminated against anyone, arrested a pot smoker, or preached your moral religion against another group – you became a target. Because of Steve's politically connected law enforcement family, he proved to be the greatest asset for finding out the names of cops who beat people or turned dogs on protestors.

They became private vigilantes of justice for the people unfairly harassed by the government.

Officer Don Sprinkle was the biggest white racist in the sheriff's office. He had a reputation for needlessly beating people with a club, as well as turning dogs loose on them. Watching Sprinkle the news, it was easy to see that he never called the dog off and seemed to enjoy watching them chew on the victim. Leaving a bar one night, Sprinkle had one too many under his belt. As he was about to enter his car, Roger walked up behind him with a pair of brass knuckles and said, "Hey, Officer Sprinkle." When he turned to look, Roger's right hook dropped him like a bag of rocks.

Tied up, with a hood on his head, standing on a stool with a rope around his neck, the boys so traumatized the man that he shit and pissed his pants. At one point, Roger said, "Fuck this," kicking the stool out from under Sprinkle. "Look, it's a cop dangling like a pig for slaughter." After a good laugh, Larry put the stool back under his feet and shouted, "Let's cut his dick off!" As Roger's knife began cutting his pants, big shot bigot filled his pants again. Pushing the blade against Sprinkle, Roger spoke in a chilling, melodramatic tone directly into his ear. "Listen to me, asshole. If you ever use your club or turn your dog loose on people again, I will cut it off, Don. If we see you on the news talking about tonight, we will all gangbang your wife in front of you after we cut your dick off, baby Don." Shouting into his ear, Roger said, "DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?" Crying like a baby as the knife continued cutting his pants, baby Don answered, "Yes." Sprinkle never beat or turned dogs on people after that night.

For the next few years, the group introduced cops, preachers, judges, and lawyers to a new level of justice. Catching off-duty drunken cops leaving a bar became Roger's favorite stalking method. With the brass knuckles, he was a one-hit wonder, dropping most of them on the first hit. In two years, Roger and Larry had hooded and beaten up over 20 cops throughout the tri-state area.

Larry loved to get even with the outspoken, hypocritical preachers. Many congregations found a Sunday morning surprise, the pulpit buried under a pile of manure. The devil's pentagram and 666 were his signature trademarks, spray-painted inside and outside of the church as well as the homes of the preachers. Every preacher bold enough to complain got a follow-up private ass whipping. Roger, Larry, and Steve eventually returned to St. Augustine for some long-overdue vengeance. A certain motel owner, along with several rednecks and cops, all shit and pissed their pants while dangling at the end of a rope.

Life happens this fast; one day you walk the halls as a freshman, and the next day you are a graduating senior. Four years later, the group gathered in Scott's nuclear fallout basement sharing a beer after graduation. No one realized that this would be the last time they would all be together as a group for many years. Scott's dad came down and joined them for a beer, commenting, "You boys have been politically active for several years. I'd like to hear what you would like to do in life and how you would work to change the country." It was a planned father/son event because Scott spoke up right away.

"I am going to change the country, and the only way to do that is to be a part of making and passing laws. So, for me, it's politics as soon as I get out of college." No one said anything; everyone expected him to give it a shot. To the group, he was nothing but a poor little rich boy out to save the world while living in daddy's shadow. Somehow, he had miraculously escaped serious injury in St. Augustine, and no one understood how.

"What about you, Jerry?" Scott's dad asked.

"I really don't know for sure, but I think I'm getting out of the family business. I will try to work with the living rather than the dead," he said, laughing. "I have always wanted to build, so maybe I could build some quality low-income housing that would actually elevate the poor and lower-middle class."

"Never saw those ambitions coming from you, Jerry," Scott's dad said. "I really hope you try it, and feel free to call on me if you need any help."

Steve spoke up. "It's a no-brainer for me. Superman, the lawyer defender of the downcast!" he shouted. "I'm off to law school. After that, I either join the family empire or do my own thing. I would like to expose people like my racist uncle, but then my own family might elect to lynch me," he said, gesturing with his hand as if he were hanging by a rope around his neck as he stuck out his tongue. Everyone burst out laughing at his imitation of the people we had strung up, while Scott's dad remained clueless. "All joking aside, I am pretty sure I am going in the opposite direction of my family. I will defend the guys they try to put away on petty bullshit. That should make the family reunions very interesting."

Smiling, Scott's dad replied, "Sounds fascinating, Steve. I'm looking forward to some great television interviews and newspaper articles to read about your successful cases against your family."

Larry said, "I have no clue at this point, Mr. Riley. I think I'll just continue with my music, hang out, and party for a while longer. The band is doing pretty well, and I like the lifestyle. I will probably stay active in some movements, hoping to effect some change.

Roger and I do not have families like yours. I come from a home of correction with no direction, so your questions are not part of my upbringing. My family never talks about a future or matters like this; no one in my family even gives a shit that I graduated from high school today.

Smiling at Scott's clueless father, Roger spoke up. "Family, what is that? My family raised children as if we were a litter of dogs. When you stopped sucking tit, you were on your own. Future ... here's my future," he said, holding up a draft notice. Everyone sat in silence at his revelation sipping a last beer. The times they were about to change, for the boys.

Somewhere there has to be a horizon where the sun rises on young lives as they begin pursuing life's dreams, and ambitions. As the five young boys, sat sharing a last beer together with their feet dangling over the edge of the early morning horizon, they were unaware of the profound destiny of their lives. As they rose and went their separate ways, destiny put a mark on each boy's back, marking them for purpose in the future. "Each of these shall drink deeply from the bittersweet cup of life's experiences."

Many years later, their pathetic excuses for lives would meet again. As old friends, destiny would reunite them; only this time, it would be as the sun was setting on their exhausted lives. Sharing a drink together, they would soon discover their divine appointment with world history. A destiny so profound, their actions would change America and the world in a way no one ever contemplated possible. Their purpose would have the power to change the world, as well as preempt a world tragedy. In order to fulfill their purpose, it would require the solving of a biblical mystery ...

The 4Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

One of them would suffer a violent death, and when that death occurs, the water will break for the birth of the next colic baby. This putrid "loss of life" embryo had been brewing in the womb of time for over 50 years. Filled with the pus of shattered dreams and wasted lives, the womb will spew the baby forth in such a violent birthing rage that the baby will sadistically rip the womb. The birth will be so violent and painfully purifying, it will drop the entire nation to its knees in stunned silence, and the world will stand in awe.

Landing on both feet with 50 years of incubated rage, this baby will arrive in the world with such a vengeance, its scream will make the first colic baby of the 60s sound like a whisper in the night. This baby will finish what the first colic baby failed to complete by ushering a new era into the world.

The little boys are all grown up now.

After an invigorating afternoon with Monica, Professor Samuel Walker, PhD in world history and religion, retired to his study late Sunday evening. Sipping scotch, he began putting the final touches on the last two essays of his illustrious thirty-year career. Eccentric in his life and philosophy, Sam was a factual genius with a mind capable of processing ten or more thoughts simultaneously. A Mensa society member with the strategic mind of a world-class chess player, he was always a few calculated moves ahead of everyone else on the chessboard of life. Whenever he released new essays on various world religions, leaders rushed to read them. His intelligent methods of study, coupled with his simple reasoning of facts, earned him the highest respect among scholars. Every essay was so skillfully structured and factually judicious, readers found them as euphoric as an archeologist unearthing artifacts buried for thousands of years.

World religious leaders considered Sam their nemesis because he provoked people to examine why they practiced a particular religion. Because of the provocative in-your-face nature of his articles, they often angered religious leaders. In defense of their exposed practices, the religious leaders often demonized Sam to their followers. Sam considered their references to him as the spawn of Satan – a personal compliment. Over the years, he had turned over a lot of stones, uncovering lies, hypocrisies, and doctrinal errors in every religion. He was the master of pushing everyone’s buttons to the point of enragement, in order to show them truth. His essays often made national newsprint, television news, and sometimes he frequented talk shows as an analyst. Lately, the talk shows focused on Middle Eastern religions because of decades of nonstop turmoil. Smiling as he placed his books and papers into his cart for tomorrow’s class, Sam thought, ‘This will put a lid on it once and for all. This is my best work, appropriate, and at the right time.’

One of his greatest pet peeves was that people, in general, did not think or study a matter for themselves anymore. Resembling robotic idiots, people accept the news media as a source of truth, where talking heads speak in terms of information from “reliable sources.”

In the 60s, he had gone to jail over a dozen times for one cause or another and met with many of the radicals of those days: Jerry Rubin, Eldridge Cleaver, Mark Rudd, Bobby Seale, and Malcolm X. Once, he spent half an hour with Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., discussing the gravity of Gandhi’s comment, “An eye for an eye makes the whole world blind.”

On May 4, 1970, at Kent State University, the United States government murdered four and wounded nine, Sam being one of the nine. As he lay in bed recovering, Sam searched his heart for understanding. Why would the United States government shoot and murder unarmed American citizens? After a long and arduous recovery, the answer to that question became a very private part of his life's work.

For years, before Larry's retirement, Sam appeared as a regular on *Larry King Live*. Sam used Larry's show as a platform to publically challenge religious leaders: "Prove me to be in error. If you can, I will give you my life's wealth, and I will become your servant for the rest of my life." Each time he returned to *Larry King*, he always opened with a smile, saying, "Well, I am still a free man, Larry. Not a single religious hypocrite has offered to debate me publically to disprove my facts. I don't understand; where are they, Larry? I have millions in the bank and offer a better deal than the lotto. All they have to do is prove me wrong. So why are they hiding?" Sam loved poking the religious crowd in the eye with a stick on national television. "If you have the winning lotto ticket, Larry, you go collect the prize. I am the one with the winning ticket; they are forgeries because truth never hides, it exposes lies."

Sitting in the waiting room, Sam smiled, thinking, 'I suppose my timing is on the mark. Larry retired, and now Oprah. It's time to move on, Sam.' A knock on the door interrupted his thoughts as they called him to the stage entry. Listening to Oprah's introduction, Sam thought, 'Let's go knock one out of the park,' as he walked onto the stage to greet Oprah. After the usual small talk, Sam announced the most revealing essays of his career would send shockwaves through two religions.

Oprah, prying, said, "Come on, Professor; give us a hint."

"Oprah, it will destroy what the world thinks it knows about two religions. My best friend Mohammad Goldstein will have no basis for practicing his religions when I am finished."

With a tilt of her head, Oprah gave Sam a look of 'what you talk'n bout', Willis'?

"This understanding can restore peace and sanity in the Middle East. The world needs to examine and apply the truths within both essays, and peace will come. It will also give Muslim women a reason to burn their burkas and dress like women instead of potato sacks. Muslim men force women to dress in burkas because, apparently, their god is too weak to help them overcome personal lust. Isn't the point of religion supposed to be to help people with their inner demons?"

Oprah responded, "Oh, my god. For you all watching, he said that, not me.

It's not my essay, you all!" Pointing at Sam and looking into the camera, she continued, "Write to him, not me. God, here comes the mail. Alert the staff; tell them to forward it all to the professor."

"Put my address on the screen, Oprah."

Grinning, Oprah said, "Don't you worry, Professor. They are working on it right now – and you all hurry it up! Child, I knew you were controversial, but you have stirred it up today."

"It's about recognizing truth, Oprah, in this crazy politically correct world. I think it is time we stop the politically correct BS and deliver some much-needed medicine to the world. If that requires being politically incorrect, but truthful, then so be it." The audience began applauding, much to Sam's delight. "I refuse to remain silent, and I have no fear of offending my friend Mohammad Goldstein. Both essays will open the eyes of world leaders, as well as billions of people all over the world. You know, Oprah, I would like to wake up in my lifetime and eat my breakfast without another news report of a fight between a Jew and an Arab." Looking at the audience, Sam asked, "How about you?"

The audience leapt to their feet again as Oprah smiled at them, trying to appear neutral on camera. "Well, you certainly have touched a nerve and reached the heart of this crowd. You do realize, Professor, that you make yourself a target when you say things like this. Lord knows there are fanatics on both sides of your friend's name."

Smiling directly into the camera, Sam replied, "Look at what I have already accomplished, Oprah." Rising to his feet, holding his arms open, he continued. "My essays will give the Jews and Arabs a reason to fight on the same side for the first time in history... against me."

The audience and Oprah broke out in laughter. Being the chess-playing strategist that he was, Sam had Oprah and the audience exactly where he wanted them. While everyone was still laughing, Sam removed his suit jacket and turned around for the camera. In the middle of his back was a bull's-eye target with 'Mohammad Goldstein' and 'Burn the Burkas' printed in the center. The audience went berserk. Even Oprah was waving her hand, trying to gather her composure. "Oh, my god. I hope you realize what you have done," Oprah said.

Serious and composed, Sam stared straight into the camera, saying, "Silence in the presence of truth has no purpose, Oprah; it fosters ignorance. These essays expose a very serious global problem. I hope world leaders will begin to deal with the Middle East in light of the factual truths they contain. Besides, as everyone here agrees, it's enough already between those two. We want to eat our breakfast in peace."

The last ten years at the university had been rather depressing for Sam. With full tenure, Sam had over a three-year waiting list for his class, easily making him the main financial draw for enrollment. Examining the quality of the freethinking minds attending his class, he was convinced that a never-ending reservoir of mindless dribble from a leaderless generation had somehow found its way into his classroom. Weary of never finding fresh thinkers, Sam had set the bar high for class acceptance, instituting many zero-tolerance policies in order to remain in his class. To his dismay, the mindless dribble kept applying.

His weakness – well, that would have to be the young women on campus. From one class year to the next, the young girls discreetly passed along a secret rumor about the “fat size” of Sam. A fact Sam had fittingly validated with young Monica several times earlier today.

Monica had returned from Sam’s bedroom late Sunday evening to the Alpha Chi Omega sorority house. Her body was still pulsing with sexual pleasure when her new roommate, Christina, returned from her weekend away with her boyfriend. They began their usual chat, starting with, how was your weekend, tell me what you did, where did you go?

After several minutes describing what they ate and where they went, Monica commented, “I have to tell you, I had the most fantastic sex for the third time in a row, with a professor I am seeing. It is the best sex I have ever had in my life. The man rings my bell like a salesman at the front door, who will not stop pressing the button,” she said, laughing.

“A professor? You are such a bad girl,” Christina said, smiling. Expressing her discontent about her boyfriend, she confided, “Self-satisfaction is the only way I’ve ever been able to have an orgasm. Even with a man, the only way for me, Monica, is to involve my fingers. Perhaps, for my boyfriend’s sake, your university professor should offer a class on how to please a woman,” she added jokingly.

“Well, if they did, it would have to be Professor Sam.”

Smiling inquisitively, Christina asked, “Do you mean to tell me that Professor Walker is the bell ringer at your door?”

“Yes, you really haven’t heard about him?”

Christina, looking puzzled, said, “I heard rumors that he likes them young, but for me personally, he is too old; no offense intended Monica. Besides, he has never once looked my way. You know what I mean, that look a man gives you when he’s interested.”

“Listen,” said Monica, “you have to understand; Sam would never do that. He is the best teacher on campus because he’s a perfectionist in his studies and personal life. Can I be open and honest with you?”

Christina nodded, listening intently because she was curious about Monica's personal knowledge of Sam and his sexual proficiency.

"I have had sex with him a number of times, and by far, he is the best man I have ever fucked in my life. If he called me right now, I would run to his place even if he were one hundred years old."

Stunned, Christina exclaimed, "You have got to be kidding me."

"Professor Sam is probably the most potent, sexually educated man you'll ever meet in your entire life." Holding her hand and fingers in a circle, Monica explained. "He has this beautiful fat cock, not a foot long, but really so fat it stretches you open, if you know what I mean. Have you ever squirted, or had an internal G-spot orgasm?" Monica asked.

"Squirting ... G-spot internal orgasm ... What the hell are you talking about?" replied Christina.

Smiling, Monica said, "Girl, you have got to try him just one time and, like me, you will be hooked. One thing's for sure: you definitely will not be using your fingers to get off. He'll internally bring you there over and over. How long have you been in his class?"

"It's been three months now, but, like I said, he has never looked at me or asked me a single question."

"Let me help you out," offered Monica. "Have you noticed that the third row aisle seat is usually empty, and girls move to that seat from time to time?"

Thinking with a puzzled look, Christina asked, "What are you saying? Do you mean if I sit in the seat, he will know that I want to try it?"

"No, no, no," Monica exclaimed. "That seat is directly center to the podium and eye level with your skirt. Surely, you can understand that a man of Sam's status would never risk coming onto you or having an improper advances complaint lodged against him. He's way too smart for that kind of liability. If you want to try him, you will have to initiate contact with him by wearing a skirt with no panties. At one point, during your little secret show, he will look up your skirt, and when he does, open your legs wider. If he's interested, he'll ask to speak with you after class."

"No shit!" exclaimed Christina. "I remember him asking girls to speak with him after class and wondered why he never asked me. They were all sitting in the fucking chair. What a play on words," she said, laughing. "I suppose the chair is both metaphorically and literally – a fucking chair. Is he really that good?"

"The sex will blow your mind," said Monica. "I'm getting wet again just thinking about it. I just may show up in your class tomorrow as a drop-in."

'Not if I have anything to do with it,' thought Christina.



With his cart loaded for class, Sam poured another glass of Johnny Walker Blue and stared across the room at the giant color poster of The 4Horsemen of the Apocalypse. Taking a sip, he spoke to it like an old friend, “Well, my years at the university are finished tomorrow. If everything goes according to plan, I will take them by surprise and start a new career next week.” With a slight frown and a puzzled look, he continued, “At this point, I don’t know what to do with you. I must admit that after thirty years of study, I feel quite defeated. You know how much I hate unanswered questions, and you remain my biggest unknown. When I began studying your mysteries, like all the other religious mysteries, I was sure that I would solve yours. Yet, here I sit with what must be my thousandth bottle of scotch, and there you hang, still a mystery. You are the only religious bubble that I could not pop.”

Pausing in disappointment, Sam relented, “I suppose what they say about you could be true. Perhaps, you really do mark the beginning of the end of the world. I so wanted to prove the doctrines that teach, ‘we are living in the last days,’ to be the pure bullshit I thought them to be. If I could have popped you, it would have impacted every Christian denomination. There would have been no more escapism, 666, rapture of the church, tribulation period, or return of Christ to preach.

“I knew every time you woke me in the middle of the night, calling to me ‘come figure me out, Sam,’ that you had every intention of keeping me a prisoner of your mysteries. Because you kept them hidden, I sit here at the end of a very long and fruitless journey. I am somewhat disposed to take you down and toss you in the trash. However, after my last experience when I thought to remove you, I must admit I am apprehensive to even entertain that thought. As long as your power remains in this room, I will let you stay. That doesn’t mean I have to study you.”

Above the poster hung the words of John the Apostle from the Book of Revelation. Sam began to read them slowly, as he had done so many times before. Without realizing it, wisdom was compelling Sam to study as he began to question the mystery again. “What am I missing? I was so sure there was something in you for this hour in history, the world, and this generation.” Shouting at the poster, Sam questioned, “What is it? Why did you pick me? Have I lost my mind trying to figure you out? If my friends and scholars knew of my long-term struggles with you, they would think I’m a complete mad man, a raving lunatic! Everyone knows that a wise man will not spend thirty years of his life searching for a lost penny in the same empty room.” Constrained, he began to read again:

“Conquest, War, Famine, and Death”

Now I saw when the Lamb opened one of the seals; and I heard one of the four living creatures saying with a voice like thunder, ‘Come and see.’ And I looked, and behold, a white horse. He who sat on it had a bow; and a crown was given to him, and he went out conquering and to conquer.

When He opened the second seal, I heard the second living creature saying, ‘Come and see.’ Another horse, fiery red, went out. And it was granted to the one who sat on it to take peace from the earth, and that people should kill one another; and there was given to him a great sword.

When He opened the third seal, I heard the third living creature say, ‘Come and see.’ So I looked, and behold, a black horse, and he who sat on it had a pair of scales in his hand. And I heard a voice in the midst of the four living creatures saying, ‘A quart of wheat for a denarius, and three quarts of barley for a denarius; and do not harm the oil and the wine.’

When He opened the fourth seal, I heard the voice of the fourth living creature saying, ‘Come and see.’ So I looked, and behold, a pale horse. And the name of him who sat on it was Death, and Hades followed with him. And power was given to them over a fourth of the earth, to kill with sword, with hunger, with death, and by the beasts of the earth.

Sam thought to himself, as he had done a thousand times before, ‘Surely John the Apostle must have seen something or he was high on LSD.’ Laughing, Sam thought, ‘Maybe I should try figuring out your mysteries with a hit of acid.’

Remembering how excited he had been the day the poster had arrived, Sam chuckled, ‘How naïve I was to think that having a picture of the 4Horsemen would somehow help me figure out your secrets.’ Reaching for the bottle, he poured his third tall shot; ‘This will be my last; I have a very exciting, confrontational day tomorrow.’

Looking intently at the picture, Sam noticed the small colored plastic pins had faded over the years. The edges of the poster were no longer shiny white but a faded cream color, torn and frayed. The entire poster was wrinkled from the numerous times he had leaned on it, thinking, writing, or slapping it with the palm of his hand over something he thought would lead him to unearth the dark inscrutability of the 4Horsemen.

Speaking to the poster as if it were alive, he said, “There is only one equal benefit in this relationship that I can see for both of us. It appears we are aging together; you age me by keeping your secrets from me, and I wrinkled you in my fleshly struggles to understand you.

Therefore, you must be a woman.” He laughed loudly as the scotch worked its magic. “Worst of all, in my youthful exuberance, I never put you up level, old girl. I have been meaning to fix that for over thirty years and somehow never got around to it – just like a man.”

On the poster were small, handwritten notes around the edges, between the horses’ legs, and all over their bodies. Each note appeared written in special code, using diverse colors of ink, pencils, and markers. Some were in print, some in script, and others were big, bold, underlined words. Random words all over the poster were highlighted, while several notes were smeared, perhaps with sweat, tears, or scotch.

‘My god,’ Sam thought, ‘I could not decipher my own notes in any particular order even if I wanted to.’ Looking collectively at the poster, with its random notes and colors, he thought, ‘The whole thing has a strange, artistic karma, even a bit poetic in appearance. On second thought,’ he considered, smiling, ‘it could very easily be the work – of a madman.’

The study was its usual mess. The wall behind his massive desk contained his personal library, complete with a rolling ladder. Even a casual observer understood there wasn’t a system for finding a book other than by the owner himself. Not a single book was in any kind of order, and every differing size appeared randomly placed, wherever an opening had presented itself. Stacks of expensive, rare history books filled the desk, leaving very little space in which to write, and that spot appeared reserved for the large bottle of scotch. Around the desk, on every side, were stacks of books, in some places several rows deep. To sit in the chair, Sam had to step over several stacks. Once in the seat, the chair was nearly immobile. Nearly every book on the desk, floor, and around his chair had various colored post-it tabs inserted with small handwritten notes.

The remaining two walls were covered with maps of the world, the Constitution, news clippings, 9/11 pictures, Iraq, and many world political leaders. There were CIA and FBI news articles covering the walls, along with WikiLeaks clippings. Some pages appeared ripped out of old history books in a hurry. Everything was stuck on the walls using pins, staple guns, and various kinds of tape, including duct tape. The entire room, when viewed from the entry door, gave the appearance of an obsessed, eccentric individual, a mad scientist, or someone who had completely crossed the line into psychosis.

In the brilliance of his mind, Sam actually knew where everything was. The office was off limits to Sheryl, his housekeeper. He lived by one rule in his study: no eating, because leftover food and dishes would make the place messy.

An extremely sophisticated thumbprint security system ensured that Sam was the only occupant. In over thirty years, no one other than Sam had entered his study, that was, until last week.

Seven months ago, he met Molly at his favorite bar, Woodstock69. Molly had introduced herself by asking, “Are you Professor Samuel Walker?” Extending her small hand, she continued, “Hi, I’m Molly and I’m dying to meet you; do you mind if I join you? I have heard so much about your studies.” And she sat down before Sam had a chance to respond.

She was a stunningly attractive woman, and Sam asked her if she wanted a drink. Within ten minutes, Molly brought up the topic of the 4Horsemen, which led to a three-hour exploratory conversation by Sam to determine her actual knowledge. Sam had never disclosed his private quest to solve the mystery to anyone, because he knew his peers would scoff at him for pursuing a religious fairytale. In thirty years, he had never met anyone who had done any serious study on the 4Horsemen other than himself. Molly became an instant new mystery to him from their first encounter.

After the initial contact in the bar, they spoke frequently by phone and met occasionally for lunch. Over a six-month period, Sam became convinced that Molly’s personal insights into the mystery of the 4Horsemen validated the fact that her thoughts originated from her own studies. As the relationship grew, she offered several new methods of study that Sam had never considered.

One day, in the middle of a serious phone conversation, Molly exclaimed, “I’m sorry, Professor; this is so interesting, but I forgot I have an appointment. We’ll have to finish this later.”

Without thinking, Sam quickly responded with an invitation to his home, offering to review some history books and notes detailing several symbolic meanings behind the 4Horsemen. ‘Oh my god, what have I done?’ Sam thought, and he immediately began kicking his own ass the moment the words left his mouth, just like Jim Carrey in *Liar, Liar*. ‘Are you crazy? No one has ever been to your study. She will think you are a nut job.’

Before he could back out, Molly replied, “I would love to, Sam; text me directions and I will see you around seven.”

True to her word, Molly promptly arrived at seven. Opening the door to his study, Sam stepped inside to turn on a light as Molly quickly said, “Stop.”

‘Damn, how could I have forgotten about the power?’ he thought. ‘I need to focus with my upper head, idiot, and not my lower head. Now how are you going to explain what the power is or where it came from?’

Molly remained in the doorway, neither moving nor speaking, as she felt a strange energy flowing from the room.

Seizing her body, the energy created a strange sensation she had never felt before as a huge wave of peaceful feelings swept through her emotions. ‘This feels like warm honey flowing through my chest. What is this?’ she thought as her mind swirled. ‘X-ray radiation waves? What is this energy? What does he have in there? Is this energy a result of years of study?’

At that moment, neither Sam nor Molly understood that since the beginning of time, their lives, and the lives of others, had been prepared for a journey of the highest purpose. Until the end of time, their lives would become the most frequently read accounts in history books. “Wisdom” was going to change the world in such a profound manner; the people of the world would celebrate the change ... for the remainder of mankind’s time on earth. It was not time for them to understand yet, so Wisdom left them both blindly incapable of comprehending the hidden mysteries that lay before them. All wisdom comes from God.



*“You will believe a lie as truth
Until it is revealed to you
That it was a lie.”*

The light tap on the bedroom door and the smell of fresh coffee meant Sheryl had arrived. Lying in bed a few extra moments, Sam thought, ‘Today is the day I will leave my mark. I have done this long enough. Well, old man, it comes down to this day and your final essays. You are going to have to beat up some real nice kids today. God, I hate that part, but to remain silent would leave them trapped in a lie for the rest of their lives.

‘I am sure the chancellor and the board will summon my immediate presence. When they do, it will enable me to implement my terms. The only issue still in question is where and how they will find me. I hope Monica did her part,’ he thought, smiling as he rose from the bed.

In his usual stubborn routine, Sam always argued with himself before delivering an essay. Almost like a fighter sparring before entering a ring for the main event, Sam argued with himself out loud to build his confidence. Stepping into the shower, the sparring began. “I could give a shit what they think. I am right, and not a single professor, historian, rabbi, or grand ayatollah can prove me wrong. Someone has to wake the world up to this Middle Eastern madness. The world is ignorant of the truth about Mohammad Goldstein, and today, if I have anything to do with it, stupid leaves the planet. I think I’ll take my slapping stick with me to keep everyone wide-eyed, or perhaps to fend them off.”

Sam had designed his own slapping stick made from *lignum vitae*, the hardest wood in the world. Everyone knew he took it to class only when he had something serious to share. It consisted of two four-inch wide *lignum vitae* sticks, two feet long and separated at the top by a leather handle. Laced between the sticks was a piece of leather near the top that held the two sticks three-quarters of an inch apart, with a strap for the wrist. When slapped on a surface, it produced a loud CRACK similar to a bullwhip popping next to your ear.

While the study resembled a messy poetic collage created by a fixated eccentric, Sam’s personal habits in his home were a complete contradiction.

In the home, Sam was a fixated, fanatical neat freak where nothing appeared out of order. The rule that drove Sheryl crazy was no more than four high for utensils and two high for cups. The dishes and eating utensils were neatly stacked on top of one another in their appropriate drawer or on a shelf. The bed linens were made from the finest Nile cottons in the world, finished in Italy by expert spinners, pressed to eliminate all wrinkles and changed daily.

His clothing hung on electronic conveyers spaced exactly four inches apart. Everything was in perfect order, with suits, ties, shirts, and pants all color coordinated for easily matching selections. The shoes traveled around the conveyer, directly below each suit or pair of pants for simple matching selections. The closet was an enormous room with a large, comfortable dressing bench attached to the console control center and a remote for operating the clothing conveyer. Four HD flat-screen televisions broadcast the news, sports, weather, and stocks. Sam absorbed them all while dressing. A custom armoire stood across from the control center filled with new underwear and socks. An immaculate dresser, Sam wore only new, sanitized socks and underwear each day. At the other end of the room were two massage tables, heat lamps, and another of Sam's inventions, two u-shaped, tri-sided, full body mirrors that allowed the "immaculate conception" to view every aspect of his adornment.

To Sam, the best design feature was the ability to enter the room directly from the shower, where Sheryl always had his coffee and any breakfast he had requested waiting for him.

On his way to the university, Sam thought back to the beginning of the school year, when Chancellor Tomlinson and Dean Brian Burgrave had warned him about having any sexual relations with Senator Charles Wilkins's daughter, Christina.

"We will not protect you, Sam, if a complaint is lodged, or if any publicity develops over an indiscretion. Do we make ourselves clear? Tenure or not, we will remove you, Sam."

For that reason, up to this point, Sam had never spoken with her, although he considered her the best-looking young woman to enter his class in a decade. Today, as he pulled into his parking space, he found his thoughts briefly focused on the third-row seat, hoping Monica would supply him with the occupant he desired. 'What a delightful gift she would be for my impending departure.'

Tenure gave Sam the right to push the envelope, and today he intended to explode his tenure all over the room. If they thought banging the senator's daughter was a risk, wait until these essays appear in the news and spread all over campus.

Refusing to become a conformist, he found himself entirely out of place in the “politically correct” world of today. To Sam, the mealy-mouthed “politically correct” people were afraid to stand up and speak the truth on a matter. A deeply felt principle by which Sam had lived his life was a phrase he had coined many years ago: “Truth is sacrificed on the altar of the fear of offending.” In the world today, everyone was more concerned with being “politically correct” than speaking the truth.

The sign on the door read – History and Religions of the World by Professor Samuel Walker, PhD. Walking into the half-circular tiered classroom at precisely nine o’clock, Sam carried several rolled-up maps and folded charts under one arm as he pulled his cart filled with a Bible, Torah, Tanakh, Koran, and several old history books. Immediately, he began to unload his cart without speaking and laid each book and map on the lower counter behind the half-moon podium. When he pulled out the slapping stick, no one moved in the room. Arms, legs, and whole bodies lit up with goose bumps as the students froze in their seats. The class knew the stick meant the professor had a significant lecture today. His imposed idiosyncrasies included dressing properly, zero tolerance for tardiness, speaking only when spoken to, no preaching of your religion, and not looking at anything or anyone but him. Once Sam entered the classroom, you better not try to sneak in late.

“Good morning, everyone,” was answered with a collective, “Good morning, Professor.”

“For over thirty years, I have studied every religion in the world. Today, unlike any other class before, I am going to expose many of your opinionated, false perceptions about a thorny group of religious people. I think everyone in class today has an opinion about this thorny group. We will examine how you formed your misguided opinions about them. Most often, as you have heard me say before, false information enters your life when you accept something you heard as a truth and you fail to study the facts of what you heard.

“My work here today is not to find out where your misunderstandings came from but to examine what you think you believe in light of the facts. Before I go any further, I assure you I am not racist, prejudicial, or opposed to anyone’s right to practice their own religion. In the interest of fairness, I must warn you: I will be relentless with truth today in the hope of slapping some of you into reality.

“The understanding I am about to share with you is undisputable truth. As you know, I am personally willing to bestow everything I own in life and become anyone’s servant if they can prove me to be in error in my well-studied, educated conclusions.

I ask that if the truth of what you hear today disturbs your mind and heart, you will be the master of your own life and take the necessary steps to prove me a liar by your own study.

“Remember, you will believe a lie as truth until it is revealed to you that it was a lie. I am going to destroy every religious lie and twisted historical truth that may exist in your minds about two religions. Some of you sitting here may practice one of those religions. I hate opinions, as you know, because they are normally shallow thoughts based on what you have heard and not what you have learned for fact.

“If you failed to understand what I just said, let me put it this way: opinions are normally repeated echoes of what someone else has said. You, without any study, believe what they said and then repeat it to others as truth when it may not be the truth at all. That is the definition of opinion. Therefore, I challenge each of you living with ‘opinionated echoes of other men’ to prove me a liar and take my fortune from me. Fair enough?”

All eyes in the room followed him magnetically as Sam picked up his slapping stick. Everyone wanted to move their hands, to cover their ears against the impending noise, but total fear kept them from doing so.

“Once the world fully understands this teaching and unilaterally takes the necessary action to correct the mistakes made before and after World War II, only then will a full and settled peace finally be restored to the Middle East. To restore peace in the Middle East, we must examine the truthful facts, deceptions, and lies concerning the real thorn of the Middle East. I will use their understanding of their own books and their own words to expose them to the world as nothing more than frauds and thorns.”

He paused a moment; the room was so quiet that only a few people could be heard breathing. Then with full force, the slapper hit the podium ... CRACK ... “And that would be the false nation of Israel.”

Every mind soared instantly, mentally rechecking the data. Had they heard correctly or had the slapping sound distorted what they thought they had heard? Did he just say Israel was a false nation and the thorn of the Middle East?

Sam looked at their questioning expressions and said, “It is good to see you are all paying attention today. In answer to that mummified look on your faces, yes, I did say Israel is a false nation and the thorn of the Middle East. Society and the world are captive to any number of false religious beliefs about Israel and the Jewish religion. So today, we are going to expose them using the truth.

“Who are the people that occupy Israel today, claiming to be the Jews of the Old Testament scriptures?”

Are they really the same people we read about in the Bible? Are my views full of anti-Semitism? I am not full of anti-Semitism; additionally, for those in the room of the Jewish faith, I do believe the Holocaust happened.

“If you practice one of the three main religions of the world, Judaism, Christianity, or Islam, I intend to use each of your false religious belief systems to teach you how you believed a lie about Israel. I am sorry, but many of you will be disturbed as we examine the facts. I make no apology for the truth you will hear from me today. You have heard me say many times before that truth will stand in his own strength; he is not upheld by the words or strength of man. Truth is sustained by himself ... truth is truth.

“I will also use the *crème de la crème*, the art of deductive reasoning, which will always lead you to obvious, simplistic truths. Those of you who claim you are of Jewish descent, I intend to make a public spectacle of you today. I will prove to everyone in this room that a lying rabbi trained you like a parrot to echo the opinions of men. Not only have you been lied to by rabbis for generations, but you have spread the lies to one another and the world!”

Sam looked at everyone with a stern seriousness in his eyes and spoke with boldness in his voice. “If any of you are afraid to stand up for your ill-conceived religious beliefs or if you are afraid to examine how YOU came to believe what you believe with me, then, please, GET UP, leave now, and do not come back. I do not wish to waste my time on your close-minded ignorance. If, on the other hand, you are not a coward and have a teachable heart, then please, remain seated and learn these life-changing truths. With a teachable heart, you can do most anything in life; un-teachable hearts limit themselves by their own narrow-minded knowledge base. I am afraid that some of you are so narrow-minded in your thinking that a one-legged flea could kick both of your eyes out. I am here to teach you to think on your own today, perhaps for the first time in your life.

“Before we begin, I ask everyone in this room to examine yourself introspectively for a moment if you practice any kind of religion. Take the time to examine why you practice your religion. What benefits do you derive from your religion? Ask yourself if you practice religion because YOU picked it out, or do you practice your religion because it is what your parents raised you to practice?”

Waving his stick around the room, he pointed to five people he knew were raised Christian, two that were Muslim, and three he thought were agnostic, beckoning them all to stand.

Then he turned to Feinstein, Abrams, Goldberg, and Horowitz, who always sat together, beckoning them to stand up. He commented, “I am glad to see you are not spineless cowards.

When I ask the question, I want an immediate answer from you without hesitation. Let me warn you: I am not here for a debate; I am here to teach! You should know the answer immediately for one of two reasons. You will know the answer because of your own study or you will know it because you followed the echoed, opinionated lies you heard from another man. If you take too long to answer, I will remove you from the room.

“Questions ... Are the people in Israel today a Jewish race, and are they descendants of the Jews in the Old Testament?”

He pointed at Feinstein, who replied in an arrogant tone, insinuating to everyone listening that the professor’s question was a silly one. “Of course they are.”

Sam slapped the counter. CRACK. “Mr. Abrams, what do you say?”

“Yes.”

CRACK. “Mr. Goldberg?”

“Absolutely!”

CRACK. “Mr. Horowitz?”

“Do leaves grow on trees, Professor?”

CRACK. “I will ask the questions, smart ass; you answer them.” Sam continued around the room as he repeated the questions ... “Are the people in Israel today a Jewish race, and are they descendants of the Jews in the Old Testament?”

Everyone standing replied, “Yes,” and they each got a CRACK, except for the two Muslim students. They started preaching by answering with, “Glory be to Allah.” Sam shouted at them, “SIT DOWN; it is a yes or no question. It does not have a damned thing to do with Allah. You know the rules – no preaching of religion in my class. Next time you even think about using that phrase in my presence, get up and get out. Am I clear?”

The atmosphere was electric. Sam was like a man possessed, fixated and intense. Repeating their conclusions, Sam said, “Good, then everyone is in agreement, saying YES, the people in Israel today are a Jewish race and descendants of the Jews in the Old Testament. That is, except for you two,” he added pointing to the Muslim students. “I see you are smiling a lot. You think it’s ‘Get the Jew Day,’ don’t you? Let me assure both of you that what I have to say concerning Islam will exceed anything you can think or imagine I am going to say regarding Judaism. I am not here to make fun of or deny anyone’s right to practice a religion. If you think that is what this teaching is about, you are mistaken. The intended purpose of my written essays is to do one thing: expose the falsehoods in any religion. This would include the open exposure of your religious leaders when they intentionally distort the real and historical facts to their own followers.”

Taking out a picture, Sam pinned it to the board; it was a rendering of biblical Abraham, wearing a robe, hands uplifted, with three strands coming down the robe. On the far left strand was printed Judaism, with Christianity on the middle strand, and Islam on the far right.

“Please, listen to my statement, and then I will ask each of you to answer. The Jews, Christians, and Muslims each recognize Abraham in the Torah, the Bible, and the Koran as the central ancestral figure of their religion. Is this correct?” Everyone agreed, including the Muslims.

“NEXT QUESTION,” he said, raising his stick in the air. “I want no discussion among you, and the answer must come out of your mouth when I point to you – Tell me if Abraham, in the Bible, was Jewish?”

Pointing at the five Christians, they all said, “Yes,” the Muslims said, “No,” and the four Jews said, “Yes.” The three agnostics were shaking their heads in a mixture of yes and no.

“Why did you say no?” he asked the Muslims.

One of the Muslims replied, “He was not a Jew because he was the father of Ishmael, a Muslim.”

“He was also the father of Isaac,” Sam retorted. “You failed to answer the question again, and Ishmael was not a Muslim. Sit down; you all got it wrong.”

Taking out an antique map of the Middle East, he pinned it to the board behind him. On the map was a large green arrow pointing to a city named the Ur of Chaldees. “This city is where Abraham, the father of each of your ancestral religions, came from. This same location and map can be easily found in each of your religious books,” Sam said. “Notice the city is a little north of a country we call Kuwait.”

Sam opened the Bible, Koran, Torah, and Tanakh, along with maps used in Judaism, and current maps of the Middle East. Sam said, “I want everyone to examine this map, along with each of your religious books and these other maps on display. After you examine everything, I ask you to spend a few minutes together, collectively reaching one answer only. According to the maps, in what country would we find the Ur of Chaldees? Mr. Abrams, you will be the designated man to deliver the answer for the entire group.”

While waiting, Sam expectantly looked at the level three, center-aisle seat and found it occupied by the forbidden fruit, the senator’s daughter. As he stared intently between her legs, she opened them wider, so Sam could clearly see she was not wearing panties. As he slowly gazed up her body, they made direct eye contact, validating the promise of each other’s lustful intentions.



“Enough. Give me your conclusion.”

Rising to his feet, Abrams said, “As the Professor already knows – the answer is Iraq.”

“Look how easy that was,” Sam replied. Speaking in a louder tone, he continued, “There is no such thing as a Jew based on the blood type of a man.

There is no such thing as a Jewish RACE in terms of blood type in the world, and there never has been. Not a single person in Israel today can prove even the slightest connection to the Jews you read about in your books or the Bible.”

Incensed by Sam’s remarks, Feinstein, Abrams, Goldberg, and Horowitz leapt to their feet, moving their arms and feet and shaking their heads, as if they were at the Wailing Wall. They continued to shake and rock back and forth without stopping. Sam was not sure whether their display indicated a desire to speak or a pending physical attack. With eyes of steel, fixing his gaze upon them, he walked straight toward them from the podium, speaking loudly. “What took you so long? I have been waiting for your Zionist religious emotions to manifest, so that everyone in this room can view the thorns of hypocrisy on each of you.”

Abrams, with his jaw clenched and his lips barely moving, said, “You are a liar; we do exist, and we are the chosen people of God according to the Torah and the Tanakh.”

“Well, that settles it,” Sam replied. “It appears I have a winner of my fortune. I suppose I am to be your servant for life, Mr. Abrams, that is, if you can prove me to be the liar you say I am.” Smiling, Sam continued, “By the way, I hope you are more respectful to your slaves, if you win, than you are to your professors, Mr. Abrams. I did not say that you or any of your friends standing with you, in your silly, uneducated rebellion, do not exist because that would be a lie. Obviously, you do exist because you are here, speaking and breathing. I am here to educate you and the world with the facts of history and the truth of who or what you really are. Today, the world will finally understand what a Jew is, Judaism as a religion, and the nation of Israel.

“Since you claimed, to everyone in this room, that you are the ‘chosen people of God’ and are somehow related to the people in your religious books, then I intend to use your books, the simplicity of Abraham, and your own understanding of history to prove you wrong. I will prove to each of you that you have believed a lie and I am not the liar.

I will also use your own mouths to vindicate myself from your misguided falsehoods taught to you by lying rabbis. I, personally, do not care if the first high priest Aaron came down from heaven and taught you from birth; I will expose you to your own deceived minds. I must warn you, when I do, your tongues will become silent because your mind will see the many delusions you have followed all of your lives.

“Now, where were we, Mr. Abrams? I believe this to be the point of your rebellion.” Sam repeated himself, saying, “There is no such thing as a Jew based on the blood type of a man. There is no such thing as a Jewish RACE in terms of blood type in the world, and there never has been. Not a single person in Israel today can prove even the slightest connection to the Jews you read about in your books or the Bible.”

Pointing back to the picture of Abraham and the three main religions, Sam said, “We have established that Judaism, Christianity, and Islam are ancestrally traced back to Abraham, who was from the Ur of Chaldees. Everyone also agreed, according to your own religious maps and books, that Abraham came from this area, which is a country we know today as Iraq. CORRECT?” he shouted.

Everyone nodded or said yes.

“Mr. Feinstein, I warn you to answer this question with a yes or no. Isn’t it true that according to your personal religious beliefs, as well as all traditional Jewish teachings from your scriptures, that a person not of Jewish descent is considered to be a gentile by your religion?”

“Yes,” replied Feinstein.

Sam quickly pounced like a lion taking down a baby gazelle. “Please, educate me. What was Abraham, according to your statement, a gentile or a Jew, when he supposedly encountered your version of God in the Old Testament?”

The room was perfectly silent again, with no answer from Feinstein. Looking into Feinstein’s eyes, Sam remembered why he loved teaching. This is the part where truth cuts open a heart, exposing its false beliefs. He waited with the rest of the room in silence, letting the gravity of the question linger, leaving the baby gazelle alive a bit longer – as the lion enjoyed the taste of fresh blood. Sinking his teeth deep into the jugular vein, he pressed him further by asking, “Was Abraham a religious practitioner of Judaism?”

Silence again from Feinstein as he struggled with the inevitable death of a lifelong false religious belief. Sam slowly squeezed the life out of the false beliefs, asking, “Mr. Feinstein, help me understand: was there any law from Moses when Abraham met God? Looking at this encounter, I cannot find a temple or a high priest, either.

Historically, you also understand, the nation of Israel did not exist when Abraham, the father of faith, encountered God.”

Silence again. Feinstein remained speechless as Sam turned his attention to the remaining three, driving home his point. “I suppose, then, we must all agree. Abraham was just a gentile, like everyone else, according to your book the Torah.” Sam knew he had to kill Santa Claus. Without full exposure of a lie by the truth, belief in a religious lie will never die.

“We can factually and historically declare that your ancestor Abraham was just a gentile like everyone else on the earth, can’t we? What shall we do, Mr. Horowitz? Here we find your God, speaking to and making a covenant with a gentile, who, by the way, was clearly from Iraq, the biblical country of Babylon. Mr. Goldstein, please tell me, if you or any rabbi can establish this biblical account of Abraham, as a source for a Jewish race. You know what I mean – a Jewish race with what you call blood type, or maybe what you think would be a nation of Jews?”

Silence.

“I did not think so, but WAIT! This question is for you, Mr. Abrams. Since we have established that he was a gentile from Iraq, then obviously the only people that could claim actual ‘blood lineage’ to Abraham would have to be the Iraqis. As far as anyone knows, Abraham could even be a distant relative of Saddam Hussein, couldn’t he? Let me see ... that would make Abraham, a gentile Arab, the founding father of your religion. Tell me, do you think me a liar now, Mr. Abrams?”

Silence.

Slapping the stick on the counter, Sam shouted, “Do you agree with the facts or do you deny them? Are you choosing to remain trapped by the lies of your religious, opinionated delusions? WAIT! I am not finished. Mr. Goldberg, since the facts are correct, you must also concede that Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph, all members of your Jewish delusion, were gentiles as well, will you not?”

Shouting at them, Sam said, “Let’s include all of the people who left Egypt with Moses. What were they? Wouldn’t they have to be gentiles as well since there was no law, a golden calf, or crossing of the Red Sea? They were GENTILES, were they NOT?” he shouted as he slapped the stick again. “Answer me!”

Relentlessly, Sam continued after them, as they were frozen and unable to speak. “Can you show me any voodoo magic from the God of your religion where he turned anyone into a Jewish race or created a new race of people based on the blood type of a man?”

SILENCE.

“Then I must ask each of you: what are you, a Gentile – or a Jew? Would someone please tell me what in the hell is a JEW?”

SILENCE. The room had the atmosphere of the night before Christmas, not a creature was stirring.

“Let me break it all the way down for you and everyone listening in this room. If we follow your Jewish account, the Christian account, and the Muslim account of Noah, we are all descendants of Shem, Ham, and Japheth, each one a gentile according to your beliefs, Mr. Feinstein. So what are you, a Gentile or a Jew?”

“I will tell you what you are; you are all gentiles, just like everyone else in this room. The only difference between the four of you and everyone else in this room is that you practice an illegitimate form of original Judaism, as outlined in the books you study in your synagogue. The worst part of your practice of illegitimate Judaism is that it does not even resemble the religion in the books you claim to follow. If I believed the stories about the God in your books, I think he would have to strike you all dead for violating his ordinances, as he did to other people so many times in your books. You do not have a temple, a high priest, a sheep for personal sin, not even a scapegoat for a nation’s sin. If I remember correctly, the God in your book killed people just for touching the Ark of the Covenant incorrectly. If the God of the Old Testament showed up at your synagogues today, the way you people VIOLATE Old Testament Judaism, fire would come from heaven and consume every one of you.” Shouting at them again, Sam said, “Otherwise, the God you claim to follow must be a hypocrite for killing all the other people in your books for their illegitimate practice of Judaism. Why would he kill them and let you slide? Could it be that YOU are not what or who you think you are?”

Staring into space, almost teary-eyed, Feinstein was unable to make eye contact with Sam. “Your facts are hard truth for my heart, Professor. You are right about how God would have to destroy our synagogues. I have always asked that question myself.”

Sam, admiring him, replied, “Son, all religions practice some form of deception. I must tell you, that we are far from finished with your heart today.” Lifting a large stack of history books, Sam set them on the counter.

Looking at Feinstein, Abrams, Goldberg, and Horowitz, Sam said, “Please, sit down. I am running out of time, but want to share your family history with you. Let me briefly explain who you are and how you came to believe what you believe. In these books, you will find the actual history of your religious origins, not some made up fairytale by a rabbi charlatan.

The Roman general Titus destroyed Israel in 70 AD, killing everyone except for those who were sent into slavery in Rome. His destruction was devastating; Roman soldiers flattened the entire temple in Jerusalem. This was not a small feat when you consider the temple's construction was solid marble stones, some as long as 45 feet long and 8 feet square. Historical rumors indicate Titus may have told his army that all of the gold of Jerusalem and the treasures of the Ark lay buried under the temple; if you find them, they are yours.

“Around the year 800 AD, a Khazar, in some manuscripts referred to as King Bulan, was part of an empire known as the Turks and Huns. King Bulan, a gentile, wanted a religion for his empire, so he looked at Christianity, Islam, and Judaism because they all referenced Abraham as a source figure for their religion. King Bulan selected Judaism and was instrumental in leading many other Khazars to follow Judaism as a religion. This group of new practitioners created a new group of gentiles practicing Judaism, historically referred to as Ashkenazi Jews. These new gentiles, practicing an illegitimate form of Judaism, eventually developed and spoke their own language, referred to as Yiddish.

“Around the year 1000 AD, war broke out in the southern regions of Russia, where the gentile/Jews of the Turks and Huns Empire lived for about five generations. To make a long story short, they got a real butt whipping from the Russians. The people who fled from the war migrated into Germany, Poland, and other European countries, marrying into the local populations. It is understandable that the Yiddish/German/Polish-speaking gentiles, practicing some form of Judaism, took the family names of the people they married, which you fellows can research with little effort.

“I love superior knowledge, as everyone knows. Personally, I think the author of your Torah deserves ‘props’ because of the superior wisdom in the writings. Your books were written only on a first name basis. I think the author realized that one day a bunch of fake Jews would appear, so he made sure there would be no way for them to prove biblical ancestry. Sorry fellas, there aren't any mention of your names in the Bible.

“It would be twenty-three generations before Adolf Hitler would walk onto the world stage and examine this strange group of gentiles, practicing an illegitimate form of Judaism. From my study of Hitler's writings, I believe the demented, uneducated man, actually believed that these gentile/Jews were the same as the Old Testament gentile/Jews, commonly referred to in Hitler's day as ‘Christ killers.’ I have often wondered what he might have done had he known the simple truths you now have. Here are the books to examine. I have made it easy for everyone.

Since you are of the electronic age, look up Ashkenazi Jews on the Internet, and you will find excellent sources of information there, as well.”

Turning to the Muslims, Sam asked, “Your religion follows and practices the teachings from a book known as the Koran, written entirely by one man, Mohammad, who called himself a prophet of God. Muslims consider the Koran to be most holy, because it contains words from God delivered directly to Mohammad by Gabriel the messenger angel. CORRECT?”

They both nodded in agreement.

“Let me dispel a few false understandings about your beliefs before I deliver to everyone my reason for rejecting your religion, as a legitimate religion.”

“What did you say?” Abdul Haq asked.

“You heard me; I said that I rejected your religion as being a legitimate religion. In other words, my studies led me to the truth ... that Islam is not a religion at all.” Again, it was pin-drop time. Everyone was barely breathing as Sam stared at the incensed eyes of Abdul Haq.

Sam began to smile at him, saying, “You know, you have been a mystery to me since I accepted you into my class. Would you like to know why I accepted you as a student?”

In an arrogant tone, Abdul Haq replied, “I am sure my enlightenment will be forthcoming, Professor, with your next words.”

“It was your name. I was tired of the mindless dribble that kept applying for acceptance to my class, and your name in Arabic means ‘servant of the truth.’ I thought that a Muslim named ‘servant of the truth’ must be a real seeker of truth ... if he seeks entry into my class.”

“I see you have done your homework, Professor.”

“The question today will be, ‘have you done your homework, servant of the truth?’” Sam said, smiling. “I wonder if you will deny the truth you hear today?” Turning immediately toward Aalim, Sam said, “Frankly, your academic level was low enough to reject you from entry to the school, much less my class. Nevertheless, I was interested to see whether Aalim, ‘religious scholar,’ really was one or a product of Islamic brainwashing. If you are a religious scholar, as your name claims you are, what will you do when you find out Islam is not a religion? Today, you will both become real religious scholars who seek the truth for the first time in your lives, or you will have to change your names.

“The first false belief in Islam is that Mohammad wrote the Koran. The story of Islam goes something like this: Around the year 610 AD, Mohammad claimed God had sent the angel Gabriel to show him the way of life for the entire world.

He lived in a cave for twenty-two years, and people often witnessed him foaming at the mouth in a trance-like, demonic state. While this sounds like an epileptic seizure to me, I can understand how other illiterate people in his day would say that his foaming at the mouth meant that demons possessed his soul. A trademark of Mohammad was his abuse of women. During the time of his claimed visitations by Gabriel, he had twelve wives and raped many underage girls. Mohammad's abuse of women is a solid foundational practice evident in Islam. The High Court in Pakistan dismissed the gang rape of a woman by five men, citing, of all things, the lack of evidence. Let me be extremely clear; Middle Eastern governments are not legitimate governments, no more than Islam is a legitimate religion. The Pakistani High Court decision validates the fact that evil men with an Arab tribal mentality are governed by and under the control of the demented institution of Islam. The laws of Islam abuse women more than any other institution on the planet, surpassing even slavery in the United States. Mohammad's own wife Aisha said, 'He treats women like donkeys and dogs.'

"Please, think with me. If this man were applying for a job as a prophet of God, his résumé would need some polishing. Somehow, I do not see this wife-beating, child-raping murderer qualified to be a prophet of God. Yes, if you study, you will find that he murdered others who disagreed with him. Sounds exactly like what we see today, doesn't it? With all of that said, I want you both to know that is not the reason I say Islam is not a legitimate religion.

"Let's continue our enlightenment in truth and religious education to bring honor to your Muslim names. The visits from Gabriel supposedly continued until Mohammad's death in 632 AD." Slapping the stick on the counter ... CRACK ... Sam shouted, "GUESS WHAT? When he died, there was not a written Koran anywhere. I have a crucial question for both of you. Do either of you know why Mohammad did not leave a written Koran?" Sam paused, watching the puzzled looks on their faces, and then said, "He never wrote anything down because he was illiterate; the man could not read or write. Well, there goes the cut-your-fucking-head-off over Mohammad's words being holy bullshit! Even the Koran refers to him as '*ummi*,' which translates as 'illiterate,' unable to read or write, in all Arabic word translations. I have read all the spin that Islam tries to put on the word '*ummi*' and I am convinced Mohammad was the *Forrest Gump* of Islam. 'Stupid is as stupid does.'" The class burst into laughter.

Sam gave the room a stern glare, smiled, and continued. "If you will dig deeper, you will find that history rarely mentions Mohammad for nearly 300 years after his death.

I have read the Muslim lies about Mohammad, the Koran, and the origin of Islam. I assure you: Muslims do not have a shred of real historical proof to support their fairytales. Your imams are one up on even the Jewish rabbis. They win the spin and liar award, hands down. So how did the Koran become a book?

“To understand this, we must proceed with the Mohammad/Forrest Gump fairytale. Supposedly, Mohammad taught other uneducated, illiterate men who could not read or write to memorize his words. We are talking about an education of grade-level zero here. WE HAVE A PROBLEM!” Sam shouted as he slapped the stick on the counter, causing everyone to jump at the sound. “You see, in 633 AD, a year after the death of the epileptic, foaming-at-the-mouth Mohammad, 700 little Forrest Gumps who supposedly had memorized his lunacy were killed in the battle of Yamama. ‘Yo, Mama, always said, life is a bitch memorizing the words of a man foaming at the mouth,’” Sam said laughingly in a *Forest Gump* imitation. Everyone burst out laughing, even the Muslims cracked smiles at the imitation.

“I am sorry, fellas, the name Yamama is a real place, and I could not resist. Where was I? Oh yes, one little Gump by the name of Salim was killed in that battle. His death was a serious and tragic matter for the remaining little Gumps because he was the smartest Gump of the group. Mohammad had personally qualified him to verbally teach the Koran. Would you like to have been there listening to them after the battle? ‘Now what do we do? Big Gump is dead, and the smart little Gump done gone and got his-self killed. Mohammad did not qualify the rest of us because we forgot some words or missed some of them when he was foaming. How are we going to remember all his words since we never passed the oral test? Write it down ... how we gonna do that? We can’t even read, so how can we read what we write? That’s all I have to say about that. ‘Stupid is as stupid does.’” The whole class was laughing wildly again at Sam’s *Forest Gump* impersonation.

After the laughter stopped, Sam continued. “What I did discover about Islam, then and now, is that it continues to be an institution of the ignorant. Personally, this fact still puzzles me because of the advanced condition of Egypt in past history. In Mohammad’s day, the education level had to be, on average, below the first grade. Today, the followers of Islam all over the Arab world have an average education equivalent of three years. When I realized this, I understood how your institution could recruit someone to strap on a bomb and blow himself up for seventy-two virgins.

“Honestly, it was not the ignorance then or now that bought me to the conclusion that Islam is not a legitimate religion.

Of all the religions I have studied in my lifetime, I must admit I studied your religion only very briefly. There is a reason that I found your religion did not merit wasting my valuable time or intelligence. It took only a few hours of digging with the equivalent of a child's plastic sand shovel for me to understand that your supposed religion is the most delusional institution on earth.

"I assure you, my intelligent reasons surpass the 'politically correct' lunacy of George 'Idiot' Bush when he placated the Muslims with the statement, 'Islam is a religion of peace that has been 'hijacked' by a few Muslim extremists.' Let me interpret for you what the pussy was saying: 'Hold on, I don't want to piss off the rest of you nuts until I get a grip on what's going on.' In fairness to Mohammad, Bush was the *Forrest Gump* of presidents." Everyone started to laugh, and Sam shouted over the laughter at the Muslims. "I find nothing peaceful about your institution, and I can assure you that the majority of Americans and nearly every country in Europe think your institution is a nut house, full of lunatics, no matter what 'politically correct' statements the leader of any country may make.

"The people of the world are not afraid of you; they are very quickly getting sick and tired of your murderous hypocrisy hiding behind the burka of a false religion. We see you for what you are and you have no idea how strong the entire world is eventually going to react to your Islamic bullshit. As free, sovereign nations, our people will express their free opinion and draw cartoons of your foaming-founder sucking dick, if we choose. Everywhere, all over the world, we are going to burn your fraudulent Koran and kick you out of our nations if you respond. The world will not tolerate another reaction from your demented, illiterate followers. Ink on a page is not holy! How stupid and brainwashed would someone have to be to decapitate a man because of ink on a page? I declare that when the world wakes up and understands your true origin, nations will cut your ugly institution's head off once and for all!"

The entire class leapt to its feet, shouting, "Get them, Professor!"

Sam slapped the stick several times, shouting, "SIT DOWN!" Looking at the two Muslims, Sam said, "I apologize for the exuberance of the class, but admittedly, I do understand their enthusiasm. Only one thing led me to my decision that Islam is not a religion. My decision was not because of the crazy lunatics birthed by your institution. Nor was it the obvious fact that your imams are mentally ill and your mosques are meeting places where terrorists exchange ideas and plans. The world is not stupid; they understand the demented preaching of worldwide hatred that flows from the cesspool of lies contained in your corrupt Koran.

Muslim Brotherhood, now isn't that a fucking play on words – and I quote their doctrine: 'Allah is our objective; the Prophet is our leader; the Quran is our law; Jihad is our way; dying in the way of Allah is our highest hope.' Let me assure you, no one finds a shred of human brotherhood in your institution. Only liars can practice Islam because Islam is built on a foundation that disseminates lies. The book is full of holes, changed verses, and false, contradictory doctrines. Religion of peace, my ass; show me the list of Islamic leaders negotiating with Israel for peace. When will the world witness all of your imams standing up and denouncing terrorism? I am convinced you cowards could shut down every extreme version of Islam, if you wanted to, in a week! You know where the motherfuckers are hiding, and the world knows you do. You honestly think you will take over the world, don't you?

"I warn you, the governments of the world are going to rise up against you. They will shut you down and close your terrorist facilities that you call mosques and send your camel-riding asses back to the desert. When you hear world leaders like Chancellor Merkel say, 'This multicultural approach, saying that we simply live side by side and live happily with each other has failed, utterly failed.' It's time for Muslims to get on their camels. When France throws out the Gypsies, bans the burkas, and stops trains from Italy trying to dump Arabs into their country, you must realize that world tolerance to your institution is clearly nearing an end.

"The people of these countries are going to demand their governments deport you camel jockeys back to the desert where you belong. Free nations will close their doors to your Arab tribal nations because they are not legitimate governments. They are cancerous byproducts of illegitimate Islam and its corrupt Koran. You will be shocked at how fast they are going to kick you out. It is a privilege to enter a free nation, not a right. I predict the free nations of the world will send you home and institute a 'No-Fly-Zone' for every Arab tribal territory. Try to fly anywhere; the free world will not take you. Wake up; we do not want you or the evil fruit of your illegitimate institution in our countries. Free-world countries will tell you to stay home, set your own ass or shoes on fire, or blow yourselves up ... we couldn't give a rat's ass!"

Again, the class leapt to its feet, shouting a repeated chant of, "Go home; get out!"

Sam let them continue for a while; then he looked at the Muslims and said, "See what I mean? So how did I arrive at the understanding that Islam IS NOT a religion at all?" Sam said, smiling at the rage in their eyes. "Why, I thought you would never ask.

“A unique thing about all true religions in the world is they each have their own ‘original’ books and writings. If you study history, and evidently you do not, you would find that all religions develop a path for spiritual awareness based on the original writings of the founder. The founder then shares his writings and teachings with others, leading to the birth of a true, historically verifiable new religion.

“History proves that Mohammad and many other men created the Koran with a huge twist. The ever-changing Koran kept evolving for over 200 years. The verses repeatedly changed as writers continued twisting the accounts in Jewish scriptures and the Christian New Testament. Their purpose was to make the slanted Koran appear as if it were the correct insight into what God originally intended. The first copy of the Koran was finished in 884 AD, a full 252 years after the foaming death of Mohammad.

“The final straw for me was Mohammad’s foaming lunacy and the ever-changing authors of the Koran intentionally committing the ‘devious act of plagiarism.’ As a scholar, I find it deceitful when someone steals a scholar’s writings and claims them as his own or uses a scholar’s writings to create his own message. When that happens, a scholar like myself is left with no other option than to declare the counterfeit documents to be a falsification and the cheap work of a delusional liar. Therefore, respected scholars discard such twisted writings as criminal rubbish.

“When Mohammad’s followers fableized the Jewish Old Testament and twisted the interpretation of the Christian documents to fit their ill-gotten theology, it closed the case for me instantly. Think about what I am saying; Islam is the ONLY supposed religion in the world that does not have an original word from the gods or a god. What we have is a group of Arabs that ‘hijacked’ the books of two other LEGITIMATE religions and twisted those writings for their own purpose. That is as stupid as my reading President Obama’s state of the union address, twisting his words, and presenting it with my own slant. The Koran is a bogus, manmade forgery and Islam a false institution based on twisted literary rubbish. I find it void on every level of intelligent, scholarly argument. Mohammad and those who say they wrote down his thoughts stole the writings of two other legitimate religions and twisted the writings to fit Mohammad’s delusional mind for over two centuries. The Koran renders a different outcome by plagiarizing Jewish and Christian books. There is not a single original thought from God in the entire Koran.

“Therefore, I submit to the world that Islam is not a religion; it is a plagiarized lie, and the world should dismiss it as a religion and treat it for what it really is, an institution promoting terrorist violence in the world.”

Both Muslims leapt to their feet in defiance, as if they were going to attack Sam. Not so much as a flinch appeared in Sam's eyes as he stepped toward them, saying, "I have been waiting for you two camel jockeys to get off of your camels so everyone could see your 'religion of peace in action today. From that look in your eyes, am I to expect a personal 9/11 moment or should I have someone call nine-one-one to come and get you? *As-Salamu Alaykum*, you delusional hypocrites, and it appears you will both need to change your names. Now sit down. I AM NOT FINISHED WITH YOU!

"Mohammad's encounter with Gabriel is a complete fabrication. If Gabriel had visited Mohammad, he would have received a new message from God, and that would have been a legitimate basis for a new religion. The same Gabriel appeared to Mary in the Christian New Testament. He delivered a 'new message' from God, according to Christian writings. The best Mohammad and the perverse Koran can offer is the lame excuse that somehow the Jews and Christians misunderstood what God meant from their own ORIGINAL writings. Therefore, God, the idiot for choosing such stupid Jews and Christians, dispatched Gabriel to Mohammad to straighten out the whole mess. After reading the plagiarized accounts of the Jewish and Christian writings in the Koran, I actually became upset that this wicked book, full of judicious plagiarism, has not been burned worldwide.

"Mohammad was a self-proclaimed prophet that beat women, raped young girls, and murdered people. In between foaming seizures, he managed to memorize what God actually meant when he spoke to the Jews and Christians. Give me a break; do you really believe that bullshit?"

Stepping nose to nose with the two Muslims, Sam smiled, asking, "Is that foam I see in the corner of your mouth? You are gentiles, just like the Jews; Ishmael was a gentile from Abraham, not a Muslim."

Walking back to the podium, Sam said, "I would encourage you both to read my full essay. I speak at length about your institution's illicit dehumanization of women in the name of Allah. Muslim women are the most uneducated class of people in the world. If Allah treats women as Islam does, I do not wish to know or meet him. You know, I think Muslim women could stop your foolishness if they would rebel against Islamic abuses all over the world. They need to understand the power of the pussy. Men are not so powerful; with just one pussy, women can have as many men as they want." Everyone was in hysterical laughter, and even the Muslims cracked a smile. "I have hope for the women trapped in your Islamic illusion. During my studies, I found that Muslim women in America now initiate sixty-six percent of your divorces. I guess they are finding out that you covered them with burkas while you kept lusting after women without burkas.

You would think that with as much rug-rat praying and chain beating of yourselves as you do, Allah would have let you overcome the carnal lust of the soul.

“In closing, I want to be fair with you. I want you to know I consider the Catholic institution just as bad as your institution.” Smiling at everyone, Sam said, “See, this was not just ‘Get the Jew or the Muslim Day.’ The Catholics seem to have had a preoccupation with the penis for centuries. Their first problem with the penis was their worldwide demonstration that their version of Jesus, dressed like a priest, was capable of molesting millions of little boys. NOT ONE or TWO but millions of little boys had their penises sucked and asses fucked by priests for centuries. I hope that stings you if you call yourself a Catholic. To attend an institution that molests millions of children in the name of God is as stupid as a Jew attending a Nazi institution that denies the Holocaust. WAKE UP! Your true leader in heaven taught that ‘you will know them by their fruit.’

“Now the pope says it is okay to put a condom on a male prostitute’s penis. I say let’s solve the goddamn penis problem for the sick bastards once and for all. I think a full-body condom on the pope would be more representative of the actual role both he and that sick institution play on the earth. Any idiot giving money to that institution should share in the eternal horror of what they have done to children! I must stop, or I will keep you all day with their evils.”

Smiling, Sam was pleased with the class. “We are late. You will find a copy of my essay on the counter on your way out. I am out of time and will not be taking questions today, so please clear the room.”

As the students were leaving, Sam looked straight at Christina’s open skirt and said, “Ms. Wilkins, can you remain a bit to speak with me, or do you have a class you must attend?”

“I have an hour before my next class, Professor. Is that enough time?”

“I hope so,” smiled Sam.

When the last student cleared the room, Sam led Christina to a small storage room where projectors, file cabinets, and additional tables were stored. He opened an eight-foot folding table, reached into a cabinet, flipped a switch, and took out an oversized, extremely expensive down comforter. Double folding it, he placed it on the table, asking, “Are you sure you wish to do this?”

Nervously, Christina responded, “Yes.”

Looking at her, he whispered, “You know, you are my forbidden fruit. I was warned not to have sex with you because of your father. Who told you to sit in that seat and to do what you did?”

“Monica,” she replied.

Teaching in a strong and direct manner was always a solid turn on for Sam. Standing next to Christina, he was as euphoric as a UFC cage fighter who had just knocked out his opponent. Sam drew near and was within inches of full-body contact. Looking her in the eyes, he asked, “May I touch and undress you?”

“Do anything you want, Sam. I want to experience what Monica said about you,” she replied.

Very methodically and slowly, Sam undressed her, removing one article at a time as his eyes took in her youthful beauty. When she was entirely naked, he moved to her side, letting his thick hands gently explore her body. Simultaneously running a hand up the front of her inner thigh and the other hand up the back of her leg, he inserted fingers in each opening, causing her to moan and grab his arm. Sam pressed his thickness against the side of her body. Christina was wild with anticipation and began pushing down on his fingers, taking them to the knuckle as she felt his immense thickness against her naked leg.

After several moments, Sam picked her up and gently laid her on the table. Stepping back, he found himself in awe of her pure white skin; her entire body radiated with the same striking whiteness as the paint on a geisha girl’s face. Whispering to her, he asked, “Do you know where your G-spot is located?”

Shaking her head no, he wet two middle fingers and gently inserted them in her vagina as he massaged her slowly. After several strokes, he said in an excited tone, “Absolutely the best texture I have ever felt. Put your fingers inside and feel the upper wall of your vagina, stroking it toward the front opening. Do you feel that rough texture?”

“What is that?” she replied.

“That, my dear, is your fabulous G-spot and the best texture I have ever felt on a woman.”

Standing next to her, Sam took off his pants. As Christina lay gasping at the sight of the fattest cock she had ever seen, a nervous thought raced through her mind. ‘That thing is going to split me open.’ Reaching out, she grabbed it with both hands, which made her gasp even more. Sam was fully erect and rock-hard as he looked at her glorious pink vagina. He knew he had to lick and bite that huge clit a few times. Once he started licking, her taste was so sweet he didn’t want to stop. As he sucked her large, erect clit, he could feel it pulsating in his mouth. ‘My god,’ Sam thought, ‘she is fabulous. She must be a highly explosive sexual woman.’

Arching her back, Christina started cumming the instant Sam started using his tongue, and she did not stop until he stood up to place his fat shaft inside her.

Lying on the table, with a small breathless voice, she struggled to speak, faintly saying to Sam, “Take your time and fuck me real good, Sam. I don’t care about my class. I want to experience everything Monica told me about.”

With that, Sam pulled her towards him to the end of the table, placing a leg over each arm as he held her hips firmly in his thick, stubby hands. He slowly began to enter her, watching her eyes as her face winced at his size. He read her eyes, as they seemed to say, ‘I feel it, but please don’t stop.’ Only a few inches inside, Sam arched downward, bending his knees, and drove the head of his cock directly onto her G-spot. He began massaging her G-spot repeatedly and methodically, producing an immediate response from Christina, who began uttering low moans indicating her newfound pleasure. Watching her eyes, Sam began to drive quicker and harder onto her G-spot, then deeper and harder with longer strokes, until he knew instinctively she was going to experience her first internal orgasm.

As she began, Christina squeezed her breasts roughly as Sam kept pulling her torso downward directly onto his cock and her G-spot. Suddenly, Christina began to tremble, her eyes were glassy, and her white body fully flushed a light pink. Inwardly, she began to feel a small, trembling, euphoric spasm building inside her vagina until it built to a point where she was consumed by a giant, ecstatic, powerful spasm shaking her entire vagina. In one gigantic convulsion, the vagina began releasing the euphoric spasms into her body in what seemed like an endless explosion that raced throughout the rest of her body. The spasms were so powerful they felt like paralyzing waves of numbing electricity, bouncing back and forth between her feet and head with such fury they caused her nearly to pass out.

She lay there with her eyes rolled back into her head as her whole body radiated and shook internally. Sam did not move as he felt her spasms on his cock. As they began to subside, Sam began slowly stroking her G-spot, allowing Christina full enjoyment of her first internal sexual feelings.

‘In all of my years, I have never seen a more powerful orgasm. It nearly knocked her out.’ With that thought, he began to stroke her with fervor again. Right at the peak of her second internal orgasm, her eyes went back again, and this time her body fell limp. She released a huge squirt from her vagina, which was immediately followed by loud, nonstop pounding on the door.

“Sam, I know you are in there. Open the door,” shouted Dean Brian Burgrave.

Putting his pants on, Sam went over to talk through the door when it suddenly opened. Brian and the janitor were standing outside, looking at Christina lying on the table in her transfixed condition. Sam stepped out of the room and pulled the door closed behind him to give Christina privacy.

“You are a bit early, Brian. I never expected you this soon.”

“What the hell are you talking about?” Brian barked as he immediately told the janitor to leave and keep his mouth shut. Stepping past Sam, Brian opened the door and stepped into the room. Sam followed, closing the door behind him.

“What in the hell have you done to her, Sam?” he asked as he lustfully examined every inch of her perfect body. “I told you to stay away from her. My god, Sam, she is the senator’s daughter. I thought I made myself clear. Get up and dress yourself, young lady.”

Christina did not move. She slowly opened her eyes, without noticing the dean on the other side of the table. Looking at Sam through the tiny slits of her eyes, she smiled and said, “I never thought it possible, Sam. I want more.”

“My sweet girl,” Sam said as he covered her from Brian’s eyes, “you were amazing. However, I am sorry; it seems we have been interrupted.” He drew her attention to the dean. “We will step out while you dress yourself. Are you able to stand?”

Still smiling, she nodded, “I think so.”

Once they were out of the room, Brian began to give Sam another earful of the same bullshit he had heard no less than one-hundred times before. “I also have some very serious complaints from your last class today, Sam.”

“What would those be, Brian, considering it would be a violation of my tenure agreement for you to speak to me about my teaching unless I allow you to?” asked Sam.

“I do not give a fuck about your tenure agreement. This time you’ve really done it, Sam. You cannot tell the Muslims that Mohammad is an epileptic, foaming-at-the-mouth idiot and call them dumb ass camel jockeys. What were you thinking?” shouted Brian.

“I was thinking, ‘Wow, this must really be serious for Brian to use the f-word,’” Sam retorted.

Frustrated, Brian looked at Sam, and said. “Eight AM sharp, Sam, Chancellor Tomlinson’s office!”

The door opened and Christina came out, still smiling. Looking only at Sam and totally disregarding Dean Burgrave, she walked up to Sam, kissed him lightly, and grabbed his pants.

Smiling, she said, "I want that again, Sam. I would leave you my panties to return to me, but we both know I wasn't wearing any. See you soon, Sam," she added as she left the room.

At 8 a.m. sharp the next day, Sam entered Chancellor Wesley Tomlinson's office and, to his pleasant surprise, Dean Burgrave had four other board members there, as well. The room had a strange feeling, almost like a criminal courtroom before a trial begins. An icy silence hung in the air, the kind where you recognize everyone in the room is looking at you. Sam quipped at them, smiling, "This looks pretty serious."

Chancellor Tomlinson, without hesitation, began questioning Sam. "Why did you insult the Muslims? Now they are organizing a protest, and I have to meet with their imam today to try to work this out. Brian also says you had sex with the senator's daughter on campus. Is this true?"

Looking at the chancellor, Sam answered, smiling, "I am surprised you would speak so openly before the board members because now you have four more people who think I had sex on campus with the senator's daughter. Is it really in your and the university's best interest to spread rumors? I suggest you remove the members of the board so I can deliver you my terms for your slander."

"Your terms? Slander? Have you gone mad, Sam?"

Without another word, Sam just stood there, never taking his eyes off the chancellor. Sam was beckoning him to think about the meaning behind his statement of charging him with slander. Eventually, Chancellor Tomlinson motioned for everyone to leave the room. Sam stopped Brian from leaving, saying aloud for everyone to hear, "He needs to stay. I need a witness for your apology in order for me to drop the charges of your false accusations and slander by saying I had sex on campus."

Sitting across the table from them, Sam reached into his pocket, pulled out a small cassette tape, and began playing with it between his fingers like a poker chip. "Wesley, you almost messed it up, but as it stands right now, everyone outside of that door is not sure if I fucked the senator's daughter or not." Looking at them both, he asked, "Do either of you think I am so stupid that I would not record every girl I ever screwed on campus? I record them to avoid false accusations against myself or the university. Unfortunately for the university, we have the senator's daughter getting boned, rather well, I might add, on campus. Now that denotes university culpability, not to mention how the public exposure could affect the senator."

Reaching across the table, Sam took a pad of paper lying in front of Chancellor Tomlinson and began to write large numbers on the pad.

“Let me make this easy for you, Wesley. I am tired of the mindless dribble of this generation, and I find myself at a point in life where I wish to pursue other endeavors. Recently, this little neighborhood bar came up for sale and has captivated my interest, so I think I will have a go at owning my own bar.”

Turning the pad around with the numbers facing them, he slid it across the table, saying, “Here are my only terms. The university will deposit a check for this amount into my account by Friday. You will note the amount in your records as a bonus for my years of service. You will also pay me a full salary with benefits or the senator’s daughter and I go public.” He placed the tape back in his pocket.

Wesley started to respond. “I can’t get that kind of ...” when Sam quickly cut him off.

“Sure you can, Wesley; I personally do not care where you get the money, from the school or the senator himself – make the deposit no later than Friday!” Standing, Sam turned and walked immediately out of the room, ignoring their demands for him to return. As he opened the door, he turned and shouted, “CHECKMATE!”

‘Well, that went exactly as planned. I must remember to call Monica and thank her for her help.’



***“Who Do You Suppose Is More Evil?
The Molester
Or
The One Who Sees The Molestation
But Remains Silent?”***

Woodstock69 is a well-known local landmark, a classy, but casual watering hole, where freethinkers, rockers, and leftover hippies gather to reminisce. Standing caddy corner across the street, Sam began a slow examination of the exterior, looking for any possible improvements he might make. In a recessed alcove stood two, ten-foot by four-foot, arched, grey barn doors, supposedly from the original barn at Woodstock. Beautiful works of art themselves, they were complete with gothic copper bracings, dents, marks, and even horseshoe imprints. Above the seven-foot level, carved into the left door was the word “*Wood,*” and into the right door was the word “*stock.*” Directly below the word “*Wood*” was a large “6” and below “*stock*” was the number “9.” Copper gaslights mounted on either side of the doors created a subtle glow in the evening. A canvas portico extended to the curb for rainy night drop-offs and cabs.

Unlocking the doors, Sam stepped inside locking them behind him. As he disabled the alarm system, the thought went through his mind, ‘From a classroom to a barroom in one week; what took you so long Sam?’ For reasons unknown, Sam always wanted to own a bar, even though he logically never understood why. Normally, a couple of times a week he would stop by to have a drink, for any number of reasons, and was quite surprised when he discovered the bar was up for sale. Standing in the entry, he realized how little he had actually looked at the place. ‘Ownership changes your perspective,’ he thought, as his eyes scanned the room looking at the vast array of pictures. Every performer at Woodstock covered the walls; many of the pictures were original photographs signed by the artists themselves. There were several large pictures of naked people sliding in the mud, lines at port-o-potties, people smoking pot, and pictures of crowds taken from atop the metal stage framing, as well as aerial photos of the entire farm.

Signed posters, including one by Mick Jagger, covered the walls, along with every important artist of the 60s. Sam’s personal favorites were Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin, paired together in a corner near the bar.

The crowd favorite was a large black and white of the Beatles backstage with Ed Sullivan.

The bar was made of pure mahogany, coated in high-gloss polyurethane with “*Woodstock69*” hand carved into the front. The bar stood alone without stools, designed for a standing-room-only crowd, with three or more people deep on weekends. The only thing Sam considered removing were the entrance doors to the Men and Women’s bathrooms. They were small, but had inherited the rumor of being from the original port-o-potties at Woodstock. ‘As I expected, I will need all new furniture, the booths need recovering, the bathrooms require a complete makeover, and there are a few minor cosmetic issues here and there. Otherwise, thank you Chancellor Wesley, for this wonderful gift, or perhaps, I should be thanking the senator,’ he thought, smiling.

A gentle tap at the door pulled Sam away from his nostalgic thoughts, reminding him of Molly’s arrival at ten o’clock to share a celebratory drink for his new direction in life. They had spent the last several evenings together, studying and exchanging ideas and various perspectives on the 4Horsemen. Molly suggested that they needed to adopt a method of study to keep them moving forward in the knowledge of the 4Horsemen, instead of in small circles. A great idea, but how they would implement such a study method for something mystical, remained the unanswered question. Opening the door Sam greeted Molly with a brief kiss on the cheek. Smiling, Molly stepped inside, and her clean seductive features, along with the immaculate presentation of her persona, once again, struck Sam. ‘Absolutely stunning,’ he thought, as he locked the door behind her.

As Sam turned around, the sight of Molly so captivated him that he paused for a few seconds, drinking in her image. A ray of sunlight crept through a small upper window, giving the appearance of a soft spotlight shining directly onto Molly. Her natural blond hair was perfect with every hair in place. She wore one of the finest knit dresses he had ever seen. Sam’s mind stumbled over words ‘unique, stunning, one of a kind’ as he found himself unable to find the exact words to describe the dress. Molly wore the dress as if she were the only woman that could wear it, and if any other woman tried to wear it – what a disgrace to the dress. The hand-woven outer edges of the dress had an intricate lace pattern so dainty that Sam knew it took hundreds of hours of labor to make the lace alone. The knit dress, clinging to her body, accentuated every curve of her femininity.

With a sensually cut neckline, the lace edging near her breasts played peek-a-boo with the eyes of every man lucky enough to see her.

Clearing his throat, Sam stepped behind the bar saying, “Since I own this bar, what would you like to drink, Molly?”

“Not fair, Sam,” as she reached into a shopping bag and took out a bottle of Veuve Clicquot La Grande Dame champagne, along with two glasses.

“The toast is on me, mister, even if you do own the bar. I know you would prefer scotch, but please indulge me this once.” As she popped the top, she joyfully exclaimed, “Here’s to many good years, Sam.”

With a gracious smile, Sam said, “Thank you my dear,” admiring her show of class.

They drank the bottle together rather quickly. Molly admitted to Sam how much she liked to guzzle champagne, saying, “I know it’s a sin, Sam, but a damn good one.” Even though they both had plans, today was going to be like one of those days from the chorus in Sheryl Crow’s song: “All I want to do is have some fun; I’ve got a feeling I’m not the only one.” You know, the kind of day where people waste time just sitting in a bar, not giving a rip about the rest of the world outside. You just lose the day as you enjoy each other’s company. Sharing the chemistry of a genuine friendship is a rare treat, one Sam and Molly enjoyed, as they continued drinking and talking about the memorabilia in the bar for several hours.

Sam opened a new bottle of scotch for himself and a third bottle of champagne for little guzzling Molly. The alcohol consumption had reached the funny level, as they began laughing at one another’s inability to offer up a new method of study for understanding the 4Horsemen. Sam commented with a slight slur, “After thirty years of study, you come along and mess me up with your understanding of the 4Horsemen. Then, you come up with the idea that we need to find a method on how to study a mystery. Pure genius, Molly. Surely you must realize all of this, coming from a stunning woman in that dress, makes you more of a desirable mystery to me than the 4Horsemen.”

Guzzling another large glass of champagne, Molly had reached the “let’s be honest” stage of intoxication. Looking Sam directly in the eyes, she reached for his hand, saying, “At this point in my life, I need at least one honest relationship, Sam. From the very moment I met you, we have enjoyed the rarity of a natural friendship. In an effort to protect our friendship, I think it’s best that you know several things about me. After college, the mystery of the 4Horsemen took over my life to the point that I found myself spending every spare moment in study. I could not get out of bed in the middle of the night to pee without my mind being consumed with thoughts of the mystery.

“One day I was in a bookstore, looking for old religious books and explaining to the owner my obsession with the 4Horsemen, when he asked me if I had heard of you. He told me if anyone could point me in the right direction, it would be you, and he gave me several copies of your past essays. After reading them a half a dozen times each, I knew if anyone in the world could figure out this mystery, it would have to be Professor Samuel Walker. In the short time I have known you; I have become very fond of you and your fascinating mind.

“I left my home in Las Vegas and moved here in the hopes of meeting you. Upon arrival, I hired a private investigator to follow you, so our first meeting was not by coincidence. In fact, the day we met, I had been in this bar every day waiting for you to show up. When we talked that first night, and I understood you had a commanding knowledge of the 4Horsemen, I was thrilled beyond my wildest belief. To this day, I still cannot explain why I am interested in the 4Horsemen. The night you invited me to your home, as I stood at the doorway to your study, with a strange energy radiating through my body, I knew I had made the correct decision to find you. Somehow, standing in that doorway, I felt a peace that I have never known in my life, pulsing inside my body. It was way past the expression ‘this feels right.’ More like I knew in my knower, my heart witnessed to me that I had made the right decision to find you. I don’t know if any of this makes sense to you at all, Sam, but I am here until we figure the damn thing out.”

“You moved here from Vegas in search of an answer to the mystery? Now, that blows me away. How did you know I would even help you, Molly? What if I had not been studying the 4Horsemen?” Sam asked.

Smiling, Molly replied, “Sam, with these looks and this body, you have got to be kidding. They have always opened doors for me, which leads me to the really hard part.” Looking glassy-eyed, Molly said, “I need to have a personal talk with you, about myself. Is that okay with you?”

Puzzled by the unexpected, sudden change in her demeanor, Sam answered, “Sure, Molly, what is it?” as he refilled their glasses.

Looking down, she began peeling the label off the near-empty bottle of champagne as she spoke softly. “I was raised in a poor family in western Kentucky, where Karl, my father, beat my mother when he drank, and sexually abused her in front of my siblings and me. With six children and three rooms to the entire house, privacy was not a comprehensible commodity, much less an understood experience. We never had enough food, cut-up newspaper was our toilet paper, and my clothing and shoes were old before I got them. Even in the winter, shoes were never in abundance, and they were my most sought-after treasure.

“At twelve, I found a pair of old, mildewed work shoes under the house with holes so large I had to cut up some cardboard to keep my feet from coming through the bottom. Once I fixed them with new cardboard, I wore them to school one winter day. I sat in class, hoping to make friends with many of the kids at my table. They all wore such pretty things. In the ignorance of my own poverty, Sam, I did not understand where or how they had gotten any of those pretty things. I so wanted to fit in with them. Sitting at the table with my old shoes was horrible enough to me, when suddenly, everyone at the table began asking, ‘What’s that smell?’ I knew the smell came from my old mildewed shoes. The cardboard and my feet were wet from walking in the snow. Saying, ‘I don’t know,’ I started clenching my toes so tight, hoping the smell would stop, while I kept the bottom of the shoes pressed to the floor with all of my strength. The chance of anyone finding out it was me, was a personal horror. I knew they would always laugh at me if they found out, so after class, I left school for the rest of the day. I hid in the cold, slushy snow all day with wet feet, waiting to catch the bus home from school. I cried so much that night and hated my life because I knew those shoes would be on my feet the next day.

“I cannot remember how old I was the first time my father sexually abused me. I am sure he did it with his fingers at an extremely early age in my life. My mind only remembers the numerous times he molested me and not one tragic memorable first time. I have searched my memory repeatedly, and I cannot find a specific date where I can say, ‘this is the day’ that bastard, Karl, stole my virtue from me,” as tears streamed down her face.

“As far back as I can remember, everyone said I was pretty. Eventually, I understood how to use my pretty looks to manipulate people. I solved going to bed hungry when I started giving out kisses to the boys in the neighborhood in exchange for something to eat. Naturally, the game eventually grew more expensive. A piece of pie or something sweet got a kiss from me on the penis. Only a kiss, not a blowjob; I knew the difference after being forced to watch Karl and my mother.

“From that point on, I think I would have become my own self-made prostitute, hooking for survival and the basic necessities of life. I turned my first trick at thirteen, and had my first encounter with anal sex, as I let a black man fuck me for the sum of five dollars. What a horrible experience. Please, don’t judge me, Sam; I was a desperate little girl, living in nightmarish circumstances. Even though I cried for hours over the horrible experience, I had some weird solace about having gained my own independence. I grew up that day, understanding for the first time that I owned the right to make my own mistakes. I know that must sound weird to you.

“When Karl found out, he beat me every day for a week until my blackened eyes were nearly swollen shut. My face was so distorted, it made me unrecognizable even to myself. Every color from yellow to deep purple appeared all over my body. My back and buttocks wore the imprint of his belt buckle. While beating me daily, he kept telling me I would fuck who he said, and no one else. I cried every time he hit me, promising him I would do everything he said, and he would beat me anyhow. In every way possible, he molested and beat me into full submission. Finally, he stopped beating me, and before my bruises healed, other men began molesting me in our home or theirs.”

Angrily, Molly continued. “I cried to my mother after every man ‘visited,’ and she kept looking the other way for fear of Karl beating her. She was a complete religious nut, playing with dangerous snakes at her church to prove her faith in Jesus. You know them, Sam, the ones with the belief they can literally take up serpents in the name of Jesus and no harm shall come to them. She always sang praises to God, like ‘Amazing Grace’ and ‘How Great Thou Art,’ as she thanked Jesus for everything. I can still hear her saying, ‘thank ya, Jezzus,’ to this day, and it still turns my stomach.” Almost shouting as she slapped the table with her open palm, she looked at Sam with anger in her eyes. “That snake-charming hypocrite sacrificed her own children on the altar of fear to the devil himself . . . pretending she did not see what the devil was doing. Her cowardice, by allowing men to use me, along with her drunken participation in Karl’s sex shows, eventually warped my perspective on reality. At thirteen-years-old, I became extremely depressed and started entertaining thoughts of suicide. Trapped in a cycle that I thought would never end, I became everyone’s pretty prisoner, beaten into submission by an evil man.

“By the age of fourteen, I was mentally deranged and began to exhibit manifestations of anger for the first time in my life. No longer caring if Karl beat me to death, I actually began to fight back by keeping a knife hidden under the edge of the mattress. When a man paid Karl for a ‘visit’ to molest me, at exactly the perfect moment, I grabbed his penis and placed the knife on his balls, threatening to cut off his naked erection if he touched me. I received several beatings from Karl because of this, but eventually the word about my knife spread and men stopped coming around.

“One day, during a drunken rage, Karl punched me in the side of my temple, nearly knocking me out. I remember the white flash of light shooting through my eyes as he hit me. When I became lucid, I found myself tied to the bed, and gasping for air as Karl squeezed my throat with his powerful hands while raping me.

Screaming at me in a complete rage, Karl appeared as if he had finally lost his mind. He kept shouting, ‘You little bitch, I am going to leave you tied up until you fuck every man you threatened with a knife.’

“Unable to breathe, the one feeling I will never forget was my eyes swelling in my head, as if they were about to pop out of their sockets. I struggled, gasping for the smallest amount of air under the massive pressure of his hands, when suddenly my mind became clear. My struggle to survive ceased. I lay there in total peace, ready to die, with only one thought floating in my mind: ‘Karl was going to kill me, as he raped me.’ My body quit struggling for air, and I lay there peacefully, waiting for death. At that moment, I embraced death as my friend, realizing death held a much better offer than the life I was living. As I rested in my newfound peace, my eyes turned to the doorway. To my utter surprise, my mother came walking towards us, shouting, ‘Karl, that is enough!’ As she ran to the bed, she began hitting him in the head with a hammer. Immediately, the full weight of his body collapsed on me. At first, I was astonished, and then disappointed, as air rushed back into my lungs, robbing me of my peaceful escape. For what seemed like an eternity, I just lay there in shock, with his hands still on my throat, until I felt his warm blood spewing on my face and neck. Then I became hysterical. My mother, shaking and sobbing, kept repeating, ‘Oh, Jesus, what have I done? Oh, Jesus, what have I done?’

“She pulled him off of me, and his body hit the floor with a thud. Cutting me loose, she got a wet towel and cleaned the blood off. I lay there gasping and trying to scream in horror. My mouth was wide open, without a sound coming out. She left the room and came back, handing me her best church dress to put on. She took all the money out of Karl’s pockets and some from her apron. Handing it to me, with wild terror in her eyes, she said, ‘Go and never come back.’ We never hugged, we never said good-bye, and she never said I am sorry or I love you. Just ‘go and never come back.’ I can still hear those words to this day.

“Forty-seven dollars, a new dress, and no shoes. I ran for over an hour to a junction in the road and found an empty out building on a farm, spending my first night on my own at fourteen and a half years of age. I never did go back, and to this day, I do not know if Karl died or what became of my mother and siblings. Some relationships, Sam, should never be restored.

“After several days of hiding, I traveled at night to avoid being questioned or seen by men. To make a long story short, I eventually made my way to Louisville in a few weeks’ time. I got a job on the poor side of town, working in a hillbilly strip club, living with a few other strippers.

“With my looks, I became the top attraction at the club, and the other strippers helped by ‘managing my money.’ For the first time in my life, I was really living. I had my own bed, real toilet paper, plenty of food, and most importantly, all the new shoes I could wear. I was part of a big happy family for over a year. And then one night, RC walked into the club. For the first time in my life, I actually had feelings other than hatred towards a man. He absolutely ignored me while I was dancing. After I had finished my stage dance, I asked him if I could dance for him personally. He turned me down, saying, ‘You’re much too good for this place,’ and without another word, he got up, put some money on the counter, and left.

“I thought about him every day after he left. Every night, I went to work looking for him. A month later, out of nowhere, he walked into the club, and immediately my body broke out in a nervous sweat. My heart throbbed so much I actually looked to see if my breasts were bouncing up and down. The man walked with a commanding presence. Everyone noticed him when he entered the room, not cocky or arrogant, just a real confidence. This time, he took a table in the corner, ordered a bottle of champagne, looked directly at me, and motioned for me to come over. For the first time in my life, I actually wanted to fuck a man, and if he wanted me to, I was ready to fuck him in front of everyone, on top of the table. For me to feel like doing that was completely aberrant to me. I despised every man in the club for their juvenile animal behavior; to me, they were all Karl in one form or another. He sat down and poured a glass, introducing himself only as RC asking me my name.

“Molly, I said as I guzzled the glass. He smiled as he poured me another. I could not believe myself; my heart kept pounding so nervously I was sure he could hear it. Immediately, he started asking me questions, demanding answers but not wanting favors from me.”

“‘How much for a lap dance, Molly?’

‘Five dollars.’

‘How much for a backroom dance, Molly?’

‘Ten dollars.’

‘If I want pussy, how much, Molly?’

‘Are you a cop?’

‘No. How much for pussy, Molly?’

‘Fifty dollars.’

‘How much for all night, Molly?’

‘One hundred dollars, after work, and you have me until I go to work tomorrow.’

“For the first time since my childhood, I was ashamed of myself. I wanted to run and hide to keep him from finding out I was the one with the smelly shoes. Sitting there, I was too young to understand that he already knew exactly what I was. Looking me in the eyes, he said, ‘Molly, I am going to say this one time and one time only.’ Reaching in his coat pocket, he took out a huge roll of hundred dollar bills. ‘I have thought about you every day since I first saw you, and I think we could have an exciting life together; so I want you to get up, get your things, and come with me.’ Without another word, he got up and walked off, saying again, ‘You are too good for this place, Molly.’ Sitting there at sixteen and a half years old, watching him walk away, every nervous fear raced through my mind. Afraid that he would never come back, I got up, ran out to the parking lot with only my shoes and dancing thong. As we drove away, he smiled at me, saying, ‘That’s my girl.’

“I have been in love one time in my life, Sam, and I know that man loved me. He took care of me in a way I never believed possible from a man.” Smiling, she said, “Even today, the sweetness of those times are hard to describe. He took me to Las Vegas and never touched or kissed me all the way there. We talked just like you and I do, Sam, as if we had known each other all of our lives. At the grand opening of a new hotel, he rented a ‘virgin room,’ as he called it, because no one had ever slept in the room. For a girl robbed of her ‘virginity rights,’ he arranged the perfect solution. We flirted all day, and in the wee hours of the early morning, looking down the strip from our room, we kissed for the first time. The kiss was so powerful, we both nearly passed out in amazement. For the first time in my life, I experienced pleasure in bed with a man, having multiple orgasms. Before RC, my body had never experienced an orgasm with a man, and has never experienced one with any other man since.

“After a few years, we needed cash for a new business venture. We talked it over, and being the naïve little girl I was, he convinced me that fast money could come from some very well-heeled clientele at one thousand dollars and up, per visit. I know you are thinking, ‘Gee, I never saw that coming,’ but for me, Sam, I was willing to do anything to keep this little, happy part of life. He flew to Thailand for some kind of prostitution deal, so we could get rich. Our son turned three a week before he left, and I have never seen or heard from him since.

“I hate to be cliché, but at twenty-one I was a mother alone with more sorrow and pain than most people ever experience in a lifetime. I am not trying to extract pity from you by telling you about my life. I began working on my own in order to survive. After a client had slapped me around, I became a martial arts fanatic.

Now I am more dangerous than a black widow spider to my clients, if you understand what black widow spiders do after they mate,” she said, smiling.

“I kept enough select clientele to provide a very nice life for my son and myself. They also put me through community college and university for my degree in history, with political science as my minor. My son is now twelve years old, the love of my life, and a real smart boy. For the first time in my life, I need a real job, as a basis for him to understand what Mommy does for a living. I felt the need to be honest with you, just in case we ran into one of my clients or you found out about me in some other way.

“When you told me that you had purchased this place, I decided now is the time to be honest with you. I am asking you for a job in any capacity, even as a waitress. I will work for nothing; I don’t need the money, just something credible I can tell my son. If I take any other job, it would separate me from a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity; to study the 4Horsemen with you. Being totally honest, I intend to keep a few very well paying clients. Their fees will allow me to maintain my business investments and my son’s savings. Please understand there is no way that I will ever go back to poverty again.”

Listening to her tragic life, Sam found himself experiencing the full gamut of human emotions, some of which had been dormant for many years. As she asked him for a job, one thought of the ten his mind was processing at that moment was, ‘so this is how hookers are made.’

Composing himself, he said, “I have not given any thought to new people, Molly. In the purchase agreement, I promised to keep on the present staff. Are you sure waitressing would suit you? It can be hard work,” Sam said.

“SAM!” Molly said, laughing. “For goodness’ sakes, I was a young dancer in a hillbilly topless bar, in a poor town, and made a damn good living on one dollar at a time stuck in my g-string. Hard work, yes I can. Please, Sam, I need to be available to study the 4Horsemen with you. My son is very mature; we have a live-in nanny he loves her to death, and she will be staying on.”

“Give me some time to think about it a bit, Molly.”

As they toasted their last drink, Molly said, laughing, “Here’s to finding out what the 4Horsemen have hiding under their cloaks.”



“We the people”

Thursday night at Woodstock69 was by far the slowest night of the week. Sam instructed the staff to seat the tourist crowd at the far end of the room, and to keep the best seats for regular customers. Working his way around the room Sam introduced himself to the patrons as the new owner and every regular customer received a drink on the house.

Pointing to Sam’s favorite corner, where pictures of Hendrix and Joplin hung on the wall, Sonny the bartender explained, “Now that group has been coming here on the first Thursday of every month for more than five years. That’s their spot; they argue like cats and dogs, debate every issue with great passion, but always go home friends.”

Walking towards the table Sam recognized the group. Before Sam could say anything, Congressman Scott Riley stood to his feet, extending his hand, saying, “Professor Walker, what a pleasure to meet you. I have followed your essays for years, and found your recent one’s to be the most enlightening of them all.”

“Thank you, Congressman. I have followed your voting record for many years, and haven’t found any enlightenment on how you keep getting elected,” Sam wittingly replied receiving cheers and laughter from the group at the table. Scott, the consummate politician, paid no attention to Sam’s comment or to the laughter about his voting record. “You know the press is searching for you over the controversy your essays have stirred up; I assume this must be your hideout.”

Smiling again, Sam replied, “I suppose with my essay controversies and your voting record, Congressman, we both need a place to hide from time to time. So I won’t tell, if you don’t.”

“Let me introduce you to my lifetime friends, foes, and occasional voting constituents. We meet here at least once a month, as a dedicated group of radical activists with nowhere to activate,” he said with a smile. “For the last five years, this table has been our forum. We debate everything under the influence of massive quantities of alcohol, often with great results.” Scott continued as if he were on a campaign trail, trying to make an impression on Sam. “The serious debates, Professor, will be the claims that all of the nation’s problems are a direct result of Washington politicians. A debate, my drinking constituents at this table aptly remind me of each time we meet,” Scott said, guzzling his beer.

In friendly banter, Sam quipped, “One thing I will give you, Congressman, the wind is still with you. If you keep guzzling those blue label Chimay beers, I assure you the ‘under the influence’ part of your forum will arrive quickly.” Shaking hands with everyone as Scott introduced them, Sam heard positive comments regarding his essays, until they got to Larry. Commenting under his breath, Larry referred to the essays as ‘yesterday’s newspaper,’ causing Sam to wonder what he meant.

“My reason for stopping by, gentlemen; I wish to contribute to your intoxicated debate tonight by offering each of you a drink on the house. I recently purchased this bar as my own little hide out, Congressman, and wanted to greet you each personally. I thank you for choosing Thursday night, for your forums. Sonny, my bartender, informed me occasionally your debates become rather heated and loud. Therefore, I am asking, in advance, should your topic have anything to do with the present inebriated condition of our government for the last hundred years, please consider inviting me to join you? However, my preferred topic of choice, would have to be the Congressman’s voting record,” Sam said, smiling at Scott. Turning towards the office behind the bar he called, “Molly, would you please take everyone’s order? It was a pleasure meeting each of you,” Sam said as he left the table.

Absolutely blown away, best describes the reaction of the five men when Molly stepped out of the office to take their order. Like schoolboys, they immediately started competing for her attention. All five tried to outwit, out charm, and out flirt one another in open competition for her smiling charms. Molly, being Molly, flirted back. She stood close, knelt down to take their orders, winked and bent over to wipe the table.

Picking up the drinks behind the bar, Molly informed Sam, “You have a lively combination at that table: a congressman, a builder, a war hero, a lawyer, and some kind of religious guy. You know, Sam, there must be a joke in there somewhere. Did you hear the one about these guys who went into a bar, there was a ...”

Sam started to laugh, when suddenly she leaned her entire body against the side of him. Gently, she straddled his leg between her legs, rubbing the joint of her cherry chopsticks on him ever so lightly. Cunningly, she reached around and grabbed his manhood firmly as she leaned her full upper body into him and whispered in his ear, “Oh my, Sam, why those college girls were right. Thanks for the job, Sam.” As she walked away with the drinks, she winked and smiled at his speechless expression.

When she arrived at the table, Molly overheard a heated discussion about how ineffective the government was at every level in society.

The consensus of opinion was that the White House, the state house, and local governments seemed completely incapable of implementing the ‘will of the people.’ The group took a unanimous vote, declaring the phrase ‘we the people’ in the constitution to be an invalid expression for today, because the people are no longer in control of the government.

Roger gave an example, saying, “Even if ninety-nine members of either party held control of the Senate with only one member in the other party, they would still fuck it up. I attribute government stagnation to deal making, greed, and party corruption in both the Democrats and Republicans. Scott, as a congressman, you must be able to validate this as a fact.”

“You have no idea how Washington operates, Roger. I will, however, agree with everyone’s overall thesis that ‘we the people’ have no collective power in Washington,” Scott replied.

Laughing, Jerry said, “Even with ninety-nine members in control, they would debate the issue for six months, put it to a committee for investigation, and wait for the one member of the other party to filibuster the bill, forcing everything to a standstill. Look at the first action by the Republican controlled Congress – let’s stonewall everything. They could give a flip what ‘we the people’ want or what’s good for the country. They are all about media drama. Let’s show our new power and vote to overthrow health care or remove NPR’s funding. The best one yet was the silly civil action against Obama over Libya. Congress knows when they pull a stunt like that, the Senate will stop it, and the word VETO by the President will prevail. I am sick of party-line bullshit, power games! John Boehner is a real fucking nut. I put him one up, on Weiner’s Twitter underwear campaign for twenty-one year olds.”

Larry spoke a bit more seriously. “There must be another power in Washington really running the whole show, because no matter how many newly elected shoes are sent, everything remains the same. Think about how many candidates run on the platform of being a Washington outsider and end up doing nothing once they arrive – hey, Scott.”

“Fuck you, Larry,” Scott answered.

Looking directly at Scott, Roger spoke very calmly. “I think we need to take Officer Sprinkle to the woods and tie him to a tree again. We need to toss the tea party and your useless ass into the Boston Harbor with them, Scott.”

Interested in their discussion and puzzled by their hostility, a captivated Molly walked backwards towards the end of the bar, sliding her tray onto the bar without turning her head.

“The problem,” said Jerry, two sheets to the wind from drinking all day, “in order to stop these idiots, we need to educate the American public. Every election, they play the same old con game on the American people. These rich brats are out of touch with what life is like for the majority of Americans. They work hard during an election campaign to dupe the public into believing they are common folks. They fill the news with campaign stops, eating breakfast or lunch with ‘Local Joe.’ It’s all a publicity stunt, a charade for television, ‘see, I am just a common Joe like you.’ Campaigning today is a mass media event; politicians eat apple pie at Mary’s café, visit factories and schools, while they smile at photo-ops holding and kissing babies. The political strategy is to make the politicians look like the common man with their sleeves rolled up, no jacket, or tie, as they sit at lunch counters, talking like common folks.

“They have no real substance, or any grass roots understanding of the American worker and his family. The way I figure it, if you have to create a mass media photo-op campaign to look like one of my family members, you are one fucked-up individual,” he said shooting two shots of vodka on the rocks. Eating the olives Jerry continued. “These clowns are like Scott, nothing more than silver-spooned dreamers. Does anyone at this table think Scott’s life was ever at the level of the common man?”

“Fuck you, Jerry. As I recall, your undertaking parents raised you with a silver spoon in your mouth. So what qualifies you to single me out?” Scott sternly replied.

“You’re right Scott, but that is NOT how I lived my life. The government destroyed everything I worked for two times in my life, including my family. You walk through that, you rich prick bastard, and then you can talk like me. Now shut the fuck up; I am not done speaking.

“After these out-of-touch candidates put their photo-op campaigns together, they bring out the ‘let me fuck with your heart’ bullshit, and remind you of your patriotic obligations. We are fed stories of how America is the land of opportunity by using real life adversities of hard-working Americans.

“Everyone knows the stories: the ‘oh poor Sarah,’ a single mother, or a blind veteran that fought for American freedom, or Willie, a black man raising three children working five fucking jobs, telling us how they each overcame hardship because ‘this is America, the greatest country in the world.’ Let me tell you, I lived like Willie in my life. Working five fucking jobs is not the great American dream it’s a nightmare!

“Every word they speak and every pretty picture they paint is an outright lie. They smile for the camera with perfect hair as they talk about family values, when they have more fucked up family values than porn stars.

Holding positions of honor, they shame the office and their families. Every month a new sex scandal surfaces from playing footsies in men's rooms, to keeping a sidepiece of ass, when their wife is dying of cancer. How can 'we the people' ever function with this kind of character running the United States government? Face it, 'we the people' have been brainwashed and stripped of power a long time ago. Otherwise, they would have kicked them all to the curb!"

Roger spoke up, "I am tracking with you, Jerry. The television commercials are the ones that piss me off. Remember the silliness of the commercial 'It's 2 a.m. in the White House, and the red phone is ringing. Who do you want to answer the phone?' Oh, my god," Roger shouted, grabbing his chest as if he had a heart attack, "I was just getting over the heartache of poor Willie working five fucking jobs in the land of opportunity, now I am scared to death that I might pick the wrong idiot to answer the phone." Everyone burst into laughter, stood to their feet, and toasted their glasses together. It was bottoms-up time. Molly motioned to Sonny for another round.

"The entire election process is incomprehensible," Roger continued. "We have a political system where a man spends \$750 million to become the President, of a \$400,000 job. This cannot possibly be what the founding fathers of this nation intended. They could never have perceived this day, in the original framework of the nation."

Jerry, looking across the table and deciding to take another shot at Scott, said, "Look at our boy Scott 'Can Do' Riley. In all of his years in Washington, he has proven only one thing to me: Scott 'Can Do' nothing."

"Fuck you again, Jerry," Scott replied.

"Face it, Scott, you became like every other Washington politician; you changed nodda, Scott, not a fucking thing. You fumbled the ball for the people, big time. I called you many times for help, and you never returned one of my calls."

"Stick it up your ass again, Jerry. You do not know what I am up against, and I never knew you called," retorted Scott.

"Thanks for making my point; you out of touch, prick," Jerry quickly replied.

"It's my turn, Jerry. I have listened to everyone's usual pot shots at me; let me speak." Scott spoke like a politician in an effort to reduce the level of hostility at the table. "We have met in this bar for over five years. We sit on our asses, arguing and debating, and in all five years, we have never solved one goddamn thing. All we ever do is listen to each other bitch, moan, and argue about the government. Personally, I am growing tired of meeting with you.

To me, we sound like a bunch of old women who went to a party and found out they all wore the same dress. Everyone at this table has a bone of contention against the United States government.”

“Speaking of bones – how’s your mother?” Steve quipped.

“She’s eighty-seven years old, Steve, grow the fuck up,” Scott shouted. “Now, let me finish. We sit around cattily picking on each other’s dress, pointing out what’s wrong with each other, but we all have on the same fucking dress, which is a bone of contention against the United States government. My point being, we argue with one another rather than recognizing that we all have the same common purpose, but with different individual life experiences. In all of our debating, not one time has anyone sitting at this table ever rendered a solution, to change the government on even a small level. You are all too busy bitching about your life experiences, with the government, when we need to stop it and recognize that we all have on the same dress.

“It might surprise everyone here to know that I basically agree with your opinions about me and Washington. I willingly admit before everyone, my campaigns were like many of the speeches you referred to tonight. My campaigns used ‘Local Joe’ strategies. However, I have to ask each of you, why don’t we get off our radical old asses and light another fire, or burn down the goddammed cities, in protest like we did in the 60s?” Scott asked sarcastically.

“I’ll tell you why; I think you are all full of crap and will do nothing. You want to know why your full of crap, because if you try that radical shit today, they will call you a terrorist, thanks to Bush. That jackass put a huge death-nail in ‘we the people.’ He stripped the constitution of power by selling terrorist fear to ‘we the people.’ The government will prosecute every one of you as a terrorist before you even plan a Boston Tea Party movement. Just talking about a revolt in private will get your ass slammed in a time-out prison for years.

“Republican Buck McKeon has a bill stating the US government has the right to detain any unlawful enemy combatant, including a US citizen, ‘without criminal charges and without trial’ for the duration of the conflict, ‘consistent with the law of war.’ Meaning, they will charge you as a criminal, lock your ass up, and never let you have your day in court. I ask each of you, at this point in your lives, are you ready to pay that price? The FBI has the right to track you with GPS, and they do not need a warrant from a judge anymore. You want a Boston Tea Party, Larry, then quit your bitching and tell us how it’s done. I am game for anything, but we need to drop the name-calling and infighting.

We are not stupid men; let's put our heads together the way we used to and come up with an intelligent plan of action."

"I get your point, Scott, and I am truly sorry for the bad joke about your mom," Steve calmly replied. "As a constitutional lawyer, I think Buck McKeon, John Boehner, and Paul Ryan resemble several forms of Hitler's extremism. Like you, for the last few months I have become a bit weary of listening to the complaining bullshit that we hear every time we meet." As Molly handed him another drink, he slipped a neatly folded bill into her hand, smiling at her. "I think, if we are serious, before we can take any action, we need to figure out at what exact point in history this country took a wrong turn. What I mean is this. There has to be a definitive point in history where 'we the people' lost power over the government, or the United States government took control away from the people. If we fail to understand what part of the engine is broken, how could we develop a plan of action to correct the mistake? My life is so fucked up I am ready to do anything that will give me real purpose again. I am ready to kick the box from under their feet and let the assholes swing."

Looking around the table, Steve continued, "I think Scott is right; we all have the same dress on, and I am ready to wash my dress in my own blood if necessary in order to get even. I think our problem as a group is the fact that we have forgotten how many protests we successfully organized. We helped change civil rights, voting laws, and helped end an illegitimate war in Vietnam. Here we sit, acting like men without brains, who cannot figure out what went wrong historically in this nation. I say otherwise. I believe as a group we can figure out the turning point in history that resulted in 'we the people' dying on the vine. We started out to change the country and the world in our youth. Look at us, we have become the very thing we hated the most. We are government-issued hypocrites, acting as if we are incapable of taking action. We have become a bunch of apathetic whiners – what a fucking disgrace we are."

"Good words Steve, the general thinks it is time for a new battle cry. You made a lot of sense, as well, Scott. Everyone knows my life has been a real piece of shit," said Roger. "They call me a war hero, but the only real hero is the man who survives the nightmare. I am so sick of this government and the hidden secrets it keeps from 'we the people.' Wait until I tell you the real facts behind the wars Bush started, and the BS the CIA is stirring up all over the Arab world. If you think those assholes decided to change governments on their own, you are as blind as 'we the people.' WikiLeaks is just a bunch of high school gossip.

Hell, my report cards in school contained more bad information than WikiLeaks. Remember those ‘U’s for unsatisfactory conduct, Larry? Herman would whip my ass for each one,” he said, laughing. “Molly, will you please bring the general another drink?”

“The American public is so brainwashed by the government, I do not believe they can comprehend what a government powered by ‘we the people’ resembles. I am frustrated, full of anger, and tired of sitting here like sissies acting like ‘we the idiots,’ bitching about something that I believe we can stop. Scott, you ask if we are willing to pay the price. That’s a great question every man here should consider. I know Scott is not bullshitting; the government can set you up, fuck you up, and lock you up before you know what has happened. My answer is yes, I am willing to pay the price, and have many times before in many needless wars. If anything would make sense in my life, or allow my life to have any value, it would be my death fighting to restore the rights of ‘we the people.’ Excuse me, what did you say, General?”

After a long, collective pause and a few sips around the table, Larry spoke. “So that’s it, all systems go. First phase, we have thirty days to figure out how ‘we the people’ lost control of the United States government. When we meet, the next time everyone will submit a synopsis of where you think the country historically went in the wrong direction. We are searching for only one thing. Where did ‘we the people’ lose power or when did the United States government take power from the people? Your argument must be historically and factually convincing, the synopsis must carry by unanimous agreement, or we keep looking. If you intend to opt out because you are afraid of Big Brother, please, do not show up at our next meeting. Once we find the mistake, then we can begin to develop a plan of action.”

‘I don’t believe it,’ Molly thought, ‘these men just put together a method of study to find out at what point in history, the nation detoured in the wrong direction. Yet Sam and I can’t figure out how to develop a method of study for the mystery of the 4Horsemen.’

Unfolding the bill, Molly saw Steve’s phone number written across Ben Franklin’s face, with a note, ‘call me, let’s have some fun.’

‘How lame is that,’ Molly thought, as she reached for a marker and wrote on the bill.

Steve called out for another round and Molly gave a thumbs-up, got it. Behind the bar, she began whispering to Sam about the conversation, asking him if he wanted to stay up and study after they closed.

Indicating he might, she said, “Wait until I share with you what these guys are after, and how quickly they figured out a method of study to find where the power structure of the nation went off course. I think we may be able to draw on their method of study.”

Smiling at her, Sam was still reminiscing about the cherry chopsticks she rubbed on him earlier.

Arriving at the table with the drinks, Molly palmed the bill back into Steve’s hand.

Just before closing time, Sam motioned to Molly, tapping on his watch that it was time to go. ‘Yea,’ she thought, ‘time for study; I can’t wait to tell him everything I overheard at the table.’

Turning towards Sonny, Sam headed to the door, instructing him to close. “I will see you tomorrow, Sonny.”

Arriving at Sam’s home, Molly pulled onto the driveway behind Sam as he parked inside the garage next to a covered antique car. Exiting her car, Molly carried a small bag, informing Sam she would have to spend the night if they studied too late. Walking to the front of the covered car, Molly smiled and said, “I found out what’s under your hood at the bar tonight, Sam, now tell me what kind of hood is under that cover?”

With pride, Sam bragged, “That, my dear, is a classic 1967 lindale blue Corvette Stingray fastback, 427 hog block, with very rare bolt-on cast aluminum wheels, side pipes, with factory air conditioning.”

“If I am right, that should be about a 390 horse power. Is it full factory issue with matching numbers? Any positraction?” she asked, winking at him.

“Molly, you are amazing. One day I will take you for my famous one-hundred-dollar ride. The rules are simple. I put a hundred-dollar bill on the dash and when I pop the clutch, if you can pick it up, you keep it. I must warn you, to date, there have been no winners.”

Playing with him, Molly asked, “If I win, Sam, are you going to let me drive it and pop your clutch?”

“Depends on which clutch you are speaking about.” Laughing together, they went inside and Sam brewed some fresh coffee.

Molly turned on her little snitch chatterbox. While the coffee brewed, she repeated every detail of the political conversation at the group table. “After all of their bitching, Sam, these guys are seriously searching for the point in history when ‘we the people’ lost control of the government. From the gist of how they talked, I think they were radically dangerous and were heavily involved in a lot of illegal stuff during the 60s. Each man seems to have his own screwed-up life, story but as a group, they intend to do something radical, if they can figure out where the country got off track. I don’t know, maybe it’s just drunk bar talk, but I would be a little concerned. Sam, do you really want a group of radical men planning to blow shit up meeting in your place?”

After listening to Molly’s details regarding the group’s political discussion, Sam was curious about any additional information she might have overheard individually. Larry’s comment concerning Sam’s essays being just old news made him of particular interest to Sam. “Tell me about this Larry fellow,” he inquired, sipping coffee.

“From what I understand, he is some sort of religious guy, but not a religious guy.

I know it sounds strange, but that's how everyone views him. For a religious guy, he sure holds his booze. Scott referred to him as the 'sex, drugs, and rock and roll preacher' who traded his band for religion, but not his moral habits. One discussion, with the lawyer Steve, focused on the need for a greater separation of church and state. I found it very interesting; Larry advocates that religious organizations have no biblical right to be involved in government politics."

"Amazing, are you sure that's what he said?" Sam asked.

"Pretty sure. Anyhow, he has some type of building outside the city. It has a billboard in front, where he posts sayings, making fun of religion. Everyone at the table found his signs to be serious, but funny, for whatever that's worth. I found Larry to be extremely smart and very serious about taking some kind of action. His religious background might be useful in solving the 4Horsemen, so you might consider speaking with him."

'Interesting' Sam thought. 'I should find out more about him, maybe drive by his place and speak with him concerning his views on separation of church and state. A preacher who advocates keeping the church out of government; never thought I would hear that in a million years. My essays are old news, my ass.'

"I am horrible with names, Molly, but I noticed the one fellow kept ordering two drinks. I would have sworn I saw him speaking to an empty chair; please tell me I'm seeing things."

Looking across the table, Molly whispered in a low, solemn tone, "Your eyes are working fine, Sam; his name is Colonel Roger Majors, an extremely scary man."

"Molly, look around, he's not in here or outside. Why are you whispering?"

"Sorry, I am afraid of him, Sam. My bones turn cold just being near him. I tell you, he radiates the feelings of death. He makes me feel like I'm near a serial killer, a Jeffrey Dahmer, Richard Speck, or what it would be like locked in a room with Charlie Manson. From my understanding, he retired a war hero with over thirty years in the military. Someone asked him how many purple hearts he was awarded, and angrily, he replied, 'medals are a dishonor, but if you must know, more than I have fingers on both hands.' What's a purple heart?"

"Each time a person receives a wound during combat, they receive a purple heart. Are you sure he said at least ten purple hearts, Molly?"

Nodding her head yes, "He indicated he had more than ten, Sam. The best part, the drinks you saw him order were for his drinking buddy 'the general,' who was supposedly sitting next to him. Say hello to a weirdo!"

"A few times, the man had a full-blown conversation with an empty chair.

The strange part, Sam, no one at the table seemed to care. His behavior seemed normal to them all. During the political discussion, he verbalized several times that he has the last puzzle piece almost finished, and WikiLeaks's disclosures were nothing compared to what his puzzle reveals."

'A real live war hero, Sam thought, 'wounded over ten different times; I wonder what he means by medals of dishonor? Last piece of the puzzle, what could he be talking about? Another very interesting, individual that I would like to spend an afternoon with,' thought Sam. 'Wow, two for two; the little snitch has a great set of ears.' Sam sat back and let her roll.

"The neatly dressed guy, Jerry, talked the most about what's wrong with the country. Even though he was a bit drunk, he made a lot of sense. At one point, he owned some kind of building business and his parents must have owned Duncan Funeral Home. All of these guys have a problem with the government, but with Jerry, it's a deep, personal wound. He complained about mortgage bailouts, AIG, and he made several comments about 9/11 and the government, but I was too far away to hear everything he said. He went on about using taxpayer money and China. Jerry is advocating nothing short of a full overthrow of the government. I think he is dangerously on the edge of exploding all over something, or someone, soon.

"Think about it, Sam, they are all psychologically explosive. If you threw their screwed-up lives into a blender, the combined volatility would produce a deadly mixture. Each man seems highly charged, personally on the edge, and serious about doing something. This group is not out to spend their last days filling a bucket list, they want to burn the list and blow up the bucket. At this point, I don't think they realize that about each other."

"Explain what you mean, Molly."

"Remember I told you that Roger stated his life would have meaning if he died seeing 'we the people' restored. To me, that manner of talk from a military war hero, with death in his eyes, should be considered very serious. Every man at the table expressed a desire to get even with the government. Whatever happened to each one of them, their pain is very deep; you can see it in their eyes. Aren't you concerned about how radical they seem to be, Sam?" asked Molly.

"Molly, my own thinking and political perspectives match most of theirs, so far. I find each person to be unique in his own individuality. I may sit in on their next meeting to listen to their conclusions. Now, tell me about the lawyer."

Molly continued, "The lawyer, Steve Whitman, is your typical dirt bag lawyer. When one of the guys was speaking, he sat mediating the entire discussion in his mind, as if he were in a courtroom."

“What do you mean?” Sam asked.

“While someone spoke, he would talk to himself using lawyer terms: ‘I object, overruled, objection, sustained,’ and the odd thing about him, I believe his mind actually intelligently processed everything. For that exact reason, he may be the most intelligent member of the group, but also for the same reason, I feel he is the most unstable, perhaps even more than Roger’s imaginary general. He kept referring to President John Adams and his prediction about failed democracy. Then he would mumble about the author of the Declaration being a hypocrite. When the group spoke about finding out where ‘we the people’ historically lost power, the man mumbled to himself for ten minutes. He went on about blind justice, OJ Simpson, Michael Jackson, DNA, and money. His mind lurched all over the place, processing information in chunks with every conversation at the table. The man was following three or four conversations at one time. If you ask me, he is on serious overload, walking barefoot down the edge of a razor blade barefooted. A couple of times I think he went to the bathroom and came back with a ‘new snorted buzz,’ if you know what I mean, Sam. He warned everyone how much the laws have changed, even pointing out that their discussions could be called acts of terrorism. Several times he said, ‘we are way past a little ole Molotov cocktail or kicking the box from under the bastards.’ I don’t want to know what the box was about.

“The congressman, now he gets an A+ for his political skills. When attacked, he reversed the tables by asking them which government problem, they had solved. Scott skillfully turned them towards finding a solution instead of belly aching about one another. What surprised me about him was his personal admission that their views on politics were for the most part, accurate. He also admitted, to some degree, he contributed to part of the problem in Washington. During the 60s, everyone seemed to imply, he was the pussy of their group. A few guys mentioned how Scott only drove the car, rather than actually got involved. Jerry joked, ‘Not true. The congressman did get involved; his first photo-op began when he marched as a white honky during the civil rights marches.’ He explained how Scott got involved, but only if the news media arrived to put him on television.

“They are a fascinating and strange group of men, Sam. I never realized how radical the 60s mindset and thinking was until I listened to these leftover hippies. Should you have any concerns about the discussion taking place in your bar?” Molly asked.

“Radical movements in the 60s, Molly, were my specialty. I spent the best years of my life on the political battlefield. I never felt more alive than I did in those days.

In a split second, my world changed on May 4, 1970, when the United States government killed four and wounded nine others at Kent State University. I was one of those wounded, and somehow, that one bullet put out the fire of life in my soul. As I listened to you talk about each of these men, I felt that lost fire inside me, itching to ignite again. I suspect what you sense is that they are itching to ignite all over the United States government. Let's go into the study; I want to show you something."

Thumbprinting the security system, Sam opened the door. Immediately, raw energy began radiating through Molly's body. Walking into the room with Sam, Molly tried to understand her feelings about this strange power source. 'This feels like a huge space gun, shooting gamma rays through my body. It makes my hair stand up, and my body tingles with each wave.' Looking at Sam, Molly thought, 'he seems to be immune to the power in the room.'

Sam turned and smiled at her, "You will get used to it, eventually. I'll tell you the origin in a while." He pulled a folder from a file cabinet and handed it to Molly. With no empty chair or desk space available, Molly settled on the floor. As she opened the folder, she found several pictures, newspaper articles, and Sam's personal notes on the shooting at Kent State, including some photos of Sam lying on the ground.

"Four murders and nine attempted murders by the United States government, and not a single shooter ever went to trial. Four days later, the United States government stabbed eleven students with bayonets at the University of New Mexico. Ten days after they shot me, they murdered again. On May 14, as I lay in bed recovering, breaking news reported two more killed and twelve wounded at Jackson State University. In every instance, the United States government got away with murder and attempted murder of unarmed American citizens. Not a single student had a weapon in their possession. This government has no right to speak with hypocritical piety about protecting people in Libya from Gaddafi! To this very day, the government has never taken responsibility for any of the murders, and that injustice, still disturbs my heart. A recently released audiotape proved the United States government ordered the guardsmen to fire on unarmed students. Please understand my use of the term 'recently released audiotape.' I am more than convinced the United States government knew about the tape for the last forty years.

"If you think the five fellows at the bar have a beef with the United States government, you must understand I consider intentional murder and cover-up by the United States government of innocent, unarmed students an unforgettable atrocity.

I intend to have my pound of flesh before I die. I would not be alive today, Molly, except for one brave young man who removed his T-shirt and pressed it firmly into my abdomen to stop the bleeding. I remember him shouting at the guardsmen as they tried pulling him off me. He kept shouting, 'I am a medical student. Let me work on this man, or he will die. Do you want to murder him? Haven't you done enough today? Let me save him,' he pleaded. As I lay on the ground, he encouraged me to hold on. He kept telling me, 'It's not too bad,' and how proud he was to meet a fighter against the Vietnam War. Later, after surgery in the hospital, the doctor told me how I owed this fellow my life. 'Few survive that sort of wound,' he said. The envelope you are holding contains his tie-dyed T-shirt.

"In response to your question, Molly, no, I am not the least bit concerned about what that group of 'leftover hippies' as you call them, plans or does; they will be welcome at the bar. I am sure they have their individual reasons why they are disturbed about the government. If they develop a radical, over-the-top plan, who knows, I may join them," Sam declared.

"Sam, will you trust me with these pictures and news clips for a few days? I would like to have a copy for myself. I promise to take great care of them."

"Sure, Molly, only hand me my personal notes; they are for my eyes only. Now, let's figure out this mystery."

Standing in front of the 4Horsemen poster, Sam stared intently as a smile began to develop. Looking over his shoulder at Molly, he asked, "Do you see it, Molly?"

Standing there, she began to stare at every inch of the poster and could not come up with a single thing. "Sam, all I see are years of notes and scribbles. What do you see?"

"Think about the conversation between the fellows in the bar, and the principle they were going to use. Correct me if I am wrong, Molly, but this is my understanding of what you told me. The group concluded the United States government at some point in history took the power of ownership away from the people. Therefore, they are searching history for an event that would prove a loss of power by 'we the people.' Fundamentally, I agree with their overall thesis; the people in this country lost the title deed to government a long time ago. Do I have the correct understanding of what they are doing?"

Molly nodded yes.

"Their formula will work for us, with a bit of a twist. I cannot believe I never applied this hermeneutic principle; how could I have missed it?"

"Herma-what?" asked Molly.

"I will explain in a minute; follow my thoughts with me."

Looking back at the poster, Sam continued, “Our problem is we have been looking for one answer to all of the Apocalyptic Horsemen. We were trying to solve one big mystery. We assumed the 4Horsemen represented one big event that happened, or would happen, sequentially. When, in reality, there could be four different exacting events and four mysteries. Each rider could individually point to one event, or more likely, a sequence of events occurring over a short or long period of time in history.”

“Sam, let me make sure I understand you,” Molly replied with a puzzled expression. “Are you saying these four horsemen could have happened individually over any period of time since 68 AD?”

“Yes, and much more, Molly. We need to examine each horseman individually, starting with you,” he stated, as he tapped the first horseman. “For us to waste any time trying to figure out the other seals or horsemen would be futile. What in the hell have I been thinking all these years? The other three horsemen occur after the first horseman appears on the earth. Finding the event, Molly, that may be the key to this whole mystery. We solve the first mystery, and we may well solve them all,” Sam said. Smiling at the poster, he spoke to the 4Horsemen, “You can run, but you cannot always hide. I believe this time I will uncover your hidden mystery, and when I do, I intend to reveal your secrets to the entire world.”

“Sam, you speak as if the poster’s alive.”

“Over the years, Molly, our share of lovers’ spats equal that of any normal relationship,” Sam said, smiling. “Now, where were we? Notice the sequence, Molly,” he said pointing to the text of the first seal. “Read it together with me.”

“Now I saw when the Lamb opened one of the seals; and I heard one of the four living creatures saying with a voice like thunder, ‘Come and see.’” 2 And I looked, and behold, a white horse. He who sat on it had a bow; and a crown was given to him, and he went out conquering and to conquer.”

“The operative word is WHEN, Molly, with no specificity in time, to determine when ‘when’ happens,” he said, laughing. “I think I just had a President Clinton moment. Remember when he said, ‘It depends on what the word ‘is’ ‘is’ ... now I get it. Look at the beginning of the other three verses; they all start with the word when.

“When he opened the second seal – When he opened the third seal – When he opened the fourth seal. WHEN could happen at anytime in history; it could be an event in the past, present, or future. The important question for us, Molly, is how do we find WHEN? The answer: by finding the rider.

“We will need a lot of wisdom to uncover the mystery of the first horseman.

The rider's identity is the remaining part of the verse, and who he is – is the mystery. Read it with me, *'And I looked, and behold, a white horse. He who sat on it had a bow; and a crown was given to him, and he went out conquering and to conquer.'* If WHEN is still in the future, the best we could hope for is to recognize the rider if we live that long. Now this will be our hermeneutic principle."

"Herma-what? For the second time, tell me what herma means, Sam," pleaded Molly.

"Hermeneutics, Molly, are the rules and tools scholars use when they study, especially biblical scripture. In our rules and tools, we will use every credible history book, including the Bible, as well as all credible historical religious writings. We will not accept opinion or any thesis drawing information from an unverifiable, non-creditable source. We must have two credible history sources from the same event, in order for us to accept the event as a possible candidate for matching the identity of our first horseman.

"In this instance, the way we identify WHEN is by searching history for the description of our first rider. We will not find the rider easily because biblical prophets spoke in a poetic manner using symbolism, or word pictures. Biblical prophets used terms like 'the skies falling from the heavens,' and 'the stars in heaven shaken.' Even Jesus spoke like a prophet, when he said, 'I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven.' The white horse may be prophetic symbolism. I don't believe we need to identify the horse; we need to identify the first horseman.

"Mysteries are a mystery because of their obscurity. We will need to focus on 'a crown was given to him, and he went out conquering and to conquer.' That denotes a ruler who was conquering, and to conquer, which in and of itself is a mystery. The way the words conquering and to conquer are used, makes no sense. I have asked myself a thousand times, what the fuck is he talking about using a phrase like that? I promise you, it will be a riddle of some kind in world history. For the first time in a long time, I really believe we are going to find the first horseman. I have not felt this positive in many years." Smiling at her, he said, "When I think of how this all came about, I am blown away.

"A few weeks ago, I leave the university and buy a bar, complements of the university. Then I hire a little eves-dropping snitch, who listens to five leftover radical hippies developing a method of study in my bar.

"Your persistence to study has gotten me so excited about life again and reignited my desire to solve the mystery, unlike any other time in the past. Just a short time ago, I was ready to give up again, and now look where we are. It is amazing."

“Sam, you don’t recognize how unique you really are, do you? The understanding you gave on how to look for and find the first horseman was brilliant,” Molly exclaimed. “Call my intuition what you will, but my obsession with the 4Horsemen led me to you. In my heart, I believe you’re about to solve the greatest mystery in all of history, and when you do, it will be for the good of the world. I know it’s going to happen, Sam. I am so grateful to be a part of this.”

“Thank you, Molly, for your kind words of encouragement. Since I am a betting man, I would bet that you were sent here with a purpose. Since your arrival, events are moving quickly. I suspect there is something behind everything happening in both our lives at this time.” Looking at her with a serious expression, Sam whispered, “What I am about to tell you is so bizarre I am afraid you will think me crazy. If you tell anyone this story, I will deny it. I want to explain the power you feel in this room.”

“Sam, I thought I was crazy, or that you were immune to those feelings it generates.”

“No, I am not immune, and I warn you, it can get very strong. About ten years ago, I was exhausted after hours of study and a half a bottle of scotch. Tired, but not ready for bed, I lay down flat on my back near that stack of books, looking up at the 4Horsesmen. Feeling like a dog chasing his tail for over twenty-years, I was seriously contemplating tearing this room apart and throwing the contents into the garbage. This power you feel entered the room for the first time. At first, I thought it was too much scotch, but the power kept increasing. Laying right there, flat on my back, staring at the poster, all 4Horsemen came to life. Fear froze me to the floor, rendering me unable to move. My next thought was ‘have I lost my mind from too much study?’ That quickly changed back to enormous fear, when one at a time, the horses became larger than life and began rearing up on their hind legs. Each horseman rode around the room, individually. I sat up and crawled backwards with my back up against the desk. The horses snorted at me with flared nostrils and raging wildness in their eyes. The anger towards me radiated with such ferocity; the veins popped out all over their heads.

“As they walked around the room, the horses fought to free themselves from the grasp of their riders, in order to stomp me with their hooves. Showing their teeth, they lowered their heads lunging, trying to bite me. The riders fixed their eyes on me with a haunting stare. I will never forget each of them pulling their horse back within inches of killing me.”

“That power continued to fill the room. Going through my body, it felt like a giant magnetic x-ray. Overwhelmed by the power, I lost all consciousness, waking the next morning still lying up against the desk.

My mind searched for truth, asking for the next few weeks if it was reality or a dream, until I realized the power remained in this room. I do not know if it happened as a warning against stopping, but I do know that since that night the power has never left this room. You are the first person I have ever invited into this room. The day I asked you to come over to study, I kicked my ass all day. Tonight, as I watched your reaction to the power, I believe every step we have taken together, was not by accident; it was by design. Speaking of design, tell me how you know so much about cars.”

“I don’t, Sam. I almost peed in my panties when you told me what was under the cover. Get a load of this: you happen to own exactly the same car RC owned before he went to Thailand. How strange is that? I am not even going to try to figure that one out. Freak you out or what? If it comes alive and tries to eat me, will you let me hide under your desk?”

“Funny, very funny; I knew I should not have told you anything. I thought after your ‘let’s be honest, Sam,’ comment at the bar, I owed you some honest insight about me. So yes,” he answered smiling, “I will let the car eat you, because you are such a little snitch I have one more question. Why did the lawyer secretly palm you the money?”

Surprised, Molly asked, “You saw him?”

“Yes, I did, and am pleased you gave it back. My reason for mentioning this, I prefer you do not conduct any side business at Woodstock69.”

“Oh, I get it, we can overthrow the government, blow shit up, or have a radical tea party, but pussy, keep that out of the bar,” she laughed. “What on earth do you think the girls and guys do in your bar, Sam?” Watching Sam’s face, Molly assured him, “It’s a fucking joke, Sam. I would never do that! The money was a lame come-on by a dirt bag lawyer. I took care of the issue in a respectful, professional manner. Besides,” she teased, as she pulled her skirt above mid thigh, “this would cost much more than a hundred, don’t you think?”

Looking at her, Sam replied, “Molly, I may have to change the hundred dollar dashboard offer. You drive the car and pop the clutch. If I win, I get to peek under your hood.”

Laughing together, Molly smiled, wondering if there were anyway Sam knew what she had written on the money.

“Let’s do some digging, and see if this first rider is a past event. You take that stack of old history books, and I will take these,” Sam said. As they settled down to study, the midnight hour approached.

The power of ‘Wisdom’ smiled, watching them study. The purpose and destiny of their lives was exactly on schedule.



*“Remember, democracy never lasts long.
It soon wastes, exhausts, and murders itself.
There never was a democracy yet
that did not commit suicide.”*

– John Adams –

Early morning breakfast, two parts coffee, one part bourbon. Showered, shaved, and shampooed, Steve sat behind his desk, pouring bourbon into his coffee. After a small sip, he added more bourbon. ‘Make that two parts bourbon and one part coffee,’ he thought. ‘Some people like their cream in coffee just right; I like my bourbon just right.’ Dressed for work, wearing a perfectly starched white shirt and Versace tie, Steve had no intention of going to his office today. As a criminal defense attorney and the last living member of his family’s legal dynasty, he considered his career choice a total wash.

Opening a locked drawer with a false bottom, he took out a shiny cylinder of cocaine. High strung, wired, and nervous, with a slight shake to his hands, he took a hit of cocaine, shaking his head to clear the morning cobwebs. For months, his mind had been a myriad of unstable, random thoughts that had recently deteriorated – into frequent thoughts of suicide.

Several years ago, when he first began self-medicating his guilty conscience with booze and drugs, they seemed to help. Now the explosive combination served as jet fuel for the already ignited conflict within his seared conscience. Within the last year, Steve’s mannerisms increasingly became more schizophrenic in nature. When the voices screamed their loudest, he was sure other people could hear them. Consequently, he became paranoid around his office staff and clients. He was sure others were judging him because they knew about the felonious actions his soul had privately committed.

Leaning back in the large wingback chair, he turned on Fox News to see if they were running a story on the upcoming execution. Nothing. He continued flipping through the channels as rapidly as the cocaine raced through his brain. ‘Not a goddamned word on any channel.’ Disgusted, his rancid mind began its daily evaluation and personal self-destruction. Taking another snort of cocaine, he slapped his face excitedly from the rush, and then poured another bourbon and coffee. ‘There now, that’s much better.’

Reaching into the desk drawer, he took out a locked box and set the 38 snub-nose revolver on the desk. ‘Don’t do it! FUCK YOU!’ Opening the chamber, he removed five bullets from the cylinder and stuck the barrel into his mouth. First thought, ‘The steel feels cold; I hate the taste of gun oil; that nub on the end of the barrel is a bit uncomfortable on the roof of my mouth.’ Second thought, ‘You forgot to spin the cylinder, idiot; fuck that, just pull the fucking trigger, you coward. Listen to me, you don’t need to spin the cylinder, just pull the goddamn trigger!’ Taking the gun out of his mouth, he spun the cylinder with one bullet in the chamber, and immediately stuck the barrel back into his mouth. Third thought, ‘Hold that thought,’ as he heard his wife Sharon call to him, “Honey, I’m leaving. Do you have any extra cash on you? The dry cleaners changed their policy; they only take cash, so it will save me a stop at the ATM.”

Pulling the barrel from his mouth and sliding the bullets and gun into the top drawer, he answered, “Sure babe, look on my dresser for my keys and wallet. NO WAIT! I’ll get it.” He remembered the bill Molly returned last night; he leaped from his chair and raced to the dresser. Grabbing his wallet, he held it towards him, as if looking inside, as Sharon walked through the doorway. “Damn, I must have used it; I’m sorry, babe, you will have to stop by the ATM. Maybe you should get another cleaner.”

“Don’t be silly, dear; we have used him for ten years, he is the best. Besides, you know how picky I am. You do like the way he does your shirts and suits, don’t you?”

“Yes I do, babe,” he answered, kissing her cheek as if she were his mother. “I have a busy day, so I will be home late.”

“No you don’t, Steve-O. We have a seven o’clock dinner with George and Mary. Have you forgotten again?” she replied.

“Oops, I’ll see you around six,” he said, smiling at her as she left.

‘What a shallow drink of water,’ he thought. ‘I should have had a prenop when I married her. Who knew what a prenop was back then; besides, in the beginning, she was the one with the money.’ Sharon was a polite person with extremely shallow life experiences. The only brat daughter of a snobbish society family, socialite parties, and community functions were the entirety of her life experiences. She loved everything about the socialite status. A real crusader, she was constantly involved with multiple causes; help us save this building, restore the park, or help a poor family whose trailer home burned down. Her best public performance was her annual appearance on television, during the holidays. Wearing a ridiculous Santa hat, she dressed to the nines in Gucci as she served meals to the homeless. Steve always got a good laugh from that one.

She was okay in bed, if you could get her drunk. However, the social butterfly was a light drinker. Steve made it a point to fuck her a handful of times each year, whether she liked it or not. He did so out of anger and frustration because of her low sex drive, rather than actual passion for her. She was an attractive woman with a one-kid body, keeping herself well preserved with injection treatments. Steve was sure she knew he had affairs over the course of their marriage, but she chose to look the other way. Her sex drive ranked number one out of ten, with ten being the highest. Her number one drive was parties and social events, followed by shopping for the latest fashions.

Walking into the study after Sharon's departure, he thought, 'Well, that has to be at least one hundred times or more that I've tried to blow my brains out, to no avail. What a chicken shit you are. Maybe I should give Allen a call and let him know I tried again. Maybe not; perhaps the day will yield a successful try.' Calling his office, he instructed them to cancel all his appointments today. "I don't give a rat's ass, Mary; just cancel everything."

Pouring out the cold coffee/bourbon mixture, he poured three heavy fingers of bourbon into a fresh glass. A collector of everything about John Adams, Steve owned copies of every document ever written by or about the former President and his family. Looking across the room at a large framed picture of his only hero, President John Adams, he began questioning the picture as any lawyer would question a witness on the stand. "How did you do it? Where did you find the tenacity to stand against all odds, defending British soldiers at the Boston massacre? Didn't you stop to think how much everyone would hate you?"

Every case Steve argued in court always contained a famous quote from President Adams. Judges would often remark at the outset of a hearing, "I suppose you will be sharing another infamous quote from President Adams with us today, Counselor. Why don't you share them before we begin, so we can move right along today, Counselor?" Some judges, being a bit tired of his endless references, often reminded Steve the law had progressed since President Adams, which always drew the quick response, "Has it really, Your Honor?"

Taking the gun out of the drawer, he laid it on the desk. Drinking the nearly full glass of bourbon, he scanned the many framed quotes from President Adams. He reread his favorite quote for what must have been, the ten-thousandth time:

"Remember, democracy never lasts long. It soon wastes, exhausts, and murders itself. There never was a democracy yet that did not commit suicide." – President John Adams –

Slumping into his chair, he began to shake nervously as his mind screamed, ‘What about the intentional fucking murder of an innocent man by the justice system? Is that where democracy wastes, exhausts, and murders itself, Steve? What have you done?’ The phrases kept repeating ever so loudly. Putting his hands over his ears, he then began pulling his hair and ears, in a vain attempt to control or stop the screaming phrases from echoing in his head. Suddenly, he jumped out of the chair, walked to the corner, and began violently banging his head against the wall. Each time his head hit the wall, he repeated the phrase, “Oh, God, please help me; what have I done?” Just as suddenly, he stopped and stood erect staring into the corner, like a disobedient child. Spinning around, his eyes were completely wild. “Unfucking believable! Where in the world did that come from? I don’t even know if I believe in God.”

Grasping for sanity, he walked over to the picture of John Adams and began questioning the image, as a lawyer, once again. “How could you have known such wisdom about democracy in its infantile stage?” Shouting at the picture, “YOU SAID, ‘There never was a democracy yet that did not commit suicide.’ Guess what I find so ironic about your statement, Mr. President. I stand before you a guilty man, trying to find the balls to blow my goddamned brains out, and no one realizes the entire country has already committed suicide.”

Walking behind his desk, he poured another drink. After a long pause, he held the glass up as a toast to the picture, saying, “Welcome to America, the land of the living dead. The entire nation committed suicide a long time ago, Mr. President, so what happens after that, oh wise one?”

“If you saw the Supreme Court today, and how they shred the Constitution one word at a time, you never would have nominated John Marshall; you would have hung him. Let me give you an example of what you accomplished with Marshall’s expansion of power. I know your son Charles died early, an alcoholic and a disappointment to you, but he was still your son. Let’s say, as you and Abigail bury your son in a private ceremony at your home in Quincy, and a crowd of protestors show up, shouting they are glad Charles is dead. They shout even louder at Abigail, telling her God killed him as judgment against the nation because men in America are sucking cocks.” Laughing wildly, Steve exclaimed, “Damn, I would have given anything to be there to watch your reaction. I have a feeling the government you founded would have locked your ass up for murder that day. Welcome to the land of the living dead, Mr. President. The Supreme Court says their comments are the exercise of free speech. Is that what you intended?”

I didn't think so. Please explain to the jury how you knew democracy would MURDER ITSELF!" Then just as quickly his emotions changed, and Steve calmly, "Answer the question. Your Honor, would you instruct the witness to answer the question, and I ask to treat him as a hostile witness."

Sitting back in his chair, he continued speaking to the picture. "Everything about the judicial system is broken; crooked judges, crooked cops, and the last category, where you will find me, crooked lawyers," as he guzzled the bourbon, directly from the bottle. "How did I ever end up like this?" Beginning to crying, he said, "I started out trying to be like you, Mr. President. Today, I sit here as the only person who can stop the murder of an innocent man, while the coward that lives within me asks, at what price to me personally? If the American people think anything is 'just' about the judicial system, they are the brain dead. Show me one person who believes the criminal justice system is fair, on any level, and I will bet you my last dollar that person never had charges brought against them.

"Ken and Barbie are too busy making money and being good taxpaying citizens to comprehend the justice system is broken. I will bet you that even Ken and Barbie know the system is a mess, if they've ever been sued," he said, laughing loudly. "What an illusion the American people live in."

Taking another snort of cocaine, he suddenly began shaking internally. 'What is this? It feels like my organs are climbing out of my body, through my skin.' Sobbing, his mind lurched, screaming in conviction again, 'What about the intentional fucking murder of an innocent man by the justice system? Is that where democracy wastes, exhausts, and murders itself, Steve? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?'

Like a pinball bouncing off the flippers in a heavily sloped machine, his mind flooded with suicidal thoughts. Unable to stop the game, Steve instinctively knew, with each flip, of the ball his mind was destined to slip between the bottom two flippers, into the hole. Game over!

His volatile mind, swinging like a pendulum from one extreme to the next, calmed briefly as he remembered the money he had given to Molly. On impulse, his mind lurched again, bouncing off the pinball flipper. 'There's no reason for Sharon to find out about this; I better shred it. Idiot, what do you care? You're not leaving her a note. You know what Sharon will do if you grow some balls and pop yourself; she will go shopping for the best black Vera Wang dress she can find. The day after she drops your ass in the ground, she'll be at the next social event.'

Opening his wallet, he removed the folded bill, remembering how Molly had returned it, effectively rejecting his inebriated attempt at contact last night.

‘She has to be the finest, sexually raw, attractive woman I have ever seen in my life. Writing your number on a C-note, what the hell were you thinking? She is too classy for that kind of a dumbass approach.’

Always a lawyer, Steve stood to his feet, mocking his own hypocrisy and acting as if he were in court. Unfolding the bill, he waved it in the air as he leaned over his shredder, saying, “Exhibit number one, Your Honor; once again I am shredding the evidence.” Straightening the bill for the shredder, he noticed an “X” through his phone number with a note written below. Holding it under the small office light on his desk, he read, “For you, fun starts at 1K and up,” with Molly’s phone number written next to it. ‘Holy shit, I would have paid five grand for a crack at her.’ As his mind, bounced off of the flippers again, he thought, ‘maybe one last piece of ass before I check out.’ Picking up the phone, he dialed Molly’s number.

Two hours later, Steve pulled back into the garage at home. Entering his study from the garage hallway, he walked directly to his desk and poured another glass of bourbon, followed by back-to-back hits of cocaine. Opening the drawer, he laid the gun on the desk. Suddenly, he stood up, swallowed the bourbon in one giant gulp, and slammed the glass onto the desk with such violence, it popped out of his hand. With a crazed look in his eyes, he picked up the gun, spun the dial, stuck the barrel in his mouth, and pulled the trigger.

CLICK!

Slumping into his seat with his hands shaking, he picked up the phone and called Allen. “Allen, I did it. I finally grew some balls and pulled the goddamned trigger.”

“Promise me that you will put the gun in the case and wait for me to get there, Steve.”

Without another word, Steve hung up the phone. Every human emotion raced through his mind: fear, sorrow, pity, shame, sadness, and then he began complimenting himself. ‘It’s about time, Steve-O; you finally grew a pair of balls big enough to pull the fucking trigger! See what I told you ... you are not a chickenshit, after all, you are da man!’ His dangerously unstable mind began to shout, ‘FINISH the job, you idiot, now you know you can do it. WAKE UP, STUPID! Nothing is going to change.’ Curiosity seized his mind as he wondered if he could do it again without killing himself. Spinning the dial he stuck the gun in his mouth, as a pounding sound came from the front, rear, and garage doors all at once. Hearing shouts of, “POLICE, open the door,” Steve slid the gun into the drawer thinking, ‘Oh, great, my courtroom criminal buddies in blue.’ The garage door leading into the study was suddenly kicked open.

“Are you all right, Mr. Whitman?” Officer Donnelly asked.

“Of course I am, Thomas. What is this about?”

“We received an anonymous call, saying you were being threatened in your home by someone with a gun.” Shouts of “all clear” began to echo from other rooms as three more officers from the dark side entered the study.

Smiling, Steve started off with, “Let me see, breaking and entering without probable cause, damage to a six-hundred-dollar door.”

Allen walked into the room asking, “What’s going on, Steve?”

“Seems someone is playing a little joke of some kind, Allen, and the officers just stripped me of my constitutional rights to privacy,” he replied, laughing nervously as he held the edge of the desk with both hands to steady himself.

“Sorry about the door, Steve, but we had probable cause. We’ll be on our way,” said Officer Donnelly as they left.

Looking at Allen with the hollow eyes of a soulless man, Steve fell to his knees, grabbing Allen as he began to weep uncontrollably. For over ten minutes, he clung to Allen like a child to a blanket. Every time they met, Allen hoped for a breakthrough, but Steve refused to talk about what was truly bothering him. Giving him a towel, Allen walked to the garage. Pressing the opener, he closed the main garage door for privacy and walked to the kitchen to brew some coffee. Completely fetal at this point, Steve lay on the floor, sobbing quietly, similar to a baby left alone by its parents to cry itself out.

With the initial emotional release slowly subsiding, Allen asked, “Are you ready to talk Steve?” After a long silence, Allen, then said, “Listen to me, if you do not want to talk this out, I’m left with no option but to file a report with the police reporting your attempted suicide.”

“No, it’s time, Allen. Thanks for everything you did today. As your lawyer, I must also remind you that you are under doctor/patient confidentiality rules. Our discussions must remain private. I still have enough juice in the justice system to destroy you completely,” Steve answered.

“Do not threaten me, Steve; I know the laws of confidentiality.” Handing him coffee, Allen insisted, “Drink this.”

Getting up, he sat in the corner and began to speak without looking up. “You know, Allen, after graduating from law school, I had such pure dreams for making a real difference. My goal was to defend the accused poor people charged with a serious crime. That part of society never gets a good lawyer, and I was determined to be a qualified combatant on their behalf. My plan was simple: sue every rich bastard, for any reason, for the funds to help underprivileged people.

“In our justice system the government provides the accused with a cheap rookie public defender, who works way too close with the prosecutor’s office. I was out to change the game of forcing the accused to cut a deal because of inept representation. If you charged my client, you had better realize that I would come to court as a highly skilled criminal and constitutional lawyer. I was going to make damn sure everyone in the justice system was doing their job correctly. I was not naïve about my clients, Allen. As a realist, I expected that several of my clients actually committed a crime. To a good defense lawyer, that is never the issue. When I came to court, the evidence better be clean, with nothing planted, and no coercion or tampering with any witnesses. The records, as well as all documents, better not be altered, and certainly, no one had violated my client’s due process rights under the constitution. Now, that’s a fight I loved, and the reason why I went to law school. I never entered a courtroom or took a case to defend the murderers, rapists, child molesters, or bank robbers. Like a junkyard dog, my purpose was to guard the justice system against illegal activities, within the system. This actions protected the rights of every American to a fair trial, by a jury of their peers. My job was to keep them honest, and the power fragmented. It was a tough one, Allen. Defending the scum of the earth was one thing, but fighting a corrupt judicial system is another. Now that, my friend, is an unwinnable fight. In less than three years, I had total burn-out.

“As a young lawyer, when I defended an accused thief, rapist, or murderer, I became the John Adams of our day, defending the British soldiers at the Boston massacre.” Pointing to the statue of blind justice on his desk, Steve continued. “She was my standard; most people do not understand the meaning behind her, even though she appears in every courthouse. She is supposed to be the personification of justice. The equally balanced scales in her hand represents truth and fairness for the accused. Before a trial began, I made sure the other side did not stack any unfair prejudices or lies against my client on those scales. If I protected those scales, Allen, I protected the judicial system for all Americans.”

“I never looked at it like that, Steve. I thought you were just another bleeding heart liberal from a wealthy legal family, with a guilty conscience,” said Allen.

Dismissing Allen’s opinion Steve continued. “It gets better, Allen, because that blindfold tied over her eyes is how we determine what we place on the scales. You see, a blindfolded lady of justice is the only way we can certify the scales of truth and fairness are properly balanced before a trial. What does blind justice mean for people charged with a crime?

It means that I work to keep the blindfold on everyone in the legal system, during the entire judicial process. The blindfold makes sure that justice views everyone objectively, based only on the fair and truthful facts of the case. This way, anyone can stand in a courtroom without fear of prejudice. Favor cannot be given to a person just because they are powerful in the community. Nor can blind justice consider a person with low income as less favorable. Blind justice cannot consider the color of your skin or how much money you have. If justice is truly blind, it does not matter who a person is, or what they have done outside of the case against them.

“The only issues allowed in the courtroom, against my clients, were the facts and evidence of the case and nothing else.” Shouting in an angry tone, “If you are going to convict one of my clients, you better damn sure get every piece of evidence and fact accurate. They better measure up to blind justice! Calming, Steve, took a deep breath and said, “Allen, by my third year, I was a total burn out and finally realized that I was the only blind idiot in court.”

Picking up the statue, Steve said, “This blind justice symbol is just another one of America’s many foolish symbolic illusions.” He tossed the statue into the trash. Looking at Allen, Steve smiled, saying, “Blind justice, the scales to truth and fairness, they sounded real good the way I described her, hey, Allen?”

“Yes, they did, Steve; you had me convinced of the importance of your position in the justice system.”

“I was damn good in court. The day after my graduation, I never realized that I, or a thousand people like me, stood a chance of changing the corrupt justice system that was already in place. Who are they kidding; justice has never been blind or equal for the poor or any racial minority in the entire history of America. Anyone who says otherwise is an uneducated white racist.”

Standing erect, he boldly quoted, “*We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.*”

“Since the beginning of this country, a black slave, accused of murdering her white master because he raped her, never stood a chance of making her case in a courtroom. If she had made it, I assure you, a jury of white Thomas Jefferson slave owners would have hung her. Justice is not blind, Alan, she is a fucking prostitute! In this country, the one with the right skin color, or the most money, still wins her corrupt favor in court.”

Stopping him, Allen said, “Steve, this is all very interesting, but you have to tell me what is wrong with you?”

“I am telling you, Allen. Are you listening to a word I’ve said? How can you help me, if you don’t fully understand me?”

“Point made,” Allen, replied.

“If the justice system were really blind, Allen, then every American should have access to OJ Simpson’s dream team, or Michael Jackson’s lawyers. Can you imagine a justice system without money involved?”

“No, I cannot,” Allen replied.

“Thank you; we both know justice cannot be blind, because the scales of justice are controlled by stacks of money, not truth or fairness. The American people aren’t stupid, Allen; they realize money buys justice. But they are dumb enough to let the system continue.

“In my entire legal career, I have never met an honest cop, including my uncle, the sheriff who used to beat blacks during the riots. Every cop in my home today is a ruthless, crooked bastard from the dark side. In my young heart, I wanted to be superman, the defender of the downcast, the man waving the torch of blind justice for all. Come to me, I can help you. If the prosecutor convicted you on my watch, it was because, beyond a reasonable doubt, you were guilty, the evidence was clean, and no one had violated your rights. When that happened, I never had a problem.”

After a long pause, Steve continued, “I should have known from day one how corrupt the system really was. My first case contained everything imaginable: planted evidence, police lying, a crooked judge, and a prosecutor out to make a political name for himself. The judge made so many rulings outside the scope of law; he privately told me in chambers that if I appealed, I might win. I lost my first case because the ‘self-appointed system of right’ was out to lock up the man for any length of time. My client probably committed the crime, but without the fabricated bullshit from the cops, he would never have served time. Anyone who thinks that kind of justice system is okay, better hope they never walk into a criminal courtroom. Appeals can take years in some instances, and if the appeals bench is sympathetic with the ruling judge, overturning the lower court’s ruling is unlikely. Over the years, I filed over three-hundred wrongfully convicted appeals because of a corrupt judicial system.

“After three hard-fought years, I became the laughing stock of the court, because I would not bend the rules of procedure. The prosecutors railroaded every person they wanted to put away. Even with my valiant efforts for blind justice, the prosecutor’s office was methodically exhausting my funds and time.

I won the cases they had little interest in: first-time offenders, petty cases of theft, forgery, and some small drug cases. Every time they wanted to railroad someone, I was overruled on every objection. Filing appeals took valuable time and buried me with massive amounts of paperwork. I truly felt like a one-armed man who had taken a knife to a gunfight.

“For me, everything changed the day an ‘investigator’ from State Attorney General William Barclay’s office walked past my secretary into my office, unannounced. Interrupting a session with my client, he said, ‘I have several critical issues to discuss with you in private.’ My first response, as I ushered him out, was, ‘Who the fuck do you think you are, pal? Get in line like everyone else.’ Waving a large envelope in front of me he asked, ‘Are you sure?’ Curious about the contents I thought, ‘This guy is way above the county prosecutor’s authority, so maybe the attorney general sent this guy for a good reason. What could it be?’ I invited the arrogant bastard back into my office, and the first words out of his mouth were, ‘You must be busier than a one-arm paperhanger, with the number of appeals you have filed. Are you finally ready to talk, Steve?’ ‘What do you want,’ I asked him. He explained to me how things could go much better, and that I could win more cases if I would only recognize, some people are just career criminals. ‘These particular individuals need to be put away for any length of time. I think even you recognize the need, Steve. This is how the system works nowadays, Steve, not with your superman mentality. Why don’t you take your cape off, and let’s work together putting away the bad guys? You can have the non-career criminals without the fights or the expenses, and end your exhausting costly appeals.’ Looking at him, I said nothing. He knew the appeals were costing a small fortune in money and time.

“Again, I asked him, ‘What is it you want?’ His reply was, ‘we want Marion Barker.’ Marion was real scum; I had defended him no less than seven times over the previous five years. Three of those cases were about Marion forcing women to suck his dick in a public park. Two women eventually refused to testify; the third had such a sleazy reputation that the jury bought the claim she had consensual sex. Even with the bogus police evidence, false reports, and a corrupt judge overruling my objections, I beat them, and they did not like it.

“Like a trained rat, I began to understand how to outfox their courtroom poison. I figured out they were intentionally baiting me to object. They were using me against myself. In my valor to keep them honest, I would object to their antics, and the judge would ‘overrule,’ making me look stupid to the jury. Often, the judge would correct me with personal comments when I was overruled.

By doing this, they took the focus off the facts, causing the jury to focus more on me being an inept idiot than the facts about the case. Once I woke up and stopped allowing them to make me a distraction, I think they realized I was becoming a serious opponent.

“Frankly, Marion was too smart for them; remarkably, he left little evidence. Evidently, he worked alone, and most importantly, he never talked about what he did with anyone. This time it was the same bunch of crap. Marion had supposedly forced a 12-year-old girl suck his cock in a public park. Marion’s DNA matched the semen, but my investigator had established a strong alibi that would have been hard to dispute. Even with a crooked judge, false evidence, and the little girl’s testimony, Marion’s alibi was one any jury would not be able to easily dismiss.

“The prosecutor’s investigator told me point blank, ‘lose the alibi, Steve.’ ‘You know this guy committed the other crimes, and it appears he is getting worse. For God’s sake, Steve, he is after 12-year-old little girls. Do you believe, for one second, a 12-year-old would make this stuff up?’ I had interviewed the little girl, and she was extremely convincing as a witness, and quite honestly, my biggest concern if we were going to trial. A jury does not like to see a child heavily questioned and crying on the witness stand. When I spoke to Marion, he kept swearing he did not do it, not a little girl. He had no history with children. I suspected they fabricated the DNA from a condom he used with his ex-girlfriend. She was a real dooper, and I think the cops pressured her to deliver a used condom. She was on my witness list, and I think they were concerned she might give up the whole cover-up under my questioning.

“I remember my own words after he asked me to lose the alibi: ‘I told him I can’t do that.’ He looked at me smiling and said, ‘I understand, superman, and I also understand congratulations are in order. Isn’t your Lois Lane expecting soon?’ He got up, tossed the envelope on my desk, and began walking out of my office. Opening the envelope, I saw a picture of the babysitter and me, in my car. ‘You cheap fuck; do you think this matters? She’s legal.’ ‘Yes, we know, Steve. Does your wife know her age, as well? Have you considered your public image if this were to end up as news headlines? Local attorney caught having sex in his car with a ‘barely legal’ teen. You know, my friends in blue may have a few other documents and photos you might like to see, as well. It all depends on how you want the story to unfold on the news.’ He looked at me, cold as ice, and said, ‘See you in court, Counselor. You will learn to work with me, or I assure you, I will destroy you, and make you a public spectacle.’

“Marion got 25-years-to-life. They offered him fifteen years in a deal, but Marion swore his innocence and turned the deal down. The alibi became a wash because of the way I presented it, allowing prosecutors to easily poke holes in it. I believe he was innocent, Allen; the little girl picked out the wrong man.” Sighing deeply, Steve said, “That was my first time. I sold Marion for my own hide. I became a part of the American ‘self-righteous corrupt system’ of justice. There have been over a thousand deals since then.

“I went to the prosecutor’s office when they were ready to execute Raymond Martin last year, explaining that I could not let it happen. The prosecutor knew I had enough information to get a new trial, and maybe exonerate him. You know what they did, Allen? They never got out of their chairs. They sat laughing at me as if I were a standup comedian. ‘Why, Steve, we are surprised at you; somehow we don’t think ‘Society Sharon’ would agree that an orange prison jumpsuit matches with your chickenshit yellow skin. Now, get out of this office before we have a breaking news conference showing how you falsified documents against your own cases. Go home to your family, Steve.’”

Getting up from the corner, he took the bottle of bourbon from the desk and drank from it like a drunken cowboy in a bar. Reaching into the drawer, he took out a shiny cylinder, unscrewed the tip, and stuck it up his nose as he took a hit of cocaine. “This is how I survive, Allen, booze and drugs. They executed Raymond Martin, as you know, and I have three others on death row. Billy Williams is an evil, immoral man, but he is completely innocent of the crime they charged him with. How can I look the other way and let another innocent man die?” Shaking and crying again, he continued, “I started out so full of pure hopes and dreams. These corrupt bastards sucked the life out of me. I not only became a part of the same system I despised in the 60s, but I actually helped them infect the nation with their poison. I feel as if my life is a total waste, and has been so destructive to others.”

“Steve, I want you to listen to me. First, tell me, how many guns do you have?” asked Allen.

“Only the one.”

“Give it to me, and I am going to give you this. It will make you sleep for a few hours, very peacefully. I will meet with you tomorrow morning, and we will talk at length about a few solutions for you to consider. Will you show up tomorrow?”

“Yes I will, Allen,” Steve said handing him the gun case. They embraced one another as friends. Still weeping, Steve said, “Thanks, Allen.”

“You bet. Now get in bed; the pill works pretty quickly.”

“Steve, wake up dear, or we will be late. What are you doing in bed? It’s so unlike you. How was your day? Mine was fabulous; we had a gathering at the museum and then ...”

Sitting on the side of the bed, as Sharon kept speaking, Steve realized he would not stop the execution. ‘Tomorrow is a new day. I am walking away from my wasted life as a crooked self-preserving lawyer.’ Sharon continued talking about her day, as always. Observing her but not hearing her, Steve thought, ‘You know, maybe this ditz of a social butterfly is one up on everyone else. To her, the world is all hearts and flowers out your ass.’ Stepping from the shower, and seeing him watching her she immediately said, “There will be none of that tonight Steve-O; I have a very busy day tomorrow.”

Smiling, he replied, “So do I, sweetie.” Looking at her body, he thought, ‘Wow. That was the best blowjob of my life today. My energies are going in another direction, after I close the office. I will find out where ‘we the people’ lost power and add Molly to my speed dial. God, I hate these dinners.’

Walking from behind her desk Scott’s receptionist Paula stepped out to greet Sam saying, “Professor Walker, how nice to meet you.”

“Likewise, I’m sure, Paula.” Flirting with her, Sam said, “You make that dress look terrific,” as he shook her hand and sniffed the air. “Wait a minute,” taking another sniff, he pulled her closer. “If I am correct, the dress is Dior, and the perfume, Notorious.”

“Professor, the rumors I heard about you, why, they are not rumors at all, are they?” Paula said, smiling.

“That depends on which rumor you’ve heard,” Sam replied looking her in the eyes.

Stepping back behind her desk Paula quickly placed a call on hold, asking Sam, “Is there any way at all, that I, can assist you today, Professor.”

“I am afraid if you did the caller would be on hold all day, and the congressman would be in need of a new receptionist,” Sam replied smiling. “I realize unannounced drop-ins are not the norm for the congressman, so perhaps I can make an appointment with you. I met the congressman personally for the first time last week in my bar, and hoped to discuss a few matters before he returns to Washington. Would it be possible to set an appointment to speak with the congressman before he returns?”

“Professor, you knew your charm and flattery would serve you well when you walked in the door. Honestly, the campus rumors alone did it for me when you walked in the door,” she said with a smile. “Please have a seat; let me check with Scott.” Excusing herself, she went through the doorway and into the hallway.

“Professor Walker, how are you? What a great honor it is to have you stop by,” Scott said, extending his hand as Sam entered his office. “We had a great time at your bar the other night. Please feel free to stop by most anytime when I am in town. Paula, hold my calls and please bring us some snacks and beverages when you have the time.”

“Thanks for seeing me on a drive-by basis, Congressman; I know time must be your biggest commodity.”

“Please call me Scott, Professor.”

“I will, if you call me Sam, Congressman.”

“Tell me what I ‘can do’ for you today?”

“First, let me say I hope my humor concerning your voting record was not offensive.”

“Not at all, Sam; if you haven’t noticed, in my profession, we cannot please everyone. I learned a long time ago how to turn off the response button to negative comments concerning my voting record.”

Smiling at Scott, Sam said, “Let me rephrase my statement. I find your voting record horrendous and no joking matter.” Scott stared across his desk with a puzzled expression as Sam smiled, saying, “Just testing the response button, Congressman.”

“Good, very good, Sam,” Scott said.

Laughing loudly, Sam commented, “From this side of the desk, your button also seems to be wired to that puzzled, dumbass look on your face.”

In a monotone voice, without smiling, Scott said, “Tell me Sam, what can I do for you today?”

“Scott, from what I understand, your group was very active in the 60s in various protest movements, as well as, helping to bring the Vietnam War to an end. Were you personally against the Vietnam War?”

“Sam, as a group of young boys we were very active. However, I hope you can appreciate that I cannot discuss any of our activities. In my position as a United States Congressman, I am certain you understand; that for me to engage in such a discussion with anyone would not be the wisest thing to do.”

“The reason I ask the question, Scott: it was my understanding that you were instrumental in introducing a radical challenge to the group last week. Please, correct me if I am wrong, but I understood you encouraged everyone to stop complaining about the government and actually do something. Were you instrumental in sending the group on a history search to discover where ‘we the people’ lost power, or was that another member?”

“No, it was me, Sam, and as you had warned me I was under the influence of way too many Chimay Blue labels; that is one strong beer. Sam, I think it will be an interesting search to occupy their time. However, I personally do not follow the same premise the group holds. I believe the people of this country may have lost some powers, but feel they still own control of the government. This whole ‘we the people’ losing power thing seems a bit overblown by my friends, don’t you think?”

“Actually, I do not, Scott. I think the government does what it wants to do without consulting the people.”

“For argument’s sake, let’s say everyone is correct and I am wrong. I would recommend that you take some time, get to know the men at the table, and take a long, hard look at their lives.”

“What do you mean?”

Leaning over his desk, Scott said, “Tell me, Sam, do you really believe a protesting preacher without morals, a broke builder, a burned-out lawyer, and a war hero with an imaginary friend are really capable of developing any sort of plan of action, against the United States government?” Laughing loudly, he continued, “Get serious, Sam; their own lives are extremely dysfunctional, and you think they can actually find out what’s wrong with the United States government? Wake up, Sam. You want a plan of action, here’s one: help them straighten out their own lives first. My friends can’t even fix themselves; much less fix anything in the government. They bitch at me about Washington politics every time we meet. All of them are clueless about how Washington really operates.”

After a long pause, Sam leaned forward over the desk and said, “I think you may have a valid point about your friends, Scott. The only problem I find with your analysis is that you left out a crooked politician with a poor voting record, who has a low opinion of his lifelong friends.”

“Ouch, you shoot hard and fast. Listen. Even if you include your low opinion of me in the scenario, we are all on the sunset side of life. None of us has enough fight left to undergo such a daunting, impossible challenge.” Laughing at Sam, Scott continued, “I am amazed at you Sam. You are such a gifted, smart man, and you came to see me on a rabbit hunt to find out if my dysfunctional, alcoholic friends are serious. Stop and think how really ridiculous the concept is of developing a plan of action against the United States government, Sam. In today’s world, I cannot conceive of anyone trying a collective action against the government. They will squash them like bugs. Give it up; we are no longer in the 60s, we all had our day in the sun. I assure you, at the end of the day, the only thing my friends will do is sit, talk, drink, and complain, about what they think should be done. Develop a plan of action, my ass. Sam, I am thinking about dropping out of the whole group meeting thing because frankly, I am tired of the endless bitching about the government every time we meet.”

“I have no doubt you know your friends better than I would, Scott, which is why I came to meet you. When I heard about your brilliant lead in the group, I thought perhaps there might be some hidden fire in your belly. I assumed that if you were a protester of the Vietnam War you might be an active radical of the 60s hiding in Washington, waiting to come out of the closet with real purpose. I now understand my assumptions concerning you were wrong. You are exactly as I perceived you to be when I met you. You are as repulsive as your voting record. I had hoped Molly was wrong when she told me your disesteemed friends joked that you only drove the car and sucked up to the cameras.

I noticed you dodged my question on your stance during the Vietnam War protests in the 60s, Scott. Your voting record is clear on both the Afghanistan and Iraq wars.”

Scott showed little emotion and no intimidation from Sam’s comments. “Sam, I voted for both wars and would vote for them again. They are in the best interest of the country and a matter of national security for this nation. I attended the classified meetings and reviewed the documents. I feel they provided solid reasoning for the invasions.”

“You cannot be serious, Scott; you know the intelligence was bad. Are you saying you would vote to invade Iraq again?”

“Yes, Sam. I found it was in the best interest of this nation and still is in the best interest of the nation that we attack terrorism everywhere.”

“My god, you sound like a political advertisement. Have you ever stopped to listen to yourself, Scott? For the first time in the history of this nation, we attacked another nation without provocation. You voted to do that and admit you would do it again. Have you lost all perspective Scott? If I took a rifle and shot my neighbor’s family because a man down the street told me they were going to attack my home, I would never get out of jail. There will never be a single benefit derived from either of those wars. To this day, not a soldier, politician, or the United States government is able to produce one benefit from the Vietnam War. Can you give me one, Scott?” Pausing briefly Sam continued, “I didn’t think so, and you will never be able to offer one benefit from Afghanistan or Iraq. This country is no more secure because of those wars, and you know it. Mark my words, Congressman, the dead or wounded soldiers in those illegitimate causes or their families will never receive a damn thing. Those tribal Arabs will never accept democracy as a form of government. The minute that last soldier leaves, the next Saddam Hussein will take over again. You and men like you in Washington are responsible for another tragedy of wasted American lives and destroyed families.”

Scott sat silently listening to Sam’s comments, as his eyes glared across the desk with intense disapproval.

Watching Scott’s expression, Sam forcefully said, “Before I leave, let me impregnate your mind with an image of your shame and guilt. I hope this one keeps you up at night. One barrel of oil contains 42 gallons. The adult human body contains 10 pints of blood. If we total all the deaths, to this present day, of everyone killed in your asshole war for the security of this nation, you have filled over 36,000 barrels with human blood. If you factor in the maimed amputees that you hide from, Scott; you know the ones that you have never visited in the hospital.

The ones with missing legs, arms, eyes, and their families ripped apart by your national security wars. Congratulations Scott, you have filled another 128,000 barrels with blood! Do not make me calculate the blood loss of their families. You are the butcher responsible for maiming their sons, and daughters! In all of your national security bullshit, Congressman, the American people will not receive one barrel of oil in exchange for the blood and maimed bodies of our young men and women. If any idiot in Washington had more sense than George Bush, they would have put 5000 commandos on the ground, with Arabic speaking wives. Imagine commandos, dressed as Muslims, infiltrating terrorist cells in Afghanistan, Iraq, and Pakistan, becoming a terror to the terrorists themselves. That would have been to simple, smart, and cheap wouldn't it?"

Cutting Sam off, Scott said, "Professor Walker, I am sorry, but I just remembered, I have an appointment in 10 minutes," Scott said as he pressed the speaker. "Paula, would you be so kind as to show the professor out? Perhaps we can continue your views on war at another time, Professor."

"I see it's time to sweep the barrels of human blood under the rug and hide them from your conscience. You were wrong about disconnecting your button, Congressman. The button in our mind connects to the conscience, and yours has never been connected, Congressman. I hope my words rob you of sleep."

"Ouch again, Sam. Let's see, that's two ouches for you, and none for me. So how about one little ouch for the professor, before you go? I understand you videotaped Senator Wilkins's daughter, Christina, while you fucked her. Professor, I am sure you must realize that filming her having sex with you without her permission, would be against the law. We also understand you used the tape ... to fuck the university. Technically, we call blackmailing the university into buying your new little bar a crime, as well. Again, Professor, we wouldn't recommend blackmail as a new profession."

"Who in the HELL is we?" Sam shouted.

Smiling like the cat that ate the canary, Scott calmly taunted, "Just one more small item, Sam, we wondered how you would explain in a court of law the full retention of your full salary as part of your retirement?" Sam sat silently, staring across the desk as Scott continued. "You know what I think, Professor? I think you need to take a long, hard look in the mirror before you speak to me concerning my voting record." Pausing, Scott said, "What's the matter, Sam, cat got your tongue?"

Standing to his feet, Sam wished he had his slapping stick with him for the side of Scott's head.

“Not at all, Congressman; all I did was dip my dick in the right spot and won a crucial game of chess played out every day on the chessboard of life. While you, Congressman, stand in front of me as a murderer. Look at your hands, covered with the blood and tragedy of innocent lives. You exchanged 164,000 barrels of human blood for nothing. You justify your murders as if you have a political right to murder under the false premise of national security. I find it amazing that you can stand upright without a spine. Obviously, you have never stood for anything because you fell for everything Bush and Cheney could dream up. From where I stand, you have one attribute. As a war criminal, you perfected the art of murder by fumbling the ball politically. By the way, say hello to your wife. Oh, I forgot, you don’t stay at home when you are in town do you. Is she still the hottest attraction at the country club? If anyone needs a long hard look in the mirror, it is you. The next time you shave; ask yourself why you ran for office. What’s the matter, cat got your tongue?” Sam smiled as he turned and walked out.

Scott started to respond, but Sam kept walking. Paula, hearing the conversation’s volatility, had waited in the hall. As Sam came through the door he quipped, “The man gives me the political creeps; his mindset is the exact reason that I took a bullet on campus.”

To Sam’s surprise, Paula said, “I agree with you, Professor. He has been on the phone all morning talking with John Boehner, another Washington power loon, on how to outplay Obama on the budget.”

“Where does it end, Paula?”

“Call me sometime, and we can talk about it over dinner,” she said, smiling.

“I will do that, Paula; I like your style and smell,” Sam said sniffing the air. On his way to Woodstock⁶⁹, Sam phoned Molly for the number of her private investigator.

Scott sat at his desk fuming over Sam’s remarks: the barrels of blood, his wife Samantha, and Sam’s question, “Why did you run for office?”



*“Whenever any form of government
Becomes destructive
– It is the right of the people –
To alter or to abolish it
And to institute new government.”*
– Thomas Jefferson –

Rising from the table, Scott began to weep again, as he looked across at Rita. “I don’t understand how you had such insight. I am twenty-one years old today, and somehow you revealed me, to me. How could you possibly have known so much about me?”

“Scott, in time, if we seek to discover more, I am sure we can gain even greater understandings and insights. I hope you will consider seeing me on a regular basis,” Rita replied.

“I have a very busy schedule, at Harvard Law for the next few years Rita, but I am quite sure I will need to meet with you, from time to time, as the pressure to succeed builds.”

Wiping his eyes, Scott entered a waiting taxi, wearing only a prisoner’s jumpsuit with a large number 21 written in black magic marker on the back.

After graduating Harvard Law, the “silver spooned, can do” Scott Riley set his sights on the world of politics. Returning home, he quickly joined the same voter registration groups he was involved with in the sixties. After a few months, he became dismayed because most people were not interested in registering, much less voting. Early one morning, a week before Christmas, his father woke him, saying, “Let’s take a ride; I have someone I would like you to meet.”

Sitting in the office, waiting for Senator Wilkins, Scott quietly contemplated a previous time in life when he took a ride to “meet someone” with his father: the high school football coach. Afterwards, he had become the school quarterback.

Home for the holidays, Senator Wilkins, entered his office through a side door. After cordial greetings, he quickly read through several papers that Scott’s dad had placed on his desk and “acted” impressed with Scott’s credentials. “It just so happened,” that the senator had an opening in his state office, which Scott “that is of course, if you are available, Scott,” could fill immediately. His responsibilities would include work on various in-state programs for the senator. Organizing new voters and people to work for the senator’s re-election campaigns would be Scott’s responsibly. Scott would also accompany the senator to state functions.

Leaving the meeting, Scott knew it was a prearranged marriage and the collection of IOUs for the years of support his father had placed behind the senator's re-elections. It also reminded Scott, for the umpteenth time, that on his own abilities Scott, "can do," would never have gotten past the senator's receptionist.

'I hate answering machines,' thought Scott as he listened to her recorded voice. "Hello, Rita, Scott here; I need to see you as soon as you can catch a flight. Please call me back and let me know how quickly you can fly out for a day."

After working three years for the senator, Scott "Can Do" Riley, at twenty-nine years old, was well on his way to the political career he so craved. His ego grew into a personal demon that feasted, on attention and public praise. Scott worked social gatherings as a master politician. Smiling, he looked people in the eyes and shook hands with sincerity. On cue, he nodded or smiled, pretending to be personally interested in their comments or concerns.

Each morning Scott performed a daily ritual in front of the closet mirrors after he was dressed. Every hand gesture, head movement, eye expression, and smile practiced with only one purpose in mind, to bolster his political image. Observing those who liked his mimicked expressions Scott kept score mentally of the votes for his planned run for congress.

Scott, considered his marriage to Samantha Tollison, his best and most brilliant political decision. Her father, Frank, was the state chairman for the Republican Party. After landing the job with the senator, Scott eventually met Frank Tollison at a state meeting of the Republican Party. Frank was so impressed with Scott he invited Scott to dinner. Arriving for dinner Scott realized that he and Samantha had met once before. During a party after the high school divisional playoffs Samantha jokingly teased Scott about the fumbles that cost them the game much to his dislike. Afterwards, she called him a couple of times, but his wounded ego never allowed him to return her calls. Samantha and Scott reconnected at the dinner and began to date.

"Son, she would make a great asset to your political career," his father told him. From that vantage point, Scott considered her a smart career move. She was politically connected, socially refined, educated, had vast sums of money, and was pleasing to the eye. To Scott, she had the look and feel of a politician's wife. Within six months, he proposed, three months later they married, and right away, she became pregnant. After all, a respectable politician needed to be a man of family values.

"Hello, Rita, how are you? It's good to hear your voice."

“I’m fine, Scott. I heard you are married and have a new baby on the way. Congratulations,” Rita said.

“I would like to set up regular meetings with you, at least twice a month, if possible, Rita.”

“Let me look at my schedule, Scott. How does the first and third Tuesday of every month sound?”

“Perfect for me, Rita. Thanks.”

“Wonderful, would you like to start this coming Tuesday?”

“Most definitely,”

“Okay, you’re scheduled. Please offer your lovely wife my congratulations on her pregnancy,” Rita said, before hanging up the phone.

“I am not part of Washington. I am a part of you. I grew up here, and I will continue to live here as a member of this community with my family. I will serve your interests only, and not Washington’s. I am not a politician from Washington; I am Scott Riley, your servant, friend, and neighbor. As an outsider, I will not be a member of the Washington ‘in crowd’ of professional politicians. Together, we can turn this country around. I say, it’s time we to return to old-fashioned family values and make America great once again. Vote for me tomorrow and let Washington hear your voice; we are not going to take it anymore! Together we can stand up to Washington politics. Vote for me, Scott Riley, as your congressional representative. I promise you, I will not become a Washington politician! God bless you and God bless America!”

The crowd chanted, “Can do, can do, can do,” waving placards with his smiling picture and “Scott ‘Can Do’ Riley” printed below his smiling face. The posters were nearly the same style as his high school class president posters. Scott was determined to erase that one defeat. As he finished his last campaign speech, Samantha, with their two small children, appeared on stage, kissing him briefly and decently, only on the cheek. Together they joined hands, raising them in the air as they smiled and waved with their free hands. Each picking up a child, they kissed them on the cheek and lovingly looked at each other. Samantha performed wonderfully, exactly the way Scott had instructed her.

Approaching his third year in Washington, Scott “Can Do” had become a personal joke in restaurants, bars, and barbershops of his hometown. “Can Do,” turned into a joke, often referred to as “Nothing Doing” Riley. For over two years, Scott failed to accomplish anything that would have even remotely benefited his constituency. As a freshman congressman, he earnestly tried to remain independent and voted on issues or legislation that were in the best interest of the country, and not along party lines.

During a conference call with his state office, the reality hit Scott between the eyes that he could very well become a one-term candidate. Mark, his state aide, warned him, “You really need to accomplish something quickly, Scott. Without something substantial, it will be pointless for you to attempt a run for re-election. I am sorry to say, it looks like you may well be a one-term politician. Another serious rumor that should concern you is the party is thinking of running another candidate. My god, Scott, if that is true, then it would mean your own father-in-law is going to dump you. Has he mentioned anything to you?”

Hanging up the phone, the words “one-term politician” pressed like an anvil on his chest and produced massive amounts of fear in Scott’s heart. His massive ego attempted to digest what life would possibly be like after becoming a one-hit wonder. He knew this could be a career-ending stigma that few politicians ever shake. ‘What will I do with my life? Even my hypocritical marriage was politically motivated.’

Hours later, Scott sat in his Washington office, looking at his football memorabilia. ‘Why did I ever allow Samantha to put this shit on the walls? I hate it.’ Thinking back on his high school football games, he recognized the nervous political feelings he was experiencing were identical to the feelings he experienced every time he stepped onto the field. ‘I hated the game,’ he thought. ‘My eternal secret; I was afraid of taking the hard hit. Like a fucking girl, I put my chicken-shit hands up, fumbling the ball to protect myself. Was the notoriety in high school worth living in that much fear?’ Staring at a game ball signed by the entire team, he laughed. ‘That was the game I actually pissed my pants when I took a hard shot from behind. The only reason I didn’t drop the ball was because I hung onto it like a teddy bear for protection. Thank god we were playing on a wet field. No one ever knew I was the chicken-shit lion, from *The Wizard of Oz*, desperately in need of courage. Now look at me. Here I sit, in my ivory tower as a congressman, trapped by the same haunting fear of taking a hard hit.’ As he rose from the chair, he thought, ‘I am sick of looking at this shit,’ he walked around his office, removing football trophies and pictures. ‘I have carried this stupid football facade around long enough. What happens if I become a one-term politician?’ Speaking aloud, “You cannot let that happen, Scott. Don’t stand here and piss in your pants in the middle of the game. For once in your life, take the hit head on and do not drop the ball. THINK!”

Arriving at his apartment after a quick bite to eat at Meiwah, his favorite Chinese restaurant he walked into the bedroom and lay on the bed, waiting for Samantha’s nightly call. Lying there, Scott wondered if the rumor was true.

‘How in the hell could Frank support another candidate over his own daughter’s husband? Is he actually that much of a party man?’

While contemplating how he could change his predicament, the phone rang. As soon as they began to speak, Samantha said, “Hold on, dear, Daddy wants to speak with you.”

“Congressman, how are you?”

“Fine, sir. And yourself?”

“I couldn’t be better, or busier, Scott, with the elections about a year away. You know me; I’m always working hard for our party,” replied Frank. “I spoke with Senator Wilkins today, along with five other senators and congressmen. They all expressed a desire to meet with you the day after tomorrow, Scott. Collectively, they have some exciting new ideas on how the party can best work together between now and the elections. Are you interested in meeting with them for discussions?”

“I most certainly am. Just tell me when and where, and I will be there,” Scott replied.

“Have you heard of the Cigar Club in Washington?”

Stunned, Scott replied, “Yes, sir, I have. What politician hasn’t heard of the Cigar Club?”

“Great, I took the liberty of adding your name to the guest list. They will be expecting you at 7 p.m. on Thursday. Here’s Samantha, again. I will see you when you come home for the holidays.”

Filled with excitement Scott, spoke with Samantha briefly, explaining he had a busy day and needed sleep.

As he hung up the phone, he immediately called Rita, explaining he had a crucial meeting in two days. After checking her schedule, she said, “The only time I can fit you in, Scott, is either late tomorrow night around eight o’clock, or around 11 a.m. the day of the meeting.”

“Tomorrow night at eight; thanks, Rita.”

Wide-awake and full of excitement about the upcoming meeting at the Cigar Club, Scott was not about to go to sleep anytime soon. Pouring a celebratory drink, he thought, ‘Are you kidding me? The Cigar Club!’

The Cigar Club “owned” the biggest unverifiable rumor in Washington; before anything made it to the House or Senate floors, it first passed muster on the floor of the Cigar Club. Every backdoor political deal, all pork-barrel projects, committees’ chairs, and legislation first went through the club. Both political parties had a presence in the club. It took a majority vote by members of your party to become a member, and freshmen congressmen were not eligible. Scott had never received an invitation to the club, not even a visitor’s pass.

His political aspirations were to make it past his freshmen term, then receive an invite. That invite would finally give him the opportunity to discover the true inner workings of Washington politics.

Arriving fifteen minutes early, Scott hoped to impress everyone with his promptness. To his surprise, everyone sat waiting for him. "Hello, Scott," Senator Wilkins said, greeting him, "we have been expecting you. Let me introduce you to everyone: Senator Harkins, Congressmen Byrd, Sikes, and Worthington, and of course, the honorable chairman of the club, Senator Schofield."

Scott put on his best game face, looking members directly in the eye as he shook their hands, smiling warmly. Ordering drinks, they sat and chatted about current events. Scott remained quiet for the most part, knowing they would get to him eventually.

They sat in a private but open U-shaped alcove. The large room had no less than a dozen such settings for private conversations between members or groups from both parties. The room, furnished like a typical oak library, had huge leather chairs, spaced evenly around a large oval coffee table.

Upon arrival of their second round of drinks, Senator Schofield heartily swallowed the double shot in one gulp. Placing the glass on the table, he leaned back in his chair and pointed his finger at Scott, asking, "Scott, are you ready?"

"Ready for what, Senator?"

Turning his gaze to Senator Wilkins, he said. "I was under the impression you spoke with him already."

"No, I have not spoken with him yet. My day was very busy. Besides, we are all here on short notice from his father-in-law, Frank Tollison," Senator Wilkins responded. "Perhaps I should be the one to speak since he started out as one of my aides."

"Very well, but make it pointed; I have to leave in fifteen minutes for a meeting over there, about him," the chairman responded.

Scott sat quietly. He knew the power structure in Washington meant, you do not speak out of turn. His mind wondered why his father-in-law called the meeting on such "short notice" and the meaning behind "over there, about him."

Every eye locked on Scott as Senator Wilkins began to speak. "Scott, like all freshmen, you came to Washington and clearly demonstrated your political independence by the way you voted. While that may be admirable in some instances, that is not how Washington works. Washington operates on political favors, and you Scott, are in serious need of some huge favors in a big hurry.

Politically, your career is a train wreck about to happen, all because of me. I intentionally hung you out to dry because I think you could have an excellent political future, if you will listen and act wisely. Many new freshmen do not have your people skills or campaign abilities; therefore, they never make it to a meeting like this. In the entire thirty-two years of my service, you are only the third freshman who has experienced the privilege of sitting where you are. I have seen many one-term politicians come and go in Washington, and no one ever remembers them. You, Scott, are about to become one of them. The only reason you are sitting here is because your father-in-law and myself orchestrated your political career up to this exact moment. Your career will advance tonight, or you will join the lists of the forgotten one-hit wonders. This will be our only warning, Scott; even your father-in-law Frank is ready to back another man for your seat. I'm sure your state aide Mark, informed you how dismal your career appears and how pathetic you're polling numbers are. Mark also told me the people in your district refer to you as 'Nothing Doing Riley.'" His comments caused everyone to laugh.

"Even if I must say so myself, I have done a wonderful job getting you to this point in your limited career." Everyone at the table cheered "yeah" and "here, here," as if casting a vote for the senator's crafty handiwork in shaping Scott's career.

Leaning across the oval table, Senator Wilkins sternly lectured Scott. "Now, you listen to me. You cannot act alone or vote separate from your party. If you do, you will lose the support of your party. While this room appears to be full of peaceful Republicans and Democrats, in reality, there's a violent war taking place. The silent war in this room is equivalent to the North fighting the South, and you, Scott, better fucking learn how to vote on your side, or we will cast you out as a traitor."

At the use of the word "traitor," Chairman Schofield and the other men shouted loudly, "here, here," as Scott sat shocked at his words, too afraid to speak. "As I said, Frank Tollison is ready to kick your ass to the curb. The party will back another candidate unless you get your act together and do exactly as I tell you. The men sitting at this table have the ability to send some projects to your district, projects we know will keep your political career alive.

"You will stop the foolish independent bullshit today; you will vote exactly how we tell you to vote or we will send you home, Scott. Am I making myself clear?"

"Yes, Senator. Very clear indeed."

“Great, then after your re-election, Congressman, we will invite you to become a member of the club.”

Interrupting Senator Wilkins, Chairman Schofield said, “Scott, I have to walk over to that table with your vote, so I will only ask you one more time. Scott, are you ready? Do you understand the gravity of your answer, and do I have your vote?”

Scott realized he was committing to vote blindly on an unknown issue and obey the party line. His conscience screamed at him, ‘DO NOT FUMBLE THE BALL, SCOTT!’ Leaning over the table Scott looked the chairman directly in the eyes, he said, “Yes, sir, you do, and I would like to extend my personal thanks to each of you for honoring me with your invitation. I also express my deepest gratitude for your patience and kindness by extending not only the opportunity, but the privilege, to work together with each of you as we form mutually beneficial relationships for many years to come.” Once again, Scott, the silver-tongued sissy fumbled the ball ignoring his screaming conscience. As he uttered his political sugar, they all shouted “here, here,” shaking hands with one another, as if they had won a campaign victory. Rising to leave Chairman Schofield looked at Scott, and said, “Son, with that silver tongue, I had better keep my eyes open around you, or you will steal my seat as chairman.”

Smiling, as they shook hands Scott thought to himself. ‘In time, Senator, in time. I will run the Cigar Club, one day and my first order of business will be to kick your ass out, along with Senator Wilkins.’

“We interrupt this program for a Channel 9 breaking news report; Congressman Scott Riley has acquired over six billion dollars, that is ‘B’ for ‘billion,’ folks, for Harrison County road projects that will include the critically needed expansion Harrison County bridge. We have Congressman Riley standing by for a live interview with Channel nine’s own Stephanie Anderson.”

“Congressman, first let me say thanks from all the folks in Harrison County. I travel that bridge every morning, and what a traffic nightmare. Please share with everyone how you accomplished this monumental task.”

“Thanks, Stephanie. It took a lot of hard work and many long nights, but I finally moved Washington for the folks in Harrison County. I promised the people I would work hard for them and not become a Washington politician. I would like to say thank you to the people in Harrison County for being patient and trusting me.” Smiling into the camera, Scott continued, “You know, Stephanie, I heard rumors I was being referred to as ‘Nothing Doing Riley.’ So, I rolled up my sleeves, gritted my teeth, and became even more determined to work harder for the fine people of Harrison County.”

When I come home, I can't wait to share a beer at a local bar with the doubters. Let me assure everyone in Harrison County, additional projects are in the making, proving more than ever, that I 'can do' what I promised. I am looking forward to cutting the ribbon over the bridge expansion with the fine people of Harrison County."

As promised, the party had delivered another party-line player.

After nearly thirty years in Washington, the political elite referred to Scott as the "dealmaker." Scott became the youngest chairman of the Cigar Club, after Chairman Schofield placed his backing behind Scott and then suddenly resigned and retired from politics. Rumor had it that Scott, just like *The Godfather*, made the senator an offer he could not refuse.

The toughest problems between parties and every special pork-barrel deal went through Scott at the club, or it never passed on the House floor. The only two commodities worth having in Washington are power and influence. Scott became the embodiment of both.

A few days before Christmas break, Scott was surprised at himself because he was actually looking forward to the prospect of going home for the holidays. He sat reflecting about his wife and children, and realized his family was nothing more than a political front. Samantha had asked for a private separation, not long after Scott's first re-election. Sexually, they were never compatible. Samantha, an elegant-looking woman, remained only a political step in the right direction for Scott. Together, they peacefully had negotiated a private, mutual agreement, enabling Scott to politically keep up the front of a happy marriage. Samantha knew her father would have disinherited her from his massive fortunes if she ever filed for divorce. After his death, she inherited of over \$850 million from his beer distribution company. With Scott gone most of the year, she chose to remain married on paper, rather than place her wealth in jeopardy by filing for divorce. At this point in Scott's career, it did not matter to him if she divorced or stayed married. They remained on friendly terms with one another and would occasionally get together for the holidays with the children and grandchildren.

Their oldest son Robert had been quite a challenge growing up. Scott felt partially responsible because he had been absent most of Robert's childhood. In their last conversation, Samantha informed him Robert was doing wonderful, attributing the improvement to his new wife. "She seems to be the perfect medicine."

When he arrived at home, Samantha met him at the door, welcoming him with her usual kiss on the cheek and a hug.

Being cordial, she inquired about his flight and asked how long he intended to stay as she led him to her bedroom. “I think it best, since Robert and his new wife are staying over, that you should sleep in here. There will be no funny business from you, or you will be sleeping on the floor,” she said, smiling ever so slightly.

“Sure, now let me look at you,” Scott responded as he stepped back, holding her hands. “You look great, and your body is in perfect shape. It will be hard for me to sleep in this bed without touching you, so you better put my stuff on the floor now,” he said, playfully teasing her.

Samantha laughed with him. They both knew Scott did not intend to try anything. Performance in the bedroom had always been Scott’s problem with Samantha. The bedroom represented Scott’s biggest football field, where he fumbled the most. “If you don’t mind, Samantha, I would like to take a little jet leg nap before greeting everyone.”

“Sure, I will wake you a few hours before dinner.”

Samantha always planned the perfect holiday dinner the only way she knew how: catered by the best restaurant in the city with a dinner menu ranging from turkey to live Maine lobster. Robert seemed happy, and his new wife Sarah was a pleasant surprise. Kelly, their daughter, divorced several years ago, arrived accompanied by her “latest friend” Charles and her two children. Heavy consumption of alcohol was a tradition during family gatherings. It seemed that medicating their nervous, detached emotions helped everyone cope with or avoid old family issues including the fact they were not a real family at all. The atmosphere around the table resembled a group of people who were distant acquaintances rather than family.

After several large shots of vodka, Scott found the atmosphere unusually jovial. Everyone sat around the table talking, laughing, and filling in the blanks in one another’s lives. Robert looked directly at Scott and said, “So, Congressman, please enlighten everyone. Who is this Rita that keeps calling for you?”

“Yes, please do,” Samantha quickly added.

Mid-swallow in his drink, Scott nearly spit everything all over the table. As he choked to keep the drink from spewing out, his face turned pale, sweat popped out all over his forehead, and his hands began to tremble. Everyone was so in awe of his rapid transformation that Kelly asked, “Daddy, are you okay. Do you have pain anywhere?”

Scott sat restrained for a full minute, not answering any questions about Rita. Eventually, his political self-discipline took control of the numerous questions. ‘Ask for additional information, do not offer information, and ask a diverting question.’

“Rita called here?” he asked, as he placed his shaking hands under the table.

“No, your office called three times while you were resting. Your service said this Rita called several times, saying she had an emergency and needed to speak with you right away. No one wanted to wake you from your sleep, not even me,” Robert said smiling. “Evidently, Congressman, your cell phone is still turned off from your flight. I did ask if I could take a message, and they said Rita would not leave one. So tell us, Congressman, who is this mysterious Rita with an emergency call on Christmas Eve?” Robert asked.

Rising without speaking, Scott reached in his pocket and turned on his cell phone, revealing over ten calls from Rita. His mind entertained every possibility of what this could mean. Considering the situation serious enough to call her, he turned to everyone, saying, “Excuse me, please,” as he stepped out the rear door.

Robert quipped as he shut the door, “Well, this certainly merits further investigation. It seems the congressman has Rita on his speed dial.”

Fifteen minutes later, a glassy-eyed Scott stepped back inside. Everyone stared in silence, waiting for an answer about Rita. Emotionally drained, Scott sat down, staring only into his drink. “Rita was an aide and dear friend; she has worked for me as an assistant information aide my entire career. She also worked as a special investigator on very high-pressure special negotiations between parties. Today, this wonderful aide and my friend found out that she has terminal pancreatic cancer, with just two short months to live.” Everyone around the table expressed sadness to hear such tragic news.

After they finished, Robert said, “I am sorry, Congressman, for your friend,” and he immediately began another line of questioning into an area Scott had hoped to avoid. He was positive his answer about who Rita was would have sufficed to avoid any further questioning about her. He was wrong. Robert wanted to know how old Rita was, how long had she worked for him, and of course, were they ever intimate with one another. Scott evaded every question like a politician.

Robert escalated the questions. “You said she was an investigator, Congressman. Tell me, was she the ‘special investigator’ working on the exposure of the convicted Tom Delay in his money laundering schemes? I’m sure you are aware that he funneled money into the RNC in an attempt to take control of congress under Bush.”

Samantha knew Roberts’s comments intended to stir the political pot with Scott; he loved to do it every time they were together and she enjoyed watching it happen.

“Tell me why you would need a special investigator working for you on Tom Delay. Oops, my bad, I forgot; Tom Delay was a Republican.

I see. It was the Democrats who busted him and not your private investigating aide. Who was she investigating, John Ensign or Rangel?"

Knowing where Robert was headed, Scott attempted to lower his level of hostility. "Son, I don't think you would understand."

"SON?" Robert shouted interrupting Scott. "Spare me the holiday cheer Congressman. You have never been a father; we both understand that fact. So, why do you feel you own a privileged right or have ever earned the right to use the term 'son'? A sperm donor does not inherit the honor to refer to me as 'son.'"

Samantha sat euphorically enjoying Robert's challenges to Scott. She loved to see Scott emasculated, and if by his own son, even better.

Scott, the consummate politician, skillfully tried to defuse the situation. "Robert, I meant no harm. I will do my best to refrain from referring to you as 'son' in the future; please forgive my slip of the tongue."

"Do you realize the way you just answered me is exactly what's wrong with Washington, Congressman? Listen to yourself, you did not have the balls to respond to me truthfully, at least not as a real father would have. You offered me the political equivalent of an instant deal. Let's compromise in order to avoid the issue. You skillfully sought to defuse the situation rather than speak from your heart. My god, man, your entire political life, you have been the obstinate Washington dealmaker, out of touch with your family and the will of the people in this country."

After no response from Scott, Robert pushed again. "You want to know what I pray for every day, Congressman?"

"What do you pray for, Robert?" Scott asked showing no emotion.

"Since I was a small boy, around the age of seven, I have prayed the same prayer every day. I pray for people to vote for anyone other than you. Do you know why? Because, it accomplishes nothing for the American people to send a man like Obama to Washington with pricks like you playing political games. What neither party realizes is the people in this country are angry at 'party-line politics' by either party. We are sick to death of watching you line up against each other, on petty or large issues, and vote party line. You clearly demonstrate to the American people that you care more about your party's interests than you care about doing what's right for America. It's all about stealing power and thunder from each other, isn't it? And who can steal the next headline.

"When I see you on television, grandstanding for the media, or read your comments in the newspapers, I discern that you and every Washington politician are the real cancer destroying this nation. I find all of you so goddamned spineless.

From the day you arrive, it seems all you worry about is your political career and being re-elected. You are completely incapable of doing anything beneficial for the American people with your infighting and power struggles against each other, and the dirty tricks you use by exposing one another's sex lives. I have news for you; the American public thinks you are all sexual weirdoes. We have heard enough sex scandals from men who are supposed to be full of integrity. From where the American people sit, it is like watching a Washington version of *The Jerry Springer Show!*" The table broke out in laughter and Charles high-fived Robert.

Robert charged forward. "The entire lot of both parties is responsible for the bottleneck in Washington. It's not bad enough the budget is a mess. Why must you idiots make the nation look like idiots are at the wheel to the entire world? Do you truly believe Paul Ryan's budget proposals are in the best interest of the people?"

Scott sat stoically, refusing to engage Robert's comments. Looking at Robert, he sat thinking, 'Let the little teapot spout off, and never touch a hot kettle.'

"On television, they call you the 'dealmaker.' Are you proud of that title, Congressman? You know what I think? I think you are the 'Monty Hall' of Washington. Behind door number one we have power, money, and favors. Behind door number two, we have corruption, threats, and lies. But wait! If you choose door number three, you automatically win doors one and two. Door number three has a hidden bag of dirty tricks: money in a freezer, sex scandals, smear campaigns, and negative campaign ads against your opponent. TAKE DOOR NUMBER THREE, STUPID! You get free negative ads for the rest of your political career. Tell us Monty, is this what you do for a living?"

Finally, speaking in a loud voice, Scott responded, "Very funny, Robert. You are full of liberal bullshit, and I am not the Monty Hall of Washington."

"You cheap asshole! Stop trying to divert the focus. The conversation was not about being liberal or conservative. It was about the corrupted heart of the 'Monty Hall of Washington' and the evil you generate into the country. Have you, John Boehner, and Paul Ryan stopped to think your lunacy might hurt a fragile, recovering economy? Do you care about the country, or is it all about how much fucking power you have, Monty?"

"You sorry teabag racists are afraid of Obama. You set out to take the man down before he ever took office with your secret smear campaigns about his name, religion, and birth certificate. Did you start those rumors, Congressman? Are you the one who generated the Reverend Wright smear campaign?"

When Scott did not answer, Robert shouted across the table, “I thought so, Monty! The Tea Party is another form of the KKK white Christians and rednecks who cannot stand the reality of a black man living in the White House. That group is the extreme right side of being very wrong for this country.

“Mom tells me that at one point in your life, during the sixties, you stood up for a lot of good, and that is what she liked most about you. What happened to you? When people ask me, Congressman, if you are my dad, do you know what I say? I look at them as if they are crazy and say, ‘Dad, my dad a con man? No way. I don’t know that sick asshole in Washington; we just happen to share the same last name.’ This is why I challenged you for calling me son. You see, I never had a dad, because if I did, my dad would never have been a spineless bastard like you, Congressman.”

Disturbed by the news of Rita, along with the disturbing words of truth from Robert, Scott stood and excused himself without responding to Robert. As he walked from the room with his wounded ego, in prideful self-defense, he thought, ‘Why do you even bother to come to this charade? Damn well bet, this will be my last one.’

Standing under the hot water of the shower, Scott wept silently for a number of reasons: Rita, the disillusionment of a family he never truly had, but mostly for the stinging words from Robert. His own son was ashamed of him leaving Scott with an empty worthless feeling. Stepping from the shower and toweling off, Scott realized he had left his pajamas in his suitcase. As he hurried across the room to his luggage, the bedroom door opened, and in walked Samantha, quickly closing the door behind her. She had not seen Scott’s naked body in over 25 years. Speechless, her eyes were fixated on Scott’s back, buttocks, and legs.

Trying desperately to cover himself with a towel, as Scott turned around Samantha could see his chest and arms. As he tried to put on his pajama top, he exclaimed, “For god’s sake, Samantha, why didn’t you knock?”

With real concern on her face, and as much compassion for him as she could muster, Samantha asked, “Scott, what happened to you? Were you in an accident or a fire that you never told me about?”

The day was a typical cloudy Washington day with light drizzle as Scott stepped into the limo. “To the club, Congressman?” asked his driver.

“Yes, Walter, but take the long way. I would like to see some of the sights on my way over.”

“Yes, sir, Congressman.”

As they rode in the rain, Scott’s thoughts turned to Robert’s words again. ‘He sure has the right perspective on the depth of the games we play.

Damn you, Professor Sam Walker, you were right.’

He mused, ‘Maybe I can spend a few years working with a small coalition, and we could accomplish a few beneficial things for the country, instead of making deals and running back door investigations on one another. My son was right; a Democratic investigator took down Tom Delay, just as we got Rangel and Weiner gate, with one of ours. What a total loss foot-tapping Larry Craig ended up being; I told the dumb bastard not to plead to anything. The Democrats brought him down. John Ensign is not finished with the embarrassment or out of the hot water, even though he resigned. John Edwards never came close to the nomination; if he had, I was waiting for the bastard. I am glad I burned him, anyhow; that should count for some good if Robert knew that I outed the man.

‘I could blow the lid off Washington if I endorsed Mohamed ElBaradei and his *“The Age of Deception”* exposure of George Bush. He’s right. If the world can prosecute Serbia’s Slobodan Milosevic for war crimes, why not Bush? He put it better than I ever could have: “Aggression where there was no imminent threat.” Bush knew the intelligence was faulty, and he went ahead killing hundreds of thousands of innocent people to replace one dictator. Robert’s right; we are hypocrites. We go after Milosevic, Gaddafi, Bashar al-Assad, with an ultimate goal of getting Ahmadinejad overthrown, and we have the biggest world destroyer of human life hiding in Texas as a free man. Stop it, those thoughts will get you locked up or killed. If you called for that kind of investigation, they would lock you up with Bradley Manning.

‘The older I get, the nastier the game seems to be. The game started out simple, and now it is at a level of wickedness that seems satanic. I do not understand what I am, or was, trying to accomplish anymore. The hidden smear campaigns are starting to turn my stomach. I was sure Reverend Wright would have stopped Obama. Maybe people are smarter than I think.

‘The Obama Muslim rumor is still working much better than I thought it would work. I am tired of dirty background investigations, corruptions, and sex scandals to bring a guy down; my cup truly runneth over with the blood of many. We are masters at finding each other’s sex scandals when the people elected us to be masters at running the country. I wanted to laugh at his Jerry Springer comment; thank god my political personality prevailed. He is a damn funny guy, my son,’ Scott thought, as his emotions got the better of him.

‘The Monty Hall of Washington really nailed me. There is not a trip taken by anyone, a gift given, or money hidden in the freezer, that I have not dug up over last thirty-years. Everyone has something on everyone else to use.

Sometimes, it's just good leverage, and other times, it's as simple as "expose the bastard," so our party can take his seat. "Thanks, Walter. I will be about two hours. Any earlier, I will call you." Scott said as he exited the limo.

Taking his seat at the top of the circle, Scott assembled a mixture of eight of the top Republican leaders in both the House and the Senate and got immediately down to business. "Gentlemen, I thank you for coming. I would like to discuss this stupid vote we made to overturn health care, and more importantly, our campaign to derail health care in the courts. So far, we have succeeded in over nineteen court actions and growing against the president's health care plan. I know John Boehner, Charles Grassley, and other Tea Party endorsed members, including Thomas Latham, Jo Ann Emerson, John Carter, and Geoff Davis, fully intend to introduce some new legislation in an attempt to repeal the health care plan completely. We know that will never happen; it is a silly political stunt. I am telling you, the games Paul Ryan is playing will bite us in the ass during elections."

Passing a folder out to each member, Scott continued. "This proposal I have put together will lead our party in a better direction and will be in the best interest of our country. On this map, you will see a study by CNN. The mostly red Republican states of Texas, Louisiana, Florida, Mississippi, and Alabama have the worst insurance numbers in the nation for people needing health care. Fully one quarter of all Texans, with 18% of the children in a solidly Republican state, has the worst health care rating in the nation. I submit to you, the numbers are not good for our party. Secondly, if we continue to follow John Boehner in his attempt to 'overthrow' the health care bill in the courts, I believe, in the end, it will be more damaging to our party. His fanatical quest for power and press during the budget crisis was embarrassing. With a small amount of power Boehner is becoming dangerous to the nation. Do any of you understand that his threat to remove funding for NATO over Libya proves how dangerous he is to the nation? Even John McCain thinks the logic is crazy isolationism. The man allowed the public to find out the Republican Party held the country hostage over his personal views on abortion. Manipulation of abortion, by circumventing the law, will eat our lunch in the long term. The American people are not completely stupid."

Senator Mottelson interrupted. "Just a damn moment, Scott, everyone sitting here is aware of the insurance numbers in the Old Confederacy states. Every man understands the numbers are high because of a poor black and brown skin issue."

Scott shot back, "Let me finish, Senator; you know protocol, I speak, then we discuss."

In brief, gentlemen, this folder contains information that will solicit you to break with the party line tradition. You all know me, and I hope we respect one another enough to have an open discussion on what I am proposing. I believe we have a rare opportunity to act like statesmen rather than our dirty politics as usual. I intend to hold a press conference early next week and publicly deliver our intentions to the media. I ask each of you to review the contents in the folder and consider standing with me at the press conference. Together, we will explain our new direction as leaders in the Republican Party, seeking to work to improve the present health care plan for the American people and stop trying to destroy it through the courts.

“Off the record, I am stopping all dirty campaigns against national health. I will no longer assist in the creation of more lawsuits by Republicans, either from my chair at the club or from my office. I intend to do the exact opposite of John and his group. I fully intend to use my reputation, along with the power of the news media, to oppose his efforts publicly as a Republican who is willing to cross party lines for the good of this country.

“We need to change party direction. I hope by taking a new step in the right direction, we can accomplish this together. Consider the proposal in front of you and let me have your answer on Monday. We can debate any issues you have at that time; I am sorry, but I have to run, I have some very important business I must attend to.” As he rose from his seat, everyone else remained seated, and not a word came from anyone’s mouth. They all sat in silence, staring at Scott. ‘Unusual, no comments or quips; that might be a good thing,’ Scott thought as he made his way to the limo. ‘What bothers me a bit was the look in their eyes; I have seen that look many times before in the eyes of my teammates, every time I fumbled the ball. Not this time; I am not dropping the ball.’

“Hello, Rita, I am sorry for the late call. I hope the phone did not disturb you. Are you resting? Anyhow, I wanted you to know, I will be flying out Monday evening to spend a few days with you. Rest well, and I will see you then.”

Hanging up the phone, Scott looked at a picture of the signing of the Declaration of Independence that Samantha had given him during his first election. On the wall, next to the Declaration, was his favorite picture, an expensive ink rendering of Thomas Jefferson. Admiring the picture of Jefferson, he thought, ‘Everything you stood for, I am not.

‘You could never have envisioned the country growing to the political corruption, greed, or dirty tricks of my day. I am the product of electronic politics, driven by electronic media, mass mailings, robo calls, smear campaigns, negative ads, and you play the party game, or go home.’

I haven't stood for one decent thing in thirty years, until this day. It's a tough town; maybe I will be able to stay long enough to win a few good battles. Perhaps, in time, Robert will become proud enough to tell people, yes, I am his father. I am so ashamed – that he is ashamed of me.'

The phone rang, interrupting his thoughts. "Hello, Congressman, my name is Lana. I am Rita's daughter." Her voice quivered a bit, followed by a long pause; instinctively, Scott knew the news was not good. "I received your message on her phone, and am sorry to tell you, Mom passed away two days ago. Her funeral will be Monday morning, and she will be buried in the afternoon."

Softly, his voice quivering as well, Scott replied, "I am so sorry to hear the sad news, and please accept my deepest sympathies for your loss, Lana. Rita never mentioned she had a daughter."

"May I ask how you knew my mother, Congressman? She never mentioned you to anyone in our family."

"I met your mother on my twenty-first birthday, Lana. We were both very young, and we remained the deepest of friends over the years. I found your mother was easy to speak to and she became my personal confidant. Thanks for your call, Lana. Your sad news is devastating for me personally. Please accept my condolences to you and your family at the loss of your mother, and my dear friend, Rita. Good night, Lana."

"Thank you for your kindness, Congressman. Good night."

Rita and Robert consumed most of Scott's thoughts throughout the weekend; between Rita's death and Roberts's truthful words, Scott spent the weekend introspectively reflecting on life and the relationships he coveted. In the end, the members at the Cigar Club were no longer high on his list.

Scott arrived at the club with Rita and Robert on his mind. He began psychologically chastising himself in order to focus on the meeting. 'Today, we turn things totally around, and head in another political direction.' Surprised by his feelings, Scott thought, 'This must be what being patriotic feels like.' Walking into the club, not a chair was occupied in his alcove. Ordering a drink, he sat, wondering if he had the right time or even the correct day. Checking his calendar on the cell phone, he confirmed the date and time. On the other side of the room were two alcoves, fully occupied. The chairs were facing out, to the center of the room, rather than, around the tables. 'It appears another meeting is about to take place; perhaps I scheduled this one at the wrong time.' No sooner had the thought come to his mind, when all eight members of Scott's group walked into the room. Shaking hands as they placed an order for drinks, Scott opened the floor for debate on his proposals.

“Gentlemen, thank you for coming. I would like to open my proposal for debate and discussion.” Across the aisle, the people in the other alcoves were seated, facing Scott’s direction. ‘What are they looking at?’ he thought.

With the floor open for debate, the group sat in silence, as if they were waiting for the other person to speak. ‘This is strange,’ Scott thought, when finally the lowest-ranking congressman, Lamont Oberman, pointed at a plain, sealed manila envelope on top of the magazines.

Scott, in a busy state of mind, had not noticed the envelope. Picking up the envelope, Scott asked if anyone claimed it. No one commented, and the young congressman gestured toward Scott. Nervously, Scott opened the envelope. To his horror, he found the most private pictures of his life, documents, and statements no one could possibly have known about.

In an instant rage, Scott exclaimed loudly, “Who did this? Where did you get this? I am the fucking chairman of the entire club. Do you have any idea who you are fucking with?” Silence; everyone remained quiet. Scott’s mind began to wonder about what power had secured the documents. ‘If I am the chairman, then who did this? All deals and exposures are supposed to go through me only. There is no way any of these men knew anything about my private life. What power is there in Washington above the club?’

“Security!” Instantly, plainclothes men arrived, and Scott began questioning them about the envelope, demanding to know who placed it on the table.

“Sir, I placed the envelope on the table. It arrived by a certified government courier, with instructions to place it on your table. I ran it through a secure scanner, and it came back clean,” said Agent Greene. “Shall I remove it and check it again, since you have opened it?”

“Who delivered the envelope, Agent Greene?”

“It came through a secure carrier, Congressman, I already told you that. Do you want me to examine the contents, sir?”

“No, and thank you, Agent Greene, for your time,” Scott replied.

“Let me make one thing very clear to each of you, and you can pass this onto your tea-bagging friends watching your little escapade from across the aisle. I’m going to the media with full exposure on the inner workings of the party, and I will stop your stupid efforts. If you want a fight, I will pull out the worst bag of shit on each of you. You want dirty, I have dirty; I will beat each of your asses with so much dirt, you will race to stand with me in unity at the media microphone. I am the chairman of this club, and I call the shots. Do I make myself clear?”

Suddenly, everyone stood up and walked out of the alcove, except for the young Congressman Lamont Oberman. “Don’t tell me they sent a young, inexperienced boy to address a man like myself.”

Looking at Scott, Lamont spoke calmly. “Congressman, to my knowledge, not one man sitting at this table had any knowledge of the contents of that envelope. We each received a call last night, on a designated secure encrypted line, telling us what to do. You know, that only someone very high up has access to those kind of lines. Not a man at this table could tell you who called us. I assure you, the people who called me knew more about me personally than you will ever know.

“The same caller told me at a certain point the other men would get up and leave. When they did, I was to say this to you. You are to submit your written resignation from the club before you leave today. You will notify the media on Friday of your intentions to step down and retire from politics. If you do not, you will become the most disgraced congressman in all of American history.” Immediately rising from his chair, he placed a typed resignation on the table, turned and walked out of the room.

Finishing his drink, and several more, Scott knew a full nervous breakdown was brewing on the inside. Grasping for reality, Scott sat in the chairman’s chair for the last time, as his entire thirty plus years of politics, vanished into nothingness. ‘My whole life has been one gigantic fumble after another,’ he thought, as members from across the aisle sat watching him have his last drink.

Rising to his feet to leave, Scott signed the document and shouted across the room to House Speaker John Boehner, who had a shit-eating grin on his face. “You think you won, Crybaby John. You can seek all the signs from the Virgin Mary you want you are one fucked-up man. People are starting to realize how warped you are in your thinking. Mary does not run a phone service in heaven, placing calls to your coach. You are truly a wacko nut job! The American people will rise up against you and your tea bagging friends and throw your demented signs and wonders crying Christian ministry out of Washington. If they do not, they will have to provide you with a swastika, install the Gestapo under you, and march in goose step when you are on the platform. Yes, I was a down and dirty dealmaker, Crybaby John, but you are, and those with you are, the most warped side of politics I have ever seen.” Clicking his heels together, Scott saluted him, as if he were Hitler, spat on the floor, and turned and walked out. ‘Damn, that felt good.’

The last time Scott had seen with Rita was over three years ago. He never expected to meet her like this, or that her death would have affected him the way it did. It was nearly eight o’clock when Scott arrived in Vegas, with the sun rapidly setting on a hot summer night. The grave soil was still fresh when he arrived at Rita’s grave, weeping profusely. For nearly an hour, he sat in the sun-baked dry mixture on the ground, talking to her as if she were alive.

While holding some of her favorite flowers, fresh-cut gardenias, his soul ached with the loss of her. He spoke openly to her about his love for her, life in general, and informed her of the day's events at the club. Up until the moment Scott arrived at the grave, he had never realized how much he really loved her. Eventually, Scott collected himself and placed the gardenias, one at a time, all over her grave. Entering the waiting limo, he instructed the driver to drive around for a while before going to the Bellagio. Drinking heavily, as he had done all day, he recalled the first time he met Rita, as he stared out the window of the limo.

Thinking back to his twenty-first birthday party, spent with a group of friends from Harvard, Scott remembered what all young men do for a weekend of fun in Vegas. 'We found ourselves buying shots and lap dances, with the best naked women Vegas had to offer. I was attracted to Rita from the instant I saw her, and paid for her as my private dancer for hours. In a private room, she teased me to absolutely no end, refusing to allow me to orgasm. "You will cum when I say you can cum." I offered her more and more money to go home with her, but she kept turning me down. "You are too inexperienced for me, Scott." Finally, at one thousand dollars, she said yes, with one condition that I become her slave. Hell, she cannot weigh a hundred pounds wet, slave my ass. "You must do everything I tell you," she told me. I was so drunk and horny, that I agreed.' Laughing to himself as he rode in the limo, he thought, 'I remember thinking, "I am going to fuck this woman so hard, she will be my personal slave when I am done with her." What a drunk, naïve little boy I was.

'Standing in the doorway, drunk, I remember looking around the room. The walls were covered with masks, whips, rope, cuffs, and studded collars. Chains were hanging from the ceiling along with a swing, and every sex toy imaginable was on display. In the middle of the room were a doctor's table or bench-type thing and several other weird contraptions that looked like stockades. One thousand dollars now, no refunds, no escapes; I handcuff and blindfold you before you enter. The rest of your experience is up to me, not you; I am in charge. You will do what I say, or I will beat you mercilessly and throw your ass beside the road.

'Afraid? No way. Hell, I found myself sexually aroused and curious about this little girl. How much damage could a little woman like her actually do to a big man like me? Now, that was my first big mistake he thought. Taking the thousand from my wallet, I handed it to her as she told me to close my eyes. The instant she put leather mask on my head, making my totally blind, I was immediately erect.

‘She put a complete set of handcuffs on each hand and backed me against the wall. Lifting each arm, she locked the other end to a chain attached to the wall. My mind raced with excitement and thoughts of “why this turning me on?” When I suddenly realized that I was blindfolded and handcuffed to a wall somewhere in Las Vegas. My god, I was the prisoner of a stripper, supposedly named Rita, with no way to escape. What if this woman were a ... the thought quickly left me, as I felt a lock go around one ankle, and then the other. A psycho, I thought as panic set in. She threatened me saying. “You must remain still; I am going to cut your clothes off of your body, with a very sharp knife.” As I started to protest, wanting to stop, she punched me in the mouth repeatedly. With the taste of blood in my mouth, she told me to shut the fuck up. “Don’t ever speak, unless I tell you to speak.”’

‘For hours, Rita led me from one emotional valley to the mountaintop of a rushing, euphoric high, stirring me to the point of orgasm repeatedly. Each time she would slap my genitals or whip me as a warning. “You better not release until I tell you.” Several times, she beat me to the point of tears, using every tool of her trade, even electricity as she probed my body.

‘Shackled and cuffed, I was led to the padded table, and she clipped me face down. My head was hanging over the table when she finally undid my mask. As my eyes slowly began to focus, I saw her standing in front of me, naked, with a feathered mask covering her face. She looked stunning in stiletto heels with a short leather strap in her right hand. The image, mixed with the pain, gave me another erection. Until I saw her left hand holding a strap-on dildo cock that she attached to her body. I became numb with fear, and she began striking me hard with the leather strap, making her way to the rear of the table.

‘She beat my buttocks, legs, and back nearly raw. Afterwards, rubbing me with ice, she would beat me again. Placing a stool between my legs, she reached over my body and grabbed my hair with one hand. With amazing force, she pulled my head backwards until my eyes saw an angled mirror on the ceiling, showing me what she was about to do. With one hand, she held my head up, and with the other hand, she kept hitting me, as she drove deep into my body. Laying her body over me, she said in a soft whisper, “Now you can cum!” At her words, my body shook with a convulsion; I screamed as if I were an animal caught in a trap. Only this trap was one of ecstasy. From that moment on, I became a trapped addict of Rita, for the rest of my life. The next morning, she took a prison jumpsuit and marked my birthday age of 21 on the back. Calling a cab, she kissed me goodbye she said, “You will be my prisoner for the rest of your life.”’

Thinking through his life, Scott thought, ‘Eventually, we had some normalcy in the relationship; we actually engaged in what people call normal lovemaking several times. Our friendship grew ever so deep; my body will always bear the scars of her love for me. And in my love for her, I will always treasure each and every one of them.’

Samantha was eating breakfast in bed with Paula when breaking news interrupted Regis. “Congressman Scott Riley has announced he will be stepping down from his political career amid speculation of another possible Washington sex scandal. The congressman denies the rumors, citing his only reason for resigning is to spend more time with his family.”

“Over my dead body,” Samantha shouted.

The city was buzzing about Scott Riley’s sudden retirement from politics, and the news had filled Woodstock69 with more locals than normal. Each hoped to get a glimpse of the ex-congressman. Several in the crowd seemed to be well-wishers, and many more were obvious “farewell-wishers.” If Scott showed up, he was sure to get an earful. It was the first Thursday night of the month, and Steve was taking bets on Scott as a show or a no-show.

“I have a hundred that says the media hog lives and will show his face.”

“I have a hundred that agrees, but the general has a hundred saying he will not show,” replied Roger.

Laughing, Larry said, “I am with the general; fifty yays and fifty nays.”

Jerry responded, “I have a hundred that says there are more ‘farewell wishers’ here tonight than well-wishers.”

“Jerry wins!” They all shouted, holding up their glasses with a “here, here, I’ll drink to that” toast.

Sam stoically listened to them from behind the bar, thinking perhaps that Scott was right; all they will do is sit, drink, and talk about what they see until they die. Nevertheless, it might be interesting to hear their conclusions and see if they know anything about studying history.

Molly was busy running from table to table serving drinks. Sam was quite surprised at how hard she worked, but thought her short skirt was a bit too revealing. She also wore a tie-dyed top with a color pattern that, for some reason, looked strangely familiar to him. As only Molly can do, it was tied in a knot just below those very revealing magnificent breasts. The skirt was a micro mini with a peace symbol covering her fabulous ass. A small slit, just below the peace symbol, nearly revealed Winky the Clam, every time she stretched to serve drinks across the table. Several men had dropped their napkins on the floor, trying to get a better bird’s-eye view from adjoining tables each time she served drinks. Her sweet personality and raw sex appeal, along with the seductive outfits she wore, earned her a lot of tip money. Money she graciously shared with the other waitresses, who adored her.

Thinking back to earlier in the evening, Sam thought, ‘She did seem a little perturbed with me before we opened; I wonder if she has any personal problems that I need to know about. No, it was not personal; it was more like how a woman acts if we do not notice something new, or how the new dress looks on them. I wonder what it could be. Maybe it’s because I did not say anything about her skirt. Where does she find this stuff? It fits the atmosphere of this place perfectly.’

Silence in a bar is a strange and unusual event. Sam was wiping the bar when the silent earthquake hit. As he looked up at the table of men, they had stopped moving, speaking not a word as every drink sat on the table. Even the kitchen noise came to a screeching halt, no glasses clinking or silverware rattling. Looking across the room, Molly was standing still, as every person around her sat in silence, looking toward the front doors. Turning his head slowly, Sam noticed a man standing on the doorway platform who looked feeble and worn like a bum. The backdrop of the huge entry doors made the man appear small in stature; he was a beaten man if ever there was one. Could this really be ex-Congressman, Scott Riley?

His posture was slumped; he was unshaven, with several days' growth, and for the first time, every hair on his head was out of place. His suit looked like something he had found in the bottom of a hamper. He was missing his usual dapper tie and matching pocket kerchief. The front of what would normally have been a crisp, clean white shirt was soiled, and the collar was heavily stained. His shoes were dirty, off-the-rack Wal-Mart sneakers. The haunting look in his eyes reminded Sam of the hollow look seen in the eyes of Jackie Kennedy when she was on the plane with Lyndon Johnson as he was being sworn in as president. All life, purpose, and self-esteem were gone; Scott stood alone, in front of everyone, a defeated, empty man.

"Drinks are on the house," Sam shouted. "Welcome home, Congressman, three cheers for Congressman Scott Riley, everyone. Hip, hip, hooray! Hip, hip..." He quickly made his way to the entry platform, shaking Scott's hand and whispering to him as he led him to the table. Stepping behind the bar, Sam instructed Sonny to set Willis the bouncer at the top of the aisle and to tell the staff that no one could approach the congressman, especially news people. "I don't like the bastard, but at this point, his ship has lost all wind to sail; besides, he is out of the race now, anyhow."

Every man at the table sat quietly watching Scott; there were no jokes or jabs, just silence. It was obvious that Scott appeared to be one breath away from the nut house. After several moments, Scott picked up his glass and, making eye contact with everyone, said, "Thanks," as each man lifted his glass and took a drink without speaking. They sat in silence until Molly appeared with plates of food that Sam had prepared for Scott from the kitchen.

As she sat the food in front of him, she said, "Congressman, that nice man at the bar bought you this drink, and now dinner. If you were a girl, you would know at this point he pretty much thinks he's going to get some pussy later." Laughter entered the table, but only briefly, as Scott began to speak, his voice quivering.

“I lost my life’s vision and purpose recently, as you all know. Those of you who sit here, who have felt similar devastating losses in your lives, I want to apologize to you. I was not a reliable friend during your time of loss; please forgive me, each of you, as best you can for my callous past behavior.”

‘Something is wrong with what he said,’ Sam thought. ‘You do not lose a life’s purpose or vision when you retire or willingly step down. The only way you lose a life’s vision and purpose is if someone or something takes it from you by force. The word “loss” is not a word used by a man who willfully resigns from office. I wonder what really happened and why he resigned.’

After Scott had finished eating, Molly led him to the office showers where he could clean up. She left him a selection of souvenir shirts and Woodstock69 sweatpants to choose from, giggling as she left the room. “You know, Sam is a smarter businessman than I thought, Congressman. It looks as if he intends to dress you as an advertisement for the bar. Eat at Woodstock69.”

Molly was on her way out the door when she stopped, spread her legs a bit, bent over without bending her knees, and imitated picking something up off the floor. Rising slowly and holding the pose, she pretended to be looking at something in her hand, then walked out and closed the door without looking back at Scott. As he entered the shower, he thought to himself, ‘Now that’s a walking billboard owned by a marketing genius. There is not a man in this bar that would not line up to eat at Molly’s café.’

The cell phone is a wonderful object to own during a personal emergency or a national disaster. Tonight, Woodstock69 was experiencing the power of the cell phone. When a disheveled congressman appeared as a toxic mess, people began showing up in droves. The media were out in full force, both in and out of the premises, trying to get a glimpse of a “reportedly” shipwrecked Scott Riley. Sam told Willis to remove any news media with cameras or a crew in the building, and “do not let anyone come down this aisle.” The hostesses were to seat everyone, and those waiting for a seat were to be confined to the waiting area only; there would be no milling around. “There will be no room for ‘looky loos’ tonight; eat, drink, and be merry, or get out,” Sam told them. Molly had kicked in another gear and was servicing twice her normal number of tables. Who knew a slow Thursday night would turn into an event because of a rundown congressman?

Satisfied that everything was in working order, Sam made his way back to help Sonny behind the bar. As he walked past Willis, staring in the direction of the group’s table, he suddenly stopped dead in his tracks.

Taking a couple more steps toward the group table, he turned and saw Molly, stretching to place a drink across the table, as men at the adjoining table sat high-fiving one another. He shouted “MOLLY!” causing several heads to turn. Unsure of his tone, Molly set the remaining drinks down and hurried toward Sam with an empty tray. Walking past Willis, she found Sam seated at the small waitress table with a stern look on his face.

“Sit down,” he said in a demanding tone. “You are the only one that could have put that on the wall.”

“Sam,” Molly interrupted him, smiling like a little girl with a big surprise, “you finally noticed. I have been waiting all night for you to see them! I worked all week with a copying place to enhance the images, and searched everywhere to find the right art deco frames that would date match the time-period for articles and photographs. The image guy did a great job, don’t you think? They are much clearer than the originals, and the t-shirt has been preserved and sealed behind the glass. How cool is that? Look at my top; it is the same colors and pattern as the original shirt. I hope you love the arrangement as much as I do.” She was as excited as a child who had worked all week gluing her first macaroni picture together.

“Molly, you need to shut up and listen to me. I do not love it; you should have asked me if I wanted my personal life spread all over the walls, because I do not. That day was not a proud point in my life; it was a low point in my life. I explained this to you in private, and you are the only person I have ever told about what happened to me. I do not think you would be happy if I put your personal life on a public wall for everyone to see without asking you. Why would you think I would want to spend hours talking about a bullet through my gut with one customer after another? Besides that, you stole the fucking t-shirt; I never gave you the okay to take that from my study. Why did you take it without asking?”

Confused and hurt, Molly said, “Is it okay to speak, Sam?” As Sam angrily nodded yes, Molly, in a small, contrite voice, said, “I’m sorry. I never meant any harm. Personally, I found your story very interesting and I think it kind of goes with everything else in the bar. So I thought others would want to read about it as well. Imagine the public knowing that the owner of Woodstock69 was a radical hippie protester. I thought it would be a terrific piece of publicity to draw more crowds for the business.”

Angrily, Sam interrupted her with a loud, stern tone. “Molly, you stole my fucking shirt!”

Molly immediately shot back, irritated by his accusation, “I never ‘stole the fucking shirt,’ as you put it, Sam, because look, there it is, hanging on your wall in your bar.

All I did was allow my foolish heart to believe that it was doing a good thing for a dear friend,” she added as her eyes began to water. “I created the collage above Hendrix and Joplin, your favorites, hoping you would have noticed them when you came in today. I also thought my matching the shirt would have tweaked your curiosity when I arrived. If you were a little more observant of other things, outside of Sam’s world, you might have noticed my shirt before we opened. Besides, there is no harm here, Sam, with all the memorabilia in this place, not one man at that table noticed them, and so your little secret is still safe.”

Larry, Roger, Steve, and Jerry sat watching the conversation from a distance and began to wonder what they had done wrong. Every so often, either Sam or Molly looked or pointed in their direction. Roger joked, “General, did you make a pass at Molly and not tell me about it?”

Laughing, Steve said, “From their looks and hand gestures, I feel like a boy in a time-out chair, watching my parents argue about what my punishment will be.”

Larry quipped immediately, “You have no idea how much I can relate to that feeling.”

Sam was still upset with Molly’s violation of his personal life and space. Standing to his feet and pointing again in the direction of the table, he spoke to her in an arrogant tone, “I want you to ‘follow your foolish heart’ again Molly. Walk over there, take everything down, and put it in my office, immediately. I will decide when I want my life to become a publicity stunt, not you.” Leaving, Sam went to the bar, and Molly headed for the table, her face showing her distress.

Larry joked, “We are not in trouble here, guys, it seems ‘Good Golly Miss Molly’ has a big problem with the boss.”

It was unusual for Molly not to speak or smile. As she arrived at their table, she never looked at any of them and stepped behind Larry. This was all business. Without a word, she began removing the picture frames as Sam watched her from the bar. Stacking them on top of one another in the empty spot where Scott would have sat, she took down the last frame, which was the sealed t-shirt. Realizing it was too large to place on top of the smaller frames, she said, “Excuse me, Larry,” and moved his drink. She placed the frame next to him and began to stack the others on top.

“I was there, that’s my shirt.”

Sam was pouring a drink when he heard the words. At first, he was unsure he heard correctly.

“What did you say?” asked Molly.

“I was there. I know this guy; that’s my shirt,” Larry repeated, staring at the pictures and the shirt encased in the frame. The exact second Larry repeated, “That’s my shirt,” Sam had his own, personal, silent earthquake. Bottle in hand, he kept pouring, looking at Larry as bourbon continued to flow all over the bar. Sonny spoke to Sam, but he did not hear a word, nor was he consciously aware when Sonny reached over and took the bottle from his hand. Frozen in time, Sam watched people’s mouths moving but could not hear a thing. His equilibrium felt off, so he gripped the bar in order to remain standing, but he never took his eyes off Larry.

Sonny grabbed a chair, thinking Sam was about to pass out. His face was pale, his lips looked gray, and beads of sweat had popped on every pore of his face. As he slid the chair under Sam, he grabbed him around the waist, forcing him to sit, and to his astonishment, Sam’s clothing was soaking wet.

Sitting in the chair, Sam became aware of talking again. “I’ll be damned, it could be him,” Larry said, as he and Molly leaned over the bar. Molly was beaming from ear to ear with tears in both eyes. Sam was still unable to speak when Larry asked him, “Do you remember me saying to you that I was a medical student and forcing the guardsmen to leave you alone?” With those words, a stunned Sam, unable to speak, nodded yes, leaned forward in the chair, put his head in his hands, gasped for air, and began to cry.

For a second time that night, business came to a standstill as customers sat wondering what had happened. Molly asked Willis and Sonny to help Sam to his office, and everyone from Larry’s table followed. The group stood in silence for ten minutes, listening to Sam crying, before he finally regained his composure enough to speak. Sheepishly, he said, “I owe you my life, Larry. The doctor said I would never have lived that day if you hadn’t stuck that tie-dyed shirt into the hole in my stomach. Now that I look at you, if I put long hair on you, with a pair of John Lennon sunglasses, I can still see you. I will never understand how you pulled off that doctor routine, looking the way you did.”

“Neither will I, Sam. I remember speaking with the believable authority of a doctor, and I was amazed when they backed down. I’m ashamed to say I was pretty much stoned out of my mind that day, so taking credit for saving your life is a farfetched thought to me. You have to know, it was totally out of character for me to run toward the shooting,” he said with a smile. “To this day, I still do not understand why I ran to you. I always felt bad about that day because up to that point in my life, you were the only good thing I had ever done, Sam, and I never knew what happened to you.” At that point, everyone left them alone in the office to talk.

After a long personal discussion, where they exchanged views and ideas on life, Sam and Larry hugged as if they were lifelong friends. “I would like to stop by your place, if that is okay, Larry. You have been a curiosity to me since you commented that my essays were old news,” Sam said, smiling as he reached into his drawer. “These are for you,” handing Larry a set of keys to the bar. “As long as I am still alive, Larry, you will always have a place to stay, clothes to put on, and food to eat. Your money cannot buy anything in this place, and the door is always open; thanks for being stoned that day, my friend.”

Wisdom smiled at Molly, Sam, Larry, and the group; everything was exactly on time as planned.



*“He’s a real nowhere man ... Sitting in his nowhere land
Making all his nowhere plans ... For nobody.”*

While it is true that humans rely on their senses to enjoy and survive life, understanding how the human sense of smell can deaden over time, still remains a mystery. An aged, incontinent human, living alone, will eventually be unable to smell the acidity of their incontinence. Driving past a vinegar factory, the smell is unmistakable. However, anyone who has lived near the factory for any length of time will often say, after a while, they no longer smell the vinegar.

Skunks use their odor as a defense mechanism when attacked, and Pepé Le Pew, the cartoon skunk, made everyone laugh with his French accent, using his nasty smell to attract females for a little amour. We must assume skunks are immune to their own smell, perhaps even enjoying the smell, otherwise how would they produce offspring? Skunks have to be the nastiest-smelling sexual animals in the world. Try to find one person that will say they love the smell of a fresh road-kill skunk. On second thought, skunks may be the second nastiest animal in the world.

The year was 1981, and Larry Thomas, the perfect poster boy of a classic hippie from the 60s, had just turned thirty-three.

With shoulder length-hair, Larry's trademark was a small round pair of John Lennon sunglasses that he wore day and night. Dressed in his usual homemade, tie-dyed shirt, sandals, and dirty jeans, Larry was celebrating his birthday with friends. After taking a snort of cocaine, he attempted to blow out his candles, singeing both eyebrows and his hair. He laughed at himself, declaring to everyone, "Thirty-three will be the best year of my life, because threes are the wild card in life this year." As the only remaining original member of his 1964 band The Creatures, Larry was proud that his place was still widely known as party central. Because he was a bad boy with an attitude, and a real crowd pleaser on stage, the young women naturally stood in line for just a chance to party with him all night.

A rock star's problems start with young girls and Larry had his problems. Several tried to get pregnant, and others claimed they were pregnant. Larry went through a slew of young girls. When dumped for a new girl several became angry and made false claims saying Larry took unfair advantage of them. This caused Larry many run-ins with the cops. Roger was home on leave before going overseas. He showed up at Larry's place with a camera, a tripod, and a security clock camera. He gave Larry instructions on how to set it "anywhere you want to use it. Don't be stupid, Larry." The cameras sat unused in the closet until a boyfriend at a party busted his girl in the act of giving Larry a blowjob in the bathroom. The chick blamed Larry; a fight ensued, followed by two months in jail until the judge dropped the charges. After that lesson, if you wanted to fuck a rock star, it would be on film.

A man true to his vision, Larry's life since the 60s was still about sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll. Addicted to young girls, booze, and drugs, Larry lived at the same poverty level he had despised as a young boy. His low-life rocker bachelor pad was put together with an "I could give a shit attitude." The contents consisted of used furniture from garage sales, flea markets, and other items he called "just good stuff" found in roadside trash. His proudest possession was a large, store-bought RCA projection television. Larry purchased the TV, along with a pound of pot, after finishing a well-paying job by his small handyman business. His company consisted of a box of business cards and one employee, Larry. Living in an illusion and unwilling to grow up, Larry was a man going nowhere, trapped in time without a future.

Everyone who tried to enter Larry's small two-bedroom rental home "sober" would normally wince at the first breath; their eyes would begin to water, and they would usually step back outside for another breath of fresh air. The only way anyone ever walked through the front door without wincing was in a "stoned" condition.

Years of parties left the carpet rancid from a mixture of spilled beer, layers of cigarette ashes, food stains, wine, and cat piss from Bitsy, who never owned a litter box. The white wall behind the waterbed was various shades of heavy brown nicotine. While tripping on acid, Larry used liquid nails to glue eighteen empty beer cans to the tops of each nightstand beside the waterbed. He called them his catchall ashtrays, flicking ashes and cigarette butts from bed in their direction.

Early Sunday morning, Larry lay sleeping with Cindy on the beer-stained mattress in soiled sheets, unwashed for several months. The sheets were full of body sweat and stained with fluids from several previous partners. Living in the squalor for over eight years, just like an elderly incontinent man, or the vinegar-factory resident, and especially the skunk, Larry's senses could not smell a damn thing.

An occupational hazard from playing late nights in heavily air-conditioned clubs often left Larry with a cold in both eyes. This morning, both eyelids were crusted shut as Bitsy jumped on the bed, crying for food, and waking him from much-needed sleep with what seemed to be his millionth migraine hangover. Kicking Bitsy from the bed, he rubbed one eye with his fingers, cracking it open, as he peeked at Cindy, wondering how much longer this one would last.

They had been together for about three months, and she was beginning to drop the "let's get more serious" bullshit like the hundreds before her. She was, like Larry, the product of a crappy, dysfunctional, poor family from the wrong side of the tracks. Blessed with a smokin' body, she was a red-hot lover, turning completely animalistic with full-body sweats when she was seeking sexual satisfaction. At seventeen years old, Larry wondered about Cindy's massive sexual appetite; and how she had learned so much, at such a young age.

After his concert last night, the bar provided free shots of tequila which Larry and Cindy took full advantage of. Arriving at party central, they did shotguns of pot in bed while fucking like rabbits until early morning. As he rose to medicate his migraine, he looked around the bedroom through the partially opened eye. The place was its usual mess with clothes piled or thrown everywhere. Cindy never put anything away, and if she did laundry, she took the clothes out of the dryer and dumped them from the hamper into a pile on the floor. Larry was never sure which pile was clean and which was dirty, so he would always sniff the armpits or crotches of his clothes before putting them on. Laughing to himself, he thought, 'And the last one was such a neat freak; I threw her out because she drove me crazy.' Walking over to the dresser, he unplugged the camera.

The living room was a continuation of beer cans, cigarette butts, and ashes from overflowing ashtrays on the coffee and end tables. Partially eaten food was everywhere, and the kitchen was without a single clean dish. The place had a dishwasher, but Cindy was too lazy to use it. ‘Just wash it when you need it, Larry,’ was her logic. Drinking from a dirty glass, he swallowed four Tylenols and noticed an abundance of small roaches on the kitchen counter. Bitsy crawled between his legs as he opened a can of tuna and dumped it into her nasty bowl, already full of spoiled, crusted leftovers. After washing the sleep from both eyes in the kitchen sink, he walked into the living room to watch something on the big-screen RCA, dodging several piles of Bitsy on the floor with his bare feet. Pushing several paper plates of old food aside, he sat down on the heavily stained couch, his headache still throbbing, thinking, ‘What in the hell kind of life is this? Everyone else did something with their lives, even if their parents helped them. Scott became a congressman; Steve became a big-shot lawyer; Jerry, a businessman builder; and my best bud Roger, a freaking war hero of some kind. What in the hell has happened to me? I feel stuck in some kind of time warp; nothing has changed for me since high school.’

The fifteen years since high school were hard years, filled with late nights, drugs, and a stream of underage groupie party girls. Larry liked them young and never went above eighteen years old except for that one neat freak nearly his age. ‘I am getting too old for this shit. Pussy is just pussy, young or old, fat or thin, rich or poor; it’s still just pussy, Larry. Wake up, dude; there has got to be more to life than pussy. You have become a one-man business card; you own nothing but a big-screen television and a beat-up work van. I need to do something with my life that really matters. This has been fun, but it’s really going nowhere.’

In the middle of his reflective thoughts, Cindy came out of the bedroom naked. Standing in the doorway, she spread her legs open as she rubbed herself with a vibrator. “Larry, baby, come and scratch my itch, and then how about fixing me some breakfast, sweetie?” Unaware of Larry’s reflective thoughts and migraine hangover, the young girl made the wrong request at the wrong time.

“FIX YOU BREAKFAST?” Larry shouted at her. “Get your ass out here, you lazy fucking skank, and fix me some breakfast.”

It only takes one match to start a huge fire. For about an hour, they went back and forth with all of the drama of a *Maury Povich* episode, only the subject was not about “you are the father.” The climax of the show ended when Cindy, the drama queen, took the shouting match into the front yard for the neighbors’ benefit.

As Cindy screamed from the middle of the yard, Larry slammed the door in her face, telling her to pick up her “garbage” outside later that afternoon.

In a rage and armed with a hefty garbage bag, Larry walked through the house, picking up her stuff off the floor, including several pairs of some nasty-looking stained panties. The bathroom counter was so cluttered with her stuff that he swept it into the bag by the armfuls. ‘There you go, Cindy; thanks for the pussy, and you may keep the luggage.’ Putting a twist tie on the bag, he sat it outside the front door. Grabbing another bag, he went through the house, emptying ashtrays and trash, giving the place a basic quick clean up. ‘See, it only took five-minutes and it looks okay.’

Picking up the phone, he called Kathryn, the ex-over-age neat freak. Asking her over for a beer and pizza, Larry offered to call it in, and she could pick it up on her way over. Kathryn, a poor little rich girl, was crazy about him, and when he needed something, Larry often used her. She had the worst case of bad boy syndrome Larry had ever seen; the nastier he treated her, the more she wanted him. Kathryn was the moth, and Larry was the burning flame. When Larry called, Kathryn flew towards the flame, knowing she would be hurt again, and Larry, for some sick reason, kept burning her. They had lived together for a brief while, and her neatness drove Larry crazy. When she left, Larry played it as if her neatness caused them to part, but he knew in his heart the real reason she left. She demanded fidelity from him while they lived together, and she would not budge on the issue. For the first time in his life, a woman actually left the bad boy rocker based on an honest, moral principle.

Kathryn wanted a monogamous relationship but was too weak to totally walk away from him. Driven by her heart, she had walked in and out of his life for the past five years, supplying Larry with anything he wanted. She gave him money when he was short on cash for drugs, and food. She had even fixed his van a few times so poor little Larry could get some work.

Tonight it was free pizza and beer. To look at, Kathryn was easy on the eyes, a bit too skinny, but nice and tight, close to the bone in bed. Larry hated to be alone, and Kathryn was always his ace in the hole. Proud of the fact that it only took a few hours to replace Cindy, he sat watching the big screen in his newly cleaned home. ‘Man, this is great; I have a fine lay on the way over, and I know she will finish cleaning the place for a few days. Fix me breakfast, my ass, little bitch. I am the king of my domain.’

**“He’s as blind as he can be,
Just sees what he wants to see,
Nowhere Man can you see me at all?”**

Kathryn arrived about an hour later, kissed Larry briefly on the driveway, and sprayed the house with Lysol as she walked through the door. She cleaned the table off, loaded the dishwasher, stripped the bed sheets, picked up Bitsy's poo, and wiped down the kitchen counters with disinfectant before she would sit down to eat pizza with Larry. Looking at her, Larry thought, 'What is wrong with you, man? She is a very sweet person, and all you ever do is use her.'

"I can only stay a while, Larry; I have a huge test tomorrow and need to study some tonight, so how about I leave around seven?" Kathryn explained, insinuating that if he wanted sex, he would have to make his move in the next hour or so. Lighting up a joint, Larry took a hit and passed it to Kathryn, but she declined, reminding him about her test tomorrow. Larry got on his knees and began to lick her inner thighs. Handing her the joint, he continued licking higher and higher as he talked her into taking just "one" hit.

"You are the cleanest woman I've ever met in my life." Kathryn slowly spread her legs for his flickering tongue; leaning against the wall as she closed her eyes, she took another hit, knowing she was hopelessly in love with Larry.

When her eyes opened, Kat was still a bit high. As she focused on the clock, it read 7:30. 'Great, it's time to head home,' she thought, then noticed the sunlight in the room. 'Oh, no, this is AM! Oh my god, I have to run.' Not waking Larry, she dressed quietly, leaving him a note. *I am still a bit stoned, but I loved your tongue. I will call you. Made a pot of coffee and put the garbage out. I Love You, Kat,* She signed it with a heart at the end of her name. Their initials LT + KA were at the bottom.

The pounding on the door woke Larry and he could hear the voice of an irate Cindy. "Larry, I know you are home, open the door, I want my things."

"Just a minute," he said as he got up and went to the door. He was still high and naked needing to relieve himself and nearly erect when he unlocked the door,. Cindy continued her argument from yesterday; telling him that he wasn't getting any pussy. "So, put your dick away, Larry. Where is my stuff?"

"I put it right outside the door," he replied as he went to take a leak.

"It's not there, Larry, what did you do with my things?"

Larry knew Cindy from the months they had lived together, and one thing she loved was to look at cock. So coming out of the bathroom, he slowly pulled up his shorts, leaving it out for her eyes as long as possible. 'What is wrong with you, man? You could care less about this dirty little skank, so why are you playing a game like you want to fuck her? Besides, you fucked around with Kat until four in the morning. Are you kidding me?'

Eaten alive by his own lust; he answered his own question with his next thought. ‘Look at that young red-hot body.’

Stepping out the front door and looking side to side, Larry realized, sure enough, there was no bag. A strange smell slowly filled his senses, ‘Why, that is coffee.’ As he walked into the kitchen, he saw the note from Kat on the counter. Without reading it, he palmed the note and stuck it in his pocket. Telling Cindy he would find her stuff, he took clean cups from the dishwasher and poured them both some coffee.

“Now that wasn’t too hard, was it, Larry? And to think just yesterday I offered you the best pussy you’ve ever had before breakfast.” She continued being a bitch about the fix-me-breakfast fight they had the day before. “What did you do, Larry? Clean all day out of sexual frustration?”

“Sort of,” he replied.

As she sat across from him, Cindy put one leg on the rung of the chair and opened her legs to reveal she was not wearing panties. Cindy knew that looking up any skirt was a turn on for Larry.

‘Why am I playing this silly little game with this immature seventeen-year old slut? I know better. When a woman thinks she has the best pussy, she comes with a full-blown head game attached.’

As Larry was getting up to go to the bathroom to read Kat’s note, Cindy reached over and pulled his shorts down, taking him into her mouth. At seventeen, Cindy knew how to suck a dick dry better than any other girl he had ever met. Enjoying her expertise, he thought, ‘My god, Kat is so clean the little bitch cannot taste her on my cock.’

A few hours later, they sat drinking beer and eating cold pizza. Larry explained that he still wanted some time apart because he was starting to think a lot about his life. He wanted more out of life than he had. ‘Maybe I am finally growing up.’ To his surprise, Cindy agreed. She had the same feelings, and then she dropped the “I love you, Larry” bomb for the first time, followed by “and I will wait for you. Take as long as you need, sweetheart.”

‘My god, she thinks I am talking about settling down with her.’ After promising again to find her stuff, they agreed as she left to continue to take care of each other sexually.

Sitting on the couch, Larry read and reread Kat’s “I love you” note. ‘Look at you, Larry, with “I love you commitments” from two women, and you honestly do not love either one of them, do you? In fact, you could care less if you ever saw either one of them again, right? What is going on with me? I never had thoughts like this before.’ As a diversion from his thoughts, he flipped on the television just as the phone rang.

It turned out to be a potential customer wanting a bedroom painted right away. “How fast can you do this?”

“I can do it tomorrow, if you will pick up the paint tonight. I will see you in the morning around ten o’clock.”

Suddenly remembering Kat’s note that said, “I put the garbage out,” he ran to the garbage can on the curb, and dug through it until he found Cindy’s garbage bag. Just as he was about to enter the house, Kat pulled in the driveway. ‘This is way too much to keep up with; I need some time alone to clear my thoughts. What is wrong with me? I feel exhausted emotionally and drained by only two women.’

Smiling and kissing him on the cheek, she said, “So you like to have the garbage in the house.”

“No, I just threw away a customer’s paper by accident, so I will need to look through it later. How was your test?”

“I was still a bit high when I took it because I was with this bad boy last night with a seriously hot tongue, but I think I passed,” she said grabbing him in the crotch. “Did you miss me, lover?”

“You know I did, Kat. How could I not have missed you? We had a great time together last night.”

‘What a liar you are, you banged Cindy the minute you got a chance and never thought about Kat a single time all day. Liar, liar. What is going on with me? I never thought about any of this kind of shit before in my life.’

Kat put her arms around Larry’s waist and her head on his chest, reminding him that she was all about touchy feely. She was too clingy for him, and after a while, it just drove him crazy. ‘My god, how many times do you need to touch me or tell me that you love me in one day? You know, the problem could be you, Larry. How many times in your life have you been able to express your emotions or respect the feelings of someone else? What the fuck? Come on, Larry, do you even know what real emotions are and how to express them?’

Looking down at her and feeling uncomfortable in her grasp, he wanted loose without being rude, so he introduced a new topic of conversation as he stepped away from her grasp. “Guess what? I have a job in the morning booked, sold, and ready to go.”

“Why Larry; is that like me, when I had a test this morning, sweetie?” Smiling, she asked, “Where is the pot? How about we take just ‘one hit’ Larry.” And she grabbed him again.

‘Why do I need to get high to tolerate her? When I am high, I love her touchy feely ways all over me. How blind can you be, Larry? Evidently, as blind as you want to be.’

Early the next morning, as he stepped from the shower, Kat had breakfast waiting and directions to the customer's home all ready to go on his clipboard. The entire morning she shamelessly expressed her love for him, following him to his van for that one last kiss and a big hug. On the way to the job, he thought about how much fun they had together after he got high, followed by another round of self-examination as he tried to understand why she bugged him in other ways.

She was decent looking, a lot older than he liked them, a one-man woman, immaculate, a helper, encourager, and pretty good in bed. So why did she bug him? 'Your problem is, Larry, you don't know how to relate emotionally to someone when they express real, honest emotion to you. Do you want to know why, Larry? It's because you, Larry, will never be mature enough to satisfy any woman emotionally. You do not have the maturity to deal with a seventeen-year-old little girl, Larry. Do you really want to know why, Larry? You are not a bad boy; you are not cool Mr. "I could give a shit" rocker party animal. You, Larry, are an emotionally bankrupt, insensitive, hurt little boy, that's why, Larry. Wake up! You were supposed to walk her to her car for one last hug, but she walked to your van. What's wrong with you? Face it, Larry, the thought of walking to her car never crossed your mind. Did it? All you wanted to do was get away from her honest expressions about how she feels about you. I must be losing my mind.'

Arriving at the job Larry thought Mrs. Stromberg was one fine looking lady. 'Maybe she needs more than her bedroom painted. What an idiot you are, Larry.' Instead, he received total rejection; she was almost dismissive of Larry and was all business. Leaving Larry to his work, she disappeared until he called for her three hours later to come and see her new bedroom.

"I love it," she exclaimed, and asked if he had the time to do another room. Looking at the room, Larry agreed to paint it; if she would go pick up the paint, he would start moving the furniture and prepping the room.

Crawling around the room, wiping the baseboards, Larry felt good about the money he was making, and he thought about taking Kat out for a nice dinner. 'She has done so much for me; it's about time I did one honest thing for her.' As he reached the doorway, he was still on all fours when he looked up to a short denim skirt, long legs, and panties with a Rolling Stones' tongue on them. As he rose to his knees, he saw two perfect tits bulging from a tee shirt, tied in a knot just above the belly.

"Hi, I'm Amanda. Where's my mother?" she said, smiling as she watched his long examination of her body.

He stood to his feet saying, "I'm Larry. Your mother went to pick up some paint for your room."

“Cool, you’re the lead singer for The Creatures, aren’t you?”

As Larry nodded yes, she continued, “I love your shades. Do you mind if I get a few things from my closet?”

“Sure, go ahead. I won’t be starting until your mom arrives; until then, it’s all yours.”

Amanda walked into the large closet, intentionally leaving the door open as she dropped her skirt and top, as if Larry was not even there. Turning towards him, but never looking at him, she peeled her panties off as she put on a tiny bathing suit. Smiling, she walked past Larry to the pool.

Larry quipped, “So I see you are a Stones fan.”

She burst out laughing, turned, and said, “My favorite Stones’ song is “I Can’t Get No Satisfaction,” causing Larry to laugh as well. As she walked away, Larry stayed in the room, watching her from the window until the mother returned with the paint.

“I see Amanda is home from school. Have you met her?” she asked.

“Just briefly, Mrs. Stromberg,” he replied.

“That one is sixteen going on sixty.” She rolled her eyes and walked off.

‘Jailbait, I do not need any jailbait today.’ As he began to paint the room, Amanda kept looking to catch him watching her. ‘One hour ago, you were going to take Kat for a private dinner; now you are seriously thinking about nailing this kid. That’s right, Larry, she is a kid. Go directly to jail, do not pass go.’

Two hours later, Larry finished and was in the process of putting the room back together when Mom and Amanda, wearing a beach robe, came to see her new room. Larry actually found himself thinking, ‘Thank god, she has a robe on. Now that’s a switch.’ Both agreed how much they liked it, while Amanda, standing behind her mom smiled and let her robe slip open as she mouthed, “I love it,” and gave Larry a full, “clean” shaved, baby doll crotch shot. Looking him in the eyes, she asked, “How about you, Larry, do you love it?”

“Yes, I do indeed love it; nice, “clean” choice.”

‘Idiot, what is wrong with you? Why are you playing a game with jailbait?’ Larry went outside to clean up his tools and was just about to leave when Amanda called to him, saying, “I think you missed a spot, can you come and see?”

Walking into the room, he saw Amanda had four lines of cocaine on a mirror. Snorting one, she handed Larry the rolled-up bill, and Larry took a hit without a single thought. Looking at him as she snorted another line, she said, “It’s Friday night. Invite me over for a party. I will bring the fun, you bring the satisfaction.”

Larry took the last hit, consuming it like a vacuum cleaner, and gave her his card, telling her to call him in an hour.

Cashing the check at the bank, he noticed Mrs. Stromberg had included a large tip. Fat-pocket Larry was ready to party. He popped in a Stones CD as he left the bank parking lot and selected “Honky Tonk Woman.” Lit up from the cocaine, wild and ready to party, Larry drove down the road playing the drums on the dashboard singing. “She blew my nose, and then she blew my mind.”

‘She is jailbait, man; when she calls, do not answer the phone. Besides, you have Kat and Cindy on your plate, and you definitely cannot party in the house because you can bet Cindy or Kat will show up. What’s wrong with you, Larry, are you crazy? Damn, that Amanda is one sweet young piece; her pussy looked so young. If she has the coke, I have the time. That shit ain’t cheap.’ Answering the phone, Larry said, “Meet me on the corner in thirty minutes. I will pick you up, and we will party in a motel all weekend.”

“Don’t I get a call, Officer?” Larry asked the turnkey.

“Sit down and shut up; I will call you when we are ready to let you have that privilege.”

By Sunday night at ten-thirty, Larry was sitting in jail on charges of statutory rape, possession of controlled substances, and a host of other charges, including contributing to the delinquency of a minor. ‘She is no minor. You knew better; how many times did I tell you to stay away from her? You knew she was trouble, but you wouldn’t listen to reason, would you, Larry? What is wrong with you, idiot? Your life is a real nowhere life for sure; this is way past drunk and disorderly conduct. Why didn’t you do the right thing? Keep your money and take Kat for a nice dinner? You have scraped by your whole life. Every time you put some money in your pocket, you blow it on drugs or the first little bitch that flirts with you. When are you going to stop this self-destruction once and for all, Larry? Is it worth prison, Larry? Was it that much fun? It was still just another piece of pussy, wasn’t it, Larry?’

What a scene the arrest turned into. Her dad and the cops opening the door to the room, while they were both snorting another hit. It was classic *COPS TV*, as the cops shouted, “Do not resist!”

“Officers, I am bare ass naked, face down on the bed with arms behind my back; in this position I am not capable of resisting.”

Shouting again, “We told you not to resist,” pepper sprays came out, and they each took free shots at Larry.

Crying huge crocodile tears, Amanda explained everything to her father. “I am sorry, Daddy. He talked me into this earlier today when he was working in our home. He gave me some pills, and after, that I didn’t know what I was doing.”

Arriving at the station, the cops began threatening him with all of the scary legal threats. “You are going to get a minimum of eighteen-years in prison to as much as thirty-five years. You picked the wrong girl this time, you hippie freak, and the wrong daddy for damn sure. That man is the toughest lawyer in the justice system. You can kiss your ass good-bye, boy; every con in the state house will wear your ass out, if you know what I mean.”

‘Idiot, I told you she was jailbait, and now we know Daddy is a lawyer.’

“Bailiff, how about my phone call? It has been an hour.” Finally, Larry got his phone call. “I don’t believe it, an answering machine. Rufus, if you are there, pick up. Rufus, are you there? I need you to go to the Donna Court Motel, room 27, immediately. The cops busted me, and my camera clock is on the dresser. Please do this right away, even if you have to break into the room or give the man some cash. This is very important. Search that room; it was a hard party and the camera can save my ass.”

The bailiff explained to Larry that he had a nine o’clock appointment with the judge, and he could expect the public defender around eight to go over his case. “You might as well get some sleep; you are not going anywhere until then.”

Kat sat in bed, wondering where Larry had been all weekend, contemplating how she could find the strength within herself to walk away from him. Crying quietly, she thought, ‘I’ve tried it before; I am just too weak. Even though I love him, I need to face the facts; he does not love me. He never says it and never shows any real interest in my life at all. Stop it, Kat, you must stop seeing him.’ Flipping the channel to the local news, a picture of Larry covered the screen as the broadcaster announced, “This just in. A well-known local bandleader has been charged with the statutory rape of a minor child and possession of a controlled substance.”

“How about a magazine, Larry?” asked the bailiff. “It looks like you are not going to sleep.”

“Sure, thanks, hand me one.” Larry glanced at the front cover headlines. “‘The worst boyfriend personality in the world would have to be a sociopathic hedonist,’ by Dr. Sarah Johnson. Are you one? Test on page 25.” Turning to page 25, Larry continued reading. “Are you charming, but deep down superficial in your relationships? Do you lack genuine remorse when others are hurting? Are people targets and only opportunities for you to use them? Are your promises genuine and can you find your true emotions?”

Do you feel an incapacity for love and are you indifferent to the devastation and emotions of others? Are you sexually promiscuous, cheating on every person you are involved with? Do you have a realistic plan for your life? Do you live a parasitic lifestyle, using others as objects of your manipulations and con games? Do you have no problem lying easily?"

'What the fuck,' Larry thought. The article continued for several more pages with statements on how to identify a hedonist. "You do everything for your own pleasure; you do not care who you destroy as long as you are happy. Life is one big party, and if you are a sociopath, your party is at the expense and emotions of everyone who knows you. All of your past girlfriends know it is your planet, and you are here for your own pleasure."

Throwing the magazine outside of the cell, Larry rolled over in his bed. 'What a load of crap!' Facing the wall, wide-awake, he laid thinking about how many questions he got right.

Each person sojourning on earth has a soul that resides inside of a body. At birth, we all receive an earth suit to wear as we experience life. Earth suits come in all sizes and colors; they are not who we are. Our soul becomes the reflective essence of whom you are as a person for others to see. A soul without a conscience is dead, even while the body is still alive. Conviction of a soul for doing wrong begins in the conscience. The "inner anvil" of every soul resides in the conscience. It is on this inner anvil of the soul's conscience where the pounding hammer of conviction hammers out every evil deed committed by the occupant of the body. The hammer never stops forging the evil deeds or hurtful words spoken upon the inner anvil of the soul, until the soul seeks repentance, forgiveness, and the wrong deed is rectified.

In Larry's lifetime, no one could have convinced him that there was a God in heaven or a devil in hell. He had been in jail before, but this time it was serious. Sitting in the small six-foot cell, he reflected on his life and the many times his mother made him sit in a time-out chair when he was bad. Now, here he sat, in the biggest time-out chair of his life. "This is the end of the road for you, little boy. Now you sit there and think seriously about what you did and where you are going. I swear, if you keep actin' up, Larry, you're gonna wind up in prison one day, boy, a no-good convict."

Until tonight, Larry had never experienced a single conviction in his conscience about anything he had ever done. Sitting alone, the hammer of personal conviction picked up his evil deeds and laid them on the "inner anvil of his soul," exposing his evil deeds, lies, and the way he disesteemed people, especially women. Larry wrestled all night within his conscience over the way he treated people in the past.

This night was only a preview, just a small part of his evil, self-indulgent life. When the hammer begins to forge hard truth on the inner anvil of his soul, demanding recompense for his words and actions, will the hot steel change its shape?

Larry would not be the last man looking for jailhouse Jesus in a county-issued jumpsuit. Although God has heard the same prayer from millions before Larry, for the first time in Larry's life, he actually started talking to God. Everyone that has ever been in a hard place knows the bargaining prayers that we make when the chips are stacked against us. For Larry, this was his first time playing high-stakes-poker with God. 'If you help me, God, I promise to stop doing drugs, and go to church.' After a while, thinking that may not be enough to seal the deal, Larry followed with a long list of life-changing promises he would make, including, of all things, giving up pussy. 'God, if you would just help me get out of this time-out chair, I will ...' A mind in turmoil, negotiating with God, rambles from one thought to another. One minute we ask and trust God to help us, and the next minute we trust in our own strength to fix our problem.

'If that video is gone, or Rufus cannot get it, I am done; even with it, I could still go to prison because her dad has the legal juice. Look how the cops beat me up knowing he was there watching them. Hell, this thing is a fixed deal; I am done. If the cops and lawyers are crooked, they must have a crooked judge that works with them.' Remembering his past camera failures, Larry's mind entertained a multitude of fears. 'What if I was too high, or forgot to turn the camera on, or the camera didn't work?' Adding to the already long list he swore, 'God, I promise I will quit taping girls in bed with me.'

Standing in front of the judge, in leg shackles and handcuffs like a captured animal unfit for society, Larry never looked up at the judge. The public defender looked like Amanda's younger brother, who was just entering puberty. He explained, "This is just a plea hearing of the charges against you. The judge is going to ask you how do you plea. 'Not guilty, your honor,' is your answer, and do not say anything else. After that, we will try to get you released on bail."

Larry stood there thinking, 'With crooked cops, her dad a hard-ass lawyer, and maybe a crooked judge, this has to be "who wants to fuck Larry day."' "

The judge set a pretrial conference in thirty days and set bail at ten-thousand dollars. Larry broke down in front of everyone, sobbing and trembling like a lost child. As the cops escorted him from the courtroom, Rufus sat on the other side of Kat, smiling and giving him thumbs up. Kat sat with her head down, crying with a handkerchief over her face.

Seeing her brokenness, Larry fell on his knees in exhaustion and distress as they lifted him out of the courtroom, sobbing; Kat never looked up.

Sitting in his cell, Larry was mentally checking a list of people he knew that might have the money to bail him out of jail. The bailiff told him all he needed was one-thousand dollars. "You only need to post a tenth and collateral; you got off easier than I would have thought. I think yours has already been posted by some nice-looking young lady, Larry." Hearing those words, Larry broke into another crying spell, because all night, Kat had never entered into a single thought or prayer.

Free at last, he found Rufus waiting outside the jail, but Kat was not there. "Where's Kat, Rufus?" Larry asked.

"She said you would understand. She just left and was still crying, saying something about wasted time, life, and money," Rufus explained. "That tape was the bomb; you nailed the little bitch hard, Larry," he said, laughing together they high-fived each other.

"You watched the tape, Rufus?"

"Sure I did, and I told Kat all about it because she wanted to know. I told her that the girl brought the coke to the room, not you, and she made the moves on you first."

"You showed it to Kat?"

"No, man, I just told her about it, and about how you nailed the little bitch. What, you got a thing for this Kat? I thought she was just a friendly piece of ass. You said she was nothing to you, Larry. Are you going soft on me and hooking up with Kat?"

"Hell, no, she is just a friend," said Larry, protecting his image.

Hanging up the phone after speaking to his public defender, Larry thought, 'I am not giving that kid my video; he was talking a plea bargain of three years, even with the tape. What an jerk, I need a better lawyer but can't afford one, and Steve is gone for a few months. Maybe Kat can ... no, she has dropped off the radar since Rufus told her about the video. I'll handle this myself; I have nothing to lose at this point.'

Following Amanda's dad all day, Larry was waiting for the best opportunity, and that came when Mr. Stromberg stopped at the dry cleaners. Parking a few rows over, Larry quickly made his way to the car. Opening the unlocked door, he tossed the video on the seat. Stepping back from the car, he stood across the traffic lane in the shopping center, waiting. "Mr. Stromberg," Larry called loudly as he was about to enter his car.

Looking up at Larry, he quickly responded, "I am going to have you arrested."

“I know you can do that, sir, but before you do, I want you to know I did not know how old your daughter was,” he said, lying. “I am sorry for what happened, and all I want to do is make this go away so that I can go on with my life; I meant no harm. It is all on that tape on your seat.”

“You broke into and entered my car, you will go to jail again, today, you creepy little bastard.”

“Please, watch the tape first, sir, and then do what you want; all I am asking is for you to make this all go away.” As he turned and walked away, Larry thought, ‘I had better not go home in case the cops come looking for me.’

Hanging up the phone, Larry started jumping around the room, swinging his fists, shouting YES, YES, YES, resembling a Zulu warrior’s victory dance. The public defender had informed him the county prosecutor had dropped all charges against him. ‘Thank you, God, was it really you, or did I do this myself? I don’t know, all I know is – it’s party time,’ and party he did. Continually, for nearly an entire week.

Waking on Sunday morning with Cindy in his bed, he went to relieve himself and felt like he was pissing fire.

As Larry lay face down on the paper, ass up, the doc shot a large dose of penicillin into him for the treatment of gonorrhea. “To make sure you are cured, you will need follow-up blood tests, so no sex for about a month until the results say, all clear.” Then he began to lecture on the safe use of condoms and asked for a list of partners. After refusing to supply the list, the doctor said, “You will need to contact everyone you have had sex with for the last few months, and tell them they will need a checkup right away. I cannot stress to you enough how important it is that you do this, as they may be infecting others.”

‘Why are you doing this to me, God? Is it because I did not follow through on the promises I made in jail? You know, I thought you didn’t do anything, and that I fixed all my legal problems myself, anyhow. So, why are you doing this to me?’

Kat would not return his calls, no matter how many urgent messages he left. At one point, Larry thought, ‘Fuck her, she can find out just like I did. Besides, how do I know she wasn’t the one that gave it to me?’ Sitting at home alone he found himself frustrated that he could not reach Kat, so he got up and drove to her home. Knocking on her door, he saw her peek through a small crack in the curtain and heard her say, “Go away, Larry. I don’t want to see you ever again.”

“That’s cool with me, Kat, but I have something I need to tell you, just give me two minutes?” He thought to himself, ‘Why did you come here, and what are you trying to accomplish? You should have stayed home.’

Slowly the door opened, and Kat stepped back into the darkened foyer. Larry could not see her very well. Leaving the screen door locked, she said, "Two minutes." At first, he was able to look towards the screen door, and then under conviction of guilt, he could not, so he looked down at the pot of geraniums to the left of her door as he spoke.

"I went to the doctor last week, Kat, and I think you should go for a checkup." Hearing nothing but silence, he looked up as she stepped towards the screen door. She appeared anemic and frail, evidently from not eating properly since the last time he had last seen her. The sorrow and pain in her eyes disturbed him so much that he dropped his head in shame for what he had done. Feeling the need to fall on his knees and beg her for forgiveness, he dismissed the urge and stood there without a word.

"I know, Larry," Kat murmured as tears fell from both eyes uncontrollably, her frail, thin arms trembling. "I loved you, Larry; you were the only man I slept with during our on again, mostly off again relationship, giving myself completely to you only, Larry. As a woman, I looked for love, and was not afraid of being in love or loving someone. You made me feel insecure during our entire relationship because of your promiscuity. Even when it became obvious to me that you only used me, Larry, I found myself too weak, unable to find the strength within to help myself because I loved you so much. It took God to open my eyes as your promiscuous disease from another woman invaded my body. You shamed me with your disgrace. Only then was I finally able to understand that you are not capable of loving anyone, Larry, other than yourself." She closed the door.

Standing there for a moment, the gravity of her words, the shame, humiliation, and pain he sensed from her, was more than he could process. Stunned and unable to look up, he walked back to his van, never turning around or looking back at her home, and drove away in silence. He did not go home; he just drove around for several hours, talking to himself, crying, and at one point shouting at God, "Why are you doing this to me?" The haunting image of her eyes, tears, and shaking frail body were a vivid memory, but her words about him were more revealing than any words Larry had ever heard in his life. On this 'inner anvil of the soul's conscience,' that is, the place where the pounding hammer of conviction hammers out every evil deed committed by the occupant of the body.

Sitting alone, stunned by the events at Kat's home, Larry was still trying to digest her words when he decided to write her a letter and explain. 'She shut the door so quickly I never had the chance to thank her for the bail money, or express to her how bad I actually felt about what had happened.' Sitting with pen and a spiral notebook, he was unable to complete the first sentence.

No matter how many times he tried over the next hour, he could not put the words together that would express his regret enough to heal Kat's heart. Frustrated and still unwilling to accept responsibility, he became defensive about her comments, when she said he was only capable of loving himself. 'She's wrong; I know what love is about. I know what I will do, I'll write her a love letter and prove it to her.' He paused. 'Why would I do that? I don't love her, or do I and I just don't know it yet?' Larry realized that he was incapable of writing anything to her, and that she was right; he did not know anything about love. In anger, he threw the notebook over his shoulder onto a shelf behind him and got up to go to bed.

As he walked through the doorway of his bedroom, shame, guilt, cowardice, and an overwhelming power of conviction were all present in the room waiting for him. It was as if he had walked to the end of the road in life and everything he had ever done was in that room ready to be rectified. A strange, powerful presence filled the room, something he had never felt before in his life. The power was so pure and reverential, he fell to his knees at the foot of his bed and began to weep and cry harder than he ever had in his life. Emptying his soul of all the wrong he had done in his life, he earnestly called out to God for help. Every deviant human secret hidden deep within his heart lay open and exposed before God, along with every evil sin his soul had committed. This was not the time for making foolish jailhouse deals with God; it was time to recognize that his life had been nothing but foolishness and vanity, driven by a wicked, selfish heart. The front of his tee-shirt was entirely soaked, as snot ran from his nose in huge quantities, and he wiped it on the sheet, his shirt, or anything he could find.

Not understanding the reality of what was happening; Larry started praying the only prayer he could remember. "Our father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done ..." And at that exact point, he became a stuck record as he kept repeating, "Not my will, but thy will ... not my will, but thy will be done." The phrase continued spewing from his mouth as he kept surrendering large portions of his selfish will, and life, to something bigger than himself for the first time in his life.

His shocked mind wondered how his mouth seemed stuck at "not my will, but thy will be done," while, at the same time, he understood spiritual transformations were taking place within his heart. Prayers seemed to develop by themselves; from one repentant cry to another, he kept seeking forgiveness. Unable to breathe, he felt the atmosphere in the room change suddenly and dramatically, as he sensed that something greater than himself had a strong grip on his life.

Grabbing his shirt violently, he appeared as if he were reaching into his own soul, and he shouted like a child letting out a death cry for help from a missing parent. It was a cry that came from the bottom of his soul, and he pleaded vehemently with God to help him, shouting, “Whatever it is that is in me, get it out!” He flung his arm towards the doorway, nearly ripping the shirt from his body.

Instantly, he felt something leave him. The only problem was that whatever it was, it was still in the room. Without looking, he sensed there was something evil standing by the doorway, near the light switch, in the very direction he had swung his arm, and the room began to permeate with evil. Not a hair on his body was lying down; he was electrified with a terror of the spiritual unknown. ‘What is happening to me?’ Keeping his face buried in the mattress, he hoped that he was wrong about the evil presence he sensed. He wanted to jump up, turn on the light, and run out of the room, but his psyche was so afraid, he could not move his body. He stayed on his knees at the foot of the bed, not moving, and afraid to look for almost half an hour as he waited, silently hoping the evil would go away. Every time he started to get up, he sensed the strong, threatening presence of evil warning him not to move.

Very slowly, he turned his head on the mattress until he was able to see with one eye barely cracked, keeping his forehead on the mattress. As he looked towards the doorway, he thought, ‘OH MY GOD, I was right,’ and terror filled his heart. Immediately, his body began to react to what his eyes saw, responding with a full body tremble. Standing by the doorway, near the light switch, was a large dark spirit, larger than the doorway, with large coal-red eyes staring directly at him. It was like looking through a dark silhouette and the internal evil spirit was filled with maggots. The face of the spirit had protruding long black snakes coming out from all over the face; each snake with coal-red eyes and jagged teeth stared menacingly, as if to bite if he moved. Looking back down on the bed, he did not know what to say and could not look up again because he was too afraid.

‘What do I do now,’ he thought, keeping his face pressed to the bed, eyes closed tight, for what seemed like an eternity. Again, his mind raced, wondering if this was real and actually happening to him. ‘Maybe I am dreaming and I will wake up soon.’ No sooner had that thought crossed his mind than out of nowhere he began to speak boldly with authority, “I denounce you and everything you stand for,” repeating that one phrase like a stuck record. “I denounce you and everything you stand for.” At this point, he was still too afraid to look up.

‘This is too strange; how can I listen to my own words? I don’t understand how they are coming out of my mouth with such authority. My mind is disengaged from the process, but my mouth is speaking. How is this possible?’

Repeating the phrase, “I denounce you and everything you stand for,” Larry became bolder, as he finally turned his head, looking directly at the spirit with the snakes snapping at him; he spit a bunch of everything from his nose and mouth at the spirit. As he did, he shouted, “YOU CAN’T HAVE ME ANYMORE!” Upon impact, the evil spirit rose over him and loomed above his head, every eye staring in a murderous rage. Larry understood that it was going to kill him. There was no fear, and Larry was not afraid to die. Looking into the face of the evil spirit as the snakes tried to strike him, he stuck out his arm in complete peace. In a small, childlike voice, he said, “Go ahead. What are you going to get? Nothing but skin and bones, because my soul belongs to him,” and instantly, the evil spirit left the room.

At that point, Larry still had no clue who “him” was that his soul belonged to, and he put his head back on the bed. On his knees, exhausted and sobbing with hiccups, he tried to comprehend with his human mind what had just happened to him. After a few hours, he got up from the floor and turned on the light. Sitting at the top of his bed on a pillow in the corner of the mattress, he sat awake, trying to understand how changed he felt about himself and life.

Larry quit his band, threw the drugs in the garbage, and seriously started working his business for the first time in his life. He stayed home by himself, telling no one about his spiritual experience because he knew anyone would think he was crazy. He was spending every waking moment reading the Bible and praying. He sat down one night and was able to write an honest letter of apology, asking Kat for her forgiveness that he hoped would help nurture her heart. He never heard back from her.

His first serious prayer was asking God where he wanted him to go to church. Every week, he went to a different church in the hopes he would hear God tell him “this one, Larry.” After about three months, Larry came home disappointed that he had visited yet another church and no word from God, so he got on his knees at his favorite ottoman and began to pray. “You know, God, I have been to the Catholic, Baptist, Methodist, Lutheran, and Episcopalian churches; a synagogue; a temple of some kind; Pentecostal; Assembly of God; holiness church; orthodox, brethren, apostolic, charismatic and here’s the kicker, NON-DENOMINATIONAL is now a denomination.

“One church tells me to do this, while another says do that, and then they each tell me the other church is not the best place for me to be. They welcome me as a visitor, but I feel like a piece of fresh meat with money in his pockets. I spent a week in library, do you know there are over twelve hundred different denominations in America, and over thirty-four-thousand different Christian churches in the world. Did you do all of this? It will take me twenty-three years just to go through the ones in the United States.”

In closing, he said, “By the way, just in case you haven’t looked down here in a while, it’s a mess. I think you should tear the whole thing down and start over. Please, show me the way.”

*“He who sat on it had a bow
And a crown was given to him”*



The First Horseman Revealed

“And he went out conquering and to conquer”

Sitting with the group, drinking coffee, Sam reminisced on the night's events. ‘Things started off pretty normal, until Scott showed up as a congressman dressed as a bum. I think that was the only time in my life that I have ever heard a bar go dead silent. I wonder what happened to him and where he got the sneakers. There has to be an amusing story there somewhere. Hell, then I thought I was going to die with my own damn “personal silent moment,” he thought, smiling to himself. ‘When I found out Larry had saved my life, I could not even speak. Hell, I wasted half a bottle of perfectly good bourbon just pouring it all over the bar. Thank god, Sonny stopped me and sat me down, or I would have passed out from lack of air.’

Looking around the room, he noticed the media had pretty much given up on the idea that Scott was in the building. With only a handful of patrons left, he asked Molly to find Scott, and told Sonny to give everyone a last call.

“We are closing early, but you guys are more than welcome to stay and have your meeting. Besides, I think it's in Scott's best interest for me to clear the place.”

“Let's see what Scott wants to do,” said Steve. “I'll say one thing, they must throw one hell of a retirement party in Washington, or the sack of shit Scott is lying about retiring.”

“I heard that,” added Jerry. “What we witnessed tonight was not a man showing up after a retirement party. It seems our boy Scott underwent a very severe Washington ass kicking.” Everyone nodded in agreement, as they waited for Scott before leaving.

“I heard on the news that he stepped down because of another possible sex scandal. Have you ever stopped to think how many politicians are busted for perversion in comparison to the general public?” Roger said.

“I am pretty sure it is part of the game they play in Washington,” Sam said. “Politics are so dirty, and the parties are so power hungry, I’m sure they shoot, maim, or cut each other’s throats every chance they get.”

“Well, one thing is for sure they sure opened a huge can of whoop-ass on our boy Scott,” Jerry said, laughing.

Opening the door, Molly found Scott sound asleep on the couch wearing only a shower robe. Looking at his lower legs, she noticed odd-shaped marks and scars. Standing near the door, she called his name, waking him. As he turned around and sat up, she saw cuts and scars, as well as burn marks, on his chest and arms. Backing into the hall as if she hadn’t seen anything, she said, “Scott, everyone is waiting for you to start the meeting; shall I tell them you are coming?”

“Sure, Molly, give me five minutes, and I will be there.”

‘My god, a full-blown bondage boy. Some dominatrix sure beat the hell out of him. Wait until he finds out how much pain Molly and five grand can inflict. When I am done with him, he will kick her sissy ass to the curb,’ she thought to herself.

Arriving back at the table, Molly informed the group, “It seems Scott took a much-needed nap, but says he will be here in five, fellows.” Looking towards the bar, she continued speaking, “Sonny, the general says he’ll have another Jack on the rocks. Would the rest of you like a fresh drink, as well?” Winking in Roger’s direction but avoiding full eye contact, she commented, “You need to tell the general to stop patting me only on the ass.”

‘She has such great, happy karma,’ Sam thought as he sat admiring her.

Molly walked over to him, smiling as she put her hand on his shoulder, and stood looking at pictures of Hendrix and Joplin in the corner. Bending down, she whispered in Sam’s ear, “Shall I have the kitchen bring you a large humble pie to eat, or can you fit that foot in your mouth by yourself?” Without another word, she walked over to the corner and began putting the collage of Sam’s Kent State shooting back on the wall. Turning, she looked at him and said, “When people ask you about it, pull up your big boy panties and deal with it, Sam.”

‘Well, so much for happy karma Molly,’ he thought. Remembering the words he had spoken to her earlier about her foolish heart, Sam realized that without Molly’s efforts, he quite possibly would never have connected the dots between him and Larry.

After Molly had finished hanging Larry's bloody t-shirt, Sam looked at her seriously and said, "Will you please forgive 'my foolish heart,' Molly? I am truly sorry. I don't understand how or why all of this happened tonight." Sam's serious moment quickly diminished, as Molly and everyone pointed in his direction, bursting into outrageous laughter.

Turning around Sam saw Scott walking into the bar dressed as a living billboard in Woodstock69 clothing, wearing purple sweat pants and a tie-dyed pink and blue shirt. They sat, laughed, and talked together as old friends until Sonny waved goodnight, locking the door behind himself. Whispering to Sam, Molly said, with an impish smile on her face, "You are not off the hook yet mister, until you finish eating the whole damn humble pie, or all of me."

After some discussion, everyone seemed anxious to hear from one another, so they decided to stay and hold the meeting. Scott stepped up to the plate as chairman because, admittedly, he had not studied due to his 'busy retirement' activities.

"I think we all remember the rules. However," he said, smiling, "since our last meeting was in 1966 let me refresh everyone's memory. One person speaks at a time and no questions unless the speaker asks for them. We will use the term 'we the people,' since that phrase originally indicated the people were in ownership and had control of the government. Since everyone feels 'we the people' lost control of their government at some point in history, the presenter must prove this as a fact, leaving no doubt or reservation in the mind of anyone. The evidence must be factual, convincing, and provide the exact point in history where, 'we the people' lost control of the United States government. I submit that due to the serious nature of our intentions, we should demand a unanimous vote on the evidence rather than by majority. There cannot be any discussion for a plan of action without unanimous agreement on the evidence first." To Scott's surprise, everyone echoed the necessity for a unanimous vote.

"Personally, I'm not convinced that 'we the people' no longer have the ability to control the government. I say this, not to offer my opinion for consideration, but as a caution that we should consider all possibilities. We may be looking for a variation or limited power loss by 'we the people,' and not a total loss of power. At this point, I honestly do not know.

"I admit that your search is a valid one. Based on my inside knowledge of Washington politics, 'we the people' may have perished many generations ago. Regretfully, to my own shame, I played the political game as well as any other man in Washington and better than most. A fact I am not proud of, as my present attire so clearly shows," he said with a smile.

“On a more serious note, the very discussions we are about to engage in could be construed as a conspiracy to commit acts of terrorism against the United States government. That depends on how much further we go, as a group, to develop a serious plan of action. That being said, each of you should understand that I may decide to leave the group at any point if I feel your plan of action could be heading in a violent direction. I’m all for taking action, but if you are planning to blow shit up, then count me out.”

“Just like you, Scott, still driving the fucking car and leaving with the fewest injuries,” injected Jerry.

Without backing down, Scott shot back, “What part of not speaking or asking questions did you not understand, Jerry? You will have your time to speak, Jerry; use it how you wish, even ridiculing me, if that is what floats your boat. Dressed like this, you should know that I could care less what you or anyone says about me. I pass the floor to Larry.”

“Thanks, Scott; as everyone knows, I am not politically active. I do not believe the vote or the electoral process is a valid demonstration of democracy. ‘Vote for me,’ in the mass media age we live in, belongs to the man with the most money. Therefore, I have never cast a single vote in my life,” said Larry, causing Sam’s interest to perk up.

“That does not mean I don’t understand the political problems in the nation. In fact, quite the opposite is true. My reason for not voting is a direct result of my comprehension of the numerous problems in government on every level. Due to the United States government’s abuse of power, murders, and mismanagement of the people’s resources, their actions have forced me to become a conscientious objector against the United States government. Since I am an American citizen who is supposed to own the government, I ask you, how does an individual seek political asylum from a corrupt government they no longer own?

“I will admit that so far, I have not found where ‘we the people’ lost their power. I do have one prevalent issue that needs discussing. I think, as Scott mentioned, that we should consider this as a candidate for the possibility that we may be searching for a fragmented loss of power. That was an astute observation, Scott, by the way, and I am glad you made the point. I know that any plan of action will have to answer or deal with my issue. If you do not mind, I will use some of my time tonight to explain a problem we will face and reserve the rest of my time for our next meeting as I continue my search.

“We are all aware that, historically, politics and religion are still the most dangerous mixture on earth. This has never been more evident in history than in our present world. Please bear with me.

To understand the serious prevalence of my issue, I will need to explain it in mass. I promise you that I will end up back at our search of ‘we the people.’ Middle Eastern countries, as we all know, are troublesome sores that infect and affect the entire free world with their disease. They’re uneducated, with a clannish tribal mentality. The world will not know peace unless we stop them from ripping the scabs off one another. If the free world would deal firmly with the Middle Eastern scabs, how much war and turmoil would there be in the world?

“If there is one lesson from history you would think that man could eventually learn, it should be that when religions, or religious views, dominate politically, there has always been mayhem and murder.

“The free countries of the world collectively possess enough power to intelligently deal with the spillage of violence into the world by the scabs in the Middle Eastern countries. The explosive countries of Iraq, Iran, Israel, Syria, Saudi Arabia, Egypt, Libya, and Pakistan are countries without legitimate governments. All Middle Eastern countries are tribal in their thinking, and mentally ill religious fanatics drive their politics. The free world must step on any government under the influence of religion as if it were a dirty cockroach. The free world needs to deny recognition of any country driven by the politics of religion. To make my point, we need only look at the millions killed throughout history by the politically empowered Catholic institution. I say it is time to stop repeating history and actually grow up and learn from the harsh lessons history has taught us. So what does all of that have to do with ‘we the people’ you ask? It has everything to do with the past, and the future of ‘we the people.’

“Without a doubt, I know this country was inspired and created in heaven first, and I believe we are about to introduce a better government than the one this country was founded upon. It is time for the world to see a new form of government, working by raw politics, as a servant to its rightful owners. The world has never seen a form of government without any religious motivation or interference by religious leaders.

“Since 1983, I have worked on one very private document that will introduce a new form of government. A government that has no moral or religious agendas, while at the same time allows people to practice their religion. The separation is so powerful that the government and the religious worshipper derive massive new freedoms from unnecessary encumbrances. In this document, I provide an answer to abortion, gay marriage, drugs, prison, parental authority, privacy, and protected rights of the people at every level.” Pausing for a moment, Larry looked at everyone and continued. “I do not offer arguments or call for more debate.

The document is so strong and full of solid TRUTH that it will cause both sides of abortion, and every other issue, to shake hands and stop argumentative fighting.

“While the founding fathers receive a passing grade of ‘C’ in most areas for their work in creating a new country, they completely missed the mark on separation of church and state by a mile. Writing from the only perspective they had, I think they did well for their time-period. However, their day is not our day, so I must give them an ‘F’ on eliminating the biggest troublemaker in the world. They failed to build a REAL separation of religion from government, and government from religion. Can anyone imagine Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, or Washington arguing over the moment an egg is fertilized by a sperm as being a pro life or pro choice issue for a woman? In your wildest imagination, can you see the First Continental Congress opening the floor with a debate on the legal rights for queers to marry? I think they would have said, ‘Sir, you have lost your mind; we do not discuss such things in public.’ Putting forth such an issue, would have gotten you tarred, feathered, and thrown out of Congress. The founding fathers never dreamed of ‘don’t ask, don’t tell’ when they took pen in hand.

“Today, all of these issues pollute our politics, and it need not be that way. Here is my point: moral issues in this society should not have fallen under the mantle of the federal government or the ill-conceived idea of a Supreme Court.

“We buy new cars and give our homes a makeover; I say it is time to fix the broken foundation of American politics. The American people are no longer capable of understanding that politics should be about the business of the government, protection of the people, securing our borders, fair trade, and not about individual personal, moral issues. Can you imagine a government where the elected officials were free from the manipulation, phone calls, and voting threats of religious groups? When we allow moral issues into government, they are not always in the best interest of the collective nature of ‘we the people.’ We need to stop Pat Robertson, James Dobson, televangelists, or churches attempting to pass laws concerning personal, individual morality.

“How serious are my thoughts? I tell you without a doubt that it is possible to structure a new form of government that works for ‘we the people’ while it respects the rights of everyone to practice any religion. This document protects individual rights, protects the liberties of every individual, keeps the federal government out of the people’s private lives, and allows everyone the right to live any moral lifestyle they choose.

“Finding the loss of power and developing a plan of action as a group is one thing. What good is a plan of action if we do not prepare to replace what we have now with a better form of government? I know this nation traveled this far in history for the express purpose of delivering a new form of government to the entire world. My studies have uncovered a serious problem that we all will face when we proceed with a plan of action. I say ‘when we proceed;’ I know in my heart that now is the time to develop a serious plan of action. I will yield my time and ask that I have another opportunity to speak at our next meeting.”

‘What kind of preacher is this man?’ Sam thought, wondering if the men at the table understood how profound Larry’s thinking actually was. ‘The subject is immense and largely untouched by any other minds in the academic world. I have had debates on government structures and studied what has historically caused governments to fail. But the concept of introducing a new form of government without any moral or religious influence is unheard of. He is a deep thinker and has the foresight to see that replacing a government is not the only issue. I don’t understand how he intends to leave them a voice and the right to practice their religion, while keeping them out of government. I will say one thing; unlike the university, there certainly isn’t any mindless dribble at this table. I have got to read his document, so maybe it’s time to visit Larry.’

A few of the guys got up to use the bathroom, so Sam quickly offered fresh drinks, and Molly went to the kitchen for snacks. Looking through a window, Sam noticed a news van still parked across the street.

“Larry, I found your comments the most thought provoking I have heard in many years. Correct me if I am wrong; you are advocating the federal government should only be about the business of running the government in the best interests of the American people and forbidden to make laws on moral issues on a national level in society.”

“That’s partially correct, Sam. Two things must happen. We must first and foremost prevent religion from having any influence in government on a federal level. Secondly, the government must be stopped from interpreting morality for society.”

“Larry, in all of my years of studying religion and history, I cannot recall a single government that did not interpret, or inject, morality into the framework of government. Do you actually think it is possible for a government to function without sticking its finger into personal morality?”

Smiling, Larry said, “Sam, I think it is as easy as forming a new government, with one law that forbids the expression of religious opinion in government.

And another law that says the federal government shall make no laws governing personal, moral issues.”

“Do you realize that kind of government structure would effectively create an actual separation between religion and politics? For the first time in the history of the world,” Sam asked.

“Of course I do, Sam. The problem we face in America today, the people think of the government as a living entity when it is not. Uncle Sam is not a real person, Sam. He is not my uncle, that’s for damn sure. I doubt the American people would know how to act if a government ‘run by people’ just took care of government business in the best interests of the people. We desperately need to remove the federal government from deciding personal, moral issues. I guarantee you in a few years the Supreme Court will hear a case filed by a man against his wife, or a girlfriend, who aborted her pregnancy, ‘potentially murdering’ his unborn baby. My question is simple: why should ‘we the people’ allow the moral issues in a few extreme cases to dictate moral law to the entire nation? Just think about the lawsuits that will instantly become null and void if we take the government out of the business of interpreting morality.

“When you come by tomorrow, we can talk about some other creative thoughts on state and local city governments that I have, as well. I’m in the middle of some very interesting studies that will bring real power to the people, in a government structure that cannot take away the power and control from the people ever again.

“At this point, Sam, I may not be able to find out where ‘we the people’ lost power, but I damn sure know what needs to be done once we take it back. Without a doubt, Sam, I have the answer to a government structure that will ensure the people will always control the next government.

“Lately, Steve and I have been working on the document together; his constitutional knowledge, along with his understanding of the judicial system, is a huge plus in fixing the potholes in a government structure. If you had understood the meaning behind fixing the potholes, Sam, it would have helped you in your essay studies.”

“What the hell are you talking about, Larry? A new government structure or potholes?” Sam asked.

“Both,” Larry answered with a grin. “If God had not allowed this country to get to the point where we could see the potholes, Sam, then how would we know what needed to be fixed?”

“Where do you come up with stuff like that? It makes sense when you say it, but I have never looked at issues from that perspective before,” Sam answered.

“What material resources led you to formulate this new form of government without religion or moral influence?”

“One book is all I use, Sam, and occasionally a few reliable reference history books, but mainly just one. It’s all in the Bible, Sam. The problem today is that people are not willing to accept what it actually says.”

“I’m sorry Larry, I find it hard to believe that you can use just one book and come to those conclusions,” Sam said. “You will have to prove that to me tomorrow.”

“Amen,” smiled Larry, “that means, ‘so be it.’”

“Yes, I know,” Sam smiled, thinking, ‘Maybe the world has finally grown up enough to accept change. In my life, I never believed I would meet a preacher advocating real separation between world religions and governments.’

“If you fellows will quit holding church, we can continue. For someone trying to keep religion out of politics, you need to work harder at keeping it out of here, Larry,” smiled Scott, jokingly. “Although, Larry, I will agree that your comments were intelligent and insightful. What source do you attribute most of your wisdom to? Was it the cocaine or pot?”

“Very funny, Scott. You have always known that I was smarter than you. I think that is obvious to everyone sitting here. You went to Washington and became part of the problem we are seeking to eradicate, and I am here with a real solution.”

“Roger, will you please take the floor before the preacher tries to pass an offering plate?”

“Scott, my best friend Larry does not take offerings or collect money from people, like the culprits in the pulpits of churches. He works and lives by the strength of his own hands. It might do you good to stop by his place one day and witness his integrity. You will see how bold he is against the government and injustice. Coming from the world of dirty politics, maybe you could learn a few things from a man that walks upright in front of everyone and God, without hidden agendas.”

“It sounds like he is discipling you to become a preacher, as well,” Scott laughed.

“Be careful what you say about my lifelong friend Scott, who I value with esteemed honor.”

Rising to his feet, posture straight, haircut close cut on the sides, Roger had a commanding presence that radiated authority. His personality was so strangely eclectic that everyone who met him immediately realized there was something weird going on within him.

Toss in the imaginary general, and that made him one of those strange people you spoke to, or at, without looking at him directly. Standing in a military posture, Roger slowly inspected each person individually before speaking.

Observing the slow gaze, Molly noticed that everyone, including Sam, avoided direct eye contact with Roger. When his eyes met hers, she instantly understood why, and she turned her head away. Since day one, Molly had never looked Roger directly in the eyes because of the feelings of death she felt around him. A one-second look, directly into his eyes, was all Molly could take. In that split-second, his eyes pierced her soul. They looked like the eyes of an executioner from the medieval era waiting to take your life on the platform. You knew the person behind the mask had taken life many times before. Only this executioner stood staring point blank into your soul, and he was not wearing a mask. Instantly, Molly understood her own horrible life experiences paled in comparison to Roger's. For a brief moment, she felt pity for him. If ever there was a person who had experienced the power of life and death, it would be Roger. He was the full embodiment of an executioner.

“Gentlemen, and my new best friend, Sam. I thank you, sir, for taking one in the gut during your efforts to stop ‘the evil scourge of war that plagues mankind.’ I will always be grateful for real men of valor like yourself and my friend Larry. In whatever condition my best friend Larry appeared to you that day, either stoned or drunk, it does not matter; he was there standing up for men like me.

“Among my possessions at home are several personal items that I have kept untouched for most of my military career. For years, I have searched for that one individual to bestow my last best gifts upon, and tonight, I have found that man. Sam, it would give me honor, sir, for you to accept my gifts. I will bring them to you at our next meeting, if this is acceptable to you.”

Sam did not know what to say. He was certainly not about to refuse anything from a man with the power of life and death in his eyes. “Thank you, Roger. I hope I am worthy of such gifts, whatever they may be,” Sam replied.

Looking at Sam, Roger began to speak in a bold, decisive manner. “We all know that our very own government shot you as an unarmed, free citizen. All throughout history, in numerous instances similar to yours, Sam, our government has murdered and attempted the murder of its own citizens many times. When the United States government takes the life of just one unarmed citizen intentionally, everyone should fear and seek to overthrow that government and its corruption. Such acts represent inexcusable treason by the federal government against the people.

I know that I am still alive for only one reason. I am here to see this murderous government dismantled at the gallows of justice. As a highly trained executioner for the United States government, I have one more execution,” he said, shouting. “Death by hanging, bludgeoned to death, or firing squad, it does not matter! The United States government has turned on its own citizens one too many times. Now I guarantee you, it’s going to bite them in the ass when one of their own executioners EXECUTES THEM!”

The atmosphere was – as intense – as Roger.

“Without saying too much at this point, the latter part of my career placed me in top-secret war rooms around the world. Facilities so secure that only the very elite with a ‘need to know’ entered the doors. These secret facilities contain the plans for every scenario of war, civil unrest, methods of torture, public poisoning of waterways, mass genocide, and the nuclear destruction of every country in the world. The American people and the world are clueless about the monster that resides in Washington. The weapons you see are nothing compared to the weapons you know nothing about. In biological weaponry alone, I could give you details that would stop you from sleeping soundly for the rest of your life. Since our plan of action might lead to civil unrest ...”

“Just a damn minute, Roger,” Scott interrupted. “What are you doing talking about, a ‘plan of action’? We all agreed that even if we found out where ‘we the people’ lost control of the government, that it would take a unanimous vote before we even remotely began to develop a plan of action. At this point, you have the cart way in front of the horse.”

Staring intently at Scott, Roger said, “You know the rules, Scott, no speaking until I am finished or I invite you to speak.” Roger added, “Now, in response to your implications that I have the cart before the horse, let me assure you and any other pussy in this room that with or without any of you, I am going to execute the motherfucker before I die!”

The air hung with silence at the amount of self-determination and rage in Rogers’s voice. The silence broke when a faint, small voice said, “Excuse me, I am quite sure that I am the only one with a real pussy in this room, and I assure you, sir, I am not a pussy.” After the laughter had subsided, Roger continued, and the tense atmosphere remained.

“As I was about to say, before Scott’s interruption, since our plan of action might lead to the possibility of civil unrest, I thought it best to inform you of the United States government’s plans. I think we all understand that we are way past the posters, signs, and sit-ins of the 60s.

Marching and locking arms together will not work if we are going to change the course of the nation. We must be as bold and in your face as the founding fathers were against the King of England. We cannot beat up one government official at a time, like we did the cops, but I would damn sure enjoy giving it a try,” he said with a smile.

“I am here to inform you that we must be wise because I have read the government plans on how they intend to deal with any massive civil unrest. I warn you, the United States government will react to massive civil unrest in the same manner as Libya and Syria. They fully intend to deter the American people with the use of violent force. Sam knows what I am talking about because they shot him as an unarmed, peaceful citizen over 40 years ago.

“If you think the Arab leaders are murderers, let the American people who, by the way, have a constitutional right to bear arms against the government, fill the streets of DC, ARMED! I assure you that if one million armed Americans, guns cocked and loaded, ever filled the streets in DC, demanding leaders to step down, the government would crush them in the streets of Washington. Power that corrupt will not forfeit power without a fight. The people will not be viewed as liberators, as the so-called Libyan rebels were. The United States government supported and supplied them with guns and ammunition, but it will kill Americans in mass if they show up with guns demanding the present idiots in government to step down. Hillary will call it a terrorist plot at the sight of the first redneck truck with a gun rack.

“The federal government first developed the plans in the 60s during the race riots, and they have updated them every three years since then. I personally reviewed the documents again last night, and the plans include the use of deadly force on American citizens as a fear tactic in crowd control. The document refers to the action as the necessary killing of as many as needed ‘in order to control the masses.’ That’s the term they use. The killing of just one unarmed American citizen is the act of a dictator, not a democracy empowered by ‘we the people.’ A people that will tolerate the intentional murder of just one citizen by their own government are already dead.

“Here is a bit of information that should interest you, Sam. One of the first plans activated for the control of public demonstrations was codenamed ‘taking the heart out of rebellion.’ The first time the government implemented that plan was on college campuses. The intention of the plan was to stop campus protests by killing, wounding, stabbing, or beating protesters until the protests subsided across the nation. Nixon approved the plan to be action implemented.

“The strategic tactic’s intended purpose was to strike fear in the hearts of the parents, not the children. The government knew that parents would speak to their children attending colleges. The government effectively used parental authority, fear, and warning to their own children in order to ‘take the heart out of rebellion.’ If I remember correctly, it only took the use of extreme force on four campuses to stop nearly all campus protesting across America.”

“Son of a bitch it was Tricky Dick,” Sam shouted, leaping to his feet as he pounded his fist on the table. “I knew it was way up the food chain when they started shooting and stabbing kids. I’m with you, Roger, ready to execute. Oops, I’m sorry, I lost my head and interrupted your meeting. Please forgive me.”

“Believe me, Sam, I understand,” Roger answered.

“There is not a single case of murder that the federal government has not cleared itself of by using the term ‘justifiable force.’ Think about the protective system of justice the United States government has established over the last century. They commit the crime, appoint the committee to investigate themselves, and send the case to a federal judge that the government appointed. That’s what happened to ‘we the people’ holding the government accountable.

“We all know the United States government endorses and financially supports acts of violence by citizens in unfavorable foreign countries. We must be wise and serious in the development of our plan of action. If the American people respond in armed revolt, the government will squash them like bugs. There is a plan in the war room designed to protect Washington in the event any demonstration gets out of hand. The code name for that plan is ‘sovereign right.’ The NSA developed the demented plan that gave the military the ‘sovereign right’ to murder Americans in a large-scale bloodbath. The absurdity of the term still angers me; in my mind, I cannot believe the American people would ever give the government the ‘sovereign right’ to murder.

“When ‘we the people’ did not demand accountability and criminal punishment for one murder, the government positioned itself to murder as many as need be to stay in power. Anyhow, the intent of the large-scale bloodbath is to send the American people a twofold message. The first message would be fear; if you come here with a gun, we will kill you instantly. The second message is do not organize in Washington. This is the same message and methods used on college campuses, but on a much harsher, more serious scale. I have explained all of that to make this point: I think it would be unwise for us to develop any plan of action that would lead the American people into what I know would be wholesale slaughter.

We must be wiser than we were in the 60s. We must think. If they gunned down unarmed kids over 40 years ago, trust me, you have no idea what they will do to armed citizens. Rifles and guns will do us little good against the trained professionals in the military. Yes, they will shoot Americans. Right, Sam?

“When I was a young, impressionable boy of eighteen years of age, the United States government trained me to be their psychopathic killer, as well as an on-demand assassin. I participated in the needless death and destruction of human life all over the world. I am ashamed of what the government did with my life, as much as Scott was ashamed of himself at the end of his corrupt political career. When he stood in the doorway tonight, I could see that he was a man beaten out of office, used up and spit out by his own government. I think, like myself, Scott actually tried to serve the country and the American people when he first started out.”

Looking at Scott, Roger said, “I know that you didn’t retire Scott; they beat your ass with an ugly stick. I have seen that look too many times in my life. We both know the ‘powers that be’ fucked you over, just as they did me.

“Once I became aware of the hidden powers that run Washington, I began collecting classified documents and have in my possession the United States government’s best-kept secrets. For seventeen years, I filled my parents’ home with classified, top-secret material. I have worked diligently, putting a puzzle together that will make WikiLeaks look like a schoolboy telling on Bobby and Sue for kissing in the hallway. In a few weeks, I will be finished with my work and ready to expose the ugly soul of our government in ways that none of you can imagine.

“You are the first group of people I have ever told about my personal undercover espionage of secret documents. I want you to know that even though we are all lifelong friends, if the government suddenly starts snooping around my home or into my life, I will kill each of you. As I said, I intend to execute them before I die, even if it costs you your lives.” As he sat down, everyone knew that Roger meant every word he said.

“Thank you, Roger. Steve, you are next,” said Scott, with a nervous voice.

“If it is okay with Jerry, I would prefer that he goes first. I am thoroughly enjoying everyone’s points of view. Roger, you give me the fucking creeps, man, so I know Scott must have pissed his pants,” Steve said, laughing. “God, I missed this. I feel as if I am alive again. Just hearing the wonderful expressions around this table makes me want to find an off-duty drunk cop when we leave here. My life has been a shit can, and right now, I need one worthy cause to die for so that I can attempt to rectify the evils I have committed.

Do you know why I am so excited about what I hear around this table tonight, Scott?"

Scott didn't respond.

"It's because I have the answer to the mystery. I know where 'we the people' lost the title deed of ownership to their government. That means we are headed for the development of a plan of action so large, I have a feeling we will not need a driver, Scott. Look at me," he said, staring at Scott. "It will pass by majority vote, including your vote."

"It's on you, Jerry," said Scott.

Sam and Molly were whispering about Steve's use of the term 'mystery' when Jerry began speaking.

"My studies are not complete, so I think Steve is wrong about his answer. My life as a structural steel engineer and businessman has had a number of ups and downs. When I say down, I mean way down, swing'n low sweet chariot down," he said, laughing.

"Part of my search directly ties to a book I am considering writing, entitled *How to Safeguard the American Family and Businesses from an Unbalanced Gestapo Government*. The fiscally inept United States government is the reason why our economy is a mess. Not a single time in the history of this nation can you pin that tail on the American people or businesses. Even the Great Depression was the work or the lack of response from the Federal Reserve. Not a single economist will say the consumers, businesses, or retail sales messed up the economy. Unemployment is not a problem caused by people or business; it is the result of mismanaged government. I will stop and share the rest of my bitching about the economy with you when I am finished with my studies. The other part of my studies has to do with several Bible passages I read that appeared to be very relevant to our day. I suspect the United States government has intentionally deceived the American public on a massive level.

"Roger's comments about his documents excited me because I think you may have the insights or documents to prove my suspicions, Roger. I do want to share one concern I have at this point about our attempts to find where 'we the people' lost control of the government.

"As I listen, it appears that we are individually searching for an answer based on our own pathetic excuses for lives. I feel this may place us at a handicap because of our individual faulty grid systems." Seeing their puzzled faces, Jerry continued. "Let me explain what I mean. If you put on a catcher's mask and look through the grids in the mask, that is how each of us see, understand, and view our lives.

If those grids represent our own life's perspectives, none of us may ever see clearly enough to understand what we are to look for. From the conversations I have had with many of you, it is apparent to me that the government conquered and destroyed each of your lives at some point, as it did mine.

“In other words, look at Scott. What an ass whipping you must have gotten to be kicked out of Washington. All Scott will ever be able to offer the group is a confirmation that the internal workings of Washington are corrupt a fact we are all aware of anyway. Larry views the morality of the government in society and sees the need for a greater separation of church and state. An excellent point, by the way, and I think his perspectives deserve further exploration as we go forward. Roger naturally has a military grid system, with probably the best chance of delivering actual insight about the government. His information could be priceless in developing a plan of action. That was also excellent insight on keeping American people from slaughter, Roger. Larry is right as well; we need to think bigger than just a plan of action. This is much bigger than tying baby Don Sprinkle to a tree. I am not looking to jump into another swimming pool full of acid like we did as kids.

“I want to speak freely as friends. Please understand that it is not my intention to offend anyone, but this is an honest observation about us as a group. As I listened to each of you, youthful exuberance rushes through my veins, and then as an adult, reality sets in. I take a step back, look at where we are in life as a group, and this is what I see. I am a burned out businessman, Steve, a lawyer that apparently burned out on business and life. By the way, I am glad you stayed around, Steve. Then there is Roger, a warrior and hero that burned out on the battlefield; and Scott, a recently kicked-out-of-Washington politician. Larry is the only one who never entered the system of personal achievement or engaged the government, and he eventually burned out on life. I guess my question for everyone here would be what chance do five burned-out, defeated hippies really have at developing a plan of action or of doing anything?”

Larry immediately jumped to his feet and spoke in a bold voice. “Everyone listen to me! One day, while struggling with myself internally, I was searching my heart for what my real purpose and destiny in this life was. After fasting for twenty-one days, I was alone in my building, praying to God and crying like a baby. Every moan and groan, along with every woe is me about how bad life was for me, flowed out of my mouth for several hours like a cesspool of filth. It seemed as if God was not going to tell me what my purpose and destiny were. I figured he was not listening to my cries, or he was in a business meeting with someone more important than me.

A bit angry at him, I went to the corner store, bought a 12-pack, and sat in the corner. Big mistake. After not eating for twenty-one days, do not drink beer,” Larry said, laughing.

“I sat there like a drunk who was down on his luck, pathetically crying in my beer and still complaining. As I finished beer number seven, I started praying again. I will always remember the words of my prayer exactly. I cried out in vain, hurt, ‘Look at me, I have nothing, I am useless, I am a nobody, my reputation is shot, and everyone thinks I am a crazy nut.’ Then I heard a loud, ‘GOOD, now you are a dangerous man; you are exactly where I want you to be.’”

Shouting at, Jerry Larry said, “In answer to your comments about our burned-out pathetic excuses for lives, Jerry! I SAY GOOD! There is nothing more dangerous than a man who has nothing to lose. A man that no longer has a reputation, who doesn’t care what people say or think, or gives a shit about what happens to him now that is a DANGEROUS MAN. When a man finds himself in that place, Jerry that is the place where a man is ready to die for a purpose! I SAY WE ARE ALL THERE! I AM AMONG DANGEROUS MEN!”

The air turned rich with excitement as everyone, including Sam and Molly, stood up and with a show of solidarity, placed their hands one on top of the other. They began to shout the phrase, “Here’s to dangerous men” repeatedly.

After things had calmed down, Jerry began speaking again. “Well, that answers my concerns about how committed we are as a group. Like Roger, I have a lot of data that I am sifting through, and I hope he can confirm some of my suspicions with his documents. With that said, I will wait to hear what Roger has to say next time we meet, and I am sorry, Steve, but you will have to wait until I finish, as well.”

“We shall see, my friend. I will get your vote tonight when I am done, Jerry,” Steve said with a sure look.

Rising to his feet, Steve resembled a typical lawyer. He wore a very expensive light gray pin stripe suit that went well with his salt and pepper hair. His every mannerism, eye contact, head movement, and even his hand gestures were classic courtroom drama.

“If I could put every American citizen on a jury, I would have them judge my case by the facts, you are about to hear. As a constitutional lawyer, I will win this argument every time if the jury will judge the case on facts, and not their emotions. If you do not mind, I would like to address you as a jury.”

He instructed everyone to spread out their chairs, facing the bar, as he walked behind the bar.

From that vantage point, it was obvious. Steve was comfortable as he began to address them as a lawyer speaking to jurors sitting in the juror box.

“Ladies and gentlemen of the jury. Tonight I am going to prove to you, beyond a reasonable doubt, that you, the American people, do not own or control the United States government. With the principals governing a democracy, the Constitution declares that ‘we the people’ are the rightful owners of the government. I intend to prove to you that the American people no longer hold the title deed of ownership to the property.

“The case is simple and complex. As simple in understanding as your rights of ownership to a piece of land you purchased and paid for in full. With that title deed of ownership, you can enter, build, or clear the land. It is your land, no one else can take it from you, steal it, or build on the land. The issue is also this complex. The United States federal government stole your land and ripped the title deed from your hand, and they will stop at nothing, to ensure that ‘you the people,’ never get the title deed back. The question I will answer tonight is when and how the United States federal government stole the ownership of an entire country from its rightful owners, ‘we the people.’

“To help you understand the gravity of the theft, I am going to ask you to answer two yes or no questions. After that, I will read the formal charges against the United States federal government.

“Question: Is there any situation you can think of where the United States government should have the authority to attack an American city plunder the property, burn the homes of the citizens, and their businesses to the ground, and rape the women?

“Yes or No.

“Next question: I will give you an example of another incident in history, so you can better understand the question. So, please indulge me a bit, if you will. We all know how the old USSR acted. Every country in the communist bloc better do what the Soviet Union said, or they would invade the country and conquer the people into submission. We know of the invasions of Poland and what the USSR did when they invaded Czechoslovakia in 1969.

“Here’s my question. Do you think there will ever be a day when the United States government would intentionally attack, murder, and conquer its own citizens to make them obey the federal government, as the Russians have done many times?

“Yes or No.

“There are several charges before you today. The first charge is for murder, treason, and acts of terrorism in order for the United States federal government to dominate the American people.

The second charge is for intentional murder of any number of unarmed American citizens, including women and children. The third charge is for the wholesale slaughter of American citizens, the theft of their property, and the burning of their homes and businesses to the ground.

“In its deliberate actions, the United States federal government violated every inherited right of the American citizenry, including the divine rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. In so doing, the United States government violated the Constitution, destroying every article, and executed democracy. Afterwards, the United States government installed an imperialistic, conquering governmental dictatorship, driven by domination and subordination over its own citizens.

“Therefore, ‘we the people’ charge the United States federal government with the theft of the power of ‘we the people’ over their own government. I will prove that by egregious acts of violence and intentional betrayal, the United States federal government ripped the title deed of ownership from the hands of the citizens. These charges are true and serious.

“There is a gut feeling within me that everyone in this wonderful bar tonight has a piece of critical information that will become a part of the solution, and will lead to the largest human rebellion in the history of the world. I am about to prove without a doubt that as a group we are not a bunch of crazy, leftover, burned-out hippies; in fact, we are quite the opposite. I know we are men of high value and purpose. It was only a month ago when we first spoke about finding out where ‘we the people’ lost control of this nation, and tonight, I stand before you with the answer. I must admit, I am in awe of myself and the exciting truths I found during my own discovery. Recent changes in my own life have made me a very dangerous man to the United States government.

“Most of you will find it hard to believe, but after our last meeting, I suffered a complete breakdown that ended in my attempt to take my own disgusting life. My therapist Allen, in an effort to occupy my mind with something other than my own pathetic life, challenged me to solve the mystery of ‘we the people.’ In the beginning, I mused over the topic, somewhat disinterested, for a few hours a day. Then one morning, as I sat down to study, an insatiable appetite for understanding consumed my heart, compelling me to find out where ‘we the people’ and the country had lost their way. Like a pig without a meal for a week, I devoured every relevant book on American history that I could get my hands on. My study went from a few hours to an all-consuming desire, as I stopped only to sleep a bit, shower, and eat.

“What shocked me was the deeper I dug, the more obvious it became; this country was divinely inspired in the beginning, but had somehow perilously lost its way. In my search for the answer to our question, my studies led me to research every type of government structure in the world. As I did this, one obvious fact stood out. The balance of power between a people and their government resides on a very delicate set of scales. Those scales of power can tip at any moment, sending another Hitler into the world.

“The world is in desperate need of emboldened people who will fearlessly speak out against leaders, governments, and injustice. They are the watchmen of society’s and the government’s conscience, to keep the balance of power from unfairly tipping between a people and their government.” Looking at Larry, Steve said, “It is an honor to know you as a friend and a watchman. Thank you, for your fearless stance against governmental and social injustices. I love what you are doing with that sign.

“While I have the utmost respect for most of our founding forefathers, there were mistakes, as well as serious hypocritical inconsistencies between what they wrote and how they lived their lives. It is fair to say, and I think we all agree, they could not have foreseen our day, any more than anyone here can see three hundred years into the future. When someone like me begins to shed light on what really happened in history, explaining that a racist slave owner wrote the Declaration of Independence, or that Washington owned slaves, I assure you, they look at me as if I shot Santa at the mall, in front of the kids on Christmas Eve.

“After two days of all-consuming study, I realized that I would never find when, what, or how ‘we the people’ lost control, if I did not comprehend the full extent of what they had lost. It is very easy to sit here as a group and say ‘we the people’ are not in control of the government. However, if you are going to intelligently search history for an answer, you better understand exactly what was lost. In essence, I was looking for an obscurity, a mystery if you will, and how can you find something as mysterious as the theft of an intangible power if you do not fully understand the makeup of the power? Does this make sense to everyone?”

The group nodded their heads yes. Sam was pale, sweating, and had a baffled look on his face because of Steve’s wording. Molly was fixated on Steve, almost in a trance-like state of mind.

“Americans believe this country has a form of government called a democracy, but I will bet you that few Americans can explain how a democracy functions or controls a government. If they could, I guarantee you we would not be sitting here having this discussion.

In order to find the blatant theft of power historically, I had to back up and comprehend exactly what was the intangible power of a democracy in early America. Trust me, the subject is much larger than I am going to speak about, but I feel this will suffice for my argument. To simplify what a democracy is, I am going to make two statements about the basic theory of democracy. I will read them to you.

“First, democracy is a form of government in which all citizens have an equal say in the passage of laws that affect their lives. Secondly, a democracy allows all people the free practice of political self-determination, in every sector of their lives culturally, socially, and economically. The operative words in both halves of the basic understanding of democracy are ALL citizens.

“Once I understood the two main principals of democracy that early America was founded upon, then I was able to distinguish what conditions would have to occur historically for ‘we the people’ to lose the intangible power of ownership. I quickly realized that, historically, I was searching for a government action that would remove some or all the rights of the people from having an equal say in the government. I was sure there would also have to be an action by the government that would strip the people of their rights to freely practice political self-determination culturally, socially, and economically.

“Armed with that understanding, I began to think about what scope, size, or type of government action it would take to remove those rights. There was only one answer. The action by the government would have to be powerful, overbearing, and devastating. It would conquer the American people culturally, socially, and economically. If I could find that horrendous action, I would also find the theft of the American people’s right to the free practice of political self-determination. That, my friend, is the best definition you will find for what the United States government did when they stole the title deed to the land from the rightful owners, ‘we the people.’

“When that understanding hit me, I was on fire. I knew if I could find that scenario historically, that is where the theft of power occurred. Does this make sense to everyone?”

Everyone said, yes, and Steve continued. “Great, now stay awake; I don’t want to lose you. To make it simple to understand, I set out looking for something similar to the abortion issue.”

Seeing the bewildered look on everyone’s faces, Steve explained. “Yes, I know there are two sides to the abortion issue, and I understand your confused looks, so please, bear with me, and I will eventually qualify my statement.

“Historically, we know any number of men have sought to conquer the world. The government structures of communism, monarchies, or dictatorships operate on the opposite spectrum of a democracy. Simply put, they deny the free practice of political self-determination, and they do so by conquering the people culturally, socially, and economically.

“Listen to the definition of the word ‘conquer.’”

When Molly heard the word ‘conquer,’ she reached over and grabbed Sam, as he nervously took out a handkerchief to wipe the sweat from his forehead. Glancing at him, Molly thought, ‘This was an important night for him already. First, he found out about Larry, and now the word ‘conquer’ is flowing out of Steve’s mouth like warm butter. He must be in shock after searching for over thirty years.’

Continuing, Steve read from his notes. “Conquer: to acquire by force of arms, win in war, to conquer a foreign land, to overcome by force, subdue, to conquer an enemy.’

“My studies took me all the way back to early England, since that is where our fight for freedom and independence began. Based on the illogical concept of royal blood alone, I consider the English monarchy to be one of the most foolish and dangerous forms of government. There is nothing more racist than the silly concept of royal blood. History teaches us that English kings repeatedly conquered Scotland, a fact skillfully embellished in the movie *Braveheart*. In order to conquer the heart of the Scottish men, the kings would raid their villages while the Scotsmen were preparing for the battlefield fight. The king’s soldiers burned their homes, destroyed villages, raped their wives, and killed many, including children. Of course, the king made sure the information of what had happened ‘back home’ always reached the men, who were going to fight against the king’s army, before the battle started. The logic was simple and brutal, conquer the heart of the warrior and you win the war.

“Kings and dictators know that the deed of ownership to a country is one that has the power to control the government. If we compare the actions of England’s kings to what the old communist USSR did to keep communist bloc nations under the subjective rule of the Soviet Union, we can find no difference. While they are two different government structures, a monarchy and communism, the principles are the same when you compare their actions. Conquering governments conquer people, especially their own. You will obey, you will be under my rule, or I will kill you. Remember, for them to keep the title deed of ownership, the conquering leader’s government must deny people the right of free political self-determination in every area of their lives culturally, socially, and economically.

“I want to pause a moment and put the divinity of this nation into its proper perspective. The date was November 13, 1620 when for the first and only time in the history of the world, by divine appointment, the world gave birth to a new nation. Never before in the history of mankind had a new nation appeared so miraculously. This nation, which we know and love as the United States of America, would become unlike any other nation in the world. It was destined to become a real Cinderella romance story to the world. The stories about America stirred the hearts of people all over the world, causing people to flee the tyrannies, poverties, and conquering governments for one chance at a new life. In America, a new government stood for free political self-determination, personal freedom, and the chance for a man to embrace opportunity and make his own way in life. It was available for everyone who came. That is how America, a new nation, became man’s last bastion of hope and the world’s melting pot.

“As I continued to study, my understanding deepened even more. For the first time in my life, I understood this country was a truly divine gift from the heavens to the people of the world.

“After the first ships landed at Plymouth Rock, it would be another one hundred and fifty-six years before the men we know as our founding fathers would sign the Declaration of Independence. That act ignited a war to stop the king of England from conquering this new land and claiming it as a territory for the royal blood of England. It was that independent attitude of personal freedom, and the hatred of tyranny, that united strangers on a common battlefield, where they fought and died as brothers, to stop England or any country from ever conquering them again. What force other than the power of love and freedom could compel complete strangers to join one another on a battlefield to fight as brothers in a common cause? Such a powerful display of love by a group of strangers the world has never seen.”

Pausing to clear his throat, Steve was visibly moved as he continued. “It was on that battlefield, filled with the blood of strangers, that the honorable bloody foundation of this nation gave birth to ‘we the people’ of the United States of America. My heart grieved, and for several days, I became despondent after I found out what happened to ‘we the people.’ In my heart, I hated the death of the American dream.”

Obviously shaken, Steve said, “Look what they have done to the story of America the beautiful. America ... America ... God shed his grace on thee, and crown thy good with brotherhood ...” Pausing he slowly regained his composure, “America the beautiful, I regret to inform you, is dead. America then is not America today and has not been for a very long time.”



*“My paramount object in this struggle
Is to save the Union,
And is not either to save – or to destroy slavery.”*

– Abraham Lincoln –

Everyone sat silent and somber, as Molly hung onto Sam’s arm.

After several minutes, Steve asked, “So, what happened? Where and how did ‘we the people’ lose their power? Please, think with me. The words are serious and full of deep meaning. A freely gathered United States is a democracy; a forced United States is a dictatorship.

“Now, I will explain my comments on abortion. What do you think would happen if the government forced everyone to abort all pregnancies? Yes, like you, I can see the wars and fights that would occur if they forced abortions. I do not know a husband or father that would stand by and allow the United States government to force an abortion in mass upon the people. For your benefit, I will repeat the statement. A freely gathered United States is a democracy, and a forced United States would be a dictatorship.

“Some time ago the country celebrated, the 150th anniversary of the War Between the States. I can assure you each of you there was NO war between the states. That is a historical lie. Personally, I refuse to call the action a civil war; it was not a civil war, and I will explain why later. There are many views about the reasons for the war, with the two main views being states rights, and the other, slavery. Frankly, it does not matter which view anyone holds; they are both pointless.

“When an American president declared the unconscionable act of a governmental war against American citizens, Lincoln took the path of a forced United States, just as any other dictator in the history of the world had done. That is the exact point where ‘we the people’ lost their embryonic democracy and the ‘intangible power’ to control their own government. Abraham Lincoln declared war, demanding that states submit to the authority of the federal government. Submit, or we will murder you; I do not respect your rights as a free democracy state, or the free democracy foundation of blood on which your ancestors formed this country.

I could give a shit about democracy's rights to allow ALL people the right to practice political self-determination in every area of their lives culturally, socially, and economically.”

Red-faced, Steve shouted, “EVERYONE IN EVERY STATE, YOU WILL ABORT YOUR BABY! If you do not submit to federal authority and abort your babies, I will stop at nothing to put down your rebellion. The only thing history got correct about Honest Abe is the concept that he loved the federal government more than ‘we the people.’

“Can anyone in this room show me any difference between Lincoln's actions of forced government and those of Syria Iran, or Libya? Every dictator will fight to preserve and keep control of the government at the cost of human lives. There is not one ounce of difference when we compare what the kings of England, the Soviet Union, or Lincoln did to control the people. America, the only new nation in the history of the world, vanished as a democracy; it became a forced tyranny ruled by Lincoln. A conquering United States federal government was determined to conquer its own citizens into submission, even if it meant murdering them. The use of forced military power ripped the deed of ownership from ‘we the people,’ changing the country forever. Just the thought of Americans killing Americans in a declared act of war by a president, still upsets me.”

Raising his voice, Steve said, “Civil war is normally a war, where the people of the country seek to overthrow an unjust or unfair conquering government. STOP and think about what I said. In a civil war, an uprising occurs by the people against a corrupt government. What kind of government starts an unnecessary war against its own people? When Lincoln made the decision for the federal government to attack and murder its own citizens, the democracy of ‘we the people’ perished at the exact second the federal government murdered the first citizen. Just as the king of England denied freedom to the Scottish people, Abraham Lincoln denied the rights of a free people to direct their own lives in their states. That is the exact point in history when the federal government grew in power.

“Lincoln's actions were also tantamount to the same dominant communist actions of the USSR. I challenge anyone to show me any difference whatsoever in what the old Soviet Union did to the communist bloc countries by using military force. Communism dominated those countries into submission, and the federal government under Abraham Lincoln dominated the states into submission. The more I studied, the more I understood the obvious thing about Lincoln's character was that he loved the Union more than he had an actual love for the people. American history clearly depicts that Lincoln was about only one thing – he was out to save the Union.

I say, save the Union, my ass. What benefit is a forced union when the bride's family is murdered by the groom's family?

“Lincoln's acts of war were brutal. He used a scorch and burn policy, commanding General Sherman to invade defenseless southern towns where the majority of their men was fighting on the battlefield. Just as the kings of England had done to the Scottish men, Sherman burned the homes, businesses, and the entire cities of soldiers fighting on a battlefield. With the same bag of dirty tricks as the English kings, he dispossessed the wives and children, making them homeless, and made sure the men fighting knew what he had done. My god, the man burned Atlanta to the ground. Would you explain to me how this man loved the American people? There are still massive amounts of ‘uninvestigated’ claims of rape by Sherman's army all over the south.

“Any president that would use a scorch and burn policy against the American people and their families to save a fucking federal government deserved to be shot. Unfortunately, for democracy in America, Lincoln's decision killed true democracy in America before he was assassinated.

“I feel I must inject a comment about slavery for those who think freeing the slaves was a benefit, or the reason for Lincoln's war. Slavery is still a big commodity in the world today, with the continent of Africa listed as the world's largest slave trader. I hope you have read what they are doing as they rape what they call beaded young children. If you have not, you need to. The world has pumped so much aid into that continent with degenerative results.

“If you can imagine a lawyer reading the Bible, well, I did for the first time in my life. Lincoln quoted or referred to the Bible often in his speeches, so naturally I had to look at the Bible, as well. It might interest you to know that Lincoln never endorsed Christianity or organized religion and denied most all Christian doctrines, including the divinity. That's free information about Lincoln; it did not cost you anything, take it for what you will. I was surprised to find that the Bible does not forbid slavery even today. According to the Bible and the Apostle Paul, I can own a slave. In fact, many Christians in the New Testament owned slaves. Paul the Apostle gave instructions on how to treat slaves, as well as instructions to Christian slaves about how they were to obey their masters. Every theologian I spoke with told me that I was correct; the Bible does not forbid slavery, so I asked myself, what was Lincoln's problem?

“If freeing the slaves was his motivation, then biblically, he was in error. The question I kept asking was this: why did he not allow states the freedom to own slaves, and stop the imports at a federal level? There was any number of ways to come to an agreement without conquering your own countrymen.

Why did he refuse to attend the peace negotiations with the states? Why not allow secession, which seemed to be a better option than war. Think about it. It was not as if Georgia was going to roll up the state like a carpet and go anywhere. In time, I think the matter would have worked itself out, and we would not have lost our democracy.

“There are no answers other than what history teaches. Lincoln betrayed the blood of the legitimate owners of the title deed ‘we the people,’ whose forefathers had purchased the American democracy with their blood. The federal government, under the command of Abraham Lincoln, killed 625,000 sons and daughters whose grandfathers, great grandfathers, uncles, and cousins fought and died to free this country from tyranny. Lincoln’s decision disgraced their deaths, negating their honorable deaths, causing their deaths to appear in history as needless bloodshed. The criminal actions of the federal government under Lincoln destroyed the people’s government, for the people, and by the people.

“In my search, the disturbing answer that I couldn’t find was who, or what, took control of the United States government, and why? It seems to me the power of the United States government has kept growing in power since Lincoln. There seems to be a quest for more government control over the lives of ‘we the people?’ I am still looking for the answer to that one.

“Whatever our purpose may be, let us be bold enough to restore the dignity of those murdered by Lincoln. It is time to fight. We are intelligent men; we can find a way to take down the federal government and give the power back to the ‘we the people.’ I am not sure a pure democracy is obtainable as a form of government, but at this point, I will take any form of democracy over the hypocrisy we think is democracy.

“I want to make two more points that will put a death nail in the coffin. Rather than force people to remain under his rule, Egypt’s President Mubarak resigned because I believe the old dictator loved his country and the people. In the Sudan, the North and the South voted peacefully to secede from one another. In a world of extreme turmoil, we find Arab governments and people of the world demonstrating to us what Lincoln should have done.

“Therefore, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I submit the following for your considerations during your deliberation of the facts.

“A freely gathered nation is a democracy.

“A Democracy is not a forced marriage where the groom’s family murders the bride’s family.

“Do we want a government that says everyone will abort their children and if you do not we will murder you into submission. I didn’t think so.

“Then you must all agree that there are others who do not want a government that says you cannot abort a fetus.

“Democracy is about freedom of choice for everyone.

“Lincoln made the wrong choice. He conquered ‘we the people’ like a dictator. Took the title deed from the rightful owners and transferred the power of ownership to the government.

“I tell you, Honest Abe was not honest; he was a devious man who knew exactly what he was doing. He intentionally destroyed the only nation in the history of the world that was birthed by divinity. I think the man was from the dark Kingdom that Larry talks about. He knew precisely, what he was doing. There was nothing to be gained from his actions other than taking the title deed from ‘we the people’ and placing all power in the control of the United States federal government. Based on clear the evidence, and the fact that two Arab nations provided a living demonstration of how Lincoln could have done it another way, I will be bold enough to state that not a single person in this room tonight can stand up and tell me that Lincoln did not make the wrong decision.

“Tonight, I stand before you ready to fight to my own death in order to rid this nation of its evil dictatorship and take the title deed back. I will wait for your verdict or proof that I am wrong.”

Everyone sat in silence looking at one another. Sam and Molly were about to jump out of their skins as they realized Steve had just solved the mystery of the first horseman for them.

Sam whispered to Molly, “We will have a late night confirming what we just heard. Damn, I wish I had a tape recorder.”

Smiling, Molly lifted her purse, showing him her recorder. “Well, at least one of us came prepared for class, Professor,” she said, smiling. “He was awesome, Sam. The man is wired with a brilliant mind. I loved the way he laid everything out. People are not going to enjoy having Honest Abe painted as a dictator, but the facts are there. I told you these guys were serious, Sam.”

“Yes, they are, Molly, but I am the one with the plot, the plan, and the implementation,” Sam said, as he patiently waited for a response from the table.

“What are you talking about, the plot, the plan, and the implementation, Sam?”

“In time, my dear, in due time.”

Larry was first. He stood to his feet and started clapping his hands. “I say yes, and reserve the right to hear Roger and Jerry.” Scott stood in the same manner and began clapping with Larry in unison. “I say, yes.” Roger and Jerry, clapping in unison, declared, “I say, yes.”

Steve began clapping excitedly with them for a few minutes.

Just as fast as Larry started clapping, they stopped and joined hands in a circle around the table. Steve said, "Give us the wisdom and courage to do something about what we see." This was followed by hugs of friendship.

As Sam observed them, it became evident that they were all serious enough to attempt the development of a plan of action, including Scott. After confirming with Larry and Steve that they would meet tomorrow at Larry's place, Sam and Molly rushed back to his home.

As everyone else drove away, one news van, still on stakeout, cornered Scott. Running up to him with cameras rolling, he was asked, "Congressman, is it true you were near a nervous breakdown tonight?"

"Absurd," Scott replied. "My close friends had a surprise party planned for me, so I surprised them by showing up dressed like a bum. Look at how they dressed me for my trick on them; I am now a walking billboard for the best place in town, Woodstock69. I love my retirement," he added; getting into his car without another word, he drove away.

Leaving the bar, Sam and Molly acted like two giddy kids all the way to Sam’s home. Excited about the night’s events, they talked over one another, making points about the various evening’s conversations and the potential revelation of the first horseman by Steve.

As he opened the door to the study, a strong wave of power emanating from the room immediately hit Sam in the chest so hard it nearly knocked him to the floor. It was the strongest he had ever felt the power. Glancing over at Molly, Sam noticed her knees seemed to weaken. “This is the strongest it’s ever been, Molly.”

“It feels as if I am wading through warm, thick honey that contains a pulsating energy,” Molly replied.

Like drunks stumbling in a comedy skit, they tried to make it to a pair of chairs. After a few more steps, the power became too much for Molly to continue. She was the first to give out. Falling to the floor, they laughed at their weak inability to control their own bodies. As she lay flat on her back, Sam attempted to get up one last time, and when he went down again, she began to laugh hysterically. Lying on the floor, still in a happy, giddy mood, they were head-to-head; Sam’s feet were pointing to twelve o’clock, and Molly’s feet were pointing to six o’clock. After a few moments, a contest began to see if either one of them could lift an arm, a leg, or their head off the floor. After several failed attempts, Molly jokingly quipped, “I bet you couldn’t get it up now, Sam.”

“What good would that do, Molly? You could not get up to get on, even if I could get it up,” Sam replied, which instantly began another cycle of laughter.

Their friendship was innocent, real, and sweet. It was for that reason Sam had never tried to have sex with her. Although the desire was certainly there, for some reason it just did not feel right. He was also concerned about her past, and since her abusive, molesting father Karl was close to his own age, a pushy, older man might just “push” the wrong button. Another troubling thing Sam felt about Molly was her open admission that the only man who ever rang her bell was RC. Sam lay there, thinking, ‘Who wants to follow that act on stage?’

As if a bolt of lightning struck him, Molly’s words snapped Sam back to reality when she said, “Sam, call it a woman’s intuition, if you wish, but I think it’s pretty obvious this whole thing is a setup by a power bigger than us.

Look at us. Here we are lying on a floor pinned down by a power we don't comprehend, and acting as if it is funny and normal. After what happened in the bar tonight, I know something bigger than me has led me here. Talk about a set up; look at what happened to me tonight and how I was used. Why would you need to find out that Larry saved your life, unless there is a bigger purpose involved? I think the same power we feel in this room picked Larry out to save your life the day they shot you. Then, with perfect timing, this same power used silly Molly's 'foolish heart,' as you called it, to reveal you to each other. Think about it, Sam. Steve solved the first horseman mystery as if it were nothing hard to figure out. I was blown away by how intelligently and precisely he made his case. Pardon the pun.

"Think about it, Sam. You studied thirty-years, and Steve figured it out in thirty days. Now that is a real hoot. Explain this one, Sam. How is it that you just happened to own the bar where Steve would reveal the first horseman to you with such clarity? Here's a better one: he thinks his study is about 'we the people' and doesn't have a clue about the mystery of the apocalyptic 4Horsemen. I think that, somehow, those old hippies are a part of everything you are going to do, Sam, and you are a part of them.

"I don't understand what you mean when you say you have the plot, the plan, or the implementation. One thing I am sure of: you are the big key holder who has the real and only answer for everyone. In all of your studies, did you ever consider the actions of Honest Abe as a candidate?"

"Molly, I see that you see. Your woman's intuition is very discriminating. You know that I am not a religious man and consider most religions nothing more than vain institutions created for feeble-minded people. Admittedly, lying here with you under the influence of a power that I cannot explain, talking about purpose and destiny, I must admit I see too many connecting events to call them coincidental. When I watched you put the pictures and Larry's shirt back up in the bar tonight, I began to wonder how all of this could be happening.

"My other studies I mentioned have occupied my time for nearly the same thirty years as my study of the 4Horsemen. Please keep them between you and me only, and excuse my reservation about sharing the contents of them with you just yet. It has nothing to do with you. I need a bit more information, and when I obtain it, you will be the first to know what they are all about.

"I agree with everything you said about the group. My meeting Larry tonight after four decades cannot be accidental. However, what your intuition cannot show you yet is how much the men in that group fit my other three studies.

What I cannot figure out is how the 4Horsemen relate to them, or how Steve was able to nail the first horseman so precisely without knowing anything about the 4Horsemen or my studies of them. Now that is a new mystery. There seems to be a correlation between my studies, but I cannot pin it down just yet. If there was ever a way to convince me that a supernatural power is involved, it happened during our discussion after their first meeting in the bar. When you explained to me what they said, and what they were trying to accomplish, my mind was doing back flips all night. I had searched the term ‘we the people’ from my bed after being shot at Kent State.

“In answer to your question about Honest Abe; no, I never considered Honest Abe. I don’t know why. For some reason, I always looked at other periods in history: the Roman Empire, Alexander the Great, Napoleon, and several others, including Hitler. I must hand it to Steve. He pinned the tail on the donkey perfectly, and I was the only blind guy in the room. He was right. Lincoln’s actions were governmentally tyrannical. He destroyed the new nation and democracy. Steve spelled it out. He proved that Lincoln’s actions were identical to the conquering kings of England and the Soviet Union. His actions set a precedent, empowering the federal government with the right to use unchecked power on the people of this nation. Look at what that power has grown into today. My god, it is almost staggering. I don’t understand how I missed him.

Turning his attention to the poster of the 4Horsemen, Sam said, “Look at the picture of the first horseman. The most revealing thing to me about Lincoln in the picture is the crown on the head. Remember when I explained to you that prophets used symbolic images in the Bible and wrote in a style that most scholars call prophetic poetry?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Read the words with me again, Molly. *‘He who sat on it had a bow; and a crown was given to him, and he went out conquering and to conquer.’*”

“The head represents the leader of a government; we know this because he held a bow to make war, and the crown always represents governmental authority in history and the Bible. The most important phrase in this passage is the words *‘and a crown was given to him.’* I have read that phrase ten thousand times, Molly, and until now it never made sense. Thanks to Steve, we have new understanding. This is very important, so listen carefully. In previous history, dictators and kings, who governmentally ruled the world, never willingly gave up power, much less a crown. Crowns were never ‘freely given to anyone.’ Crowns were ‘inherited by birthright’ or taken away from someone by force. It was right in front of me all this time, *‘a crown was given to him.’*”

“Up until the moment the world gave birth to this new democratic nation we called America, the world’s governments had never placed a crown on the head of a common man. That all changed when the rightful owners of the governmental title deed of this new nation, ‘we the people,’ placed a governmental crown of authority on a common, a man the people freely elected, and called him ‘Mr. President.’

“The prophet used the term ‘crown’ for dual, symbolic, prophetic meanings. The first meaning was to show us that the crown ‘would be freely given to a common man.’ That could only happen under a democratic government, putting us squarely in the timeline of American history.

“The second meaning behind the crown is even more profound. Frankly, it is what you call a bit freaky, and I call a little scary. The symbolic meaning blows me away mentally because of how much wisdom was written down so long ago about such a simple thing. Listen. The second meaning of the crown depicts what kind of power would begin to operate through a freely given crown. In other words, a freely elected common man, crowned by ‘we the people,’ would use the same powers as a crowned monarchy, the kings of England.

“The writer could have made it simple. When you see a group of free people controlling their own government place a crown on a common man, one day a common man wearing that crown will conquer his own people. A freely elected man wearing the crown would one day choose to embrace the same dominating actions of a crowned monarch, or a conquering style of government. It blows me away how such a small thing is so powerful in understanding and knowledge once you know the answer to the mystery.”

Molly spoke up, saying, “Stunning, that’s what I think you are, Sam. The way you explain such deep thoughts about profound topics like this amazes me. History was not my favorite subject, so I learned a lot tonight listening to everyone. I found it very disturbing when I realized that Lincoln made a clear decision to use the same scorch and burn tactics, just like the kings of England had used on Scotland. Why would any president ever do that?”

“Molly, General Sherman sent Lincoln a note informing him that his Christmas present had arrived early after he burned Atlanta to the ground. Another Union colonel, named John Beatty, said, ‘Every time the telegraph wire was cut, we would burn a house; every time a train was fired upon, we would hang a man; and we would continue to do this until every house was burned, and every man hanged between Decatur and Bridgeport.’ I cannot imagine what evil resided in all of them. Honest Abe, my ass. He never even measured up to a dying Mubarak.”

“Sam, I was afraid but impressed with Roger tonight. I thought the guy was a loner idiot with a make-believe friend. He spoke volumes of understanding in a manner that anyone could understand. Those eyes freak me out, and I think he will kill us if anyone snitches about his documents.”

“I agree. His eyes are staggering to look at. Men like that do not fight, Molly; they kill every time they fight. I don’t know what he is up to with this special gift, but one damn thing is for sure. I am taking it, saying thanks, and shutting up even if it is shit in a can.” Laughter filled the room again as they sat up, stood up, and hugged one another before they realized the power had lifted.

“You know, Molly, the founding fathers used a phrase, an inference if you will, from a word we do not use much anymore. The word was providence, or divine providence, and it always referred to fate orchestrated by divine intervention. Tonight, I think we had ‘providential intervention’ to help us understand everything. I believe, by divine providence, we are on our way to the actual purpose of our lives; and a destiny so....” Sam paused and then continued. “At this crossroads in our journey I think it is best that we do not know what that destiny will be.”

“There you go again, explaining deep thoughts. How about a cup of coffee?”

After coffee with Molly and a quick shower, Sam sat in his dressing room, watching world news and winding down a bit before going to bed. Turning off the televisions, he sat in darkness, stretched out on the lounge in his robe, recalling the day’s events. The darkness in his adjoining bedroom broke, as the first of six candles were lit one at a time around his shower, followed by the overhead shower light, dimmed to a low glow. Watching through the half-opened door to his bedroom, a naked Molly stepped into his shower. Sam knew she had an amazing body, but every previous images of what he thought was under her clothes quickly vanished. She never turned the shower on as the glowing light above her head softly silhouetted the outline of every curve, while the flickering candle light danced on her body. Picking up a crystal decanter of scented oil, she slowly poured it over every part of her body. Placing the decanter on the floor, her hands began to massage the silky oil into her skin. With amazing sensuality, she caressed every private part of her body. Under the shimmering light, she was a breathtaking work of art. Her body glowing under the light, she slowly turned around, moving her arms above her head, resembling a figurine on top of an exquisite music box. The shadows and the light from the candles danced on her body as she offered every angle, posing for only the viewer’s pleasure.

The curves of her breasts and the voluptuous ass connected by that tiny waist were so breathtaking that an artist trying to capture her on canvas could never do it. Sam absorbed her beauty as his eyes feasted on every crevice. When the scented oil began to fill his nostrils, he inhaled deeply, recognizing the sweet scent found only between a woman's legs. 'My God,' he thought. 'Where did she find such a fragrance? That is the raw sexual smell of a woman in heat.'

She began to lower her hands, like a tiny ballerina, and turned her back to him. Looking over her shoulder, she smiled and began to bend over as she slowly moved her legs apart. As her head was nearing the floor, Sam could not believe his eyes. The center of her cherry chopsticks was a human marvel. Her labia minora lips on each side were at least an inch in length, standing erect from her body. Just like a clam, they curled evenly in and out of one another in perfect unison along the entire captivating opening. Sam wanted to make sure he was seeing what he thought he was seeing. In disbelief, he rubbed his eyes trying to refocus them. All at once, the joined lips began to move in unison, rippling up and down, and then folded in and out of her body. After several displays of her abilities between her legs, she rose and turned the shower on. Using a washcloth, she gave her body such a sensual washing, it was as if she were having sex with a washcloth. Massaging between her legs for several moments, she turned, facing Sam, and removed the washcloth. Her aroused swollen clit protruded erect from her body, orchid-like in appearance. Stepping from the shower, she wrapped herself in a towel, smiled, and winked at Sam through the cracked door, saying, "I normally charge five hundred for that show, but for you, Sam, it's free any time you want it. See you in the morning." Blowing out the candles, she left the room, leaving Sam in a condition of anything but wound down.

A light tap on the door reminded Sam of the note he left for Sheryl before going to bed. Exhausted from a long night, he hoped the coffee he smelled would help rejuvenate him before he met with Larry and Steve. Stepping into the shower, he stood under the cooling rainfall water, allowing it to waken him as last night's images of Molly still filled his mind. Stepping out of the shower, the lingering smell of her feminine scented oil filled his nostrils, causing some arousal in Sam. As he walked into the dressing room, Sam thought, 'My god, that woman is making a real impact on my life. I have never seen a vagina like that in my life, and the way she moved those lips, oh my. You better get a grip on yourself, buster, before she consumes your every thought.'

Enjoying a light breakfast after the shower, Sam sat naked on his towel, drinking coffee and watching the talking heads on the news.

The door opened without a knock, and there she stood, the seductive devil herself, immaculately dressed in a simple black dress with a well-placed seductive slit and a single strand of elegant white pearls.

“Why, Sam, have you been thinking of me?” Molly asked, smiling as Sam tried to hide it with a coffee cup. “One day I am going to blow that thing all the way up to see how fat it gets.”

“Molly, would you please knock before opening the door?”

“Why should I, Sam? I don’t remember you getting up to close the door last night,” she said, giggling like a small girl. “Lighten up, Sam; it’s a great day to be alive. I slept like a baby last night and wanted to remind you that I have my martial arts instructor belt fight tonight. You are still coming, aren’t you?”

“Molly, I wouldn’t miss it for any reason, and I’ll bring Larry and Steve with me.”

The connecting door to Sam’s bedroom opened, and Christina stepped naked into the room before she saw Molly. Standing there, Molly looked at her beautiful body; her young china-white skin was to die for.

“Molly, meet... ”

“Yes, I know, Sam. Senator Wilkins’s daughter, Christina. How nice to meet you.”

Reaching for Sam’s robe, Christina replied, “You must be Molly. You are more beautiful than Sam said you were. Whatever you stirred in him last night, please do it again. The man knocked me out with orgasms three times last night.”

For the first time in a long time, Molly had an uneasy feeling in her stomach that she recognized, all too well. ‘What is this feeling? Am I jealous over Sam getting laid last night? Sam is my play toy, and not yours, you little bitch,’ she thought.

Sam looked at Molly, surprised by her facial expression. He smiled as he winked at her. “Lighten up, Molly; it’s a great day to be alive. What did you think I would do after your beautiful tease last night, sit around and choke my own chicken all night?” With that comment, they all burst into laughter, shared breakfast together, and went their own ways.

Unsure of where Larry’s building was located, Sam typed his address into the GPS unit before leaving the driveway. Sam lived in a different economic community, so he rarely traveled to Larry’s side of the city. Driving through the neighborhoods, he noticed an overabundance of different church denominations on nearly every corner. Some intersections had churches across from one another, while a particular stretch near Larry’s place had one every few hundred feet.

‘What is this?’ Sam thought. ‘The churches’ answer to restaurant row? I never realized this side of town has so many churches.’ The GPS voice interrupted his thoughts: “You have arrived at your destination.”

A few doors down on the right, he saw Larry and Steve standing in the entrance to the building. The large sign out front seemed to be extremely effective at stirring the passions of people driving past the building. Some drivers slowed to a crawl while others pulled off the road in an effort to read the sign. Many honked their horns in approval with a wave or a thumbs up. Several impassioned drivers were shouting obscenities and giving Larry the finger. Pulling into the turn lane, Sam slowed down to read the first side of the sign.



**The Government Knows
Where the Child Molesters Are Hiding,
So Why Haven’t They Attacked
The Catholic CULTS with Tanks
Gassed and Burned Them
Like They Did The Children At Waco**

Sam stopped to reread the sign. ‘This guy says more in a few short lines than anyone I know. The word “cult” nails the government as well as the Catholics; that’s also the same word the government used to cover up the murders at Waco. This guy either has the balls of a Brahman bull or a death wish. Why would he intentionally rile people’s emotions and then stand on the driveway?’ Pulling forward, he read the other side.

**Churches Are Man-Made Illusions Of God
Run By Delusional Men, Too Lazy To Work
Attended By Pathetic People
Too Weak To Think
Or Hear God For Themselves**

‘If he is against churches, I’ll say one thing: he is in the right part of town. What in the world is he trying to accomplish with that kind of sign? A preacher with a sign like that will not get many people to come to his place.’

A car honked at Sam, warning him to move, so he pulled forward into the parking lot, still rubbernecking in an effort to reread the sign. Larry and Steve were drinking coffee from Styrofoam cups and smiling at him. As Sam was parking, Steve quipped through the rolled-up window, “We thought you were going to turn your head all the way around like Linda Blair.” After greeting one another, Larry suggested they go inside to avoid the numerous angry Catholics shouting at him.

Entering the building, Sam noticed the place was an old church, complete with auditorium, podium, and speakers. “I’m confused. Your sign outside says churches are manmade illusions of God, and in here, I find a church.”

Steve burst out laughing. “Sam, you need to come one day and listen to Larry speak. I assure you, the word ‘church’ is not what will come to mind.”

“If you are searching for God, he is not here, but I can tell you where you will find him, Sam. He is a few doors down at the bar, sitting next to a guy on a barstool convicting the guy’s conscience about cheating on his wife, and spending the family’s food money on booze,” Larry added.

“Point made,” Sam, replied.

“How about a cup of coffee?”

“Thanks, that would be great.”

Walking into the small kitchen area, he saw a folding table set-up near the front window. Strapped into the chair at the head of the table was a mannequin dressed only from the waist up wearing a baseball hat. Smiling at Sam’s puzzled look, Larry said, “Sam, meet Judas; Judas, say hello to Sam. As you can see, Sam, Judas’s sentence for betrayal was obviously castration, and his personal sins downgraded him to work the graveyard shift for eternity. In the mornings, Judas makes the coffee and gets a much-needed break. One of us is on duty 24/7; otherwise, our lovely fans outside take the letters off the sign. I go through a box of new letters about every month, mostly because Judas continues to fall asleep on the night shift.”

Looking out the window at the people shouting and flipping finger gestures, Larry pointed at them, saying, “You know, Sam, Catholics give new meaning to the term drive-by-shootings; they drive by and shoot me the bird all day long.”

Laughing at his comment, Sam replied, “Larry, you are a real mystery to me. What drives you to do this? You must be the only man in the world with balls big enough to put up that sign and stand out front.” Sam stopped smiling, with a puzzled look on his face, he asked, “What are you trying to accomplish?”

“Sam, you’re a mystery to me, as well. In fact, the biggest mystery in all of my studies concerns you and me. For the life of me, I cannot comprehend how the two of us arrived at the same conclusions when we took two entirely different paths in life. You used numerous sources of research material for over thirty years, while I used one book, the Bible. After studying from both ends of the spectrum, here we stand in agreement on many serious issues.”

“Now that one puzzles me even more, Larry. I find it very perplexing how you obtained a commanding knowledge of social and constitutional issues using only the Bible,” Sam replied in a questioning tone.

“Maybe we can both find out today, Sam. As a lawyer, I say that first sign has every constitutional issue you can think of contained in just a few words,” Steve said. “The moral and social implications on that sign point the finger at the government and the American people for tolerating the murders at Waco. I think the people of this nation became infected with apathy long before Waco. The government took unnecessary action against a man they later labeled as a cult leader. The last time I read the Constitution, cults have a right to practice their religion without a tank crashing through their building. It’s all about political votes. That is why the government and the people are apathetic against a nest of criminal, cultic Catholic pedophiles. Several months ago, I read that the Irish have proof from an ex-bishop that Rome has been covering up criminal child molestation for generations.” Pausing briefly, Steve looked out the window. “Listen to them honk and shout. What person in their right mind would defend an institutional cult’s rights to molest children?”

“I wonder when the governments of the world will serve warrants on that lying cult leader in Rome. They have terrorized the hearts of innocent children for hundreds of years. The damage they have done exceeds all of the known terrorism in the world today. They are not blowing up planes or buildings; they are worse.

These queers, dressed like Liberace drag queens, present themselves as God's religious version of Jesus to innocent children as they rape them and suck their penises behind church doors all over the world. That is a den of iniquity! Holy fathers, my ass. If we showed the hidden carnage done to children on television, and made the world watch them fucking crying children in the ass, the world would burn Rome to the ground again."

As the blood vessels stood out in his neck, Steve shouted, "I say we become a six-man team and pop the fucker like they did Osama bin Laden. I read the comments in your essay, Sam, and a full-body condom is way too big for that little dick prick. Let's put him in one and tie it shut at the end."

As they all burst into laughter, Sam knew from Steve's level of hostility that he was speaking from personal experience.

Picking up several pictures from the stack at the end of the table, Larry handed them to Sam. "This is what I had up last week, and here are the pictures of several unmarked cars that were in and out of my driveway all week. The agents actually pulled in, turned around in front of my doors, and gave me some threatening looks before driving off. Steve ran the tags, and of course, they came back stolen, a well-known government trick. My home is under surveillance. The other morning, I couldn't sleep, so I went outside to sit on the front porch. As soon as I sat down, car lights blinked from both ends of the street. They wanted me to know they were watching me." Reaching over, he took the hat off Judas, and revealed a tracking device taped to his head. "Yesterday, I pulled this from under my car."

Glancing at Steve, Sam asked, "Can they do that without a warrant from a judge?"

"Thanks to George Bush and Obama, they can. These days a warrant isn't necessary." Sam looked down at the picture of the sign.

President Clinton and Janet Reno

Intentionally Murdered 76 people

Including 20 Children and 2 Pregnant Women

While Americans Focused On A Blow Job

Rather Than The Murders Of Children

"You keep that shit up, Larry, and they will come and get you for sure. You're a smart man; you should know what they are capable of doing. The government will make up some bogus sexual or IRS charges and haul your ass off for a long time. Hell, they might play the cult card on you. Look at the bullshit the United States government is trying to pull on WikiLeaks's Julian Assange. The people in Sweden fuck like rabbits, dope is legal, and they still find a couple of women to cry rape on this guy. Come on, Larry, wake up. Is it worth being locked up?" Sam asked.

“Sam, I am surprised that you are not a defender of free speech,” Steve replied.

“I am, but that kind of sign,” he said, tapping the picture with his finger, “will make the government look at you in a hurry. Oops, I take that back. According to both of you, they are already doing that. Come on, we are all smart men; I thought you guys were smart enough to keep a low profile before you start doing anything. You both know the rules when you plan something. You must act like the three monkeys: see nothing, hear nothing, and say nothing. For all you know, the place may be bugged already. Don’t get me wrong. I agree with you, Larry. The statements are the truth. Yes, they murdered 76 people, but at this point, why draw attention to yourselves? You know the federal government will protect its cover-up, so it will have little tolerance for public flag-waving about the issues at Waco. We all know they investigate themselves by forming their own investigative committees, so they can validate their criminal actions. Just the reminder of that image of the tank going into that building, gassing and burning little children, still fills me with unsettled rage. They shot my ass and got away with it, so you might imagine that entire fiasco lit me up for months. I am a serious player here, and I have some serious workable plans ... plans that I started working on the day after they shot me.

“At this point, I need the confidence that we will not go to jail by needlessly exposing ourselves to scrutiny before we have a chance to take action. In the 60s, I was a young radical bastard who was willing to die for the rights of free speech up until the moment they shot a hole through me. Now, I am an old radical bastard, ready to die for the right reasons with an intelligent plan of action. Experience has taught me that being shot at a demonstration, or attracting needless attention, is not an intelligent plan of action.”

Irritated by Sam’s truthful comments, Larry said, “You made your point, Sam. The sign was up over a week ago, before we found out where ‘we the people’ lost power. Steve and I have already discussed pulling in the reins to avoid unnecessary scrutiny. On the other hand, Sam, I am who I am, and I am the servant of no man. I make no apologies for my past actions or my words because that would make my employer a hypocrite.”

Sam sat thinking about Larry’s comment, ‘I am the servant of no man ... make my employer a hypocrite,’ when Steve jumped in and began speaking as a lawyer for the group.

“Larry and I were talking about you before you arrived, and frankly we have a few small concerns.

As a group, we don't mind you or Molly sitting in on our history searches; however, we are a bit concerned about you or Molly having any knowledge if and when we begin to develop a plan of action. Scott called earlier today and had the same concerns. He suggested that after we hear from Roger and Jerry, we should stop meeting at Woodstock69. I am sure you can understand our reasons why, and if you prefer, we can move our next meetings to another location. I guess, as a group, we are saying we really don't know you as much as we do one another. Let me be candid with you. As a precaution, we ran background checks on you and Molly. You seem to be who you say you are. However, Molly has an interesting family history, including the murder of her father by her mother. Her mother apparently died of multiple snakebites before the investigation was complete. Molly disappeared, and the cops never got a chance to question her about the murder. Do you know anything about this, Sam?"

"I know everything about it. Forgive me, but I do not feel comfortable discussing Molly's personal life openly with you. Perhaps you should ask Molly tonight at her master belt tournament. Let me offer you one piece of free advice; if you decide to inquire, make sure you are near an open door, and be fully confident that you can outrun her," Sam said with a smile.

"We both have reservations about one another, and I accept that as a good thing. It indicates several things to me. First, it tells me that, as a group, you are somewhat serious about developing a plan of action. That excites me because I have the only serious plan that will work. Second, we are each wise enough to check one another out, which indicates we are both up to something. Now, are you ever going to tell me, Larry, how you came to such remarkable conclusions about the separation of church and state, using only the Bible as a source of study?"

Staring across the table, Larry studied Sam as he spoke. "We will get there, Sam. I am putting my conclusions, along with many new thoughts, into a single document. Since the early eighties, I have worked on one document that addresses every necessary issue in a free, moral society. After Steve closed his practice last month, we began a word-by-word review to ensure the structure, facts, and relevant truths were correct. I think we are on the verge of producing an excellent document that will benefit society."

"The common sense simplicity of what Larry has written blows me away," Steve added.

"So, when can I have a peek at the document?" Sam asked.

Without a word, Larry looked at Steve, and Steve nodded, indicating it was okay with him. Larry left the room and came back with a large document, rolled up as a scroll.

For over three hours, Sam read and questioned Larry and Steve as he read through the document.

Finally, Sam looked at Larry and said, "If I had not read it myself, I would not have believed it to be possible for a man to write such a document on human free expression and government. If that form of government makes it into the world, it will change the entire world forever. Now, don't tell me it all came from the Bible, Larry."

"Okay, Sam, I will not tell you that. However, if you ask me if it came from the Bible, I will answer you yes, that is where it came from, Sam," Larry replied.

Observing Sam from the other end of the table, Larry continued. "I respect your essays as a professor, as well as your personal views on life and religion as a man. After reading most of your essays, I understand how you arrived at your conclusions from the material sources used in your studies. It is not my intention to offend you, and I respect your right to reject any of my conclusions about your excellent work. While your essays nailed the many hypocrisies of religion, you totally missed the spiritual reason of why religion is on the earth. You also failed to address the spiritual side of man and the purpose of life. Not a single essay addressed the question of why we are here, living and breathing on this planet. Would you be interested in hearing how I arrived at the same conclusions you have, along with a bit of spiritual insight, as well?"

Picking up Judas, Sam moved him to a chair in the corner and slid closer to Larry. "I am all ears; explain yourself to me."

As Larry began to speak, Sam felt a familiar presence. 'This very same power had me flat on the floor last night.' The more Larry spoke, the stronger the power felt. Glancing over at Steve, Sam was unable to determine if the power had stupefied him because he had the same dumbass look on his face that George Bush had as he was being told a plane crashed into the twin towers.

With the first few words, Larry captivated Sam's attention. "There is a natural world and a supernatural world, Sam. I do not expect you to understand the supernatural world because a man such as yourself only understands what he can see with his natural eyes or touch with his hands, and the information he can process with his carnal mind. In this natural realm where we reside, the only legal doorway to gain access into this world is through the womb, and the only legal exit door would be the grave. Any other person or thing entering this natural realm, other than through the womb, would be an illegal entry. Like it or not, those are the visa requirements for the planet we live on.

“Everyone that enters this natural realm through the womb came from somewhere. We are here for this brief time we call life, and then we are all going somewhere. While we are here in this natural, physical world, we are here to learn only three things. We are not here to learn things that are natural in substance or thought, Sam; we are here to learn three very important spiritual things that have tremendous eternal values. As students, we spend the entirety of our lives in this kindergarten school of life, learning those three things. We are here to learn about the eternal fruits of faith, hope, and love. Think about how wise and magnificent God must be, Sam. He created a natural world where everything dies eventually, including you and me. Then he uses this dying world to teach us about the three most important supernatural fruits found only in eternity: faith, hope, and love. Everything on earth is tangible but the most important things on earth are intangible.

“How do we learn these three things?” Holding out both hands like a balanced set of scales, Larry smiled and said, “Oh, the mystery of life. In one hand, we have the sweet times, and in the other, the hard, bitter times.” Moving his hands together, as if he were kneading a ball of dough, he said, “Yet, somehow, when you put them together, we have this intangible, magical, bittersweet gift that we all call life. On our journey through life, we each face numerous bittersweet times, trials, and tests. It’s during those times that we begin to learn how to see past our natural circumstances in this world. When a father is about to lose his first newborn son, he finds the faith in his heart to pray for help outside of this natural world. As humans, we naturally hope for the best in every difficult situation. Unfortunately, many lose hope and give up or commit suicide. When hope is lost during a trial, life perishes. We love in the natural world after the lust of the flesh, Eros, when we are young. As we mature, we learn to express a deeper kind of Agape love, giving kindness, forgiveness, and even mercy to undeserving others that need Agape love.

“In the supernatural world, there are angels, demons, and God. I attest to this as a personal witness to you, Sam, because while residing in this natural world, I have personally had contact with all three. I assure you that everything you have studied historically, up to this present day, was first manifested in the spirit world. I do not expect you to understand, Sam, because you are a blind man held captive by your own earthly sensualities and the limited abilities of your carnal mind. While others consider you a man of great knowledge, your knowledge rests in the abilities of the natural mind of man to enlighten himself. Most of your knowledge is void of true wisdom. All wisdom comes from God, and he gives it to those who ask for it by faith.

“What do I mean? Here is wisdom, Sam. I challenge you, or anyone in the world, to produce one original thought. Go ahead; I will wait for your original thought.”

Sam sat speechless. His tongue felt glued to the roof of his mouth.

After pausing, Larry continued. “All we can do as humans is process knowledge from what you comprehend. One plus one is two, that is red, this is blue, or that is the way home. Since the beginning of time, no one in the natural realm has been able to produce one original thought. Yes, through study, thought, and some wisdom from God, man has advanced, but original thought that ain’t gonna happen. Do you know why? If you had the power to produce one original thought, Sam, you would be like God. Your words would carry power. You could say ‘light be,’ and there would be light. All original thought originates in the spirit realm, Sam, not in the carnal realm of our mind, where we reside.

“Now, to those that are in our world illegally. A spirit, good or evil, resides near, on, or lives inside of a person. When a spirit resides within a soul, the spirit has control of a man’s life. Evil spirits are demonic with only one purpose: to control and own the soul. When an evil spirit resides on the inside of a man, a man will manifest the evil desires of the demon. Demons are very intelligent, patient, and most of the time their actions are so subtle, humans don’t understand that a demon is stalking them for possession of their soul. Demons use our natural senses lust of the eyes, lust of the flesh, and the pride of life to steal the spiritual, eternal part of a person . . . the soul. To possess a soul, demons must keep a person from the wisdom of the eternal fruits faith, hope, and love. At the end of life, the eternal fruits are a necessary possession, in order for a soul to enter heaven. Reaching the exit door, without a small portion of all three eternal fruits, is not a good thing, Sam.

“The Bible is full of chosen people: Noah, Abraham, King David, the Apostle Paul, and good ol’ Jonah, who refused his selection and spent three days in the belly of a whale thinking it over. I am convinced, after last night, that you and I have some kind of purpose together. God chooses certain people to perform his will on earth, and I believe you are one of those people. I realize he used me to save you the day the government shot you, and from that moment on, he redirected your life for his purpose. People say coincidence; I say we both had a divine appointment yet unknown.

“For the better part of your life, you have studied the religions of the world. In all of your studies, have you ever stopped and asked yourself why you decided to study religion and history? Gathering information through history books, you became a recognized authority on religion by your own peers all over the world.

“In a way, you remind me of the Apostle Paul, who was recognized by his peers as the Pharisee of Pharisees; concerning Jewish law, he claimed to be perfect. Carnally minded like Paul, to my knowledge, you have studied yourself perfect on every issue of religion. As a master teacher of religion, you are the best at exposing foolish practices of religion. It became obvious to me from your last essay on the gentile Jews and Islam that you have a solid grasp on the hypocrisies of both religions, the silly ordinances they observe, and pointless works they each require.

“What puzzles me about you, Sam, is how you remained ignorant on the spirituality of the soul and the purpose of religion. Religion is not on the earth by accident, Sam; the actual purpose of religion in the natural world is to ensnare souls, not set them free. Religion is the devil’s largest trap to catch a man or woman.

“Does that answer your question of what I am doing with that sign, and why I am here? I am on the real battleground, Sam, shouting as one man trying to make people wake up and think about how they came to believe what they believe. Do I sound similar to you, Sam? God did not create religion; he showed the world the foolishness of practicing religion with the Jewish temple. When he was finished teaching the world that following laws, ordinances, and observances was unacceptable, he tore the temple down. Think about what I said, Sam; God built a religious temple to show us what does not work, then he tore it down and destroyed the practitioners. You know the history of what Titus did to the nation of Israel.

“Religious institutions are the nest where demons do their best work because every week they rob people of a real relationship with God. The trick is to give them a helium-filled, blow-up version of God. In seven days, the helium deflates, and you need to go back and get another one. The practice of organized religion makes it easy for a person to attend a church, synagogue, or a mosque and listen to a flawed, sinful man explain the mysteries of God.

“Any religion asking for money is not from God. The true mark of the devil and the 666 beast of religion, is easily understood every time they ask for money. In fact, I have broken the hidden meaning of 666 and the mark of the beast; 666 is the number of times a year they ask for money on supposed Christian television,” Larry said, laughing loudly. “People are so naïve; if God needs money, then God is the servant of money. Tithing, collecting money, or asking for help to take the gospel around the world is the mark of the devil’s religion. My God is sufficient, in need of nothing to uphold him, and as his servant, I need nothing from the hand of man to sustain me. You saw the churches on every corner as you drove here.

God did not put a church on every corner Sam the ego of man did.

“Last night, Steve clearly showed us that throughout all of history, the lust for power has been evident. The same conquering spirit that drove Napoleon, Alexander, the Vatican, and Hitler took Lincoln for a ride, as well. Lincoln became the biggest spiritual pawn in all of history. The conquering spirit working through Lincoln had one purpose: to destroy the divine gift of a new nation birthed into the world. The birth of this nation was by divine providence, and my God foreknew this conquering spirit would seduce Lincoln. It was all part of his plan when he originally formed the nation.

“Think about it: if you served a God, would you want one that was shocked at world events or one that foreknew what would happen and had a plan? Nothing takes God by surprise not Lincoln or the day they passed Row versus Wade. God was not in heaven wringing his hands in a panic, shouting, ‘Oh my God, they’ve passed a law for abortion. Now what am I going to do?’

“My God knows all and sees all even before it happens. Christians today are pathetic examples. They protest abortion clinics as if they are saving little unborn babies, when they actually believe that all babies go to heaven. God sees their actions as blasphemous against his Agape love for reaching the hurting people in the world. These Christians, acting like the Pharisees in the Bible who were about to stone a woman caught in adultery, shout obscenities at hurting, troubled and confused women. They dress like grim reapers, picket abortion clinics, and shout ‘baby killer’ to women they don’t even know. They need to put down their stones, go home, and repent for their vile ungodly actions. They are not Christians; they are possessed by the demons of religion taught to them by pastors, Christian television, James Dobson and Pat Robertson. Religious leaders and politicians who use abortion as a political issue think that human morality is obtained by the passage of a law. A nation or a person’s heart is changed in only one manner, Sam: alone, in full repentance to God.”

“Wait a minute,” Sam interrupted. “Larry, I am shocked at the level of truth and understanding you have on everything from spirits to abortion, but I must ask what you meant by your comment, ‘God knew Lincoln would do what he did, and it was his plan for mankind?’” The instant Sam asked the question, there was a loud knock at the front door.

“Did anyone see who came down the driveway?” Larry asked.

Steve looked at him and said, “What, are you crazy? We were spellbound with what you were saying. The sky could have fallen, and I would not have noticed.”

Laughing, Larry stood, opened the door, and there was his main man, Roger. Sam watched as they hugged like brothers who had not seen one another in years. Afterwards, Roger shook hands, greeting both Steve and Sam.

“I almost rear ended a guy trying to get into the parking lot. People are rubbernecking, stopping in the road, and one guy pulled off the road onto the grass. As I passed him, I couldn’t tell if he was laughing or crying at your sign. If you keep stirring the pot like that, Larry, it will come down to hand-to-hand combat just to get in the front door,” he said laughing. “What is this, a private meeting about Waco? You do remember that I was at Waco, don’t you, Larry?”

“Yes, I do Roger; this was a ‘get to know Sam a little better’ meeting.”

While glaring at Larry with those cold, lifeless eyes of death, Roger stuck his finger in Sam’s chest, asking, “Is this guy okay?”

Sitting there, with Roger’s finger stuck to his chest, Sam wanted to move, but the tip of Roger’s finger felt more like a steel rod than a finger. “He would not be here if he weren’t okay,” Larry responded.

“Hell, I know he’s okay to speak in front of, Larry. I thought his color was a little funny as I came in, and wondered if he was okay.”

Sam burst out laughing. “I just sat through an amazing talk about God, man, and demons with my tongue glued to the roof of my mouth. Then you walk in, pull out a finger that feels like a 357 magnum, jab me in the chest, and ask if I am okay.” Laughing from his heart, Sam jokingly said, “Hell no, I’m not okay; I thought that damn thing was loaded,” as everyone burst into laughter.

After a good belly laugh, Roger said, “I am finished with my puzzle and am ready to expose many sides of the government few realize, including some little known facts about Osama bin Laden.” Gazing out the window at the sign, Roger said, “I had some down time after the murders of those children. I spent three months in a hospital, trying to erase the images of those charred little bodies from my mind.”

His left cheek suddenly developed a strange twitch as his head rapidly moved, looking around. Then he would face front only to start the strange over mannerisms again. Everyone sat in silence watching the manifestation. Roger finally stopped and spoke angry words in a long growl that came out without moving his lips. “They need to put those burned little bodies on television, and make people look at them.” It was obvious the images were still vivid in his memory. Pausing to regain his composure, he continued. “That is the day I finally gave up on the government. I am going to settle the score before I die.

For years, I have collected top-secret documents with a vengeance. The general and I look forward to presenting you with my last best gifts, Sam.” Abruptly rising to his feet like a soldier dismissed from duty at the end of a day, Roger shook hands with everyone, hugged Larry, and left.

Sam sat watching him through the window as he paced the front of the building. With military precision from one end of the sidewalk to the other, he paced like a guard dog walking the fence. His presence was warning people they better not try anything. Unable to resist any longer, Sam spoke cautiously. “Larry, I know you and Roger are best friends, but do you think it a bit strange that he has an imaginary friend that happens to be a general?”

Steve immediately stood up and backed away from the table, setting off an alarm in Sam that he had asked the wrong question. Larry did not say anything; he just looked at Sam. Looking back through the window, he watched Roger at the top of the driveway standing by the sign. Roger stood erect staring down the negative people who were shouting and making obscene gestures.

Sam started to apologize for the question. “Larry, I am sorry ...”

Larry cut him off. “No need to apologize for the question, Sam. I expected you or Molly to ask, eventually. Look at my friend,” he said, pointing out the window. “He is the best-trained, most loyal killer the government ever produced. I do not know of another man that has lived such a life of horror, nightmares, or haunting memories than my childhood friend. You should be so lucky to know him as I do, Sam. The general is not imaginary, Sam, no more than the supernatural spirit world is imaginary to me. Let me ask you one more question, Sam. How does forgiveness get on the earth?”

Pausing a bit, Larry turned from the window and looked Sam in the eyes once again. “I know you do not know. It is not something you can learn in a book or by many hours of study. Please, do not feel offended; I assure you, every Bible-thumping, pew-sitting Christian spectator does not know, either. God put the perfect system in this natural world for love and human kindness to grow. So, how does forgiveness get on the earth, Sam? Only through offenses. When a person is offended, wounded, betrayed, or forsaken, God has given them a huge gift. Within them, they hold the gift of forgiveness. If they withhold forgiveness, they become bitter, angry, and hateful, living a life filled with resentment. If they release the powerful gift of forgiveness, they turn darkness back and restore life to the offender.” Larry began to cry profusely. “My friend Roger considers himself the world’s number one unforgivable offender because he killed all of the people he offended. Now he cannot find rest for his soul because, in his mind, there is no way to seek their personal forgiveness.

“I am trying to help him understand God’s forgiveness, but his nights are short and full of evil memories.” Quickly wiping his eyes, trying to compose himself, Larry said, “He’s on his way back to the building.”

Shaken by what he heard, Sam did not know what to say or expect. With Roger’s unexpected return, Sam thought, ‘What if Roger heard my question about the general?’

The door opened, and Roger stood in the doorway. Without stepping over the threshold, he stood there, staring at Sam. ‘Holy shit, I am dead meat; the guy heard me.’

“I was about to leave, Sam, and the general told me to come and say something to you. I hope that you do not think I’m crazy. He said to me that you should have no trouble believing, that he is as real to me as your horses were in your study. Does that make any sense to you?”



*“My first wish
Is to see this plague of mankind, war,
Banished from the earth.”*

-General George Washington-

The occupant of a disturbed soul cannot possibly understand where the line resides between reality and phantasm. Many a mother, father, wife, and even small children have cried within their hearts when a soldier returns home. “What have you done to my son, husband, or daddy?” As a dog returns to his vomit, retired Colonel Roger Majors returned to his boyhood home. Cold as ice about his childhood and his family, Roger never connected with them throughout his entire life. After his entry into the military, he received and never opened or responded to a handful of letters from his mother. His parents, Herman and Effie, died while he was away fighting in one war or another. Death was a dominating issue in Roger’s life; consequently, he never attended either funeral. The memories of war, murder, and death fed on Rogers mind like maggots feed on a dead carcass.

Each morning at 5 a.m. sharp, Roger began his day at the old wooden kitchen table with a cup of fresh brewed French Market coffee. As usual, directly across from Roger sat another mug, filled with coffee. Thinking about the group’s discussion at Woodstock69, he spoke aloud, looking across the table.

“General, I have a gut feeling; as a group, we are onto something. Steve blew me away when he exposed Lincoln last night. I’ll tell you what. If I were around in Lincoln’s day, knowing what I know now, I would have popped him in his log cabin. That Molly was so cute with you last night, ordering you a drink and asking for more pats in all the right places. Now, that is one fine-looking piece of ass – more coffee, General?”

On the table lay top-secret government documents, military photographs, and small notes that Roger had assembled during his seventeen-year search for vindicating truth. Tapping on the file, Roger continued. “Wait until they all hear what I have to say about the real United States government.

I can tell you this much, General, if we cannot come up with a complete plan of action, I have enough truth right here to make the people of this nation shit their pants. Bradley Manning revealed only a small amount of trash that he found at the bottom of a dumpster. This is the mother lode the whole fucking dump.”

Originally, Roger had planned to retire in ‘98, but stumbled across several documents in ‘91 while on duty in a “top-secret war room” during the Desert Storm war. Someone had mistakenly sent a box full of files from the Vietnam War era containing extremely sensitive, high-level documents about Roger’s unit, and others like his. After reading several of the documents, Roger realized they were not there by mistake. Someone very high up with a guilty conscience sent them, knowing that Roger would see the documents.

For over twenty-five years, Roger’s conscience had condemned his soul as a war criminal for the many atrocities he had committed. Every sleepless night, Roger appeared as a prisoner in chains and shackles while the prosecutor read a new set of charges against him from another of his many victims seeking justice. The trial always began with Roger desperately trying to establish a valid reason for the war and his actions. After a night full of arguments and deliberations, and before he rose from bed each morning, the jury always delivered the same verdict: guilty as charged. Convicted in the courtroom of his conscience as a war criminal, Roger began a search to validate his actions.

Believing the court was real during his nightmarish dementia, Roger searched the classified documents in hopes of establishing a valid reason, before the court, for the wars and lives he had taken. Suspicions about the actual reasons behind the Vietnam War began for Roger almost a decade after North Vietnam defeated the United States. The first box of documents he read, during the Desert Storm war, validated many of those suspicions and instantly infuriated him. From that moment, up until his retirement seventeen years later, he carefully changed duty locations in order to search through classified military documents. He was a man on a mission; by the time of his retirement in 2008, Roger had collected enough data and photographed enough documents to fill a small library.

Returning to his small boyhood home, Roger began the tedious work of putting the pieces together of an intricate, complex military puzzle. A lonely, reclusive man, he and the general, along with a bottle of Jack Daniels, normally worked together until the early morning hours in his vain attempt to avoid the nighttime court waiting to condemn his soul. Working as if he were a jigsaw puzzle expert, Roger had diligently pieced together every part of his abortive life as he searched for validation of his actions.

Nearing completion after nearly four years of work, the truth of how the United States government used and destroyed his life made him an extremely dangerous man to the government.

Looking across the table at the general sipping his coffee, Roger said, “How’s the coffee today, General? You know, if I go public, the government would discredit me, make up some phony charges, call me a traitor, and then execute me. That’s after they and the entire country – shit their pants first.” Laughing, he added, “General, do you remember the first time I met you?” “Yes, I do, Roger.”

Leaning back in his chair after a sleepless night, Roger drifted in and out of sleep, thinking about his past as he tried to find an answer for his life.

It was four in the morning; the air was cold and calm. Occasionally, you could catch the smell of coal smoke from the barracks’ furnaces as it drifted by in thin, layering wisps, floating in morning fog. Dressed in a newly issued, army-green uniform, boots shined, pants bloused, head and face shaven, eighteen-year-old Private Roger Majors stood in the front row, ready to make a first-day impression. A tough kid, Roger had no idea the draft notice he received would begin a journey and a fight that would last for the rest of his life.

The year was 1966; it was September in the hills of Ft. Knox, Kentucky, when a loud shout broke the morning silence; “TEN-HUT!” Immediately, every untrained kid did his best impression of how to stand at attention, imitating what he remembered while playing army as kids or watching television. In the early morning darkness, shifting his eyes left, without turning his head, Roger saw two small white specks coming toward him that appeared to be moving or floating in the fog. As the two white specks drew near, it became obvious they were the eyes of the blackest man Roger had ever seen. He was so black he was purple black. He wore a uniform that was heavily starched, pressed, and creased, fitting him like a body glove. Cold breath streamed out of his wide nostrils, giving him the appearance of a snorting bull. Without saying a word, he walked and stared the men in the eyes for what seemed like five minutes.

As he walked by, he looked enraged with threatening eyes that seemed to say, “Move, motherfucker, and I will kill you.” Randomly stepping in and out of the rows, he pushed anyone out of his way as he stared into their eyes. Returning to the front, he walked the length of the platoon a few more times, turned, and started speaking as he walked. “My name is Sergeant Gore. For the next eight weeks, I am going to be your everything, because the United States government, who now owns your sorry ass, gave you to me, so that I can make you a killer.

I don't want you to like me because like'n leads to lovin', and lovin' leads to fuck'n, and there ain't no trainee ever gonna FUCK ME."

He paused, not moving and suddenly he reached past Roger, pushing him aside, and grabbed the man behind Roger with both hands. He pulled the man to the front, shaking him violently while shouting, "What are you smiling about?"

Afraid to speak, the kid kept quiet, enraging Sergeant Gore. As he held the kid's shirt in his fist, he slapped him repeatedly, shouting, "What are you, fucking deaf?"

Big mistake. No answer from the kid. "Motherfucker, what's wrong with you?" Sergeant Gore grabbed his helmet liner from his own head, pulled it up in the air like a pitcher about to throw a 90 mph fastball, and smashed the kid in the face several times, busting his nose and lips. Placing the bloody helmet liner back on his head, Sergeant Gore turned the kid around to face the unit so that everyone could see his face. Just as quickly as he positioned the kid, he turned and started to walk away, staring angrily at the men. As he began speaking, "You will ...," the kid simultaneously started moving back to his spot. Infuriated, Gore spun around and ran toward the kid, shouting, "Who told you to move, you little fucking queer?"

The kid was standing behind Roger, but Roger knew what would happen if he moved; he was not going to move for any reason. No sir, this was one of those do not move out of the way times. Sergeant Gore pushed Roger to the ground as he reached through the line, grabbed the kid by the shirt, and dragged him to the front. He started repeatedly punching him in the side of the head, shouting, "Don't you dare cry, you fuck'n little pussy." Again, he turned him around to face everyone. The side of his face was red, one eye was already swollen shut, and his nose and lips were busted. Blood was running profusely from his nose, mixed with long strands of snot, soaking the front of his shirt.

Sergeant Gore started walking again. "You will answer me when I ask you a question; you will not move until I tell you to move; you will not smile unless I tell you; and if I tell you to stop breathing, you will do it, or I will slit your fucking throat open and take your last breath from you.

"DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?"

"Yes, Sergeant."

"IF YOU EVER ANSWER ME LIKE THAT AGAIN, I AM GOING TO BREAK EVERY NOSE STANDING HERE THIS MORNING. DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?"

"YES, SERGEANT!"

“You are the sorry fuckers going to war. I am not going. I have had my wars, and now it is your turn to fight or die. If you do not pay attention to me, you will die, because they will kill you, instead of you killing them. This is not a child’s game; it is a real life or death issue. Many of you standing here today will die, and your families will collect your remains in a box, along with a flag from the United States federal government. My job is to turn you into a trained killer. You will become a trained killer that will learn to kill instantly and instinctively without thinking. If you become a trained killer, you will live to eat supper with your family again. If you do not, you will die! You will move when I say move; and every word I speak, you will obey without hesitation. There is nothing you will decide on your own. I will even be in control of your bowels. Do you understand me?”

“YES, SERGEANT!”

“Never look at me in the eyes; do not smile around me or sing. If you even breathe funny around me, I will beat you to the ground. War is not a child’s game, but they send children to fight it. If, at any time, you think you are tough shit, my ass is always looking to beat the shit out of motherfuckers like you, so YOU COME ON. I dare your stupid ass to find me, look me in the eyes, smile at me, or call me ‘Sarge,’ even by accident. I will whip your pussy ass five times harder than your daddy ever did. Your ass whipping will be so hard; I will make you call your own daddy a fuck’n pussy before I stop.”

Roger focused on the bleeding man, while Sergeant Gore spoke, and thought to himself, ‘In time, Sarge, you and I are going to find out how tough you are when someone fights back. I fight back; ask Don Sprinkle and fifty more like him.’

Walking up to the kid, Sergeant Gore began talking, his lips within one inch of his face, while walking around him in a circle. Some of what he said was audible, but for the most part, no one could hear what he was saying. Suddenly, in a loud voice, Sergeant Gore said, “Go to sick bay ‘Squirrel,’ and tell them to fix you up. You have twenty minutes before your day begins, and don’t let me see you trying to eat breakfast this morning.”

After breakfast, as everyone was falling into formation for a first full day of training, Roger slipped “Squirrel” an egg sandwich and two hard-boiled eggs that he snuck out of the mess hall. Not able to speak or smile with swollen lips, Squirrel’s open eye said thanks, and they shook hands without speaking. Being unable to chew, Squirrel tore the sandwich into small pieces and swallowed them whole. To lighten the tension and the experience, Roger teased him by saying he looked “just like a damn squirrel” eating nuts.

Squirrel, holding his hand over his mouth, tried to keep from laughing or smiling. The brief exchange created a bond of friendship between them.

Eventually, Sergeant Gore had an assistant that took over much of their training, to the joy of everyone who was paranoid of accidentally looking him in the eyes or smiling while he was around. Occasionally, the platoon saw Sergeant Gore in a drunken condition as he walked the wooded path between the barracks and the on-post housing where the drill instructors lived. Rumors around the base were that his wife had left him, much to the joy of Squirrel.

About week seven of training, Roger considered himself a great specimen of health, having gained an extra fifteen pounds of muscle. Rated excellent in hand-to-hand combat, he also turned in the best time for running a five-minute mile, fully geared with pack and rifle. Physically and skillfully, he was smart with his head, hands, and feet. Sergeant Gore had accomplished his goal. Roger acted instinctively in a given situation, rather than having to react. The difference between the two was normally about one second in time. That one second is the critical second in combat, where life and death are decided.

Roger sat nervously alone in the woods on the path between the barracks and the post housing. A little more than an hour had passed before Sergeant Gore finally appeared. As he got a bit closer, Roger stepped onto the path, and from a distance, looking Gore directly in the eyes, he smiled, saying, “Where the fuck do you think you are going, SARGE?”

“Well, if it ain’t the goddamned troll under the bridge. I see out of all those pussy trainees we have found one man, or at least a boy who thinks he is a man.” He threw his helmet to the ground and charged toward Roger like a bull. They fought together like two dogs in mortal combat. When they became too tired to fight, they stayed apart, gathering strength and gasping for air. Staring one another down, they never took their eyes off each other as they watched for the slightest movement from the opponent. As soon as either one thought he had the strength to take the other one, they would go at it again.

After nearly an hour of on-again and off-again fighting, they sat down about ten feet apart, and began to speak admirably to one another, as mutual combatants. Finally, Gore rose to his feet. Roger jumped up, thinking ‘here we go again,’ but instead, Gore stuck out his hand. Hesitantly, Roger stepped forward and took his hand, ready for a trick. While shaking hands, Sergeant Gore said, “Let’s go to my place for a drink, soldier.” Hearing the word “soldier” instead of “trainee” was a complement.

Roger found himself beginning to like Gore a tiny bit. But he was still angry over what Gore had done to Squirrel.

Sitting in the kitchen, they laughed at each other's battle marks with swollen eyes and lips. As Gore poured them a drink, Roger asked, "Why did you beat Squirrel that first morning?"

"Young, poor children are normally the ones who fight wars, and not the rich, Roger. I know the hell of war, they do not, and war has the power to make them a soulless victim like me. Every three months, they send me a new group of boys. Boys who were in high school one day, and the United States government suddenly interrupts their lives, the next day sending them to a war they know nothing about. When I see them for the first time, I know many of them will die if I cannot shake them awake to the seriousness of where they are going. Normally, I pick out the man that I think is most likely to die because of the fear I see in his eyes. I use that man as an example to wake everyone up in order for them to pay serious attention to their training. For guys like Squirrel, I hope that by knocking the shit out of him, I am able to wake him up and possibly save his life. I know one thing for damn sure, he has been serious about everything since that morning.

"I recommended you to the brass; I told them you were the best I have ever trained, with natural-born leadership abilities. Tomorrow, they are going to offer you anything you want, from Officer Candidate School to a tank command to a chopper pilot anything you want. Those things you will have to figure out by yourself. I am going to warn you about the hell of combat war."

He passed the bottle to Roger and asked, "Have you heard the saying 'war is a necessary evil'?"

"I think I did, in school somewhere."

"Let me tell you the truth about war. I was in World War II, Korea, and have had one tour in Vietnam. If there's ever a fucked-up war, it's Vietnam. War is not a necessary evil, Roger, it is pure evil, and I find nothing necessary about evil. To survive the evil of war, you will have to do many evil things that will remain with you for the rest of your life. Every man you kill in battle will bring heartbreak and loss to his family. Sometimes, in victory, you will walk among the dead on a battlefield, feeling like you are in a dream because your mind will not be able to comprehend or fully process what your eyes are seeing. Is that really a victory? The only victory in war is that you are not on the ground with the dead. Every day you will wake up in hell, and at night, you will try to sleep while the torment, fear, and horrors of that day replay themselves in your mind.

To survive the evil, you must be one step, one punch, one knife thrust, and one shot ahead of the other man, twenty-four hours a day or you will die.”

Leaning forward, almost whispering, Gore continued. “Listen to me, if you find yourself thinking about what you should do, you are a dead man. Take no chances, shoot anyone and anything that you feel could cause you harm, even a bad commander; otherwise, you will die. Most importantly, if you remember nothing else I say, remember this: Let fear become your terrorizing master. Learn to trust him more than anyone else. Fear will keep you alive. When you do not fear, he is no longer your master; get out or you will die.”

As they took a last drink together, Gore pulled Roger close; for the first time, real emotion appeared on his face, and he said, “Once you take your first drink of blood from the evil cup of war, you will never be able to find your heart again. Along the way, you will lose many friends that you will never forget, and if you see them die ... it will be a memory you will never erase.”

It was 3:16 in the afternoon, and Roger sat in the chair, drunk as he dozed in and out on the twilight edge of his chaotic thoughts. Waking completely, Roger looked across the table and said, “I think it’s time for another shot of Black Jack, General.”

As Roger poured two tall glasses, the general said, “You do realize that I knew nothing about your life, Roger, up until the first time I met you.”

“Hell, I thought you knew everything about me.”

“No, that was not my purpose the first time I met you. You know, I met Sergeant Gore in Vietnam while you were there,” the general said.

“No kidding? I never knew he was there. Last I heard, when I left basic, he was getting out of the army,” Roger replied.

“So tell me, what happened to you after you left basic training, Roger?” As was his custom, the general stood to his feet, held his glass up, and downed the drink. Sitting down again, Roger refilled both glasses.

“Sergeant Gore was right, General; the brass offered me everything in exchange for spending my life in the military. I was not ready to become a lifer like you, General, so I passed on everything they offered me. That was until one afternoon, Sergeant Gore sent me to meet with Lt. Colonel Dickerson. Sitting in his office, he began to speak about special operations units, and that was all it took for me. There were four months of hard training, in a war game known as night predator. I hunted and killed as many men as I could in one night.

“Silent breathing was hard but important. We sprinted one hundred yards, and learned how to breathe, almost breathless.

We learned military hide and go seek, where you had to evade twelve men for twelve hours in the day, and then another twelve hours into the night. One class, if you can call it that, involved three men who tried to capture me at any given moment. This training was bizarre. No one told us this was part of our training, it just happened. It did not matter where I was or what I was doing. A group of three men would capture me at anytime, while I was eating lunch, in the shower, or drinking a beer. After my capture, they would subject me to torture ranging from mild to hard, in mock capture interrogations. It was a 24/7 reality lesson to be always aware of your surroundings. No one told me when the process started or if it would stop. After my second capture, taken naked from the shower, I decided to take them out the next time, before they captured me. Drinking a beer in the club, I detected them and shot all three with my BB pistol. Only after I was able to detect and kill my three potential captors did the process stop. To this day, General, I walk into a room and still coil like a snake, ready to strike, from the strongest to the weakest person.”

“They trained me with a BB gun, as they threw aspirins in the air to see how many I could shoot before they hit the ground. We also dressed in full camouflage for sniper training. Followed by lost survival; that consisted of being dropped in the woods, with only a map, and one week to make it back. I set a record, completing it in three days, and, for a while, they actually suspected I had a vehicle stashed somewhere. Night stalker was six men tracking me after a fifteen-minute head start, and the goal was to make it back to my unit alive in order to pass. Both times, I killed all six men, as they became my prey.

“A final school in Washington, D.C. lasted three weeks, in a secure facility with a class of only four other men. We never knew the real identity of one another, so we attended class with a false first name only. And at night, we were locked in a solitary cell. We spent three weeks discussing intelligence issues in Vietnam, assassination, sniper hit and run kills, and how to maintain silent unit strategies behind enemy lines. We each had undergone extensive background checks and had top-secret security clearances. By the time I finished, I could kill a man with my thumb and first two fingers by pulling his esophagus through his throat, and could pluck both eyes from a head in ten seconds with my thumbs. My shoelaces became a weapon to strangle. I could stab the temple with a toothbrush, blindfolded, drive a plastic stick into a potato, or the heart of a man, and had become an expert with a custom nine-inch knife I had made especially for me. In the end, I shot ten out of twelve aspirins before they hit the ground. The only problem, at that point, it was all on paper and training.

“On April 17, 1967, I was a nineteen-year-old kid, sitting in the open door of a fully loaded Huey UH-1s chopper, with a knot in my stomach that hurt so much it felt like I had taken a massive sucker punch directly on the navel. No, it was worse than that, General. It felt like someone had a hold of my navel with a pair of vice grips and was trying to pull it off my body. I will never forget that feeling. The chopper was one of two special ops choppers assigned only to our unit and were always on alert. After two days of briefing on my assigned unit’s objectives, I was repeatedly reminded, ‘Capture is not an option for you, Roger. You will take your own life with a grenade in your mouth; we cannot allow any publicity.’

“Our clothing was black like the Viet Cong; we didn’t wear tags, and there was no identity on our person. Even our weapons had no numbers and were fitted with custom silencers. Everything, including the flight, was classified and undocumented. Special operations inside of Cambodia and Laos near the Ho Chi Minh trail never happened, at least not on paper. My unit, code named ‘Cherry,’ was part of two larger covert operations commonly referred to as OPLAN and Phoenix.

“Under OPLAN, we assisted in supplying information and coordinates for bombing Viet Cong troop movements and supplies on the Ho Chi Minh trail. Phoenix was a CIA operation that included the assassination of any leaders, or Viet Cong sympathizers in Vietnam, Cambodia, or Laos. That list included a large number of government leaders.

“My drop-off point was on the western Cambodian side of the Hodrai River in a procedure they called a drop-and-run. As we lifted off, gunny Corporal Monroe Johnson said he expected only a small possibility of any enemy fire, commenting, ‘But you never know.’ Warrant Officer Randy Costa, on his second tour said, ‘We have a twenty-five-minute ride, and we should arrive as expected at late dusk, near early dark.’

“He began instructing me on the procedures of the drop, explaining that I would have ten seconds to repel. ‘If you are not on the ground, turn loose of the rope and fall the rest of the way. If you don’t, I will be airborne, yanking your ass in the sky, so turn loose by ten seconds. You got that? I will hover at a higher altitude, traveling thirty seconds north and thirty seconds south, for your protection. If I draw fire, I will be back for a snatch-and-grab, so you be ready. If I don’t draw fire, that doesn’t mean the bastards are not down there. It can mean they see you. I hope that someone in your unit will be on the ground waiting for you. If they are not, your map has the mark-point that will lead you to Plei Xop, their last known location.

I do not need to explain to you, if they are not here, you are in a very dangerous position, as both the VC and your own unit will kill you if they suspect you are the enemy.’

“As we arrived, they wished me good luck. I repelled down the line, counting to ten in cadence with every heartthrob exploding in my throat. Nervously I lost count and dropped the line eight feet up, well in advance of his lift off. On the ground, I moved rapidly toward the mark in the jungle with every nerve ending in my body electrified by fear.

“Reaching my mark-point on the edge of the jungle, I sat quietly, listening to the chopper take off to the Vietnam side of the river until I couldn’t hear it anymore. Sitting alone in the jungle, the terror of being completely alone in a mysterious, dangerous place nearly broke me to tears. None of that fucking training had ever prepared me for this. The deafening quiet of loneliness in the jungle caused my mind to amplify the smallest of sounds; was it an enemy, or a stalking tiger? It was fear amplified a thousand times more than my childhood, as I realized this was the real home of the boogieman; he was never under my bed or in the closet.

“Slowly, I began to calm as I sat there for twenty minutes, waiting for my unit to make contact. My clothing clung to my body, soaking wet from fear. I reflected on Sergeant Gore’s statement ‘let fear be your terrorizing master,’ and at that moment, I finally understood what he meant. After another ten minutes, went by I began to think rationally, knowing my only option would be day travel to Plei Xop, so I needed to find a place for the night. Crawling back into the open field, I was able to see the landscape, and picked out a hill where I would have a vantage point. From there, I knew I would be able to hear or see anyone coming from almost any direction. Finding a dead tree, I dug out a space under the trunk, keeping most of my body hidden from view. I positioned myself facing outward, covering myself with branches. With my special-issue CAR-15 Carbine under my chest, and a colt 45 1911 in my hand, I dozed in and out of sleep, propped up on my elbows.

“At early daylight, I remained under my tree, watching two men in black moving a good distance from the bottom of the hill. I thought, ‘Are these my guys in black or their guys in black?’ I had left my custom knife in an area where I knew they would find it, with a note saying, ‘I found my thrill on blueberry hill.’ As they looked toward the hill, I made one flash with my light, and they came toward my location. We did not speak, writing our names in the ground. They instructed me that we must go quietly and quickly, as they handed me my note to eat. Six hours later, we arrived at the unit’s location a hollowed-out ledge that overlooked miles of jungle.

“First Lieutenant Brian Cargill ran the unit, and from the first moment we met, I did not like the man. I don’t know why; he was just one of those people that you see and form an opinion about for unknown reasons, even to yourself. A silent unit remains as noiseless as possible, and that included not speaking. We used the dirt to communicate, writing on the ground, and any necessary conversation was at a low whisper, directly to the ear. Silent units do not allow whispering for casual conversation, and during surveillance, we only used hand signals. Weapons use was only as a last resort; even with silencers, one shot carried the danger of calling hundreds, and we were only six.

“After about a month, I was doing well and adjusting, as we fed intelligence to command and control for coordinated bombing runs. We saw literally tens of thousands of North Vietnamese and massive supplies on the Ho Chi Minh trail that were coming from the Soviet Union and China. It was a well-known fact that the KGB helped North Vietnam with intelligence.

“One afternoon, the VC had moved through the area, and were about an hour south of our location before the scheduled bombings were to begin. We remained at the location because the lieutenant signaled that he wanted a closer look at the trail. Everyone objected. It was a risk we need not take, but when the bombing began, he commanded us to follow him. We were tracking the trail at about one hundred feet off the main trail for several miles, when we came upon an opening that went underground. The area appeared to be used frequently, because the paths were well traveled, clearly marking the entrance. We positioned ourselves at the rear exit, and the main entry was on the other side of a small hill that led directly onto the Ho Chi Minh trail.

“Looking at me, Brian motioned me to go down for a closer look. My mind thought, ‘Are you fucking crazy?’ As my body got up. I began to work my way to the rear entry. Once I was at the entry, I looked up at Brian, and he motioned for me to continue inside. The rest of the unit objected to his decision but he motioned me inside again. I bent over and crawled down through a small snake-like space that opened into a larger area.

“Expecting darkness, I realized that I could see because of a light shining down a corridor, and it suddenly went out. Standing against the inside wall, I was frozen in terror. My eyes had not yet adjusted to the darkness, so I closed them for quicker adjustment, and immediately my hearing took over, listening to every sound. In the distance, I could hear random noises that sounded like bare feet in wet mud. My instincts told me to back out of the hole. My only problem, I was not sure which direction the feet walking in mud had come from.

“Standing with my back to the wall, I could feel the beads of sweat popping out all over my face, and several were already running down my cheeks. My face felt so hot that my running sweat felt cold. Opening my eyes, I realized they had adjusted to the darkness, so I stayed put, looking for any movement or motion that would validate a change in sight. Pulling my knife from my leg strap, I began to play back in my mind what I had originally seen about the room and corridor before the light had gone out. It was then I realized the best place for me to be was on the other side of the room. If anyone came down the tunnel, instead of being seen, I would have the advantage. From the other side, I would also be able to watch the hole I had crawled through to enter.

“I had no sooner worked my way to the other side of the dark room when, like a ghost in the night, ‘Oh, my god,’ he stepped from the corridor and stood two feet in front of me. Instinctively, without thinking, as fear raced through my veins, I grabbed the top of his hair, pulling his head backwards, and exactly at the same time, I slit his throat. It was so well timed; he could not have had a clue because there was absolutely no struggle from him. My adrenalin fear and strength was so strong at that moment, I had nearly decapitated the head from his body. Although I was in the dark, my mind processed everything, vividly, to my psyche. My initial response to his warm blood gushing all over my arms, face, and chest was one of horror, making it nearly impossible for me to breathe. I wanted to run out of the opening, crying and screaming, ‘No, no, no, I want to go home.’ Afraid of making any noise, I picked him up, his head dangling from the rest of his body, and carried him to a spot down the wall, away from me. As soon as I laid him down, I heard someone coming, and it sounded as if they were calling for the man. My mind was full of live energy, and my body was pumping on pure adrenalin as I backed up against the wall. When he appeared in front of me, I noticed he was shorter in stature, and grabbed his hair. It was much longer than usual, making it easier for me to pull his neck back. Creating only a small sound, I laid him with the other body.

“Again, I wanted to run out the door when the light came on a second time, allowing me to see the concave room I was in, and the short connecting tunnel. Looking down the tunnel, I saw the light was originating from the next connecting tunnel. If I could make it to the next corner, I might be able to see how many there were. I never looked at the two bodies on the ground, staying focused on the danger I felt and the fear within me. As I arrived at the end of the tunnel, another room appeared, stacked with canned food and bags of rations.

“No one was in the room, so I moved toward a pile of bagged rice against the center wall that would provide me with sight of both connecting tunnels. I laid my rifle against the large pile of bagged rice, kept my knife in my right hand, and took out my revolver. Terror struck! As I heard voices coming, I thought maybe this was the wrong spot because I felt like a rat, trapped in a corner. One person entered the room. Breathlessly, I watched and listened as he spoke with at least two others through the connecting tunnel. Walking around the room, he took various items from the piles. I thought to myself, ‘Keep quiet; let him go back into the other room.’ My next trained thought was, ‘No, you need to get him while you have him.’ Watching his shadow on the floor, I could see he was working his way toward my location. When he reached for something on the stack in front of me, I stood up and grabbed his shirt, stabbing him in the heart, throat, and temple.

“For the first time, as I held his shirt, I saw terror and death in the eyes of a man. He made enough gurgling noises and little cries that the men in the connecting tunnel immediately blew out the light. After the light was out, they began to call for him. As soon as I laid him down, I immediately worked my way to the front of the tunnel, into position. For what seemed like an eternity, I waited, not moving from my spot. It was dead silence ... the silence before death. None of us were about to walk down the six-foot tunnel that connected us.

“It was dark. So dark, that I could not see my hand in front of my face. After a long time, I began to wonder if they had gone out the other entrance. I slit two holes in my scarf and tied the headscarf to cover my face. I put my knife back in my leg strap and my revolver in the holster. At this point, I figured it was going to be open hunting season for them and me. No sooner had the thought come into my mind, when they fired a few rounds down the tunnel in an attempt to draw fire from me. I stretched out in a prone position on the floor, knowing that my next decision was a sure death move if they could see me.

“I slowly moved my head out, at floor level, until I could see down the tunnel. After approximately five minutes, they fired another round down the tunnel. It came from the back left. I could not see the other side of the room because the tunnel wall was blocking my right side view. Throwing a can of food into their room, I drew fire from both sides of the room. The muzzle flash was greater on the left, revealing to me that was the short side of the room. At the exact instant they stopped firing; I crawled down the hall several feet on my stomach and went full throttle firing to the left. Two feet from the entry, I started spraying the room to the right as I pushed my body forward with my feet.

“We both made small noises as we were hit. I kept my rifle pointed in his direction and was about to pull the trigger again, when suddenly, he was on top of me. With a swing of a knife, he nearly cut my eyes out. During the fight, I struggled to gain control of the hand with the knife, and felt several punctures enter my body during the struggle. Finally, I took control of his wrist. I remember thinking how little his wrist was as I rolled him over onto his back and grabbed his throat with my right hand. Applying all of my weight and strength against his body, I squeezed the small throat with all my might. Losing his breath, he dropped the knife as he attempted to use both hands on my wrist to free himself from my grip. In the terror of my own fear and the desire to live, I released my grip on his neck. Instantly I drove my thumb and fingers through his skin. Reaching inside, I grabbed his small esophagus, pulling it forward from his neck and feeling his last breath in the palm of my hand as he collapsed.

“Sitting up in a bloody daze, I began to assess my physical condition. The first question that entered my mind was why my unit had not come to help me. They had to have heard the shooting. Not knowing where my rifle was, I reached for my Colt, in case there were more. Suddenly, immense pain struck my nose and mouth as the butt of a rifle smashed into my face. The force knocked me to the floor, and I instinctively began firing in a pattern two feet wide, nearly emptying my pistol. Lying there, I waited for another attack. After a bit, I staggered to my feet. My face was in excruciating pain, and my mouth felt like there were pieces of gravel in it as I started spitting out teeth. I had to lift and pull my bottom lip free as several teeth were stuck in and through both lips. My entire psyche started screaming, ‘I want out, get me the fuck out of here.’ I was bleeding everywhere. My eyes had so much blood in them that I could not open them. That wasn’t the problem. Using my headscarf to clean the blood from my eyes, I felt my eyelids pulling away from my face. Entering a state of near shock, I carefully felt my face with my hands and found one eyelid nearly torn from my face. It was barely attached to the inside area near my nose, and hanging down on my nose and face. Immediately, I became nauseated and began to vomit profusely. Followed by overwhelming fearful thoughts of what my actual physical condition might be. ‘GET A HOLD OF YOURSELF!’ Knife in one hand and pistol in the other, I went to the next tunnel, unsure of what I would find. As I entered, I stumbled over another body; taking no chances, I shot the outline of the silhouette in the head.

“Turning down the tunnel, I was overwhelmed with physical pain as the adrenalin began to wear off. A strange grief, laden with massive sorrow, swept through my heart, making me an emotional wreck.

The reality of the events was already beginning to haunt me. I wanted to shout or cry but did not have the strength. I fell to my knees, and then to my hands, as I fought to keep myself from passing out. On all fours, with my head hanging down, in the quiet of that moment, I heard a sound and realized it was my own blood dripping to the ground. Raising my head, I looked toward the end of the tunnel where a small amount of light appeared. The line between reality and insanity is incredibly thin. At that very moment, in front of that light, there you stood. General George Washington, in full-dress uniform. Your white hair was neatly combed, blue jacket with gold tassels on each shoulder, sword at your side, clean, white pants, and shiny, black boots. I saw you standing there, waving, wanting me to come toward you. I wanted to rub my eyes to see if this were real, but knew with my eyelids slit it wasn't possible. All the while, you continued beckoning me to come.

“With all my strength, I stood to my feet, saluting you, General. Do you remember when I asked, ‘General, why are you here?’ You never responded or saluted me back. You just kept waving for me to come toward you. As I approached, I could see the exit, and you stepped aside for me to pass. Stumbling in and out of reality, thinking that my mind was playing tricks on me, I began to deny the existence of you, and I headed toward the tunnel exit.

“At the exact moment I was directly in front of you, the silence in the tunnel cracked with a bone-chilling tone, when you said to me, ‘SOLDIER!’ I turned with my back against the dirt as a numbing fear hit me; that possibly, this was real. For the first time, I remember thinking that somehow I had crossed from life into death. As I looked you in the eyes, I will never forget how intently you looked at me. Your eyes told me that you understood my fear and pain. As you spoke to me in the dead silence of that small tunnel, I heard your words ever so clearly, and they have stayed with me all of my life.

“My first wish is to see this plague of mankind, war, banished from the earth.”

“I stumbled in my mind, grasping for reality. In just a few more feet, I was outside, staggering toward my unit as several men disobeyed the lieutenant and came to my rescue. As I sat on the ground with several men giving me first aid, the lieutenant, standing next to me, motioned for two men to go through the tunnel system looking for documents. My emotions quickly changed to violent rage. Infuriated by his hand movement, I took my knife from the leg strap and stood to my feet, quickly sticking the knife under his chin with one hand behind his neck, inserting the tip in his bottom jaw. No one stepped forward to stop me, and Brian was not about to move.

With my lips and mouth a mess, my words slurred as I said, ‘If you ever send anyone into another hole while I am alive, I will kill you.’

“I do not remember much about the journey back to our mark-point pick up, but the men indicated the lieutenant carried me the majority of the four-mile journey. Because of the breach in security, our unit had to evacuate. The chopper I rode in was ready upon arrival, with medics taking me straight to Pleiku 71st Medical Evac. Lieutenant Brain stayed with me for several days, and then one man from our unit was with me the nine days I spent in the hospital. One phrase kept repeating itself in my mind as I lay in bed, healing: ‘War is a necessary evil.’ Every time my mind repeated the phrase, the only answer that returned to me was; ‘war is evil ... there was nothing necessary about what I did.’ There were seven dead, General, and one was a woman.

“They put my eyelids back together, one bullet went through my leg with no bone damage, eight teeth were missing, and six others were broken so badly they would need to be removed. I had a broken nose, multiple cuts and stab wounds, my mouth required upper and lower lip surgery, and a total of 83 stitches. All in all ... not bad. While in recovery, I saw you several times, General, and I thought you were stopping by to check on me. The psychologist visited me every day, trying to evaluate my mental trauma, and I never told her about you, General.

“After that my unit went into Laos while I had another few weeks of healing and some follow-up work on my mouth. Sitting in the club one afternoon, doing in a bottle of Jim Beam, a man touched my shoulder, and as I turned around, there stood Squirrel. My god, it was good to see a familiar face. As we finished the bottle together, he commented on the condition of my face. Laughing, I told him, I ran into ‘Sergeant Gore,’ but he found no humor in my joke. He was doing long-range reconnaissance patrol, LRRP, with the fourth infantry, looking for the same thing I looked for, only he was on the other, ‘legal side’ of the border. He had a few additional treatments of liquid antibiotics, for a nasty infection on his leg before returning to his unit. We drank until we could drink no more and agreed to meet in the morning. I never realized the next day, would a day, that I would want to go back and do some small part over.

“Squirrel and I met at the hospital for checkups. After he had undergone a round of antibiotics, we left to eat and spent the morning talking mainly about his family. He told me, occasionally, he was able to speak with them, having missed his son’s first birthday.

His daughter was three, but talking as if she were sixteen. ‘Roger, I pray every day, asking God to help me make it out of this insanity.’ Expressing his love for his family often brought tears to his eyes.

“It was a clear morning, so we decided to take a walk through the city and look around. As we walked past the fun house, the girls smiled and waved for us to come in. We waved and continued down the street and past the market. After only half a mile, we lost interest in the locals and headed back to the base.

“Walking past a small school, we noticed children outside doing what kids do all over the world; they were running, playing, and laughing even in the midst of war. As we approached the end of the school building, a little girl came running out of a house adjoining it, smiling and speaking in Vietnamese, her arms out, beckoning for Squirrel to pick her up.



“Instinctively, he stooped down, picking her up as she put her arms around his neck. He hugged her as if she were his daughter. As he looked at me with tears running down his face, I could not help thinking, ‘I hope God answers his prayers. This man needs to go home to his family.’ Turning, I saw a small boy coming from the house, and as I turned back around, looking at Squirrel, he blew up. Stunned by the blast, ears aching, and with new shrapnel wounds, I found myself covered with chunks of human flesh. Dazed, I saw a woman pushing the little boy to go toward me, as children on the playground, in order to see the blast, ran toward the fence and not away.

“I repeatedly shouted, ‘Dung noi!’ STOP! The boy kept walking toward me. When he lifted his hands and smiled, I pulled my revolver and shot him twice in the head, then ran toward the house. Inside, I found the woman. I killed her instantly in the same manner as the little boy, as a man ran out the back door.

I ran him down in front of a crowd of screaming people who were getting too close, so I spun in a circle, pointed my gun at them, and fired several rounds just inches above their heads. I was so enraged, General, I could have killed every one of them.

“After they stopped approaching me, I walked up to the man on his knees, pulled his head up, and made him look at me. I held eye contact with him for what seemed like an eternity. Death and shooting him did not seem like enough. For the first time in my life, I wanted to do more than just shoot him. Hearing the military police coming, I shoved my gun into his mouth full force and executed him. Then I made a mistake, one that I will never forget; I went back to see my friend Squirrel. Have you ever had one of those days where you wished you had done something different?

“Sitting in a hospital bed with new stitches from shrapnel wounds, Lieutenant Brian walked in ordered me to get dressed and took me immediately to our chopper. The base commander had started an investigation, and there was no way that was going to happen. On the ride over, Lieutenant Brian explained we were a unit of 12 men, with two fronts of interest in Laos. We were doing surveillance from Ta Ha, up to Ban Cha La, in Laos, along the Ho Chi Minh trail. Headquarters of the Phoenix operation ‘Cherry’ was supplying us with the locations of people along the route they designated as ‘sympathetic’ with the VC, and we were conducting eliminations as well as troop surveillance. ‘I want you to take the Ta Ha area, and I will take the Ban Cha area. Are you are physically able. Or do you need more down time?’ he asked. ‘Except for the fresh stitches and new shrapnel, I am okay.’ Still dazed and sickened from the images of Squirrel, I thought to myself, ‘You cold-hearted bastard, you never asked me about my friend Squirrel. You fuck me over, Brian, and I am going to blow your fucking head off.’

“For three months, we ran surveillance, and my group performed nine eliminations that were mostly small farmers suspected of helping the VC at night. We did eliminate one government figure that took two of my best men four days of travel to his home and back. For some reason, Brian seemed to be more active in the eliminations, doing five times as many as we were. Early one morning Brian broke radio silence and we received one-word ‘vacate,’ which means to pull up and run to the mark-point pick up. I broke protocol and asked to speak with for Brian. A forward spotter a mile out reported the VC was doing a wide sweep in Brian’s direction. I suspected, because of the number of contract eliminations along the trail, that he had drawn unnecessary attention.

There were troops a half mile to his right, traveling south on the trail, so he was covered on two fronts. Brian repeated the order to vacate, telling me they were going to make a run in our direction and would meet us at the mark-point. I objected to his order, and every man with me agreed to wait. We were not going to vacate in case Brian needed help. I put a point man on the hill to notify us and placed everyone strategically, laying out phosphorus grenades and ammunition across a 300-yard front on our right side, leaving the north for Brian and his men, if we needed it.

“My point man came down from the hill, reporting that Brian was about half a mile out. It looked like the VC were at least four deep, coming at him from the north, and troops on the Ho Chi Minh trail were coming from our right, as well. Evidently, they had spotted Brian on the run and were closing in on his right without him being aware of it. We were directly in line where Brian was expected to show up. I had a raw nagging feeling in my gut this was not going to go well.

“When he arrived, he positioned three of his men facing the VC from the north and three to our left. ‘Are you fucking crazy? There aren’t any forces coming from that direction.’ I asked him to put all of his men in a top flank position. In the middle of my complaint, the shooting began from my men to the right, making Brian’s three men useless and subject to fire flack from rounds missing my men on the right. The idiot had placed his men with their backs exposed to cross fire.

“To get them out of the fire flack, I shouted for them to move up in a line together and then spread out. I don’t know if it was pride or being afraid to admit that he was wrong, but Brian ordered them to remain in position and as he did – his face exploded. It looked like eleven against eleven hundred, so I picked up the radio and ordered a direct hit on our location using ‘Willie/Peter’ white phosphorus and napalm. I knew that my decision could kill every one of us. All I could do was hope that upon impact, we borrowed enough time to do some serious running. If there was ever a hell on earth that is what happened next. Suddenly the devil showed up raining fire from heaven all around us. We fought for our lives together second by second. Looking through the fire and smoke, I saw men consumed by liquid fire. Running one second and consumed by fire the next second, they fell like human torches.

“I ordered the men to a full circle for protection; there were three dead, including Brian. Each man next to a dead man placed a phosphorus grenade near the head to remove or disfigure the face. There could be no possibility of identification. Everyone pulled on my mark, and we ran at the same instant the devil showed up again with another round of bombing.

As fire fell from the sky, it landed so close we could feel the heat. Turning to run with smoke and fire all around, I was not sure which way, but there you were, General, waving me to come as we ran to our mark-point pick up.

“They gave me a battlefield commission to second lieutenant, four purple hearts, and a silver star during my first tour. As they pinned the medals on me, they talked about honor, sacrifice, bravery, heroism, and duty to my country and fellow soldiers. Not one time did they mention the dead, the MIA, or the fact they knew how they died and where they were located. Not one time did they mention Squirrel or his family, or two dead children, or the seven dead in the tunnel who all had families, as well. ‘War a necessary evil’? Standing there that day, the United States government declared that I was a war hero. They made it sound like I belonged to a special club of brave, honorable men, when I was only a nineteen-year-old-boy, scared to death, and nothing I had done was honorable. When they pinned those medals on me, I felt dirty. I didn’t understand why I felt dirty then, but as my sleepless nights came, I began to comprehend. Too much blood and death were in those medals; they came at too high of a price for me to receive any kind of honor from them. It is a filthy act of war to honor situational murder and call it bravery. At least it was in that war.

“I spent two more tours, receiving more purple hearts than I had fingers on both hands. By the time I was twenty-one years old, my war atrocities had exceeded every serial killer in the United States to date. Tonight, I know the internal conscience of my soul will handcuff and shackle me once again, as I wait for another guilty as charged verdict by sunrise. Sergeant Gore was right. War makes a man soulless. It took me a decade after that war was over before I began to wise up about how needless that war had been. I am still ashamed of the way we abandoned and disgraced the blood of men and civilians.”

Looking across the kitchen table with one bottle of Black Jack down, Roger asked the general if he would like to sit in the living room for a while, and the general replied, “That sounds good, soldier.” The house was a throwback in time, much the same way his parents had left it after their deaths. Effie went first, and then Herman about four months later. Crocheted doilies made by Effie covered the coffee table and end tables, all loaded with old photographs. The centerpiece on the coffee table was an old black and white photograph of Herman and Effie surrounded by pictures of Roger as a boy. The couch and chair were a 50’s throwback in time, covered in plastic, with a multi-colored afghan Effie had knitted. The old shotgun house had that musty old home smell. The floors were unlevel, warped, and creaked with every step.

Roger planned to redo the old home, but after being there a while for some strange reason, he felt safe for the first time in many years. After finding a secure, calm strength from the old place, he finally decided to leave it just how it was. The only thing Roger had added was an expensive oil painting of General George Washington in a huge gold frame with a gold plate and the inscription:

“My first wish is to see this plague of mankind, war, banished from the earth.”

Taking a fresh bottle of Jack from the china closet, Roger poured the general and himself another large drink. The general sat in his favorite spot, Herman’s old easy chair, so Roger placed his drink on the table next to the chair. Roger always sat sideways on the couch with his feet up where he could see the portrait.

“General, I would never have believed when we arrived here three years ago that it would have taken this long to figure everything out. My life has been a shit can; I don’t have to tell you that. Every paper I read and each piece of the puzzle I fit together proves I was nothing more than a pawn used by the United States government. I was a contract murderer, not a soldier.”

“You know I fought in Vietnam, Panama, Desert Storm, Afghanistan, and Iraq. I did special ops in Nicaragua, Iran/Contra, Lebanon, and El Salvador, as well as performed 57 eliminations in various countries. I am your biggest fan General. I read your history as a general during the founding of this nation, and your service as president. Somehow, I do not see you as fighting in any of the battles I have been in, but what confuses me is how many times you have been on the battlefield with me. I have to ask why you showed up so many times, helping me to find my way out. When I compare what you did as a commander with your men, I cannot find any correlation in the wars I have been in, and that confuses me. Would you have commanded any of the wars I have been in?”

“Roger, I gave my life willingly to the service of this country as the first general and president of this nation. I fought for a real purpose. Our fight was for freedom and the formation of a new country with valiant men who willingly paid the price. I never lied to the men who fought with me. They understood the hardship and the reason for the fight. I also was clear on what we would have to do in order to obtain a clear victory. I can assure you, not only me, but every founding father of this nation, would never agree with any war you have fought in, Roger. None of your wars had a justifiable purpose. There was not a justifiable reason for the war; no one ever developed a clear plan for victory. War, without the total surrender of the enemy, is not victory.

In every war you fought, there was never a surrender by the enemy. Therefore, every war you fought in was unjustifiable according to the mandates of war in the history of man.

“To me, the wars you fought were a disgrace to the real honor due a soldier. We fought for our right to have a secure place to live in freedom and to enjoy a peaceful life with our families. This nation’s freedom has never been at risk, nor was the peaceful security of the American family threatened during every war you fought. We never attacked a country without first being attacked. An imaginary threat is not an attack. The country has been derelict of leadership at every level since and including John F. Kennedy.

“It is only fitting and proper as the first general and president that I am the commanding general of the army of the dead. I greet every soldier who falls on the battlefield personally, and escort them to my army. There is not a man in my army that was not an honorable soldier; sadly, my army of honorable men fought and died in dishonorable, needless wars.

“All of those men had a divine right from their creator to live their lives to the fullest. The creator never intended for them to die in valor on the battlefield of a dishonorable, unjustifiable war. I do not have a man in my army, including your friend Squirrel or Sergeant Gore, who died in his last tour of duty, who does not want to return and have the right to live out their lives with their loved ones. The spilling of innocent blood needlessly is not and never will be the purpose of the creator. It has never been the will of the creator to give life and then rob a man of his life and his family on the battlefield of an unjustifiable, needless war. I assure you the sin of spilling that blood needlessly will lead to the downfall of this nation. Every family with a lost loved one needs to understand the death of their loved one was not the will of the creator. Otherwise, we must determine that the creator ... is the intentional destroyer of the heart, and families. Men will fight wars, Roger. Not even one of your wars was ever necessary. How do I know? In all of your wars, you cannot produce one enemy that surrendered, and you, Roger, cannot sleep because you do not know ... why you fought them at all. Negotiating with the Taliban Roger is not a victory. If the war was valid, there is only one negotiation; the full surrender of the enemy.

“Each time you encountered me on the battlefield, Roger; it was to take you with me to my army of the dead. To my surprise, you lived. I did not salute you; I do not salute the dead. Since I find no honor in a soldier dying in an unjustifiable war where the enemy is not going to be conquered. You were supposed to die every time I showed up, and somehow you kept avoiding death.

You were supposed to die in the tunnel. You were supposed to die with Squirrel and you were supposed to die with the three soldiers the day you killed Brian.”

“So, you know I shot him?”

“Yes, I do. There were seventeen times that you saw me on the battlefield throughout your career. Every time, you were supposed to die, Roger. You became a curiosity to me, so I visited you in the hospital. I was convinced the creator had a plan for your life that is not finished. I suspect it has something to do with the maze of documents you have collected all of these years.”

“I know what my life has been, General; everything you said was correct. What frustrates me is I do not know how to get even for what they have done to me and others, especially the men in your honorable army, General. If there is one thing I ask from the creator, it’s that I be granted the wisdom and power to bring real honor to the men in your army, General.”

As Roger drifted off to sleep on the couch, looking at the picture of General George Washington, the night court began. As he approached the judge’s bench in handcuffs and shackles with his head down, the prosecutor read the charge: one count of murder in the first degree for the murder of First Lieutenant Brian Cargill. The occupant of a disturbed soul cannot possibly understand where the line resides between reality and phantasm. Or can he?

A hungry hawk eyeing a lone field mouse never blinks or moves its head. Six men stood in a line, staring through the glass widow. The eyes of every man, just like the hawk, vigilantly stared at the object of their affection behind the glass. Several were close enough to the glass for their breath to appear on the surface. ‘Breathless’ best described the men and the object of their affection behind the glass.

Sitting in a yoga pose, Molly was in a state of meditation, preparing herself mentally for her upcoming master-belt match. In typical Molly style, she wore a red, skintight, one-piece body suit that revealed her every treasure. With her legs folded, arms at her sides and palms up, she epitomized posture-perfect yoga.

For the hawks on the other side of the glass, it was the centrifugal parts of her axis that held their attention. At the core of her anatomy, protruding through the bodysuit was a large, perfect camel toe outlining her Venus flytrap. Sam found himself remembering her private candle lit show, thinking, ‘The suit does not do those lips justice. These guys would fall down if they saw them in person.’

Staring through the glass, each man’s individual mind entertained his own personal playground experience with Molly. Molly searched for the right experience in her mind in order to focus her energy on the match. This was a serious match, with full-body contact and helmets only. Mentally, she needed a reason to remain focused.

Several images appeared and then disappeared, floating in her subconscious mind. In the darkness of her mind, with eyes closed, there was nothing but black-screen silence. Scanning the darkness, she saw a small dot appear in the distance, about the size of a period at the end of a sentence. ‘What is that?’ she thought to herself, as the dot appeared to be slightly bouncing around. Continuing to focus on the dot, she realized it was moving directly towards her at a very high rate of speed. Afraid, yet captivated by the speed, Molly realized the dot was beginning to grow in size. Like a star traveling in deep space darkness at hyper-warp speed, the tiny dot grew into a large ball, waves of power radiating from its sides. It was too late to get out of the way, and without warning, the huge ball of white light exploded in her mind’s eye, erasing the black-screen darkness. So powerful was the impact, her body lurched backwards. Scanning the white light, a small word appeared off in the distance, heading towards her at the same rate of speed. Stopping just inches from impact, the word “Predator” filled the screen.

Molly watched in total concentration as the word faded away, and an old black-and-white movie of her family began to play. From a vantage point that few ever have the opportunity to see during their lives, the first thing that stunned Molly was the obvious abject level of poverty. Unable to grasp where the images were coming from, since the family never owned a camera, Molly felt strange as she watched several images of lighthearted play as her siblings chased the dog around the yard. Her mother stepped out onto the porch. As she began to wave, Molly noticed a warmth in her smile, something she had never seen as a child. The film began to flicker like an old movie that was about to go out as the scene changed. Disturbed by the scene, Molly tried to open her eyes and stand up, but her body would function.

The severe gravity of her childhood nearly forgotten, Molly watched as the old school bus pulled up in front of her home. Her psyche flooded with long-buried emotions, and she watched a small, frail Molly step from the school bus. Alone at the bottom of the hill without a coat, she stood trembling, cold and wet, afraid, her face pale and her lips a grayish blue from hiding in the snow all day. Her clothing was not fit for the trashcan. As the camera came closer, the blurred image became clear; she was wearing those large, smelly men's work shoes. 'This was the day I wore the smelly shoes to school.'

Walking up the drive towards the shanty at the top of the hill, Molly noticed the trash-filled yard had several old, rusty barrels for burning trash; old car parts and tires were strewn everywhere. Slush and snow filled the ruts in the muddy drive. The snow was above the tops of her old wet shoes as Molly walked along the side of the rutted driveway. In her mind, Molly stiffened again as the movie showed Karl driving his old truck down the ruts, splashing her with muddy slush. She stood there crying as Karl got out of the truck and shouted, telling her to get out of the way.

"I hate you," she cried, running to the house with Karl chasing after her.

"You can settle that later, Karl. Your supper is ready. Molly, you get back out there and get some more wood. It's gonna be a cold one tonight," Molly's mother yelled.

The reality of how little care anyone had for her astounded Molly. As she watched the movie, there was not a kind word or a personal concern of any kind. She was such a tiny little girl, and her physical condition was horrible. Again, Molly tried to open her eyes and get up, but her body would not move. 'Please stop,' her mind screamed. 'I know what happens next. Please, I beg you to let me go.'

"I want new shoes, please."

“Girl, there ain’t noth’n wrong with the shoes you got.”

“They smell and have holes in the bottom, and the kids in school have nice shoes. I want new shoes, please.”

“Let me see them shoes,” he said, taking one from her foot. Looking at the shoe, Karl said, “Now, that’s a damn nice shoe. You see how much heel is left on that shoe?” Karl took the shoe and hit little Molly in her forehead with the heel of the shoe. With every question he asked, Karl shoved the shoe into her face, snapping her head back.

“Do you see how good that heel is now, Molly? How does that shoe look now, Molly? Do you like the shoe now, Molly?”

“I hate you; I want new shoes.”

At those words, Karl began to beat little Molly with the shoe all over her body. Pulling the other shoe from her foot, he then beat her with both shoes. When he was finished, he threw them out the front door. “There, now you have no shoes, Molly.”

Lying on the floor, with a huge knot on her forehead, lips and nose bloodied, Molly looked up at her mother. She was cowering at the corner of the table while Karl sat down and ate his supper.

The movie suddenly stopped. The screen in her mind went white and the words “Stop the Predator” appeared.

Leaping to her feet, Molly peeled off the red bodysuit, reached in her bag, and put on her karate clothing. Walking to her locker, she grabbed her helmet from the shelf and stepped from the room without speaking a word to anyone. She walked to a corner in the arena and stood alone, waiting for her match.

The men stood, dazed, absorbing the memory of her naked body as she changed clothes. Several started to approach her, and Sam cautioned them. “I think it best if we wait until after the match. Everyone knows it is not like Molly to walk past us without that cheerful smile or a cute comment. She seems pretty focused, and there were some rather strange body movements while she was on the floor meditating.”

Molly’s match was the main event of the night. She did not have to beat the master to gain her master belt; she only needed to score enough points. Looking at no one, she stepped onto the mat, bowed, and began to warm up. The group was surprised at how quickly she moved and the high level at which she kicked during her warm-up. Focused and intense, Molly had not acknowledged anyone.

Roger, watching her moves, commented, “That is one tough, physically fit little woman.

I'm not so sure that I would want to take her on in the ring or in bed. Hell, that woman could fuck you and then fuck you up." Everyone had a terrific laugh.

When her master opponent entered the ring, Molly's eyes locked onto his every move like a magnet. From the opening, Molly did a quick scissors high kick, slapping her opponent on the side of his head, followed by a barrage of chest, head, and stomach punches. Backing away, she spun and landed with a solid, spinning back kick, followed closely by several leg kicks to the thigh and calves, and two more hard kicks into the ribs that sent resounding thuds when they made contact. Match point, game over ... three broken ribs. Failing to follow protocol, Molly seemed focused on continuing the match, not realizing it was over. Sam jumped to his feet and ran to the edge of the mat, shouting, "Molly, Karl is not here," several times. Turning to look at Sam, reality returned for Molly, and she bowed to the master and earned her master's belt.

Returning to his seat, Sam reminded Steve about his desire to question her, and that if he did, he should be near a door, wearing fast running shoes. "Whatever happened, I don't want to know. Karl's her father's name. How did you know that she had mentally gone to that place?" Steve asked.

"Just a guess. I think she would have killed her opponent tonight had this not been a contest. If you fully understood what Karl did to her as a child, you would understand why. If you want my advice, there is one other situation where you should never use the name Karl while you are with her," Sam said.

"What's that, Sam?" Steve asked.

"Never use the name Karl when she has your cock in her mouth," Sam said, smiling.

"You know about that, Sam?"

"Remember, we both investigated each other, Steve," Sam said, smiling.

Molly walked up after the ceremony, all smiles with her new belt, and everyone congratulated her on her stunning victory. "I was so focused; I guess you guys got quite a show when I changed clothes. I can't believe I just whipped it out right in front of everyone."

All of the men made light of the naked event, assuring her it was "no big thing, Molly; it's not like we have never seen a naked woman before."

Smiling at them, she said, "Who in the hell do you boys think you are bullshitting? Never in your lives have you seen anything like this body. Now, let's go have a drink to celebrate. You boys get me drunk, and you never know what you will see, right Sam?" Winking at them, she walked to the dressing room to change.

“Now that’s, Molly,” Sam commented, to the laughter of everyone.

“If that other Molly ever walks past you without speaking, run like hell,” Jerry added.

After the celebration, Molly left the bar, walked to Scott’s car, and handed him a card with her phone number. Scott, about to enter his car, looked at the card. He asked, “What is this for, Molly?”

Without any warning, Molly slapped him across the face, pushed him up against the car, kicked him between the legs, turned, and started walking away, saying, “I will give you three days to call me for a private ass whipping, or I will whip your ass for free in front of everyone.”

*“To take peace from the earth,
And that people should kill one another”*



The Second Horseman Revealed

“The one who sat on it and there was given to him a great sword”

After the debacle with Larry’s shirt, Molly thought it best that she receive Sam’s permission before she organized a new feature at Woodstock69. ‘Hell, I nearly killed him the last time; it took a full-body candle show in his shower to restore his color,’ she thought, laughing to herself, ‘and that damn Christina got the benefits.’

Sam questioned her about the new feature the same way Peter Falk would have on *Columbo*, but Molly remained secretive about her intentions, promising him only a large increase in business on slow nights. With a thousand bucks from Sam and her creative juices flowing, an excited Molly kissed his cheek, remarking, “You’ve seen my body, Sam; my brains are even better.”

Several weeks had gone by with no results, and Molly was missing from the bar more than normal. Cornering her when the situation permitted, Sam would question her whereabouts or tried to poke his nose into what she was planning. Molly remained tight-lipped and replied, “Sam, you know I am a very discreet, professional business woman; I don’t kiss and tell.” She followed this with a peck on his cheek, a wink, and not another word. She always left Sam hanging about whose professional business she was up to, his or hers. Her exuberance, mystique, and charm were what made Molly, Molly. Sam was addicted to her youthful, refreshing outlook on life and a lover of her teasing games she played with him.

Thursday afternoon late, Sam sat in his study, researching documents from Abraham Lincoln’s life, when the phone rang. “Hello, Sam, this is Jerry. I know this is short notice, but the group was wondering if we could move our meeting up to tonight, instead of next week.

Several things came up, and some of the group can't make it next week. Everyone is dying to hear Roger's military secrets presentation."

"Not a problem, Jerry. I will call Sonny and have him hold your table. If it turns out to be another slow Thursday, I will close the bar down for better security. I wasn't planning on going to the bar tonight, but I also have a great interest in what Roger has to say. That is, assuming it is okay for me to sit in."

"Of course it is, Sam. Everyone expects you and Molly to be there. Have you heard about Scott?"

"No, I haven't seen him since he showed up as a bum," Sam chuckled.

"A couple of guys mugged him last week, and he spent several days under a private doctor's care at home with stone-cold Samantha. That woman gives me the creeps when I am around her. Those two have one of the strangest relationships on the planet. My girlfriend says Samantha is the queen of country-club lesbians. Perhaps that is why Scott stayed away in Washington so much. Anyhow, he didn't report it to the police because of media exposure, but when I saw him, Sam, I tell you, they beat the living shit out of him. His face was a mess, and he sat on a blow up tube. You know, the kind women use after having a baby? If I didn't know better, I would guess they boinked him," he said laughing.

"It seems like Scott's transition to retirement has been rough," Sam replied. "You do know he was the president of the most powerful group of politicians in Washington, a group known as the Cigar Club. I think they fucked him over and forced his retirement. Now, it appears, they might have actually had him fucked to make sure he keeps his mouth shut. I think it would be wise for your group to find out what Scott actually knows about the inside workings of politics in Washington. That information may be critical in developing a plan of action in the future."

"I knew he was a player in Washington, Sam, but I don't think anyone in the group knows how much, or has ever heard of the Cigar-Club. For me, personally, this is the first time I've heard the name of the club. I agree; we need to find out how much Scott really knows. I will pass it along and look forward to seeing you at the bar." Saying their goodbyes, they both hung up the phone.

Sam decided to arrive early at the bar to make sure that seating near the group's table was restricted. Stepping inside the front doors, he could not miss what Molly had done. A large, old wooden shipping crate sat in the center of the bar, replacing several tables. The box looked like a professional stage prop, painted with a dingy yellowish brown antiquing.

Stenciled on either end of the rectangle-shaped box were the words “Speaker’s Corner” and “Soap Box.” A microphone lay on top of the box, and off to the left was a large, circular Japanese gong in a black wooden frame. Unwilling to eat another piece of humble pie, Sam thought it best that he listen to Molly before opening his mouth. After last month, he fully expected that anything could happen in his bar, or at home, when Molly was around.

After an hour, the place was dead, with only six people in the bar, and still no sign of Molly. The regular group had arrived; Scott looked presentable but sat rather gingerly. While shaking hands with everyone, Steve informed Sam that Roger would not arrive until around nine, explaining that he was eating dinner with a friend. Motioning to the customers, Sam remarked, “If his material is that sensitive, perhaps those six will be thinned out by then.”

“Do you have any reason to suspect your bar has been bugged?” Steve asked.

“I have less suspicion than Larry’s place. Since my visit to his building, I have been watching the security videos every morning and have seen nothing. At this point, I think we are still okay.”

Larry spoke up. “Mine are clear, as well, Sam, and I have some cameras they would not detect because they were installed by the master himself, Roger.”

“Maybe this week we can get together again, Larry, so you can explain how and why God knew Lincoln would do what he did. You have me hooked, Larry. I was home studying Lincoln, trying to figure it out, when Jerry called about the group meeting tonight.”

“What’s the box for, Sam?”

“I don’t know, it’s something Molly has done again. This time, I am going to hear her out first,” he said, laughing. “I do not want another silent moment similar to what I had last month with you, Larry. Gentlemen, your drinks have arrived; excuse me while I investigate the reason behind the box.”

Questioning Sonny and Willis on the whereabouts of Molly or the box’s meaning, Sam found them to be just as clueless as he was. Walking over to the box, he examined it for a possible hidden latch where Molly could pop out but could not detect one. “A grand for this?” he thought. He picked up the microphone and walked around the box, kicking it several times to see if it was empty.

Still puzzled, he turned to greet some customers sitting in a window booth as three buses, loaded with people, pulled up out front. Watching the first bus unload, it looked like an invasion of the gray panther society; there were several with walkers on wheels, and a few had portable oxygen tanks.

The next bus was full of professionally dressed, middle-aged people, and the last bus contained young college students. Molly stepped off the first bus wearing a business suit, and her jacket was covered with past presidential election buttons. Clipboard in hand, she looked like a tour director as she led people, wearing stickers that said MSNBC, FOX, or CNN, into the bar. As promised, Molly packed the place during a time when Sam and the group wanted privacy.

As if she were a little girl at a parade, completely electrified with excitement, Molly was on her tippy toes, smiling and waving to Sam, over the crowd, as she bounced up and down. Sam could tell she was extremely proud of her efforts, and was hoping he would be pleased, as well.

‘Wait a minute,’ he thought. ‘She knew I was not coming in tonight. What if I’d stayed home? What would she have done? I get it.’ Heading over to the group’s table, Sam’s chess player mind scanned the table as Jerry quickly looked the other way. It was obvious both he and Scott were avoiding eye contact with him as they tried to appear in deep conversation with one another.

“You guys were in on this, weren’t you?”

Looking at him, Jerry said with a smile, “Who can resist Molly? We have all been working together with her for the past two weeks. What she has done is incredible and exceptionally interesting, Sam. I think you are going to enjoy tonight. I know I am. We are all curious about the final results.”

“The results about what, Jerry?”

“The woman is a genius, Sam. I think this could catch on all over the nation. At first, I was a wee bit skeptical, but now, I am convinced she is on to something big, Sam.”

“Are you going to get to the point and tell me what this is all about, Jerry?”

“Cool your jets, Sam, I’m getting there. All of these people know about Woodstock69, but none of them has ever been to this bar. I will let her explain the business part, Sam. If I were you, I would take her on as a full business partner in a heartbeat.”

“Get to the point, Jerry.”

“Each group that got off the buses didn’t know anything about the other group, until now. Each bus had exactly ten addicted news junkies that mainly watched CNN, MSNBC, and FOX. There are thirty CNN viewers, consisting of ten college-age students, ten middle-aged, and ten seniors. The same demographics are in the thirty MSNBC and thirty FOX addicts. I told you, the woman is a genius.”

Sam looked over at Molly as she seated each group in their respective sections, and still had no clue as to what the purpose could be.

Picking up the microphone, Molly stood on the box and began to speak. “That man over there with the puzzled look on his face is the owner of Woodstock69. Everyone, say hello to Sam.”

“HELLO, SAM!”

Sam waved as Molly continued. “As promised, your first drink is on the house.”

With a surprised look of dismay on his face, Sam thought, ‘Great, there goes another grand. This better be damn good, Molly.’

“SAM!” Molly shouted across the bar with both hands on her hips. “I’ve seen that look in your eyes before; shall I preorder your humble pie from the kitchen now?” Sam shook his head, smiling, waved his arms no, and took a seat at the group’s table.

Molly continued. “In this room, there are ninety addicts. News junkies who live, eat, and breathe every word out of the mouths of the talking heads on their respective channels. You are about to witness a first-ever test on factual news reporting. The number-one question we are here to answer tonight ... Is it possible for a news channel to report just the facts?

“For one week, these junkies went cold-turkey with no news and no television. This was the detox stage, what we called a clearing of the mind, if you will. We monitored every home with cameras, and the participants agreed to have their televisions removed. Everyone, please wave to your moving crew, sitting at the same table with Sam. Thanks, Jerry, for the storage space.”

Sam smiled at the group, shaking his head as if they had pulled one over on him again and thinking to himself, ‘God, I love this woman’s energy, and the sweetness she brings to my life.’

Molly continued. “The second week we returned their televisions, and they watched old reruns of Walter Cronkite’s news broadcasts from 1962-1981. Each person wrote down any of Walter’s comments they considered personal opinions, spin, deceptions, or any shading of facts. I have seen the lists, and they are quite long.

“The final week, they watched all three major news channels MSNBC, FOX, and CNN for two days each. Again, they wrote down every time they felt the news was biased, full of spin, deceptive, or a shading of the actual news facts.

“The reason for this study is obvious. We did this to expose the deceptions of each news organization, and to raise public awareness about how deceptive the news can be. What motivated the study? Look at my buttons of past presidential elections.

Not one election in the electronic age has escaped biased news reporting, spinning personal opinion, and intentional deception by the news media. We are going to hear some comments from each group in a bit, but first a few preliminary results. I think you will find them pretty surprising.

“After watching only fourteen news broadcasts by Walter Cronkite, each group reported between eighty-five and one hundred sixteen biased or opinionated comments, or a clear distortion of the facts, by Walter. All three groups had a combined total of three hundred twenty-two times where they considered Walter had crossed the line, deviating from the facts. All ninety participants considered Walter’s statement, on February 27, 1968, and I quote, ‘It seems, now more certain than ever, that the bloody experience of Vietnam is to end in a stalemate,’ to be a flagrant violation, expressing his personal opinion rather than adhering to the facts.

“During the third week, these news junkies watched two days of each news channel. Listen to what these ex-news addicts were able to hear from the media they used to trust. All of the groups reported between two hundred eighty-seven to three hundred fifty-six times they detected bias, spin, opinion, or a distortion of the facts. They had a staggering total of nine hundred fifty-five times where reporters crossed the line, deviating from the news facts. When we compare Walter’s number of 322 biased reports to today’s media of 955 biased reports, folks, we are in a spin zone mess. One hundred twenty-seven times, the combined groups considered the facts so distorted by the news journalist that the entire broadcast was rated a complete fabrication; resting in the opinion of the broadcaster, rather than facts. I must admit, I never expected such amazing results when we started. I privately participated in this experiment, knowing beforehand that the news media was a sick source of information. I was surprised I could detect an increase in the subtle innuendos by reporters after just three weeks.”

In a rare, tone of anger, Molly declared, “I don’t know about you, but to me, the number nine hundred fifty-five is way off the hook. Crossing the line that much represents a staggering reality of the serious infection they inject into society.” Raising her voice even louder, she shouted, “I think the media is a boil that we the people need to pop, by turning them off.” Molly paused as the crowd began applauding her comment.

“As ex-news addicts, it is your turn to deliver the news. I am opening the microphone for you to talk about how this study has affected your life and the way you watch the news. When you speak, if anyone in the bar thinks you are offering personal opinion rather than the facts about your favorite station’s biased reporting, you will be gonged.” She demonstrated by hitting the gong. “Anyone can gong you, and if they do, they must explain why.

If the people agree that you are opinionated, you will have to step down. However, in the interest of peace, the person who gongs you must buy you a drink. No fair getting gonged intentionally for a free drink,” she said, pointing the microphone at the crowd.

Before Molly finished speaking, a small black woman stood up and made her way to the speaker’s box. Pushing a walker with an oxygen bottle attached, she reminded Sam of Cicely Tyson in *The Rosa Parks Story*.

“My name is Ms. Mable Watson; thank you, Jesus,” she said, as her body shook with a twitch. “We finally got a black man in the white house. The president is doing a good job; he ain’t lazy, he gets up early, and he’s a hard worker. When he gets done playing house-nigger and cleaning up the mess Bush left him, you all will see what he can really do.”

The room exploded with laughter, shocked faces, and random clapping. As Mable adjusted her oxygen and took a couple of hits, someone shouted, “I want whatever she’s inhaling.”

“Looky here, now, you sit down; I’m not done. Obama ain’t no Muslim. We know that because he knows Reverend Wright, and he is a Christian. I was a Republican when I was young, but I found out that is whitey’s main party. They ain’t never been for nothin’ but business, and only a white man’s business at that. They want to cut everything: welfare, social security, unemployment, and Medicare.”

GONG!

“Mable, thanks for teaching everyone how CNN has influenced your life. I will say I loved your analogy of Obama cleaning up Bush’s mess, and I think there may be something politically correct in your description.”

Taking the gong handle from Sam, Molly said, “You are out of the game, sir, no more gongs for you.”

“Make that a tall glass of sippin’ bourbon, straight up, Mister Sam,” Mable said, smiling as she winked at Sam.

“You do know she just took me for a free glass of sippin’ bourbon on purpose, don’t you?” Sam whispered to Molly.

“Just the line about Obama and Bush was worth a bottle of sippin’ bourbon, Sam,” Molly whispered back as she handed the microphone to a young college student from the MSNBC group.

“Hello, my name is Nathaniel Miller. I will try to be as honest as my infected news-biased heart will allow me. After watching the old Cronkite newsreels for a week, I must admit I began to listen and think objectively about what Walter was saying in relation to the facts. His bias was much more subtle than we hear today. To me, there seems to be an all-out war to influence the opinion of every viewer. I think you are right, Molly.

It is a serious illness in our society. I no longer watch MSNBC and am thrilled that my previous hero, Keith Olbermann, is gone. Now, I hope his copycat female version, Rachel Maddow, follows in his shoes. Chris ‘Talk Over Everyone’ Matthews is a subtle injecting opinionated reporter. Would someone, please, put a sock in his mouth after he asks a question? I say, *Morning Joe* is Good-bye Joe, along with every other biased person on MSNBC.

“After I kicked my old MSNBC buddies to the curb in two days, I started watching FOX for two days. All I can say is – what the fuck is that?” Everyone burst into laughter, and many jumped up, applauding. After the crowd had calmed a bit, Nathaniel continued. “Every show on that channel is nothing but obvious spin, bias, shading of the truth, and outright lies. I was encouraged when they kicked Glenn Beck to the curb. I know we have a demographic of FOX viewers, so I would like to ask you a question. With a show of hands, for FOX viewers only, how many consider Bill O’Reilly the most biased spin-doctor on FOX?”

A woman in the FOX section stood up and shouted at Nathaniel, “Lump O’Reilly and Hannity together with the three morning stooges, Brian Kilmeade, Steve Doocy, and Gretchen Carlson, and call for a vote.”

“Well done,” replied Nathaniel. Only three people out of thirty did not raise their hands. The CNN side of the room sat stunned at the honesty of the FOX news crowd.

The same woman in the FOX section stood up and said, “You keep going, young man; you are doing a good job. Make your mama proud.”

“Thank you. In fairness, I must admit that during my time watching FOX, there was one good reporter. He delivered the news with an almost undetectable level of bias or spin. Out of all channels, I thought Shepard Smith was the fairest reporter on television today.” The FOX crowd seemed to nod in agreement. “Other than that, it was obvious to me; the interviewers handpicked the supposed ‘authorities’ to provide the same slanted views. Several times, I witnessed reporters shutting down opposing views, and I saw several that had their microphone turned off or disconnected by the interviewer. Most of the hosts on FOX seemed angry, disrespectful, and had a self-righteous attitude against an opposing view. One lady I watched, an Ann somebody, was the most arrogant ...”

He was interrupted by a man in the FOX section who shouted, “Coulter, Ann Coulter. What an idiot she is!” Nathaniel responded, “You took the words right out of my mouth, sir; I had to turn her off. My God, the woman makes Sarah Palin look smart.” The entire bar erupted in laughter again.

“Topping my list is O’Reilly. I found him to be the slickest spin-doctor, followed by the obvious, self-righteous anger of Hannity. I still have not figured out why they have a preacher as a newsmen.

“Anyhow, here is my honest challenge to CNN viewers. Take the same poll, and let’s see if we can educate each other and move the ball down the field. I thank you, Molly and Professor Walker. The university is buzzing about this experiment.”

‘I thought I recognized a few faces,’ Sam thought. He found Nathaniel to be a smart, insightful young man.

The bar was buzzing with business, and the kitchen was sending out food by the cartload. Sam looked at Molly sitting in her chair. ‘This woman is remarkable. She’s right; there is so much more to her than just a body. I can’t wait to hear her explain how she came up with the idea and where the people came from.’

Mike Dugan stood up from the CNN side of the room and said, “Nathaniel, thanks for your candor. Your points of view were on target. In the bus on the way over, we had nearly the same discussion, and Jack Cafferty is hands-down the winner for choosing the questions and influencing the answers. Roland Martin and Donna Brazile are racially biased, and their comments are racist, so everything out of their mouths is a biased infection to the viewers. Fareed Zakaria is a token Muslim with pro-Islamic views, and Paul Begala is so narrow-minded that he cannot see, think, or hear. CNN has the largest list of guest clowns, starting with James Carville and ending with his polar-opposite wife. For the most part, we all agree, we no longer care to watch CNN.” Laughing, Mike continued. “As a group, we did have one other thing in common. We could not determine if Wolf Blitzer was a real person or an emotionless robot. The man is void of being able to express any emotion.” Again, the bar burst out in laughter.

The same lady in the FOX section shouted, “Maybe you are onto something we could program a robot without bias and spin to report the news.”

After the laughter stopped, Mike posed a question. “Where do we go, whom do we watch? Molly, you have messed life up for most of us. I found nothing funny about the racism from Mable’s comments regarding the president. I’m sad to think I was just like that only a few weeks ago.”

Mable stood up and said, “I was just after some free sippin’ bourbon, Mike. I am tracking with you; I think this needs to spread all around the country before the next election. Americans need to think for themselves again.” Laughing as she finished her sippin’ bourbon, she smiled and said, “By that time, Obama should have the floors all cleaned up.”

Sam shouted across the room, “Will someone gong her, so I can send her another drink? The lady is a hoot.” People continued to line up at the microphone, wanting to express how the news study had affected them.

The group at the table began their own discussion as Scott spoke up first. “Every politician knows elections are won or lost in the media. I agree, I don’t think it is possible to have a reporter report just the facts.”

“Why not?” Larry responded. “What if it were the law? News can be written without the influential sick bias of Rupert Murdoch at FOX, Ted Turner at CNN, or Bill Gates and MSNBC. Most Americans do not understand the political views of three men drive the media in this nation. Murdoch could stop that biased bullshit in one second. He is a businessman; it’s all about money. The only thing that is ‘fair and balanced’ to him is the bottom line.

Steve spoke up. “The worst part of our news is not biased political reporting. They also report every crime with implied opinionated bias. Often they try the accused in the media before the poor sucker even has a court date. I say report the crime, but there should be no names, no evidence, and no comments from the police or anyone before the trial. That would be the real beginning of fair reporting and justice for the accused. The jury pool will be cleaner; the lives of the victims and the accused will remain private until a trial is over. Make that a law and you can change the country.”

“What about free speech?” asked Jerry.

“It’s not a free speech issue, Jerry. It is about protecting everyone’s rights until after a trial. Free speech is not the issue today; it is about the nosy press, ringing the cash register with needless innuendo and drama. Look at what they did to Patsy Ramsey and Richard Jewell, the suspected Olympic bomber. Innuendo by the press destroyed both of their lives. Tell me you think Casey Anthony deserved to be a media soap opera. We listen to electronic idiots like Carville or O’Reilly, and people take them as credible sources. I will bet you, O’Reilly is as much a pervert as his former producer Andrea Mackris said he was. The man sure spent a lot of money shutting her up. Carville, now that guy is a Mardi Gras clown if ever there was one.”

Sam could not keep quiet any longer. “I would like to invite each of you to my home to discuss the possibility of becoming part of your group.” Pausing a bit for responses but receiving none, he continued. “Listening to your insights over the past weeks, I think we are all headed in the same or a similar direction.” Pausing, he waited again for a response and received none. Behind Sam’s back, the moment he issued the first invitation to meet in his home, the doors to the bar had opened. Nodding and pointing in that direction, Larry beckoned Sam to turn around and look.



“This Is Going To Hurt - A Little Bit”

Standing on the platform at attention was Full Bird Colonel Roger Majors, wearing ‘Army Cavalry Dress Blues.’ Spectacular in appearance, with the commanding presence of a Supreme Court judge, perhaps even the president, Roger was a remarkable sight. A crisp, white, John Wayne style cavalry hat with gold crossed tassels in the front sat atop a cleanly shaved head. Both shoulders of the jacket had five gold braids, signifying the rank of a full bird colonel. At the ends of the shoulders were gold epaulets. A gold braided rope was around his right shoulder, hanging across his chest like a pocket-watch chain, connecting to the first gold button on his uniform. A pearl-handled sword in a shiny silver sheath hung from his waist. The only thing missing on his uniform was the normal display of chest medals. He remained at attention on the platform until Molly walked over to him and took three small white boxes he held firmly in his white-gloved hands.

In a professional slow cadence, the same cadence to which soldiers carry a casket, Roger walked with military precision in his every movement until he stood atop the box. The visual of Roger, in full cavalry dress blues, was statuesque in appearance and immaculate in presentation. He was a virtual living portrait, without a speck of dust. Pivoting at a slow, precise, forty-five-degree turn toward the group’s table, he spoke for the first time. “Samuel Walker, front and center.” Without another word, in slow motion, he rotated back around, facing the three group’s of news junkies.

Up until that moment, Sam had been so enthralled with Roger’s charismatic appearance he had forgotten about the special gifts from Roger and was reluctant to get up.

Larry looked across the table at Sam and said, “Do you really want him to come over here and get you, Sam?” Cold body sweats hit Sam as he stood up, realizing that once again he was stepping into the unknown.

Silence filled the room as Sam walked toward Roger, who was standing at attention on the box. Stopping several feet from the box, Sam looked up at the statuesque pose, unable to detect the slightest movement, not even breathing. Intimidated by the image and stern fixation on Roger's face, Sam felt a bit fearful. Roger had not moved or looked at Sam as he approached. He remained robotically frozen; his eyes appeared to be fixated on a place in his mind that only Roger knew existed. The silence in the bar was deafening. Afraid to speak, Sam could hear his own labored breathing and felt the pounding of his own heartbeat throbbing in his neck.

In one instantaneous move, Roger drew his sword and turned sideways. Using the entire force of his body, Roger lunged in a full half-moon circle with the sword fully extended. The movement occurred with such lightning speed, the mind could not fully process what it had seen. As the blade flashed in the light, slicing through silence, its sound reverberated throughout the room cutting the silence in half. In one flinching blink of the eyes, Roger was standing at attention with the sword blade upright beside his head. Unable to comprehend the entire two-second transformation, everyone gasped for breath as the slicing sound continued to echo throughout the bar. Sam's mind reeled to comprehend how it happened, and just how much, or what, he legitimately saw. Molly sat in stunned amazement, realizing her new master black belt was no match for what she just witnessed, or did not see at all.

With the blade beside his head, exactly level with the top of his hat, Roger lowered his head and looked directly at Sam. "Sam, I am a trained murderer for the United States government. Many years ago, I was a young boy full of fun and life. Tonight, I stand before you as a man void of life in search of rest for my lost soul. In my military career, I have taken lives in order that I might live. As a government intelligence operative, I was a professional hit man on behalf of the United States government, trained to kill on command and without thought. Under orders, I killed many innocent people who were not trying to kill me. People that my government said were a threat to America, the world, or democracy. People who never saw it coming; they never had a chance to defend themselves or fight back. I murdered fathers, mothers, even children, trusting completely in my government's judgments."

The atmosphere in the bar had changed, as the chill of death seemed to cling to the grave coldness in his words. Roger's open admission, calling himself a murderer for the United States government while dressed like a soldier, was an image no one ever imagined they would see or hear. His choice of words had stunned them. They were clear and direct with heavy, meaningful weight.

“During my military career, my body suffered every wound imaginable. For each of those wounds, the United States government gave me a Purple Heart. If I had kept them all, the Purple Hearts alone would have covered the entire front of both sides of my coat down to my waist. My body is full of scars, holes, and pieces of shrapnel that I refused to let them remove. If I took off this uniform and stood before everyone naked, you would all be horrified at what the United States government has done to me. On my body, I bear the marks of a slave master’s cruel insolence for his slaves, not the marks of a man preserving freedom for a nation or the right for American families to live a peaceful life.

“Every medal the United States government gave me made me ashamed. In my later years of service, I began to search for more worthy recipients, men like you, Sam, who took a stand against war. On the battlefield, I have pinned medals on my dead opponents, men of great courage with families, I suppose, who fought against me in one needless war or another. All of my medals are gone except for the three most important ones. I have saved them for forty-five years, and today they will finally have a proper home.”

Gesturing toward Sam with open hands, Roger continued. “How preposterous it is to me, and should be to everyone listening, that in your efforts to stop war, the United States government shot you with the intent to murder you. Yet, ironically, I stand before you as a human paradox. The very same government that shot you honored me for my wounds, while I murdered people on their behalf. Do you realize that if I had shot you at Kent State and had stubbed my toe, they would have pinned a medal on me?”

“My medals for bravery are but dung; there is nothing braver in the world than a man that would die trying to stop the war. I salute you, sir!” Returning the sword to the sheath, Roger clicked his heels, stood upright, and slowly saluted Sam.

He held his hand in salute as everyone watched until Jerry shouted at Sam, “Salute him back, Sam.” Having never saluted anyone, Sam stood erect, watching streams of tears flowing from Rogers’s eyes. He realized, for the first time, how serious and important this was for Roger. At Sam’s salute, Roger ended his.

“Molly, will you bring the boxes, please?” Stepping down from the box, Roger took off the old cavalry hat, reached inside his jacket, and put on a beret. After the salute, Sam felt relaxed and calm, until Roger said, “Give me your hand, Sam.” Not sure what ‘give me your hand’ meant, Sam stuck out his hand as if they were going to shake hands, and Roger firmly grabbed his wrist.

At first, Sam's reaction to Roger grabbing his wrist was to pull his hand back, but the sheer strength of Roger's grip quickly diminished those thoughts. Roger stepped close as he pulled Sam forward, almost into full-body contact with him. Leaning forward, he whispered into Sam's ear, "Open your palm, Sam; this is going to hurt a little bit." Chills raced through Sam's body as fear ran a sprint through every corner of his mind. Roger continued to squeeze his wrist as he reached down with his right hand and pulled an old combat buddy from his leg strap. Nine inches of platinum steel flashed in the light, causing every person in the room to gasp. In one swift move, before the gasping was over, Roger cut open Sam's right palm so quickly and professionally that Sam never knew Roger had cut him until Roger turned him loose. Just as quickly, Roger held his hand in the air, cutting the palm of his right hand. He reached out and grabbed Sam's bleeding hand, palm to palm.

'Holy shit!' Were the only words in Molly's mind, as she watched the blood dripping from their joined hands. Molly visually checked Sam's vitals. Color looked fair, he was breathing a little heavy, but that was to be expected. Sam's look appeared transfixed by the suddenness of the events. He was too afraid to move as they remained locked in a handshake of blood.

"Open the first box, Molly." A bit shaky, Molly handed Roger a Purple Heart with a slight tremble in her hand. Roger's demeanor changed the instant he touched the medal, and he began to speak in a sad, regrettable tone. "Sam, this was my first Purple Heart. Up to this moment, I have not seen or touched this medal in forty-five years. This is the only Purple Heart that was ever pinned on my uniform. In less than an hour after they pinned this on me, I was so ashamed and convicted in my conscience that I ripped it from my uniform. In that Purple Heart, Sam, are my first combat wounds; they were numerous and severe. I know in my heart that I was supposed to die that day, Sam, but for some reason I did not." Looking intently at the medal, Roger continued. "If we look deeper inside this medal, we find the lives of seven dead six men and one woman. I was a scared nineteen-year-old boy when I took their lives in a meaningless fight to the death.

"Please, listen to me, every soldier of war understands this reality: 'blood speaks beyond the grave.' In our palms are the blood of a United States government murderer and the blood of a redeemer. The needless death of those seven thanks you, Sam, for being brave enough to stand against what took their lives. Every one of them had a right to live their lives in peace with their families in their country. We were the invaders in their country. I murdered seven people in a needless war that has benefited no one to this very day.

The president gave me a medal for my wounds, while he ignored the atrocities of an illegitimate war. I present that medal to you, Sam, because you were fighting to keep people alive.” Releasing his grip, Roger pinned the medal on Sam’s shirt.

“The next one, Molly. They call this the DSC, Sam, the Distinguished Service Cross. It is the second-highest medal awarded, only one notch below the Medal of Honor. This was my first medal for an act of bravery, Sam. Again, I was only nineteen; I never allowed them to pin this one on me. The criteria to receive this medal calls for an act of extreme gallantry, and risk of life in actual combat against an armed enemy force, fighting against the United States. They gave me this because I ordered fire from heaven, Sam. As the enemy was about to overrun us, I ordered napalm bombs on my own men. That act of so-called extreme gallantry killed three of my best friends. Eight others, including myself, survived. Looking back as we ran for our lives, I watched in horror as hundreds of men were set on fire as they ran, then walked, before they fell, consumed by the flames of death. It was a sight and sound that no one should ever have to witness. I will never forget the smell of human flesh burning.”

As his voice began to tremble for the first time, Roger looked down at the floor, projecting the appearance of a little boy ashamed of his actions. Pausing, not lifting his head, he spoke in a small, meager voice as every ear strained to hear his words. “Under strict, covert orders, Sam, we blew the faces off of the three dead men we loved.” People were gasping; others sat breathlessly still, afraid they would miss a word.

“The government hides their sins under the term ‘missing in action.’ No one is ever missing in action; that is a lie. Someone always knows what happened. Pictures of those men by the enemy would have brought embarrassment to the United States government. It would have required an explanation to the world about why the United States government had forces in a country other than Vietnam.”

The haunting reality of Rogers’s horrible life experiences first overwhelmed Sam, then Molly, and spread throughout the entire bar. “We blew our friends’ faces off to cover for the United States government, Sam.” Completely broken in spirit and unable to look up, Roger, crying from deep within said, “And every day - I see them smiling at me - telling me it is okay.” The naked honesty of his heart, along with the tragedy of his life, filled the place with weeping and sorrow. In a strange but unique way, Roger imparted the real horrors of war to the people in a manner that few would ever have grasped.

After an extremely long pause, Roger spoke with a clear voice again as men and women continued weeping silently, wiping their eyes.

“Again, my friend, the dead cry out from the grave to my heart, telling me to ‘give the medal to the redeemer; he has fulfilled the true criteria to receive this medal.’ As an unarmed free man, you performed an act of extreme gallantry at the risk of your life. In peaceful combat, you stood against an armed enemy force, the United States government, who shot you with the intent to kill. My three friends and hundreds of men burned alive that day thank you for your brave resolve.” He pinned the medal on Sam. Looking at the people, he said, “Every man killed in that war deserved the right to live out his life in peace.”

Taking the last box from Molly, Roger held it to his chest in an endearing silence. The box was worn, a bit dirty from being handled, frayed around the edges, and the tape covering the box was yellow from age. “Please bear with me, Sam, my heart cannot find the words to express my true feelings.” The weight of Roger grappling for the right words hung in the room like a damp, cold blanket.

“I have never seen this medal, Sam. I taped this box shut in 1967, refusing to let them present it to me or open it in my presence. I do not understand why I taped it shut. Perhaps I thought it would keep the memories out of my mind. On many solitary nights, this box called to me, and we sat together in darkness, talking to one another. We have been drunk together more times than I can remember.” Pausing briefly, Roger said, “This one hurt the most, so I will let you decide what you wish to do with the contents.

“In my body are bits of shrapnel all down my right side. Shrapnel that I refused to allow the doctors to remove, and the only type of metal I ever will wear with honor. The shrapnel in my body is from my friend, Squirrel. He was standing next to me, hugging an orphan girl, when he blew up, covering me with shrapnel and his body parts. I killed a booby-trapped little boy point blank, as well as a woman and a man, that were both responsible for his death.” After another long pause, Roger strained to control his emotions as he said, loud and clear for everyone to hear, “My mistake that day was returning to see my friend, Squirrel. What I saw was not human; my friend had no face or chest, yet, somehow, he was still alive and he knew that I was there.”

Looking down as if Squirrel was lying on the floor, Roger spoke in an eerie, wailing, angry cry. “To this day, I still do not know how he spoke. There was no fucking face on the man, not a goddamned jawbone, no eyes, or nose. There wasn’t anything *human* left. When I heard him say to me, ‘Please, stay in touch with my family,’ the words coming from that body of destruction – knocked me down. I sat and wept openly next to my faceless friend, watching him die as I cleaned his body parts off me.”

By this point, Mable Watson was out of her seat, kneeling and praying as if she were in a church prayer meeting. There was not a dry eye in the place.

Roger continued to speak in spite of the prayers and crying. "At his request, I did stay in touch with his family, and when each letter arrived, I would take this box out of the trunk and read him the latest news from his family. The morning before his death, he spoke to me about how he begged God every day to let him make it out of that hell and safely home to his family. This man was killed expressing love to an orphan child. A man like that should have had the privilege of raising his own children. If there were ever a needless death, it would be my best friend, Squirrel. I lied to him often about his kids, the trouble they got into, and the problems his family had over the years. I know he hears me at this very moment, just as I heard him on that horrible day. It no longer matters that I kept the truth from him, Sam, because Marsha is with him now; she died three weeks ago.

"In my entire military career, I have never fought in a necessary war. It isn't God's plan to take the life of a man in an unjust war without a legitimate cause or purpose. No more than it would have been God's purpose to take your life the day they shot you, Sam. If the war had never been, my friend would not have been my friend; I would never have met him. How I wish that were so. He would have had the privilege of living his life and raising his children apart from the terror and constant fear that needlessly took his innocent life. The evil act perpetrated on Squirrel that day so affected my life it turned me into a raging terror on the battlefield. Vietnam became my personal get-even killing ground. I became a soulless man full of rage.

"Everyone, please, listen to me. Over fifty-eight thousand Americans lost their lives needlessly. We lost the war and ran like sissies. That's the truth! Please, listen; there is an even more profound fact about that war. Another sixty-eight thousand American soldier's committed suicide after that war. I promise you, Afghanistan and Iraq will surpass those numbers. What does that tell you about the horrors of war? Over three hundred thousand American soldiers were wounded or maimed, and the United States government killed a staggering 5.4 million people during the Vietnam War. FOR WHAT? WHAT would you do if the United States government killed everyone in New York City for nothing?

"In Washington, there is a reminder of the Vietnam War; it is four hundred ninety-four feet long, and contains the names of those whose lives the United States government needlessly cut short. Hanoi built a wall, similar in style, for their victims, and their wall is nearly a staggering two miles long. What a tragic loss of human life.

In a moment, I am going to tell everyone what the United States government is actually doing in the world, and why they believed Vietnam was worth killing over five million people.”

Sam looked at Roger and said, “I never understood what you meant when you called me your new best friend. I do now. Your gifts humble me, and I will leave Squirrel where he is, in this box, out of respect to your memories of him. It is a privilege for you to consider me your new best friend, Roger.” Standing at his best attention possible, Sam raised his dried, bloody hand. “I salute you, sir.” As they saluted and then hugged one another, the people stood and applauded. “Drinks are on the house,” Sam shouted. Turning back to Roger, Sam asked, “Did I understand you to say that you are going to explain your secrets to this public crowd?”

“Yes, I am, Sam. I am going to give them the facts like they have never heard them in their lives, but I have no intention of revealing all of my secrets or any of my sources. Molly knows this; didn’t she tell you?”

Standing on the box, listening to their conversation, Molly smiled at Sam and winked at them both, and she turned on the microphone. “Wasn’t that amazing? Roger will be back to speak about the hidden secrets of the United States government in about fifteen minutes. Eat, drink, and take a potty break.”

Roger walked to the bar, took a bottle of Black Jack, and disappeared into Sam’s office. Bouncing off the box, Molly was all smiles as she asked, “So, what will it be, Professor my body or my brains?”

“Molly, you blew me away. Let’s go bandage this; I have a lot of questions for you.” Walking past the group’s table, they stopped to greet everyone. The entire group praised Molly’s capabilities, and remarked how fascinating the news group results were.

“Hey, you,” Molly said, looking at Sam, “let’s go fix that hand before Roger comes back and cuts the other one.”

Molly began bandaging the hand, as Sam turned into Inspector Columbo. “Since these people have never been in the bar, where did they come from?”

Smiling at him, Molly said, “It would be better if I showed you.” Taking a map from her locker, she laid it on the table. There was a red dot where Woodstock69 was located with ten colored circles, one inch in circumference. “Since the day I started working, I have asked each customer what part of town they live in, and here are the results. All of those tiny dots are your customers’ neighborhoods. Beyond the last large circle is the land of the unknown. They either do not know about this place or consider it too far to travel. I went one mile into the unknown, and collected all of these people to participate in our news group test.

The college crowd came from every college past that line. The middle-aged professional group came from several corporations and the older group came from retirement centers or luxury condominiums.”

Sam listened in amazement at how the impish little girl was on her game. “How did you convince people so quickly to give you access into corporations, universities, and retirement centers?”

“Sam, please, have you forgotten again how stunning this body is by candlelight?” she asked, smiling as she finished bandaging his hand. “My, what big thick fingers you have,” she said, teasing him as she finished bandaging the hand. “Okay, mister, it’s back to business. I will bet you there are ninety new customers out there that will come back again. I also bet by word of mouth that their friends will show up in the cash register, big time.”

“Okay, now tell me how you convinced the group to help you.”

“HELLO, again, Sam. What part of me do you think they could resist?” She placed her hands on her crotch. “They saw the goods at the karate center. With one of these, I can have as many of those as I want,” she added as she squeezed his crotch. “Isn’t that what you told the Muslim women?”

Laughing with her, Sam said, “You realize, they all told me I would be crazy if I do not make you a full business partner.”

“The only way I will become a full business partner with you, Sam, is when we perform the last two numbers in Woodstock69.” She winked at him. “Oh my, look at the time. We have to go. You know Roger; when he says fifteen-minutes, he means on the dot.”

Leaving the room, Sam asked, “One last question. You did all of this for only a grand?”

Walking in front of Sam to keep him from seeing her smile, Molly replied, “Why, Sam, you know a woman can stretch a buck better than a man, anytime.” As they walked together, she smiled to herself, thinking, ‘Your grand and Scott’s ten-grand ass whipping will do the job every time.’

Passing Scott, she leaned over to whisper in his ear, “I want you to introduce me to your wife.” Scott nodded without speaking. Molly knew she had cured Scott of his sadistic cravings for domination. He would not soon forget her wild eyes as she kept calling him Karl and took Scott to the edge of death three times. When he finally gave up, believing he was going to die, Molly brutally fucked him, cut him loose, and left him naked on the floor of an abandoned warehouse.

Exactly fifteen minutes later, Roger stepped from Sam’s office dressed in black with a headband on his head. Stopping at the table, he poured a drink for the general and said, “General, my entire life has led me to this very moment; thanks for being here.

I understand now that everything was for a reason, and my real reason for going to war is just beginning.” As he walked toward the box, conversations in the room began to diminish. Standing on top, he was dressed in the black clothing he wore in Cambodia and Laos. Molly and Sam sat together near the box.

Observing the crowd, he waited for the last few people heading to their seats before speaking. “Molly informed me earlier today you news junkies are beginning to understand how the manipulative media distorts the facts. Tonight, I would like to share with you the facts, and only the facts, about the largest intentional distorter of the facts in the world. Please, focus with me; I am going to ask you to come up to another level in your thinking. I will attempt to peel back another layer of blindness that you may be unaware exists in your lives. Yes, we live in a media-rich world where there is news bias, but there is a whole lot more that you do not see. I intend to prove to you that all major news media outlets are little more than personal puppets of the United States government, and you will have to think logically.

“Since 1946, the United States government has employed some of the brightest minds in the nation and used them in the capacity as professional government think tanks. How would you like that job? Imagine the government paying you to sit around and think all day with a group of people. My question has always been this: how would they know you were thinking? That sounds like an easy paycheck to me,” he said, to the laughter of the crowd.

“Let me explain to you how a government think tank works. The government submits to the think tank a problem they need to solve. These are not math or science problems; they are world problems. They are political science, military war scenarios, or a rapidly developing situation in the world that needs an immediate response. The think tank participants review the problems or questions from every possible angle of human reasoning, thought, and logic. Like gypsies using crystal balls or palm-reading fortunetellers, they peer into the future, offering ramifications or scenarios that could occur from a resulting decision made in the here and now. I know this may be a lot to grasp, but I think it will begin to make sense as we continue. One of the original think tanks in 1946 received this question from the government: ‘How can the United States government control the national media?’

“After several weeks, the government received the first answer from the think tank. First, the minds pointed out a flaw in the question and answered it at the same time.”

Pausing, Roger asked, “Would any of you like to take a shot at answering the question of how the United States government can control the national media?”

With no response, Roger continued. “They responded with this answer to that question from your government, and I quote, ‘There cannot be control of the media without the ability to manipulate the media. Therefore, we recommend that the question be rephrased, asking instead, ‘How can the United States government manipulate the media?’ and resubmit the question. Do you hear their answer?” He said, raising his voice. “YOU must manipulate the media if you wish to control what it SAYS!”

A man in the FOX section jumped to his feet and shouted at Roger, “This is bullshit; the government cannot stop free speech, the television media, or the free press.”

Before the word media had left the man’s mouth, Roger was standing in front of his face. “Your words say that I am a liar. Are you sure you want to call me a liar, sir?”

“I wasn’t calling you ...”

“Yes, you were doing exactly that. How many hours a week do you watch the news?”

Nervously, the man replied, “Between two and six hours a day.”

Placing his hand on the man’s shoulder, Roger asked, “Then would you give me just fifteen minutes to prove to you that I am not a liar?”

“Yes, sir, I will. I never meant to call you a liar.”

“Yes, you did. Otherwise, you would have listened and considered my words before you spoke.” On his way back to the box, Roger hit the gong and said, “That gong is for you. Please send the gentleman a drink,” and everyone had a good laugh.

“When the think tank came back with their first recommendation in 1946, included in their report was the understanding of how they were able to answer the question. They explained that the only way they could answer the question and solve the problem was to think of the American people as sheep. Did you hear what I said? In other words, the think tank needed to view you as timid sheep. Viewing you as dumbass sheep enabled them to understand how they could lead you and feed you what they want you to know. After all, they concluded, the only reason for manipulating the press would be to lead the dumbass sheep to believe what they heard in the media. Now we come to the heart of the matter. How was the United States government going to accomplish media manipulation?”

“I think you can best answer this with a series of questions. How many news stories do you hear or read that contain information from an ‘undisclosed source speaking on the condition of anonymity?’ I would estimate, and I think most of you will agree, there is not a major governmental story that does not mention their ‘information comes from undisclosed sources.’ Be honest. How many of you, by a show of hands, trust the undisclosed sources as credible?” Every hand in the news sections went up. “Do you want to know why you trust them? It is because you feel someone in Washington is snitching on the government, giving you the inside scoop, so they must be credible, right?”

“Then here is the important question you must answer. How difficult do you think it would be for the United States government to create its own ‘undisclosed sources,’ using government agents speaking to the media on the ‘condition of anonymity?’” Watching their puzzled faces, Roger was pleased to see their minds at work.

“The think tank concluded that the door is wide open for the United States government to manipulate the media, spinning stories or issues the way they desire in order to influence the dumbass sheep. Using government agents posing as ‘undisclosed sources,’ speaking on the ‘condition of anonymity,’ if you know what I mean.” Looking at the man from FOX, Roger said, “Do you think I am a liar now? I’m not finished.

“Do you realize how ironclad they thought this through? The United States government uses a news reporter’s ego against them. We all know that reporters refuse to reveal their sources, and occasionally they go to jail to protect those sources. The government uses the reporter’s own ego and the Constitution against you to hide its agents. Do you understand what I just said? Government operatives love the fact that the Constitution protects the reporter, as well as the valor of news journalists who are willing to go to jail rather than reveal their sources. The instant a judge detains a reporter; the United States government goes to work behind the scenes to ensure a favorable federal judge will rule on behalf of the reporter’s right not to reveal his secret source. While you think the system works to provide free speech and freedom of the press, the United States government wants to make sure that no one gets to look behind the veil at the wizzard who is manipulating everything. If you are tracking with me, raise your hand. Good, let’s continue.

“Ask yourself another simple question. How is it possible that so many leaks and undisclosed sources are always available to the media in Washington?”

If Washington were full of that many loose-lipped-leaks, then would somebody in this room please explain to me how Washington functions? Are there truly that many traitors in every branch of the government waiting to speak as a confidential informant? Of course not. Trust me, Washington is much more secure than all of those ‘supposed’ undisclosed sources. With the electronic surveillance the government has in their work places today, do you really think someone working in the government is waiting to snitch for no money? Why if there really are so many snitches passing along inside information has your government not been able to stop or CATCH one single snitch? Wake up, sheep. Listen to me; this is the inner working of the United States government that wants to keep you informed with an inside scoop from their own reliable agents. That was the final recommendation of the think tank on how to manipulate the media and lead the sheep to believe what you want them to believe. I personally read the report.

“If the media would stop using undisclosed sources and start exposing them, the American people would revolt in a single day. Government think tanks outsmarted you and the media a long time ago, way back in 1946. What I have shared with you are the facts. I have held personal discussions with any number of military think tanks. They operate on every level and branch of the federal government, developing everything from war strategies, media manipulation, economic spin, even how to quell a rebellion by you. Many CIA and NSA agents live their entire lives as news informants on behalf of the United States government’s deceptions.

“Do you understand what I said? The government gives the snitch a job in the government, so the agent can snitch on the government to the media with the information they want the media to know. That way, the stupid news reporter thinks he has a real inside source. If you do not understand this principle, then, please, report to the nearest flock of sheep heading for the slaughterhouse. Please, wave your hand if you understood how the government manipulates the media.” Everyone waved, and Roger smiled, saying, “Good, I see there are no lamb chops here.

“As Americans, you think we are a country of peace seekers installing democracy around the world, don’t you?” The majority nodded in agreement. “See what I mean, using media agents and embellished spin from government politicians, they successfully taught you, as sheep, to think their causes in the world are just.”

Picking up his sword, Roger drew it from the sheath. “The facts are this country takes peace from the earth more than any other country has in the history of the world. From the start of the Civil War to this present day, in the last 152 years we have had only 35 five years without war.

Stop and think about those numbers, for god's sake. What a staggering fact. I assure you, the United States government did not slumber during the other thirty-five years. They were busy with covert operations and undermining other world governments wherever they had a future interest.

“Country of peace?” he shouted, questioning the people. “You need to wake up and honestly answer the questions, sheep, before they lead you to slaughter. Why has your peaceful government engaged in one war after another since 1861?”

“After the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor, the United States government developed preparation war strategies. The think tank, boys and girls, went to work creating every possible scenario for attack and war with any country in the world. No longer would the country vacillate about what to do if attacked by any nation. We devised workable war plans against every country in the world.

“Included in the plans was the necessity for the strategic placement of American forces all over the world. Today, there are over one-thousand United States military installations in foreign countries all over the world.

“Did you hear me?” he asked, looking at their stunned faces. “That’s right; I said there are over one thousand military bases outside of the United States. Now ask yourself, why do we have them? No other nation in history has ever done this before. The American forces overseas are half a million strong, and we have military bases, in over one hundred thirty-five countries. Why are we there? There are another six thousand military facilities within the United States, ranging from active units, bomb storage, and interrogation centers. Why does your government need that many military facilities in this country? I thought this used to be your country. The navy has fifteen flotilla bases, including several nuclear submarine bases that are on the move all the time, locked and loaded for any attack. These are the facts, people, wake up and ask yourself why do we need this much power. What are we afraid of?”

“I personally know of one hundred thirty-seven hidden bases, no one knows they are there, and I suspect there are five hundred or more secret bases throughout the world. How can you hide a military base, you ask? Simple, it looks like any other building or buildings in a city. These secret bases are the stealth bombers of intelligence. Staffed with operatives of around one thousand, they live in your home state or a foreign country as citizens in the community. You are under surveillance more than you can ever imagine, thanks to George Hitler Bush. Wake up, little sheep. The think tanks are still thinking while you sleep.

“Here is a fact that should keep you up tonight, thinking. The United States government has done all of this in light of the facts; since the bombing of Pearl Harbor, this country has not suffered another attack. If another country has not attacked America since Pearl Harbor, then what in the hell are they trying to accomplish? I do not know about you, but I am quite sure we could balance the budget for the next hundred years if we shut this silly bullshit down and brought our men and women in uniform home, where they should be, with their families.”

The place erupted with shouts of anger and disbelief. “I see you sheep are not sleeping tonight,” Roger shouted at them in laughter. “It’s about time. Wait, there is a bit more.

“In the late 50s, they sold us the bullshit reason for entering Vietnam was to stop the spread of communism. Let me briefly explain how they sold that concept to the American public. McCarthyism was the first think tank project developed for the United States government’s long-range, worldwide military plans. Vietnam was high on our military list of countries to place a strategic military base. McCarthyism embraced the extremism of creating the fear of communism in the sheep. In order to create the fear, the think tank recommended a swirl of media and a believable atmosphere that communism was infiltrating America. Sell that to the sheep, and you can enter Vietnam based on stopping communism. The 50s lit up with fear and accusations when CIA government operative Senator Joseph McCarthy, claimed, there were two hundred and five known communists that had already infiltrated our government. Using that fear and media hype on the sheep opened the door for our military action in Vietnam. They have been fucking over the dumb sheep for decades. I am going to ask you some questions you cannot ignore. Why did the United States government and Russia negotiate to divide Germany in half at the end of the war? Why were we trying to split Vietnam in half? Why did we enter South Korea right after the Russians entered the north? Why is there still a North and South Korea? You mean to tell me that in sixty plus years we cannot get out of that country? Can’t those people defend themselves?

“Today, Vietnam is a thriving country. What happened? Can anyone in this room tell me, and the five million dead people, where the evil communists are hiding? Wait, I think I know where they are ... they are hiding in the same place where Bush’s weapons of mass destruction were found. Yes, they are still doing it to you. They used your fear of terrorism to invade a country without just cause for the first time in history. This war-mongering whore is bloodthirsty and will take peace from the earth at any cost of human life.

“Tell me, or any other soldier that fought in Vietnam, one benefit they or their family derived from that war. Some of the veterans of that war are still so brainwashed many of them think they did something right. Tell me one benefit this nation derived while it murdered five million people as the United States government tried to set up military bases like the ones we have in Korea, Japan, Germany, Italy, and Spain.”

With a loud, commanding voice, Roger shouted, “I ask you, as an American soldier, a man of many wars, after one hundred fifty-two years of war and strife, don’t you think it is time, finally, for this country to embrace real peace?”

The crowd jumped to its feet, shouting, “Yes,” and several were saying, “I never knew this; why didn’t I see this?”

Roger, calling to them, said, “Please, let me finish; there is a bit more you need to understand.

“While we crave real peace, I assure you the monster that calls itself your United States government will not forfeit power to you, the people. They will kill you. This is my opinion. I do not expect you to believe me. Based on the documents that I have seen, America and the think tank minds, at this point, intend to conquer the world. The world should be gravely concerned about the intentions of the United States government. Every nation where we have a military force should kick us out to avoid worldwide disaster.”

Smiling, he took a long drink from the bottle of Black Jack and continued. “I stand before you dressed in United States Army issued clothing. As you can see, I look like any other Viet Cong during the Vietnam War. My unit was an undocumented, special operations unit that was part of the US Army Special Forces. We were one of the CIA’s many assassination squads. Except for my hospital stays, I was behind enemy lines in Cambodia or Laos. During that time, units like mine were responsible for the execution and murder of over seven thousand people in Cambodia and Laos. The United States government said these people were either helping North Vietnam or sympathetic to their cause. We assassinated village leaders, and government officials as part of a CIA operation code named ‘Cherry.’ An extremely limited part of the information is public today under the Freedom of Information Act.

“The CIA also undermined the Cambodian government in another operation called ‘Black Terror.’ Black Terror destroyed villages, people, or anything they wanted to destroy. Their purpose was to undermine the ruling Cambodian government by creating unrest in the population. In turn, they blamed the attacks on the Cambodian regular army, and the plan worked.

It resulted in the overthrow of the government. By covert standards, it was a CIA backslapping success. Operation 'Cherry' assassinated over eighteen hundred people a month, for a grand total of around twenty-nine thousand murders, while cluster and napalm bombs burned over seven hundred fifty thousand Cambodians alive. The murder of twenty-nine thousand is a CIA lie. Having been there, I estimate the number to be closer to the two hundred thousand level in Cambodia and Laos.

"Why am I telling you this? You need to know what your government, the biggest distorter of the facts in the world, really looks like. If they have agents as undisclosed news sources to distort the media, it should be no surprise to you that they could easily distort the facts of war, especially the war on terror. God, I wish I had the liberty to tell you the truth behind Bin Laden. I can tell you this much, or at least make you think by questioning you. Do you really think we did not know where he was? All this bullshit of blaming it on Pakistan is a cover. We knew where he was from the first time his man dropped off the first tape to Al Jazeera television.

"In closing, this may keep you awake tonight. Nothing like sheep - counting sheep - to sleep. Try saying that fast three times," he said, laughing. "The think tank kids came up with a new set of war scenarios in the late eighties and early nineties. I read the first plans while I was on active duty during Desert Storm. The brainchildren developed new military plans that included the use of limited, tactical nuclear force against every nation, even our allies. Do you understand the seriousness of what I just said? We have full nuclear plans on how to strike any country; Germany, France, even England, in the event we need to do so. I ask you, where does it stop?

"I would like to leave you with my best friend's comment. I had the privilege of meeting him many times on the battlefields of the world. A wise general, by the name of George Washington, said,

'My first wish is to see this plague of mankind, war, banished from the earth.'"

Picking up the sword, Roger sliced the air several times, bringing silence to the room. Stopping he stood at attention and said in a commanding, loud voice. "It is the one we think is the peacemaker that comes to take peace from the earth with a sword. He has his armies all over the world. The false peacemaker undermines the governments of the world, killing and causing people to kill one another."

Sam sat speechless in his chair.

Picking up the bottle of Black Jack, and looking in the direction of the table, Roger concluded, "Thank you, General," as he guzzled the bottle.

Unable to comprehend his remarks about the general, the crowd rose and applauded, as he made his way toward the group's table.

Before he arrived, a man walked up behind Roger, stuck a finger in his back, and said, "I see you received the documents I sent you in Desert Storm, Colonel."

Without turning around, Roger replied, "General Brad Breckenridge, I always thought it was you." Turning around, they shook hands and hugged one another as old combat buddies.

Sam and Molly were talking a mile a minute, gesturing with their hands as they exited the bar for a private discussion on the second horseman of war. The group stood and shook hands with Roger and General Breckenridge as Roger introduced him to everyone.

Steve was the first to comment. "That was revealing, to say the least."

Jerry followed with, "Are you concerned that some of this will get out and cause you a problem?"

"I never told them the half of it. They would shit if they knew over one thousand special ops in every state since 9/11 have been collecting data on each of them. The world and the American people are clueless about what this government really intends to do with America's biggest puppet, Israel. Let me say this, and I will tell you the rest in a more secure location. Hypothetically speaking, what if the United States government knew about the impending attacks on 9/11 and let them happen, anyhow?"

General Breckenridge interrupted. "Roger, I think you need a better place than a bar to discuss those issues."

"Just a minute," Scott said. "Are you implying the government knew attacks were going to happen and did not stop them?"

"I'm sorry, Congressman. We are not implying anything here, are we, Roger?" General Breckenridge quickly responded.

"Nope. Not at this time. But see me later, Scott. And I will blow your political mind," Roger said, smiling from way too much Black Jack. "We are moving from the manipulation of terrorism to manipulation of the people."

"Roger, I think we should take this private," interjected Breckenridge.

"You're right again, General," he said as they walked away from the group.

Looking back at the group, Roger said, "I'm drained for tonight, fellows. I think I will take the general home to see what the night brings." They all stood and hugged one another as Roger went toward the back door rather than walk through the crowd of people waiting to speak with him. "General Breckenridge, let's meet tomorrow morning for coffee."

“Thanks, Roger. I am glad you clarified that it was not this general you were taking home tonight,” he said, smiling. “I assume you are still traveling with General Washington?”

“Yes, sir, I am.”

‘What a night,’ Jerry sat thinking after Roger had finished speaking. ‘Who knew Roger’s life was going in that direction in the 60s? Certainly not me, and I am sure Roger would not have believed it himself. The last few weeks, helping Molly in preparation with the news groups, has been a lot of fun. Where is that little ball of energy?’

Looking across the room, Jerry saw Molly and Sam talking. Giving Sam a hug and a peck on his cheek, Molly began to speak with the news crowd about their bus ride home. Admiring Molly’s body from a distance, Jerry noticed a small man walk up and engage her in conversation. For some reason, the man looked a bit familiar. Unable to place the face from his vantage point, Jerry got up to get a closer look. Making his way through the crowd of people, Jerry was about ten feet away when he read the man’s nametag, Fred Diaz.

Bewildered by the events at the bar, Sam sat in his office enjoying a last cup of coffee, as he tallied the night’s take. ‘It seems every time that group gets together, anything and everything can and does happen,’ he thought, pressing the total button. ‘Well, Molly outdid herself; the total numbers are five times that of a normal Thursday night. Maybe Jerry is right about taking her on as a business partner.’

Telling Sonny to lock up, Sam waved to Molly, giving her a thumbs up sign and a big smile as he left through the back door. Getting into his car, Sam was angry and despondent because of the revelation of the red horse. The drive home was one of misery loves company, as he regretfully questioned himself, ‘Why have I bothered to search the mystery of the 4Horsemen my entire life?’

Walking into his study, Sam stepped over several stacks of books and sat behind his desk with his feet propped up. In a state of semi-anger, he sat quietly, clenching his jaw, staring meticulously at the first two horsemen for over ten minutes. Finally, speaking in a loud, angry voice he said, “Wasted! That’s what I did! I wasted thirty-plus years of my life, searching for an answer to your mysteries. And what did you do? In less than one month, two people in the bar have revealed both of you to me, as if I am some kind of buffoon.”

A loud voice growled back. “Are you happy to find out, Sam, or is this all about your bruised ego?”

Jumping from his chair, stumbling over some books, he gasped, “Jeez, Molly! You nearly gave me a heart attack. I thought the damn thing was talking back.”

Laughing from the doorway where she had cupped her hands as a megaphone in response to Sam’s personal pity party, Molly said, “Well, if the poster had answered you back, I am sure it would have said pretty much the same thing.”

“Lighten up, missy. I have a right to be disappointed after putting so much of my life into solving this mystery. In my wildest imagination, I would never have expected everything that happened in the bar tonight. Just a few hours ago, I was home minding my own business, studying Lincoln, still trying to digest the first horseman from last month, and WHAM, here comes the red horse of war. Here you go, Sammy boy! Mystery number two solved.

Not only did I hear a clear and precise revelation on the red horse, but also, evidently, someone, somewhere, thinks I needed a full-blown living demonstration from a man with a sword in his hand. Special delivery for Professor Walker. Here is your red horse, served on a silver platter, with a side order of ignorance.”

Pounding on his forehead, Sam would not stop. “Hello, stupid! Knock knock, is there anyone home?” He made fun of himself for feeling ignorant. “If you still don’t get it, then wait! I will deliver it to you by a military genius with access to top-secret documents. There, now do you get it? See how easy it was to figure this mystery out, Sam?” Looking at Molly, he angrily said, “I invested thirty-plus years of my life ... for what ... to feel like an idiot?” He turned, striking the poster with his bandaged hand, which began to bleed again.

“Now look what you’ve done; your hand is bleeding, and you splattered blood on the poster.”

“Good, that’s all I have left. It sucked the rest of my blood out, a little at a time, over the last thirty years.”

“Sit down and let me fix that,” Molly said. “Don’t you think you are being a wee bit over the top about this, Sam?” She retied the bandage.

“Molly, when Roger stood there with that sword in his hand, saying ‘the one we think is a peacemaker is actually taking peace from the earth,’ once again I found myself speechless. What is it about not being able to speak every time I am around that group?” he said with a pensive smile. “Talk about something being right in front of my face for my entire life. I never once suspected the United States government would be a part of the mystery of the 4Horsemen. When in reality, they should have been at the top of my list because it was the fucking peacemaker who shot me at Kent State!” Sam shouted. “You have to know how disappointed I am at not being able to figure out the first or the second horseman.”

“Stop it, Sam. Your ego and the little booboo on your hand will both heal. I know, without a doubt, that you have not wasted a single moment in your study of the 4Horsemen. Take a step back for a moment. Have you forgotten that we are the only ones who know that Lincoln and the red horseman fit the mystery exactly? The fellows in the group think Lincoln stole the deed of ownership from ‘we the people.’ Neither Roger nor anyone else in the group is at home discussing the conquering horse or the red horse of war. Everyone thinks Roger has reliable, usable insight if they decide to develop a plan of action. Sam, we don’t have the whole thing figured out, and you know me, I don’t understand how or when the red horseman’s seal was opened. So you got some ‘SPLAIN’N’ to do, Lucy,” Molly said, laughing.

“By the way, don’t you think Roger’s presentation was stunning tonight, Sam?” Molly asked.

“I’ll say this much: I don’t care if the man has an entire regiment of imaginary generals following him around or the eyes of the devil himself. The man is a military genius with a wealth of insight into the plotting schemes behind the United States government.”

“That is not what I meant, Sam. I meant stunning, as in hot looking in his uniform,” Molly giggled.

“Girl, what am I going to do with you? Put your panties back on,” Sam said, smiling at her.

“Now, that’s the Sam I know.”

“One thing is for sure; Roger made it exceptionally clear that the red horse of war is alive and working diligently all over the world. In a short period of time, the damn thing has established over a thousand military bases covering the globe, with another six thousand in our own country. I don’t know about you, but when I heard those numbers, they were mind blowing. I cannot imagine sitting down and developing such a massive strategy for covering the globe with strategic military forces. To accomplish that, Molly, the problems are almost insurmountable, based on cultures and the diverse government structures there are in the world today. I don’t fully understand how the United States government pulled it off. This type of planning has to be extremely high level, with a network of the most sophisticated minds in the world. The negotiating to accomplish such a monumental task would have to be secretive, and at the highest unknown levels in Washington. I think it was high political manipulation in every country and lots of hard cash paid to corrupt leaders. Look how many billions we have pumped into corrupt Pakistan for the right; to fly a drone. Roger is right this is cause for grave concern.”

Looking at the poster, Sam questioned, “What in the hell does Washington have to do with the 4Horsemen?”

“It seems at this point, Sam, Washington is the home for at least two of them,” Molly said.

“I am angry at my own stupidity, Molly, more than the way the horsemen have been revealed,” Sam said in an apologetic tone.

“It sure doesn’t sound like that from where I sit,” Molly answered.

Having vented his anger, Sam spoke calmly. “I always thought the mystery of the 4Horsemen would be solved with a ‘natural, understandable answer,’ in the same manner my other essays solved religious mysteries.”

“What do you mean, Sam?”

“Well, think about my last two essays. I destroyed mystical Judaism and Israel to the world by proving they are nothing more than a bunch of gentiles practicing an old religion in the Bible. Up to that point, they had fooled the entire world into thinking they were the real Jews in the Bible. I destroyed their mystery by using their own ‘natural understanding’ of biblical Abraham. I also destroyed the mysticism of Islam, with all its mystical, religious virgins, by exposing it as a foaming, fraudulent lie based on pure plagiarism. Every study that I have done throughout my career, I’ve successfully destroyed religious mysteries and false doctrines with the use of ‘natural facts.’ My reason for doing this in my last essays was to show the world and the UN they made a huge mistake in 1948 when they granted gentile Zionists land that belonged to someone else.

“Which leads me to my present concerns and why I’m angry at myself. You see, this time the damn formula has completely reversed itself. Instead of me disproving a mystery with the use of natural facts – natural facts were used to reveal the mysteries of the first two horsemen to me.”

“Oh my god, Sam. Now I understand why you were upset,” Molly said.

“Do you? Because there is still a huge mystery here, Molly. If I am fair, I must apply my own rules to myself,” he said, smiling.

“Okay, now you have lost me.”

“Using my own rules, the art of deductive reasoning, where the simple, natural facts, like proving Abraham was a gentile, will lead you to the truth. I find myself trapped like a rat by my own study methods,” Sam said, mocking his study methods.

“What are you saying, Sam?”

“You see, Molly, if I disprove a spiritual mystery with natural facts, then it was not actually a spiritual mystery. Now I have a mystery proving itself to me with natural facts. For the first time in my life, I must admit, we are dealing with a very real, supernatural, spiritual meaning behind the 4Horsemen of the apocalypse. Something I never considered. I spent thirty years running down a blind alley, trying to disprove the mystery with natural facts. Now, I find that natural facts are proving the mystery is real.”

Looking at the poster, Sam said, “I don’t believe a human mind could have ever solved the mystery of the 4Horsemen. In its own sweet time, the mystery decided to reveal itself to me through extraneous sources. You were right; the group does not understand what they are uncovering, and I am sure it will be some time before we completely understand what we are supposed to know.”

Flustered, Molly quipped, “You do this to me every time, Sam.

You explained the crown on the rider, and now you see the mystery in a way I would have never thought to look at it, Sam. I told you, I know in my heart that you, Sam Walker, are a crucial key to solving this whole thing. Are you saying this is a supernatural power, Sam, like in demons and angels stuff?"

"Presently, all I understand is that the revelation and manifestation of the first horseman worked through Lincoln, as he turned this country back into a government controlling the people. Since then, the second horseman of war has grown by leaps and bounds, working through the United States government. Only a supernatural mind or power would be capable of developing that many military bases in the world.

"I don't think we are discovering something the world has never seen before, nor have we discovered a new form of evil in government. I think what we are doing is beginning to understand how these powers, or spirits, collectively affect the world at large as they work through governments. This time, Molly, I have a gut feeling this thing has a plan so powerful that people all over the world will shit themselves in fear when they encounter the real wrath behind this hidden monster. I have no other name than 'monster' for something with a thousand worldwide military bases.

"Another difference I see between this monster and others who attempted to conquer the world in history, is this one is smarter. It established an operating base within a world-superpower, and I think it is prepared to fight hard to ensure that its plan is perfected into the world. This thing, whatever it is, seems to be alive and is a master at manipulating world events. My bet, it is a power in its own right, whatever that right might be; I have not figured it out yet. The United States government is only the puppet shell that it works through.

"In answer to your question about the opening of the seal, the conquering power that seized Lincoln opened the second seal when Lincoln declared war against his own people. How ironic, the first job of the red horse of war was to take peace from a nation of people seeking to live peaceful lives."

"You talk like it is a living, breathing thing, Sam, and that's a bit freaky. Again, I ask you, are we dealing with supernatural spirits?" Molly asked.

"I am quite sure it is a real, supernatural entity, Molly. What I can't seem to figure out," Sam said, looking at the poster, "is where the power, or entity, originates from."

"I am not sure I'm following you again, Sam."

"We read the passages, and they indicate the Lamb, who is God, opened the seals. However, when we look at the powers given to the riders, they are all evil and destructive in purpose. I don't understand why God would be opening evil on the earth."

“There you go again, Sam. Do you hear yourself, talking like this thing is alive and getting smarter,” Molly asked with a puzzled look on her face.

“I do not think it is getting smarter, Molly. I think it is so intelligent it has been waiting for man, and time to catch up to its master plan.”

“Sam, you are giving me goose bumps,” Molly screeched.

“YOU have goose bumps?” Sam replied. “Hell, I have them all over my body as I speak, and there is nothing weirder than giving them to yourself. I think it is time for a large glass of scotch. How about you?” Sam asked with a nervous laugh.

“Pour yourself a tall one, and hand me the whole damn bottle,” Molly said with a small frown. “This is no time for sipping scotch.” After several hits from the bottle, Molly looked at Sam admiringly and said, “You are pretty amazing. You figure this stuff out and make sense of something that no one else could.”

“You want amazing?” Sam replied. “Your efforts tonight took in over five times our normal take, and I thought your news study was every bit that much hotter than Roger was in his uniform,” he said with a smile. “What I need to know is how much were your expenses?”

Reaching in her top, Molly took out a wad of folded bills and counted out Sam’s original investment of one thousand dollars. “I didn’t need it, Sam.”

“Come on, be fair, Molly, the buses had to cost you that much alone.”

“Nope, a company that wanted a copy of the results donated them. Let me ask you, does this mean you are thinking of making me your partner? Because if you are, you know my terms, Sammy boy,” she said, laughing. “I have to tell you that when you called yourself Sammy boy, I wanted to burst out laughing, but you were so frickin’ angry that I forced myself not to laugh.”

“Why would you want to laugh?”

“I felt that thing, and it is anything but a Sammy boy,” she said, as they laughed together loudly.

After their shared laugh, Sam said, “I’m done for the day. How about you?”

“I am, too, but I have to go home tonight because my son has a big game tomorrow.”

“So much for consummating a partnership tonight,” Sam said with a smile.

“That’s not fair; besides, I have to write the agreement down of what we must do to each other before we consummate the deal.”

“Write it down?”

“Yes, everything must be done legally; you’ll understand when you read it. Speaking of which, Larry and Steve had an interesting conversation about some legal documents after you left tonight.

If I remember correctly, Larry said some pretty wild stuff about how God knew what Lincoln would do, and Steve was going off about the justice system, as well. Is that really possible, Sam, that God, or whoever is out there in charge, actually knew that Lincoln would declare war on the people? Do you understand what Larry meant?"

Pausing, Sam said, "That is what I was studying before I went to the bar. After I began to think about the potholes, Molly, it all started to make sense."

"Potholes, Sam? Here we go again; I ask about Lincoln, and you talk about potholes."

"Trust me. I understand exactly how you feel, Molly. The first time Larry spoke about potholes, it hit me the same way. After spending most of yesterday digesting his thoughts and studying, I've concluded he is onto something. That must be what you overheard. I bet he is rattling Steve's brain, as well," he said.

"You heard Steve. He studied the nation's history and the founding fathers. I was surprised to hear an agnostic like Steve say that for the first time in world history, a new nation was birthed into the world as a divine act. Think about it; Larry said God foreknew, and Steve recognized it all by himself.

"Let's say for argument's sake that it is true; the country began by an act of divine providence. If we accept that premise, then we have to accept Larry's statement about Lincoln, as well. Now I understand what he meant when he said nothing takes his God by surprise. I studied that premise all day, and admittedly, it makes sense. I could not find a single religion that said their God was ignorant. Every religion believes their God, or a higher power, knows everything from start to finish. Think about what Larry is saying, who wants a God that is ignorant of the unknown or the future? If we accept that people want an all-knowing God, it means God had to foreknow the conquering spirit would seduce Lincoln.

"This conquering, wise spirit with eternal time seduced Lincoln into thinking he was doing good. Evil can appear to look good in the beginning ask Eve after what happened to her in the Garden of Eden. Molly, I think this conquering, seducing spirit has manifested its will on paper, in the laws, and through the lives of government politicians.

"Now, listen to Larry's comment he made to me at the last meeting, 'We cannot fix the potholes if we do not know where they are.'"

"Okay, now you had better start talking straight with me."

"The entire premise fits like a glove, Molly. I have completely underestimated their abilities."

"I may not be as smart as everyone else, but I do know what a pothole is until you use it in a sentence with Lincoln."

“Molly, this entire matter is about time. Everyone understands that, in time, a road wears out and potholes develop. We cannot fix the potholes if we do not know where they are. It took time for the nation to develop potholes. As far as understanding goes, it does not come easier or more natural than understanding a pothole,” Sam exclaimed. “So it makes sense that in time we would be able to see the potholes in the original government structure of the founding fathers. I believe we are going to have a chance to fix the potholes in this nation. But I am also positive, they are not going to like how we do it.

“Steve was right, the founding fathers made mistakes. They could not have seen our day, just as we cannot tell what will be three hundred years from now. We are at a place in time and history where we can understand what was wrong when they laid the original asphalt foundation for the nation. It is almost mind blowing, Molly; the potholes are everything the group at the bar has been talking about. Including electronic big-money elections, bipartisan party line throat cutting politics, corrupt news media, national forced morality, broken court systems, injustice, too large a military, unbalanced budgets, and the list goes on. All of those issues are the potholes, Molly. We can see them because time has passed, making the potholes in the original foundational documents obvious. Unlike our own lives, where we have no time to fix the potholes, it seems we have all come together at a special time in history, and are ready to do something about the potholes that we see.”

“You always do this to me. You blow me away with insight and understanding. You are positively the man with the plan,” Molly shouted excitedly.

“No, that would be the plot and then the plan, Molly.”

“So how long do you intend to keep that information from me, Sam?”

“Not much longer, Molly. Trust me; we are well on our way. Let me give you a matching example for Lincoln and our day. When I was studying today, I looked for matching scenarios in history and was shocked how easily I found a relevant example. The exact same type of seducing powers that approached Lincoln approached Mubarak in Egypt, at a crucial moment. Mubarak struggled with a choice of what to do, just like Lincoln. Mubarak gave up his power for the sake of his country, rather than see it destroyed. Lincoln, on the other hand, made the same choice as Iran, Syria, and Libya, to rule by force against his own people. The lesson being, that out of Lincoln’s failure, we gain the wisdom and insight on how to keep unclean spirits out of government. Lincoln took the title deed from ‘we the people,’ that is for damn sure. Pothole!” Sam shouted.

“This means in order to fix that pothole, we need to develop a new system of government whereby all power remains in the control of ‘we the people,’ its rightful owners.”

“Do you hear yourself, Sam? You are no longer talking about the 4Horsemen.”

“Yes, I do, Molly. Now do you understand why I questioned what Washington has to do with the 4Horsemen? Here’s the best part. Larry has the document for a new foundation that fixes all of the government potholes. That’s what he and Steve were talking about, and are still working on.

“I fear the real motive behind this monster is war. A war like the world has never seen before. If I am right, I think this evil spirit it is out to conquer the world. Roger thinks the United States government is out to conquer the world, and I believe it is a spiritual power entrenched in and working through the government. This thing intends to conquer the world, not in the manner of past conquerors. I think this one will make past world conquerors look like schoolboys playing army with cap pistols.”

Jumping as her cell phone rang, Molly answered, “Hello, Jerry,” as Sam left the room for a shower. Before he entered the shower, Molly stuck her head in and told him Jerry was concerned about some guy at the bar tonight asking questions.

“I have to hurry home, but we will talk tomorrow, Sam, about our partnership agreement.” Smiling, she waved goodbye.

19

*You Have Until Midnight
April 15th*



Do Not Be Late!

The sign on the building read JVD Quality Affordable Homes. Jerry had remained true to his vision. He was the only low-income housing builder in the state. After his marriage to Vicki in 1972, they earnestly tried to work the business together as a team, but to no avail. Within the first six months, Vicki had walked out of their business at least ten times over petty issues.

On one side of her personality, she was full of compassion for everyone down on their luck. The other side was all about Vicki her nails, hair, and status. Small in stature, Vicki was big in attitude. She often barked with the same high-strung drama of a chihuahua. Behind the big attitude, there lived a small girl gripped by the self-centered fear of never having enough. As the bold little chihuahua runs under the couch for protection, Vicki ran each time she felt insecure or stressed. They say you never know a person until after you are married to them. Jerry was finding out how true that fact was.

After a few years of hard work, in spite of Vicki's split personality, the business began to grow rapidly. After a while, Jerry made the decision to finance some of the customers' homes through the corporation. Since Vicki assumed responsibility for keeping the corporate books, it only seemed natural that she would be the one to take the financing applications from potential homebuyers. From the very first day, Vicki began spending too much time with applicants as she tried helping them with their personal financial problems. Jerry stopped her after the first two customers, explaining, "This is not a personal counseling center; just take the application, Vicki. We are making a business investment in ourselves. We need qualified people that can repay the loans on time. We are not here to fix everyone's problems for them. We are here to place hard-working, low-income families into decent, affordable housing, and nothing more."

Several families, six months after closing on their new homes, fell behind in their payments. Jerry suspected, and later found out, that Vicki had intentionally doctored some applications in favor of the customers. Leaving him with no other option, Jerry took her bleeding heart financing office away from her. Vicki vehemently rebelled, and once again threatened to leave Jerry if he did not allow her to continue. This time, Jerry put his foot down and closed the self-financing portion of the business. It was time for Vicki to stay home with the children.

Through the mid-seventies, Jerry made excellent money. It was only natural at that point for them to design and build their own custom dream home in a private, secluded community. Life was good for the Duncan family. Vicki, even though she originally rebelled when Jerry removed her from the business, was overjoyed at being out of the stress of the business.

She seemed to be at peace with herself, and enjoyed playing housewife and mother with their two small children.

By 1979, the economy was in a tailspin, inflation was through the roof, and interest rates rose above fifteen percent, virtually putting the housing industry out of business. Gas shortages, a hostage crisis in Iran, and President Jimmy Carter's recent malaise speech was a living nightmare for Jerry. Depressed and up to his neck in debt, Jerry was barely able to keep his nose above drowning in the malaise.

Without another option, he had to foreclose on the homes where Vicki had manipulated the financial portion of the applications. Jerry had offered the homes as collateral in a land deal for future development of new subdivisions, but was unable to make the payments. Eventually, the banks repossessed all of the homes.

Business came to a virtual standstill, and the office was costing more to keep it open than it was worth. With mortgage rates at fifteen percent and rising, the banks were not loaning or approving many loans. No one was in the market for a JVD low-income home, that was for damn sure. Jerry was doing everything he could to pick up small jobs just to keep the utilities paid on the house and food on the table.

In the back of his mind, Jerry knew a clock was ticking and time was running out. He felt helpless at being unable to stop the loss of his business because the government could not manage their business. The flaccid leadership of President Carter proved to the world he was incapable of effectively dealing with the release of American hostages in Iran. So how could he possibly understand how to help the American people held hostage by the economic mess the federal government had created? The Duncan family dream-bubble, thanks to Uncle Sam, was finally about to pop, along with tens of millions of others.

"Grab his feet, will you, son?"

"Dad, I came to talk, not work," replied Jerry as he grabbed the feet, flipping the body over on the table.

"I know, son, I need to finish prepping this fellow first. His funeral begins this afternoon, so we need to dress him. We are born naked, but our families prefer we dress ourselves when we're in our caskets. You know Jerry, just once, I would like to lay a guy out naked, insert his pecker with a silicone balloon, and pump it up. Then wait until after we seat his family and open the casket. Now that's a sure *Candid Camera* winner if ever there was one," Bosworth said, smiling.

Jerry admired his father. They had a close relationship in spite of the way Bosworth Duncan earned a living.

Bosworth was a funny little man with a twisted outlook on life that seemed to fit him and his profession. Even his appearance was a bit strange: short, pudgy, and balding with a few long strands of a comb over. Add to that package the unusual first name of Bosworth, and you have a perfect caricature of a mortician.

“What am I going to do with you? A silicone filled pecker? Do you have any idea how sick you are?” Jerry said, laughing with his father.

“Look at this, Jerry, a beautiful diamond ring, nice watch, and a classic tiepin. It always amazes me how many ornaments people hang on a dead tree. You know my favorite saying, son, ‘I plant them in the ground, but the goods, they ain’t going down.’”

“So, I take it you are still stripping the bodies, Dad?”

“You cannot rob a dead body, Jerry; there is no one in there,” said Bosworth, tapping on the dead man’s forehead. “Hello. If I found these items on a dead log in the woods, I would do the same thing. There, he’s done; now let’s go have that talk.”

On their way to Bosworth’s office, Jerry joked with his dad. “If I prepped you naked, filled your pecker with silicone, and surprised the family, do you think everyone would have a good laugh?”

“It’s a slam-dunk, Jerry, especially if your mom jumps in the casket and tries to mount me one last time.”

“Sick, you are sick. The only drawback I foresee, Dad: if I lay you out naked, there will be nothing to strip from your dead tree.”

“Jerry, my young son, I see the problem as much bigger than nothing to strip. My question would be, how you are going to find such a big balloon and that much silicone in a few days?” They both laughed together.

Stopping to grab a cup of coffee from the customer lounge, Bosworth walked into his office, asking, “So tell me, what’s going on in your life, son?” Sitting behind his desk, Bosworth opened ten packets of sugar, one at a time, mixing them into his small cup.

Jerry sat in the client’s chair, watching the presentation of the sugar intoxicated coffee, and searching for the right words to begin the conversation. Finding none, in a flat, unemotional tone, he said, “A few months ago, the IRS sent me a letter. They did not ask for a hearing. Just a letter informing me ‘we have reclassified your subcontractors and determined they are employees of JVD Inc., and have been for the past seven years.’ The new, reevaluated past-due tax bill was for five-hundred and fifty thousand dollars, Dad.”

“WHAT! How in the hell can they do that?” Bosworth shouted.

“It’s that fucking Jimmy Carter; he is the absolute worst president, ever.

I am barely able to keep my doors open with interest rates above fifteen percent. My business debt is larger than five profitable mortuaries in the middle of a plague, Dad. Do you see anything I could do some other way?" asked Jerry. "You know Vicki; she will fall apart if they come after our home."

"At some point, Jerry, if you are going to survive this craziness, you will have to start taking something off the books or doing jobs under the table. It seems to me, on small jobs, you could buy materials through the company for a deduction. When you finish a job, have the customer pay you directly in your name instead of the corporation's, and take that check to the bank and cash it."

"It sounds easy enough, Dad, but what if they catch it?" asked Jerry.

"If they catch one, so what, then you will pay them. Meanwhile, you could have fifty others they don't find. After a while, you build a wad of cash in your pocket, and then you buy materials in cash. Eventually, you should be able to hide the whole job. There is no need to pay any taxes, insurance, or include that money in your quarterly tax reports. You are a builder; they expect you to make less money with interest rates as high as they are. I cannot imagine how you accomplished what you did, son; builders are dropping like flies in this market."

"I know you would help me out, Dad, but I don't want any help. For some reason, I want to walk this one out myself. Call it a man thing, or stupid if you wish; it is my time in life to stand or fall completely on my own face."

Pulling into the driveway after meeting with his father earlier in the day, Jerry was sure the marriage would never survive. The house payment was two months behind, and in his pocket was a new letter from the IRS, notifying him of their intentions to place a tax lien on the home by the fifteenth, unless he paid immediately.

Looking at his home, Jerry thought back to the simple beginning of his personal vision for the business, building quality low-income affordable housing. 'I was honest, worked hard, and did everything by the books, totally above board, paying my taxes on time. Now they decide, after seven years, to reclassify my subcontractors, calling them employees, claiming I owe them seven years back taxes. What a crock of shit!'

The turmoil of losing his business because of the government's failed economic policies had turned Jerry into an angry man. 'This is my home, my family lives here; we provided homes for the less fortunate in this nation. I worked my ass off, honestly trying to make a change for the good in this nation, and this is how you treat me. You make up some tax bullshit to rob me of money to fix the economy that you broke in the first place.'

Balance your own budget before you raid my business and home.’ Watching Vicki open the door, he squeezed his fist with all his might. Crumpling the notice, he threw it back into his truck. Waving at him, she called, “Supper’s ready.”

Jerry remembered how happy they were on moving day. ‘We built this place for our family. In this life, it was my only reward, and the main reason I worked so damn hard. Now the big bad government wolf is howling at my front door, huffing and puffing, trying to take my home away with foreclosures and tax liens.’ He felt like a rat trapped in a barrel of rising water; the faster he swam, the faster the water rose, and the deeper it became. In his mind, fear of the inevitable seemed obvious. ‘If I lose this IRS bullshit, they will displace my family. How and where will we live without a business or a home?’

Feeling incompetent and utterly inadequate as a man, Jerry realized the federal government’s economic policies and the IRS were destroying his ability to provide security and a future for his family. For the first time in his life, Jerry could not control the situation or work his way out of the problem.

“Mr. Duncan, please have a seat. I am Agent Glass. How may I help you?”

“Thanks for seeing me on such short notice, Mr. Glass. I received this notice a while back, and yesterday, I received this one saying I have two weeks to pay or the IRS intends to place a lien on my home.”

“Let me see them; I will key in the numbers. I apologize for the wait, our system seems slow today. Here it is, and it appears everything is correct. What do you not understand?”

“Correct!” Jerry shouted. “How can you tell me everything is correct when nothing is correct or fair? The people on this list have their own businesses and have worked for me as independent contractors for over seven years. I am sure they are each responsible for filing their own taxes. How can you come to me after seven years and tell me that I owe taxes on them, as employees, seven years in arrears?”

“First of all, Jerry. You will keep a civil tone with me or I will have you removed from the building. I am not responsible for the decision to reclassify your subcontractors. That decision is way above my little head,” said Agent Glass. “I am just a civil servant doing my job. If you give me a day, I will check into this for you because, admittedly, it sounds odd to me.”

“I am sorry for raising my voice,” responded Jerry, “but we are talking about my family. It’s been my experience the government often moves slowly in matters like this.”

Looking at his schedule, Agent Glass asked, “How does ten o’clock tomorrow sound?”

“Your time is my time; with interest rates this high, I have no work.”

“Oh, I forgot to mention; please bring in your records of payment in case we need them,” replied Agent Glass as Jerry was leaving.

Riding home, Jerry thought, ‘All we need to do is show them the records, and this entire matter should go away. Then, all I need to do is work something out with the bank. I am sure Walter can speak to the board and modify my home loan until this economy changes. After doing millions of dollars in solid business, I think they should cut me a little slack.’

Jerry didn’t want to tell Vicki about the IRS, but with the request for records, he considered it the best thing to do since Vicki was the one who filed every paper for the corporation. “Oh, my god, Jerry, are they going to take our home away?” The night was as anxious as Vicki’s fears, and her endless questions allowed them both little sleep.

Arriving before ten o’clock, they sat in the lobby area with no access to the agents who worked behind locked doors. Agent Glass passed by the door several times but never acknowledged Jerry. At eleven thirty, Jerry stopped the person calling out a name and put his foot out, stopping the door from closing, asking to speak with Agent Glass. Another man appeared, saying he was Agent Glass’s supervisor and would be handling the matter. “Please be seated, and I will call you soon.”

Entering a private office and not a cubicle, Jerry felt confident a higher authority would help resolve the matter quickly. As they sat down, a security officer entered the room and stood by the door. ‘This is strange,’ Jerry thought. Without an introduction, the supervisor said, “I want you both to stand up and empty your pockets and your purse.”

“What?”

“I said, empty your pockets and purse on my desk, and do it now.”

Enraged and clenching his jaw, Jerry took what money he had on him, turning all four pockets inside out, mocking the man as Vicki turned her purse upside down on the desk.

“Sit down, please. I am Special Agent Fred Diaz. Yesterday you were abusive and threatening with Agent Glass, so he forwarded your case to me. I reviewed your case and found no reason to reexamine your subcontractor status, so let’s not waste your or my time; the United States government finds that the taxes owed are fair and just. You may appeal my decision and request a trial, however, the lien on your home will proceed, and I have instructed Agent Glass to freeze your bank accounts this morning.”

All 105 pounds of Vicki began to tremble as she grabbed her hair, pulling it, crying as if one of their children had died. Jerry understood why the guard was there, and a second one entered the room. Jerry held both arms of the chair with a death grip in order to keep his hands from murder. His rage boiled to a volcanic level and finally spewed out of him.

“You motherfucker! You never even looked at the documents. You are the equivalent of Hitler’s SS Gestapo. You murder and destroy lives without a cause. Who empowered you to take my family and kill them, ripping their hearts out in front of me? May you be cursed and your children die a horrible death in front of you, you goddamned Puerto Rican bastard.”

The guard demanded that he leave, and Diaz was clearly nervous as he pushed away from his desk.

Jerry stood, collecting his money, wallet, and the contents of Vicki’s purse from Diaz’s desk. “There was no need to do this. We are honest people, and you are a little prick with an authority problem. You should not be sitting in that chair. I hope I see you on the street one day, you little prick bastard.”

The guard grabbed Jerry’s arm to escort him from the office. Jerry turned, pulling his arm from his grasp, and said. “Touch me again, you black bastard, and I will break your fucking nose flatter than it already is.” Nearly carrying Vicki to the parking lot, Jerry cried with her as people stared.

Stopping by the bank on their way home, Walter explained to Jerry there was nothing he could do about the few hundred dollars frozen by the IRS in his account. “The tax lien will make the bank go slower on the foreclosure; maybe that is one consolation. However, Jerry, the board would never extend or modify your loan under these circumstances. I wish there was more I could do for you, but my hands are tied at this point.”

For three more months, Jerry and Vicki occupied the home. Each day was a test just to make it to the next. As walking dead people, they struggled to live a normal life in a decaying situation. The strained relationship, the stress, and feelings of powerlessness surprised even Jerry. He found himself wanting to run from the overwhelming burden of responsibility. They ate food as if they were migrant workers without money, stretching every penny. Occasionally, strangers left food on the doorstep overnight. Jerry lost weight as he ate less, leaving more for Vickie and the children. The man of great vision for helping people found himself incapable of delivering a vision or a direction to his own family. To Jerry, living in a mansion with lack was worse than living in a shanty without need or want.

No matter how much he searched for work, Jerry could not make enough money to rent a small home to move his family.

Registered letters and threats arrived in the mail daily from banks, courts, debt collectors, and the IRS, and they all went into the trashcan, unopened. About the only thing Jerry and Vicki agreed on was trashing the notices rather than reading the intimidating threats.

“This is your FINAL NOTICE – You Are To Appear – You Must Contact This Office Before. And the best one – Failure to Appear Means You Forfeit Your Rights.”

Solace comes easy when you exercise your options with something as meager as a trashcan.

Around midnight, a constant pounding began on the front door, waking everyone in the home. Walking toward the entry high-beam headlights and a spotlight from the sheriff’s car shined into the darkened home.

“Jerry, how are you?” asked Patrolman Hartley. “I am sorry to be the one to deliver this to you, but when I saw your name, I figured why not by a friend.” He turned around his clipboard.

“I am fine, Garret. How’s your family?”

“The boys are a handful, and Lisa is fine; thanks for asking. These papers are an eviction notice, saying if you are not out of the house by noon on Friday, Jerry, the sheriff’s department will bodily evict your family and place your possessions on the road. Please sign here and on the next page. Is there anything Lisa and I can do for you, Jerry?”

“Garret, thanks for your concern, and for taking the time to deliver the notice personally.” Turning around as he closed the door, he saw Vicki weeping quietly in the darkness. Holding her without a word, Jerry hated his inability to protect his family from this mess. ‘One day I will settle the score with the United States government, and when I do, Fred Diaz, you will be first on my list.’

Thursday night, Jerry began loading the U-Haul. Vicki’s aunt came through at the last moment with a rundown one-bedroom condominium. Vicki was in a rage all day. She wanted to hammer all of the walls with holes, throw water on the electric panel, destroy appliances, and clog all plumbing under the concrete slab. “They want my fucking house, they can have it!” Jerry kept reminding her that she needed to stay focused on loading the truck. “What we do not load they will get.” What surprised them both was that no one came to help them move. Although neither one acted like they cared, inside, it hurt. They felt alone, without family or friends. People had avoided them the last few weeks as if they had an intangible plague or a curse on their lives that just might be contagious.

Loading the truck together was a task filled with life’s regrets.

They probably would rather have walked away from the responsibility, and one another, than participate in loading a truck full of failure. Exhausted after months of stress and pressure, and nearing completion, they took a much-needed break. Sitting on the stoop together, yet estranged from one another, Jerry and Vicki stared in silence at the family names and date written in the concrete. Words were pointless, arguments were unnecessary. Finding fault or blame meant nothing to either one of them. Bereavement consumed their hearts in the death of every lost dream in life, as a fatalistic, unsure future lay ahead.

Vicki drove away with the children as Jerry leaned on the U-Haul, looking at the home one last time. Standing on the curb in front of the house, the burden of loss seemed to lift off his back. ‘Sure, I lost everything,’ he thought, looking at the house, ‘but that shit is nothing but wood and stone. This is me,’ he thought, thumping his chest with a closed fist like Tarzan. In that instant, Jerry began taking his life back. ‘I am still able to do a lot in life. I am not worthless as a man; god, I am glad this is over.’

The condominium was more run down than Jerry ever imagined. The small place came with an infestation of roaches, mice, and palmetto bugs. Topping everything off, the air conditioner did not work. Now it was time for Jerry’s anger. He wanted to destroy the place, the same way Vicki had wanted to destroy the home.

“This is a gift from your aunt? Shame on her!” Furniture and boxes were stacked on top of one another, against the walls, up to the ceiling. The hallway was only passable by one person at a time. The palmetto bugs were so large, they crunched under their feet, emitting a foul, rotten almond odor. The children had to sleep in the living room, in a fort Jerry built for them out of boxes. Mentally exhausted and physically drained from the day’s events, Jerry and Vicki lay in bed, avoiding conversation. Neck sweating and eyes closed, Jerry needed a temporary escape from the numerous thoughts running through his mind. As he pleaded for sleep, a large palmetto bug crawled across his face. Swatting himself in the face with such force, Jerry bloodied his own nose. Sitting up in bed, holding a t-shirt on his bloody nose, he noticed a smile followed by laughter from Vicki. Smiling under the shirt, Jerry commented, “You’re a tough audience to work.”

Several months went by as they continued the struggle to survive. Jerry worked odd jobs and kept exterminating the place daily in fear of another palmetto attack. One morning, the phone rang. It was a former employee Jerry had trained a few years earlier in the remodeling business.

“Hello, Jerry, this is Brad Parker. How the hell are you?”

“I’m fine, Brad. How are you? Where are you calling from?”

“I’m in Michigan; we moved here about a year ago as things got tight. It was the right move for me. My reason for calling, Jerry: my business is busting at the seams with work, and I could use some extra help. I landed a government contract for fix-ups on foreclosed HUD and VA homes. I can’t find anyone to run half of the state, so I would like to talk about splitting the contract with you, on a hand shake, provided you give me a small percentage kicker on the back end of your jobs.”

“How much money are we talking about, Brad?” asked Jerry.

“The harder you work, Jerry, the more you make, and the amount of work is endless. Realistically, with only one crew, you could knock out one hundred fifty thousand a year take home in your pocket. I want you to develop crews, Jerry, and make much more than that,” Brad responded.

“What about housing, Brad? In what area of Michigan would my family live?”

“Jerry, you will have to leave your family there until you get up on your feet. I cannot front you the money to move your family fifteen hundred miles. All I can do for you when you get here is let you live free in one of the abandoned houses scheduled for remodel. Your area will include Detroit, which is a tough place, but, in time, you’ll find some surrounding cities that would work for your family.”

“Give me one night to talk it over, and I will call you in the morning,” he said as he hung up the phone.

Driving through the streets, he thought Detroit looked more like a war zone than a city. More than half of the homes in blighted neighborhoods had plywood screwed over the windows and doors. Graffiti on the abandoned homes spoke a gang language Jerry would never comprehend. The occupied homes looked like small prisons. Every opening was covered with bars and wire mesh steel doors. A few owners of the occupied small prisons had some pride of ownership, with neat, clean yards. It was obvious they ventured out only during the day. During the night, they were captive prisoners of fear.

Late one Sunday evening, Jerry found the abandoned house he would call home. Taking his cordless screwdriver, he removed the plywood over the front door as the neighbors next door peered through the blinds and bars, watching him. Finding the door unlocked, he stepped inside and turned on a light. Brad had promised to have the utilities turned on, and that was a welcome sight. Looking around the main floor, Jerry could see the boarded windows had much of the glass busted out. The place was filthy, and spider webs were everywhere.

‘Brad had better not be bullshitting me,’ he thought, pulling the truck into the garage.

Cutting a two-by-four in half, he screwed it across the front door into the frame. ‘If my neighbors live in a steel prison, there must be some bad shit out there, somewhere’ he assumed. Finding the basement door, he went down the stairs to check it out. He found an old metal bed frame, cleaned it, and set up his room. ‘This sure beats sleeping on the floor, but it feels weird being here.’ On a small crate, he set up his coffee pot and alarm clock. Lying on the metal bed, the only thought that kept entering his mind as he tried to sleep was, ‘What are you doing here?’

‘I wonder how many other families the government destroyed by their failed economic policies. I should call Steve and see about filing a massive lawsuit with other people against the government for the intentional destruction of my family and business. Were it not for them, I would be in my home with my family, instead of in this prison.’ As he drifted off to sleep, he hoped the dead bolt on the basement door provided extra security.

“Mo fuck’n honkey, get yo white ass up out of my neighborhood,” someone yelled as several repeated attempts were made to kick the front door down. “Git up outta here, whitey, or I will burn yo fuck’n ass while you in der.” Jerry heard several other unintelligible comments and voices laughing with one another as he looked at the clock. It was three thirty in the morning. By the time he made it to the top of the stairs to check the basement door, they were gone. Unable to go back to sleep, he made some coffee and waited for the sun to rise.

Brad was right. There was plenty of work, so Jerry worked twelve to eighteen hours-a-day, sleeping on floors in empty homes in a sleeping bag. The payouts were on a monthly draw. For the first month, Jerry struggled; eating ramen noodles and eggs to make it to the first draw. Picking up his first draw, Brad gave him a check for nine thousand dollars and asked Jerry to start putting on additional crews.

“That is your money; your crews will be your business, and I take ten percent off the top for myself. Agreed?” And they shook hands. “I will give you a 1099 subcontractor form at the end of the year, just like you gave me when I worked for you. So your taxes are your business.” Smiling at him, Jerry said, “Yes, boss.”

With each draw, Jerry kept just enough money to get by on, and sent the rest to Vicki and the kids to save until they could join him. He searched for a rental home, and after living in abandoned homes for over four months, Jerry located a home in Southfield. It was a Middle Eastern neighborhood, populated by a group of people known as Chaldean Christians. It was not the best he could do, but for a temporary step back up the ladder of life, Jerry thought it would work for them.

Surprised at himself, he actually found he missed Vicki. Or was it the human necessity for someone familiar in his present surroundings?

Late Saturday night, he called Vicki, excited about the prospects of being together as a family again. She listened without interrupting until he was finished. "What do you think? You should have enough money. I can come down and load everything up. This can be a great place to start over. The home is a quad with an open field out back for the kids to play."

There was a pause in the conversation and Vicki answered, "Jerry, I am not moving. We moved over a month ago into a nice home, near my aunt. I would like to separate for a while. I am not sure that I want to stay married. I am sorry. You will need to continue to send money for support. Otherwise, I will seek a legal separation or divorce."

"Is there another man?"

"No, I think I still love you; I just cannot go through another upheaval and have no intention of ever moving to Michigan."

Without another word, Jerry hung up the phone. The next day, he figured out the approximate costs for living in the home that he was going to rent. Calling Vicki, he left a message saying he would send that amount to her each month, and if it was not enough, she should pursue the matter in court. For nearly a year, Jerry worked around the clock, sleeping in homes he personally repaired. He hired three additional, independent crews that made him good money. Vicki called from time to time, leaving messages, but he never returned a single call.

A year later, Jerry left Michigan with a pocket full of cash, turned his crews over to Brian, and they parted as friends. One thing was for sure, Jerry learned how to fuck the government out of a lot of money. Uncle Sam was definitely not Jerry's uncle. He kept more cash on hand than ever went into a bank. To avoid theft or fire, he buried his cash in the ground at various locations, wherever he was staying. Arriving in Dallas, Texas, the city radiated with a positive attitude, but then anything would have to be more positive than his Detroit experience.

After living in abandoned houses for over two years, Jerry did not know how to act in his leased, fully furnished home in Rockwall, Texas. Standing at the sink, washing the dirt from his hands after burying his money, Jerry was ready for a cold beer, a thick steak, and a warm pussy.

Home construction was still down, but there were many large projects under development in the Dallas/Fort Worth area. High-rise construction in Dallas was building as if there was no problems with the economy. With Jerry's background, he soon landed a job as a structural steel field engineer.

The regular paycheck gave him a regular life again, without the rat race of being self-employed. It would also throw the government off his cash tracks, making his buried cash secure. Christmas was approaching, and Jerry had not seen his family in over two years. Vicki often called, asking him to come home for a visit, but for the most part, Jerry ignored her calls.

“Jerry, this will be my last call. I need – and your children need – to see you. If you will not come home for Christmas, I will file for divorce so that we can both go on with our lives.” Listening to the message, he thought, ‘Typical Vicki ... the little barking chihuahua.’

The night air had a slight chill as Jerry told the cab driver to stop a block from where Vicki lived. He was still unsure about being there and had not responded to Vicki’s last message; for some strange reason, he wanted to surprise them. Small, low-voltage lights lined the driveway and circled up to the front doors decorated with ornaments and a Christmas wreath.

The place had a strange feeling; nothing reminded him of home, wife, or children. His initial gut reaction was to turn and chase down the cab, followed by deep feelings of guilt and remorse. Frozen, afraid to walk down the driveway, his emotions kept erupting.

‘You are nothing but a stranger to them,’ he thought. ‘No more than a wandering, homeless visitor or an ex-convict returning after being gone a long time.’ As he stood there, searching for the courage to walk toward the front doors, he remembered why he came. ‘You must go through those doors. Come on, man, you are the tough guy that slept in abandoned houses for two years.’

“Jerry, is that you?” A voice called breaking every sequence of thought. Looking up the driveway, he was able to put a person with the voice for the first time in years. Unable to move or answer, Jerry stood in silence as Vicki’s silhouette walked toward him. As she drew near, he was able to see the tears of regret in her eyes. Holding each other under the streetlight, they wept together in silence, stealing brief looks at one another and smiling; unable to control their emotions, they repeated the cycle several times.

Two days before returning to Dallas, Vicki began to pressure Jerry for decisions about any possibility of their future. Rediscovering the love, or lust, they once had for one another proved to be a lot of fun over the past week. A fact they had validated often, all over the house, at every opportunity. Several mornings, Jerry rose early and drank his coffee alone, as he had done during the years he lived in abandoned homes. In reflection, during those mornings he discovered how he truly felt about everything that had transpired between him and Vicki. After a light breakfast together, Jerry thought, ‘I might as well get this over with.’

A bit nervous, Jerry reached out and took her hands, holding them as he spoke, “Vicki, I am glad I came to visit and answered the question in my heart. Yes, I do love you. In the beginning, something bugged me about being here, and I could not put my finger on it until the last few days. Our family became a byproduct of what the government did to the economy, and the needless cruelty of the IRS. People have forgotten that when the government messes up the economy, how devastating it is for families. Honestly, I believe if the government had not messed up the economy, we would still be living in our home together. Also, if the IRS had not seized our accounts and placed an illegal lien on our home, I might have been able to work through our financial problems with the bank. We both know, and, unfortunately for us, we lived through one of the most horrible experiences life has to offer a family. Together, we suffered emotional damage and the destruction of our already strained marriage. Beyond the loss of worldly items, during this horrid journey, we also lost one another as we wounded each other, needlessly.

“I am sorry you had to experience such a tragedy in your life. If possible, I would have given my own life to spare you and our children the pain we suffered together as a family. I felt so powerless and inadequate as a man to protect my family from needless harm. In my heart, I will always hold the United States government responsible for the emotional damage we suffered individually, as well as for our failed marriage and business losses. The government expected little ole you and me, just average people who had a vision to do something decent, to run a clean, honest business. We both know that we operated honestly, even with the business rules stacked against us. In the end, the United States government failed to run a clean, fiscally sound government. That irresponsibility spilled into our business, bringing total destruction. The Gestapo tactics of the IRS put a death nail in our relationship. Its Hitleristic actions, in and of themselves, destroyed our hopes, dreams, and marriage. I will always consider their acts murderous.

“Apart from that knowledge, I spent many long nights searching my soul about the two of us and our family, as I lived in one abandoned house after another. I think this is a fair assessment of where you and I have a problem. Too often, prior to any government actions, you threatened to leave me. I could never understand your reasons. I assumed there must be an underlying area in your heart where you were not happy. While I agree, the experiences that we lived through were so horrible that I would not wish them on my worst enemy. You made a mistake.

“When I listened to your reasoning, why you were unwilling to join me and that you had moved without my knowledge, we were finished.

Your selfish, self-preserving arrogance exposed your true heart to me in that one phone call. ‘I’m not moving, Jerry,’ were your words. What was I to do, stop working and come back? If I had, we could not have lived here, because the money would have run out, again. I worked and lived like a bum, sleeping on dirty floors in abandoned run-down houses, sending you money. Every day I woke up in those old, abandoned houses, and they were a constant reminder of how you abandoned me.”

Speaking facetiously from his hurt, Jerry mocked her, “Please, do not disturb little Vicki’s life, after all, she has been through so much more than you, Jerry. You work, asshole, send me the money, because I am not moving to Michigan with you, Jerry. You want to know why, Jerry? Because I have had enough; I cannot take anymore!”

Looking her in the eyes, Jerry shouted, “Do you want to know the real answer, Vicki? The real answer cut me extremely deep, Vicki. The real answer was – you did not love me.”

As he stood up, Vicki rose from her seat. Holding her frail hands, he pulled her tiny body up next to his. Looking her in the eyes, he said, “If you want a divorce, then start one. My hands will remain clean; I never raised my hand to destroy my family in the hard times, and I certainly will not be the one to do it now when times are green. You can have the same amount of money, the only thing I ask is to speak with my children when I call, and maybe a good fuck when we see each other.” Lifting her up, Jerry lay her on the kitchen table, as they enjoyed the level of passion between them one more time.

“I love you, Jerry; even though you do not believe me, I do.” Vicki never filed for divorce and told Jerry she understood how she had hurt him. After he returned to Dallas, they spoke often and made any excuse to see one another. They traveled often between cities, and Vicki surprised Jerry with several special, private rendezvous designed with only one thing in mind.

Jerry continued working in Dallas on high-rise projects until 1989, when the housing market was opening up all over the country. With a huge pile of cash buried in the yard, he contemplated returning home and starting some new housing projects. ‘No more low-income bullshit. This time it will be high dollar, strictly custom homes. It’s time to make some big money. I will still need my own place. Vicki and I enjoy the booty calls, but I also like my freedom.’

In a few years, Jerry was building custom homes all over the state. The term “living large” was an understatement for him. Caesars Palace in Vegas always had a plane, a penthouse suite, and all the girls he wanted anytime Jerry arrived.

On September 11, 2001, Jerry went to bed at seven o'clock in the morning. After a long night of gambling, heavy drinking, sex in a public bathroom, elevator, and the bedroom, he dozed off to sleep. At four o'clock in the afternoon, he was awakened by Rebecca and Jenny giggling together under the sheets; burying their heads in his crotch, they licked, kissed, and sucked him, like little girls enjoying a lollipop.

Afterwards, they all relaxed in the Jacuzzi, as room service delivered an assortment of food and two new bottles of champagne. Jerry grazed the table with the girls and took his coffee into the living room, where he turned on the television, placing it on mute. The girls began asking him to take them shopping and clubbing again. Jerry focused on Dan Rather as they spoke; Dan was showing video of the twin towers in New York imploding; first one tower, and then the other. Both were perfect implosions.

'This has to be a spoof or a joke of some kind,' he thought. 'Why would they tear them down? This would have been big news, tearing down the twin towers. Why in the hell didn't I hear about this? How did I miss this information?'

Telling the girls to be quiet, Jerry turned up the volume in time to hear Dan Rather say, as another building he called Building 7 imploded, "Amazing, incredible, pick your word. For the third time today, it's reminiscent of those pictures we've all seen too much on television before, where a building was deliberately destroyed, by well-placed dynamite, to knock it down." Again, Jerry began asking himself, 'How in the hell didn't I hear about this, and why are they demolishing them.' Dan Rather interrupted Jerry's thought when he said, "In case you have just joined us, here is a recap of today's events ..."

For over three hours, Jerry watched every channel, flipping from one to the other, absorbing all the information he could find. The girls had gone shopping since Jerry was preoccupied with the television. His engineering mind began to compare everything he heard against what he saw and originally thought. 'I've worked structural steel engineering in Dallas for nine years; there is no way you are knocking those buildings down with a plane. Something is seriously wrong with the way this is being explained. Do people actually believe that a plane can hit the best-built steel structure in the world, and cause not one, but three perfect implosions? What in hell is going on? Building 7 was absolutely a detonation; a plane did not hit it. That was a perfectly timed, non-resistive, forty-seven-story implosion if I've ever seen one.

'How can anyone believe that a building strong enough to stop a jet in its tracks is going to collapse?

If the buildings were weak, the plane would have passed through the building and come out the other side. Are they crazy? The building did not wobble; not even a huge airplane engine was able to roll out the other side of the building through a sidewall. What they are saying is as silly as saying that every third baseman catching a line drive with a baseball glove, would eventually fall over. Those buildings are stronger than any third baseman snagging a line drive. These talking head idiots are implying that jet fuel melted the steel. What a load of crap. Jet fuel cannot burn steel. I don't care if they filled the buildings and torched them, the steel would still be standing. In over one hundred years, there has never been a steel building collapse because of fire. I wonder who is feeding them this garbage. These were timed implosions if I have ever seen one, on all three buildings. Are people honestly going to believe that jet fuel ran through the towers over to Building 7 and five hours later somehow caused a forty-seven-story building to implode? Any fool that watches that building fall and says it was because of burning jet fuel has lost their mind. This may be an act of terrorism, but there is a deeper conspiracy behind the scenes than a few Arabs and jet planes.'

Money, money, money kept flowing to Jerry. People lined up to buy his homes, the housing market was red-hot, fueled by wild speculation, and everyone got a loan. Jerry had never seen anything like it in his life. He was sure this was never going to end because there was no comparison to what happened in the late seventies and early eighties. In the 70s, high interest rates and inflation put him out of business. This market was the polar opposite. Homes he sold for five hundred thousand to one million were worth one to two million a year later, so Jerry decided to make one last big hit and retire.

He began construction on two commercial high-end strip malls and his best subdivision: fifty, five-acre residential estates, ranging in price from two to ten million each. The master plan was to build them, let them sit, prices go up, and make even more profit by starting sales, six months to one year later, on prime homes. Jerry self-invested in the projects, increasing the potential of tripling his return.

For Jerry, the bubble began to pop early in 2006 as strange things started to happen in the market. First, the money for large projects began to dry up, and then expensive homebuyers were no longer in abundance, placing his liquidity in a serious condition. 'I do not understand what is happening. Inflation is low and interest rates are good. Why are things slowing down?'

Concerned about stretching himself too thin, Jerry rode out on a Saturday to check on the startup lot clearing for a third strip mall.

As he pulled into the site, his excavating subcontractor was talking to two men in suits and pointing in his direction.

Exiting his truck, Jerry began speaking, “Paul, I’m sorry, but I am going to put this one off for a while; I will pay you for your time and trouble today. Please, give me a bill on Monday.”

The two suits stood off to the side, waiting, as Paul said, “No problem, Jerry; these two ugly assholes were asking for you.”

“Jerry Duncan?” the first man asked as he extended his hand. “I am Agent Bickford, and this is Agent Melcher. We are from the IRS. Do you have a moment?”

Walking to within one inch of the man’s face and refusing to shake his hand, Jerry sternly said, “You have sixty seconds to get off my property.” Turning around, Jerry immediately climbed onto Paul’s frontend loader. Starting the loader, he spun it around, lowering the bucket, and began driving straight at them as fast as the loader would go.

Both agents ran to the street and crossed several lanes of traffic. Entering their government vehicle, they shouted threats about how they were going to fuck him over.

‘Not this time. You Gestapo motherfuckers – not this time,’ Jerry thought to himself.

Early Monday morning, Jerry was standing on the bank steps when the doors opened. He withdrew as much cash as they could give him, and the rest he sent by wire to a paid bill account that would send the money offshore. Once offshore, that money automatically transferred through several banks, eventually depositing into a private foundation that no one could crack. His troubles did not end there. He had three other banks with accounts. Running from bank to bank, Jerry called ahead, demanding they prepare large sums of cash. What he could not get in cash, he took in a cashier’s check, and any remaining funds he wired to other hidden accounts. This time he beat the IRS at their game, leaving only small amounts in each bank. Knowing the IRS would trace the wires; Jerry spent the next two days securing the funds overseas from expanded IRS tracking. With about two hundred fifty thousand dollars’ worth of cashier’s checks, he used several check cashing places, taking a loss for the fees, but putting more cash in hand. This was survival money. Nothing in comparison to the self-investment money, he had poured into the custom estate homes and the exclusive strip mall properties.

For months, Jerry tried to sell the unfinished malls at huge discounts, hoping to pull his original investment out of the properties. He slashed prices on the exclusive homes, telling agents, “We need quick closures.”

Something was wrong. No matter what he did, not much was moving. Jerry discovered big game players had been protecting their pockets for a few years, and even at a terrific price they were not willing to invest. To finance the malls would take a much longer process, and Jerry thought, ‘By that time, the IRS will lien the property before I could get it done. What is going on?’

On September 24, 2008, Jerry got his answer as he sat waiting for President Bush to address the nation. Jerry considered Bush a worse excuse than Jimmy Carter. ‘What a buffoon this guy has been,’ he sat thinking. ‘No weapons of mass destruction, two needless wars, and he blew hurricane Katrina, big time. FEMA was such a messed up branch of the federal government they couldn’t even deliver water effectively.’ Waiting, as he stared at the empty podium, Jerry wondered why the American public had accepted the idiocy of FEMA as an investigative authority on 9/11.

Jerry was actively involved with an organization run by Richard Gage. The group had 1,375 architects and structural steel engineers with a combined total of over 8000 years of training. Gage led the group of highly educated men and businessmen in the steel industry as they fought for another commission to investigate the destruction of all three buildings. They openly challenged FEMA’s findings on 9/11, proving them false with the use of negligent, bogus science. Jerry had written any number of letters to newspapers on the most overlooked, obvious question. Why did the United States government order such a fast clean up? It was the largest crime scene in American history, so why did they contract clean up in such a hurry? ‘Something is seriously wrong with this country,’ he sat thinking as Bush walked toward the podium. ‘Here we are in the month of September again; have we elected September as our bad news month?’

“Good evening. This is an extraordinary period for America’s economy. Over the past few weeks, many Americans have felt anxiety about their finances and their future. I understand their worry and their frustration. We’ve seen triple-digit swings in the stock market. Major financial institutions have teetered on the edge of collapse, and some have failed. As uncertainty has grown, many banks have restricted lending, credit markets have frozen, and families and businesses have found it harder to borrow money.

“We’re in the midst of a serious financial crisis, and the federal government is responding with decisive action. Financial assets related to home mortgages have lost value during the housing decline, and the banks holding these assets have restricted credit. As a result, our entire economy is in danger.”

Jerry's mind began to wander off in a rage that he knew all too well. 'Again. They got me, again! The United States government destroyed my life as a young man, they destroyed my family, and now, heading into what should be the greatest part of my life, these assholes have done it to me again! You wrecked my life two fucking times – if it is the last thing I do, I am going to get even. Why do the American people tolerate the government's repeated destruction of the economy and their lives? An intentionally negligent federal government inflicts massive losses upon people at every level of society and never reimburses them. They hold people's feet to the fire. Why aren't the American people allowed to hold the government accountable for the damage they do to society and business?'

President Bush's speech interrupted his thoughts again. "First, the plan is big enough to solve a serious problem. Under our proposal, the federal government would put up to \$700 billion taxpayer dollars on the line to purchase troubled assets that are clogging the financial system."

Jerry couldn't stand to listen anymore. 'This idiot president wrecked the economy with his wars and loose Republican money. Now he has the nerve to tell the American people the government is going to write themselves a loan by borrowing \$700 billion dollars of the taxpayers' money to fix his fucked up economic policies. Where was my loan when you destroyed my life? What if I don't want you to have my money? Who gave you the right to write a loan with the peoples' money as your Gestapo goons at the IRS rob me? Is it any wonder the banks are a piece of shit again?'

The sore within Jerry was an obvious infection that he personally hoped would develop into enough rage one day that would send him out in a blaze of glory. Maybe then, this life would have meaning.

Several years went by, and Jerry, with tons of hidden cash, lowered his lifestyle to become less conspicuous. The IRS placed a lien on the exclusive homes development. They never placed a lien on the strip malls because they were not finished. Eventually, the city placed a fence around them and many others in the city. Jerry passed them often on his way to visit with Vicki, and referred to them as his personal memorial to Bush. 'The nation is full of fenced-off, unfinished empty monuments to the failed policies of George Bush; I wonder if the stupid sheep, as Roger calls them, even see them or the wasted billions?'

Applying his brakes, Jerry stopped dead in his tracks, turned around, and made his way back to the table. Waiting, for the right moment to bite, Jerry watched Diaz like a trained guard dog, even snarling his teeth several times. As soon as Diaz finished speaking with Molly, he made his way out of the bar and onto a bus.

Jerry immediately jumped to his feet and ran to get his truck. The bus made its first stop in front of the most exclusive condominiums in the city, and off stepped Fred Diaz with three other people. ‘You rotten bastard; I think it is time we settle the score, Fred.’

Parking his truck, he reached under the seat for his crowbar and stuck it in his pants, leaving his jacket to cover the hook. As he reached the front door, about ten feet behind Fred, Jerry knew the security desk would stop him. Losing his nerve, he turned around and walked back toward his truck. Standing on the corner, he began to speak to himself.

“You need to think this through, Jerry. Now that’s your problem, Jerry. You always think it through. Have you ever stopped to think that you think too much?” Taking his cell out of his pocket, he pressed number seven on the speed dial pad because he hoped one day to get lucky.

“Hello, Jerry. How are you?” Molly said, answering her cell.

“I am great, Molly; thanks for asking. What a terrific night we had at the bar. I was so excited for you and wanted to be the first to give you two thumbs up.”

“Gee, Jerry, what a bummer,” she said, laughing. “I was expecting more than two thumbs from you.”

“Will you always only tease me, Molly? Wait. Don’t answer that. I hope you never stop,” Jerry said, laughing. “I have a quick question for you. Do you remember speaking with a small Puerto Rican man just before everyone got on the bus? I think he may be someone I know from a long time ago.”

“You mean Fred Diaz? I don’t know how long you have known him, but that was a strange conversation. He questioned me about Roger’s sources, where he lived, and how he could meet him. You know me, Jerry. I asked him point blank why, why, and why he wanted to know. He said he was writing a book, but I could tell by his nervous answer that he was lying.”

“Are you sure?”

“I’m pretty sure, Jerry, but you never know; do you think I should tell Roger about him?”

“Not yet. Let me check him out, and I will let you know tomorrow.”

“Great., I am getting ready to leave Sam’s place, so I will let you go, Mister two thumbs up,” she said, laughing.

“One last question, do you remember what floor he was on, Molly?”

“That’s easy, penthouse 1A; the place is choice, Jerry, and there are only two units on the top floor.”

“Thanks, Molly. Give my thanks to Sam for his hospitality,” he said as he hung up the phone.

Leaning against his truck, Jerry looked up at thirty-seven stories of building, and he started speaking to himself again. “Okay, idiot, how do you get to the top floor? You walk, stupid, that’s obvious. Next problem, how do you bypass the security guard? There are sure to be security cameras in the lobby and the building. Idiot, you built this shit, think about the vents. Forget the vents; you have a crowbar in your pants, think trash.”

Taking a hat from his truck and a pair of work gloves, Jerry took a slow walk around the perimeter, looking for where trash would be disposed of or incinerated. Finding the door he was looking for, to his surprise, the lock was an easy, cheap lock. One pop from the crowbar and the door opened, first try. Shutting the door, he searched the ground floor for the service elevator but opted for the stairs.

For thirty-seven flights, Jerry wrestled with turning around, but what kept him climbing the stairs was thirty plus years of rage and anger. Standing in front of 1A, a thousand new thoughts raced through his mind. ‘What if Fred Diaz’s family is inside ... that’s an important question. I should have asked Molly. Too late now, Jerry. Knock on the door and say it’s security and you need to speak with him. Hell no, security would call him on the phone.’ Nervously holding the door handle in his hand, trying to decide what to do, the latch went down a bit.

‘It’s open. He never locked the damn door.’

With a touch softer than a mother caressing her newborn baby for the first time, Jerry pushed the latch all the way down. Thank god, the hinges did not squeak; stepping inside, he closed the door behind him. Listening for any sound, television, or running water, Jerry waited until he heard a cabinet door shut and went in that direction. Looking around a corner, he saw light coming from a room down a wide hall.

‘Stoop down,’ was the thought going through Jerry’s mind as he approached the door. Sitting at a large desk, facing a glass wall overlooking the city, Fred Diaz appeared to be doing paper work with his back toward Jerry. “Stoop down” had paid off, because Jerry’s reflection would have appeared in the glass.

‘Now, what? What are you going to do, Jerry? You wimp. You climbed all the way up here to sit in the hall and ask yourself “now what?”’

Stepping into the twilight zone, Jerry went into the room as his body and time were on slow motion, but his mind was running full-speed ahead. Words and sentences seemed slurred and hung in the air, trapped by time.

“Hollyyie Jessusus Marrryie Moothther of Gaodd,” were Fred’s first words. As he reached for a drawer, Jerry broke his forearm with the crowbar. Panicked, nervous, and in pain, Diaz asked, “Who are you?”

What do you want? I have money in the safe, lots of money. Please, just take the money, leave me tied up, and go,” Diaz said, holding his arm.

“Shut up!” Jerry opened the desk drawer, saw the gun, and found a roll of tape. “You really don’t recognize me, do you, Fred? You could live to be one thousand years old, and I would spot you in a crowd of thousand-year-old people, Fred.”

Confident that Fred was taped securely in the chair, Jerry asked him, “How’s your family, Fred?”

“I don’t have a family. I lost them several years ago in a horrible automobile accident.”

“Well, I’ll be damned. How did that feel, Fred?”

“It was horrible. Who are you?”

“I am the motherfucker whose family you killed, Fred. Remember the day I cursed you and your family as my frail wife tried to pull her hair out?” With those words, Fred’s brown skin turned greenish white with fear.

“What is the combination, Fred? Do you want to live? Tell me where you hide the good stuff, Fred. If you try to bullshit me, Fred, or make me mad, I am going to cut your little cock off, Fred, and stuff it in your mouth before I kill you. Why are you sweating so much, Fred? It is only stuff; you can get more stuff, and money. You of all people should know the government prints new money every day. Now, Freddy boy, I want you to tell me why you wanted to meet with my friend, Roger.”

A look of terror filled Fred’s eyes as he nervously slipped and looked in a direction on the desk, causing Jerry to do the same. Looking at the papers on the desk, Jerry was amazed. He spent the rest of the night going through every file cabinet and every inch of Diaz’s penthouse. He looked at every phone bill, his cell phones, bank records, took all of the security tapes, installed a blank tape, and undid a cable in the back.

“Well, Fred, the sun will start to rise in about another 30 minutes, so I will have to leave now. Look how neat I left everything; I even vacuumed some of your rooms. It was damn hard walking around in your shoes, Fred. Look at it like this, Fred; at least I didn’t cut your dick off.”

*“He who sat on it
Had a pair of scales in his hand.”*



The Third Horseman Revealed

“A quart of wheat for a denarius and three quarts of barley for a denarius”

Arriving at Vicki’s just before sunrise; Jerry went directly into the spare room and showered. Afterwards, he snuck into bed with Vicki, hoping not to wake her.

“Are you trying to sneak into my bed after being out all night, sniffing around like a hound dog?”

“Come here, you,” he said, pulling her to him. “You know this hound dog only sniffs right here,” he added as he inserted a finger.

“I thought you were coming over earlier,” she said, grabbing his wrist and pulling his finger out. Holding three fingers together, she gently reinserted the tips.

“We had a long meeting at the bar,” Jerry said as he forced his fingers up to the knuckles. He loved watching her face wince. “You play with fire, little girl, you know you are going to get burned.”

One eye popped open. It was 3:18 in the afternoon, and Vicki was missing. Stumbling into the shower, he washed Vicki off his face as he thought back to the times he had taken cold showers in the old Detroit homes. After working late hours, to keep himself awake, Jerry loved to do what he called the “reverse frog.” Instead of slowly cooking like a frog in hot water, he turned the water a bit colder each time until it was ice cold, shocking his body back to life. Pouring a cup of coffee, he found a note from Vicki that gave him a chuckle. “If you care for dessert, Mr. Yum Yum, Eat’m Up, I should be back around five. As you know, I like my dessert straight up.”

Picking up his cell phone, he called Steve. “I have an urgent matter. We need a group meeting tonight, and you will need to include Sam and Molly.”

“I will handle it, Jerry. The most secure place we have is Larry’s place. Why Sam and Molly?”

“I’d rather not say; just ask them to come.”

“Got it,” said Steve. “I will set it for eight; if there are any changes, I will call you back.”

“See you then,” Jerry replied. Taking Vicki’s note, he wrote: “Back by six; let’s eat dessert together.”

Entering the spare bedroom, he found everything where he had left it under the bed, in a plastic garbage bag. Putting on a pair of disposable kitchen gloves, Jerry drove across town to a blighted neighborhood. Locating an isolated clothing dumpster for the needy, Jerry methodically took the clothing from the bag, one piece at a time, and tossed them into the dumpster. Driving back to Vicki’s neighborhood, he stopped for gas at his usual station and disposed of the bag and gloves in an island trashcan.

Entering through the garage, he could smell his favorite, - Chinese food. Vicki smiled at him with the look of a satisfied, happy woman. “I know how much you like Chinese, so tonight, you will be served your own smorgasbord, Mr. Yum Yum.” The sexual chemistry between them had always been good. “I had a great time with you this morning,” she said, hugging him.

“Me, too,” Jerry said. They kissed like hot horny teenagers making out when their parents are gone. For an instant, Jerry wondered what life might have been – if. Enjoying their food together, they talked, laughed, and ate as if they had never spent a day apart; then the words entered the room, exploding like small bombs.

“Recapping our top story tonight. Police have identified the remains of a man, in what appears to be an apparent leap to his death, as special agent Fred Diaz. Mr. Diaz was a former special investigator for the state police and a special agent with the IRS. Police say Mr. Diaz left a note at the scene explaining his regrets. The case remains under investigation.”

Hearing those words, Vicki began to cry as old wounds rushed to the surface. Placing his arms around her, Jerry held her tightly. Years of buried grief surfaced from both of them.

With her head still on Jerry’s chest, Vicki said, “I thought I had forgotten the name of that evil little man. My heart is full of sorrow because of the unredeemable precious life he took from us, Jerry. You know that I have deep regrets over my personal immaturity when we were young. Somehow, I think our lives would have been okay if Diaz and the government had left us alone. What he did to us was unjustifiable. I hope the little bastard rots in hell.”

They sat in silence for a while longer, as Jerry was emotionally unable to speak. Vicki looked up and said in a low whisper, “I love you, Jerry.”

“Yes, I know you do, and I love you, as well.

What he did helped to destroy our family, Vicki, but the real culprit was the United States government. I will never forgive them for the destruction of my family or my businesses. We were robbed of life, but we must stay positive and treasure the days we have left with our children and grandchildren.”

“I will, Jerry. Thanks. I needed to get that out of me, and I am so glad that you were here when I found out.”

Vicki warmed the food as they shared a few glasses of wine, talking about the kids and grandchildren, when Jerry, glancing at his watch, asked, “Are you okay now?”

“Sure, I’m fine. It’s not as if I am going to grieve over that prick,” she said, laughing. “Especially when I am interested in this one,” she added, squeezing his crotch.

“I wanted to make sure because I have to go out for a while. The group had a meeting planned at Larry’s place before Diaz showed up on the news.”

“You have been meeting a lot lately. I hope you old hippies are not planning on getting into trouble, like you did in the sixties.”

“Hey you, that’s alleged trouble; we never got caught.”

“You know what I mean.”

“We are just exchanging ideas. You can be sure it will be nothing like the sixties; the little boys are all grown up now,” he said with a smile.

“Can I have my straight-up dessert before you go?” she said, unzipping his pants.

“You know how to get him up, and this is a self-serve Chinese buffet; eat all you want, my dear.” In his best Chinese accent, Jerry added, “You order numba won stifty, comin wight up.”

“Thanks for coming on such short notice. I would not have asked you to come if this was not a serious matter.” Taking copies from his briefcase, Jerry handed a set of documents to everyone. For the most part, the room was silent for over five minutes as they read the documents. That is, with the exception of an occasional ‘holy shit,’ ‘what the fuck,’ or ‘you have got to be kidding me.’

Roger spoke first. “Let me deal with this; I will snuff it out to the end of the smoke.”

“I think that has already been done, Roger; haven’t you seen the news?” Scott asked.

“You know I don’t watch the news, Scott.”

“If you are going to be chief of security, I think you better start.”

“Tell me how you got these documents, Jerry,” Sam said.

“I am not comfortable with Sam and Molly being here,” Scott remarked.

“Shut the fuck up, Scott. My name is in the document,” Molly shouted. “I don’t watch the news, either. The guy who wrote these documents, is it the same Fred Diaz you called me about last night, Jerry? What happened to him?”

“HELLO! This is for the non-news watchers. He jumped from a thirty-seven-story building, naked, without a cape. So we can assume that he did not land like Superman,” Scott retorted.

“Is this true? Do you know anything about this, Jerry?” Sam asked.

After a long pause, Jerry replied, “I took care of the problem.”

“You tossed the man, naked, off the top of the building?” Scott asked.

“Do not answer that,” Steve shouted at Jerry. “Jerry, do not say another word! You can implicate yourself and everyone here if you speak. Listen to me. Shut the fuck up! You took care of the problem means you and Vicki were working out a personal problem. Correct? Shake your head yes, Jerry. Do you understand me?”

“You actually tossed a guy off the roof?” Roger asked.

“See what I mean, Jerry? Shut up,” Steve said again.

“I think Steve is right; you need to keep quiet at this point. Tell everyone that you took care of a problem between you and Vicki,” Larry said.

“Yes, Roger, I threw the bastard off his balcony to make it look like a suicide.”

“Aw, jeeze, Jerry,” Steve said.

“While I was in his penthouse, I found the documents. I do not know what each of you would have done, but I did what I felt I had to do. Had it not been for the documents, I might not have killed him. I honestly don’t know. That prick was going to turn Roger, Sam, and Molly in as potential collaborators against the United States government. One day, in a raid, government agents would have snatched them up as we sat there with our dicks in our hands, wondering what the just happened.”

“He’s right, you know,” said Roger.

“Now, all I intend to do is wait quietly until they call it a suicide and close the case. If anyone wants to turn me in, go ahead. I will not deny what I did. Somehow, I suspect that if you do turn me in, some or all of the people sitting here will settle the matter with you.”

“Trust me on this, from thirty-seven floors, they will not find even a fingerprint,” Roger said. “They will never find anything on the ground. The minute he hit the ground, it became a polluted crime scene.”

“That is kind of what I thought,” Jerry commented.

“May I ask you a personal question?” Sam calmly asked.

“Sure, Sam. What do you want to know?”

“To me, you seem awfully calm for a man that just murdered someone less than twenty-four hours ago in a pretty horrific manner. I was wondering what your emotional state is, and quite frankly, if this is your first murder.”

“Jerry, do not answer the second half of that question,” Steve commented.

“Steve, let it be. I’m okay with the question and the implied questions,” Jerry said, smiling.

Looking at Sam, Jerry said, “How about you, Sam? If you knew the man that shot you at Kent State had no remorse for trying to kill you, and he was about to turn everyone at this table into the government, what would you have done?” Sam stared thoughtfully, as Jerry turned to Molly, “How about you? What if it were Karl?”

“I would have done Karl for less of a reason, Jerry, but I understand your meaning. In answer to your implied question, yes, I would do a traitor in who was going to destroy anyone sitting here,” Molly replied.

“What if it were the county prosecutor, Steve? What would you do? I know what Roger and Larry would have done. What about you, Scott? Would you let the Cigar Club fuck you again by destroying your friends?” The group pondered what they would have done if faced with the same situational ethics Jerry had faced.

“In answer to your question, Sam, yes, this was the first time I have ever taken a life. It was emotionally intense at the time, and given the circumstances, I have no regrets. This man wrecked my life and family many years ago. Being completely honest, I openly admit that killing him gave me a strange, personal satisfaction. I never expected that emotion to surface when I tossed him from his balcony. A weird, almost triumphant feeling hit me. A feeling as if I had finally struck a blow against the federal government for the destruction of my family’s life.

“This degenerate bastard openly murdered my frail wife’s heart in front of me. As a ruthless IRS agent, he put me out of business, and my family became homeless without any justification. His actions, and the actions of the United States government, stole my privileged right to share a full and complete life with my wife and children. He was an emotionless Nazi, loading a train car bound for the gas chambers the day he murdered my wife’s heart in front of me.

“So, you ask me how I am emotionally, Sam. That is how it affected me! I want more justice, and intend to get it if I have to execute every motherfucker on their payroll, one at a time. The bastards that work for the IRS are traitors to the American people. For a few bucks, they violate their own conscience in service to Hitler.

IRS employees remind me of the Jews that worked for the Nazis' loading train cars bound for the gas chambers; they counted heads and snitched on other Jews in order to save their own asses. The IRS employees, working for the Gestapo agency, know how fucked up the government is, and yet, like the Jew Nazi, they choose to shake down the pockets of the American people.

“As you can tell, I am extremely angry. Let me rephrase that. I am full of rage. You ask me why such rage? At some point, each and every day, I find myself trapped in a constant comparison of what my life might have been. It comes to me at any moment throughout the day. The ‘what if’ appears after making love with Vicki, or my children’s birthdays, a holiday, even a phone call from a grandchild. My stolen, putrid loss of life and my family’s stolen lives are always present with me each day. As a man, I had a divine right to provide a future and security for my family. The United States government aborted my life and gave me a pus-filled life of wasted dreams and futile vanity. They stole my privileged right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness with my family. If a man fucks up his own life, that is one thing, but when the United States government fucks up your life, I want justice! Emotionally, Sam, I have finally grown up, and I am one pissed-off son-of-a-bitch. That’s why I call it rage.

“This group represents the only hope I have at obtaining larger justice than I can obtain by myself. Except for Molly, we all know the sun is setting on our lives, so we need to get off our old asses and think about getting even in a big way, real soon. For me, I desperately need some kind of justifiable closure and redeeming purpose for my life. When I got out of bed yesterday, I didn’t have the slightest idea that I was going to toss Diaz over his balcony to his death. From where I stand, it seems that circumstances beyond my comprehension or control have caused me to step into another dimension. When I entered Diaz’s home, I never expected to find those papers. What I did find out about myself at the decisive moment of life or death for Fred Diaz was, for the first time in my life, that I am ready to die for a cause greater than the value of my own life. You are the people that I placed greater value on than my own life. Collectively, you offer me the opportunity to unleash all of the rage within my heart on the United States government. I refuse to sit down, watch the sun go down, and wait for the grave to take my life. I am getting up. I refuse to sit another moment, and the sons of bitches that stole my life are going to pay!

“If they execute me while I am trying to wake up the sleeping American sheep, I have done well. From what I hear out of your mouths, I believe you are each at the same point.

I see little difference in my life and yours, and think you are ready to settle the score for the robbed or wasted vanities found in your own lives. I would like to think each of you would have done the same thing that I did too protect this one chance for our lives to have some kind of a redeeming value.

“I accept Steve’s facts. I agree Lincoln was the exact point in history where ‘we the people’ lost the title deed to the country. Therefore, I recommend that we move forward in the development of a plan of action against the United States government. No more bullshit games, no more talking about what to do. It is time to develop a real plan of action and figure out what we ARE going to do against the biggest destroyer of human life in the world. While my words are anxious and frustrated, I assure each of you, this time I want our collective minds to develop the absolute best plan we can. We cannot jump blindly into a swimming pool filled with acid, like we did in Florida. I offer this group all of my life experiences, wisdom, and finances to accomplish any task we face. If it is acceptable with everyone, I would like to take a few minutes to offer some ideas and information for consideration for any plan of action we develop.”

Captivated by his sincerity and boldness, everyone nodded in agreement.

Looking at Steve, Jerry continued, “I appreciate your attempt to keep the scales of justice balanced for me legally, Steve, by telling me to shut up. I am sure that you have seen your own share of unbalanced scales during your career. For me, the United States government destroyed my life, using another set of scales. I call them the ‘unbalanced economic scales.’”

Excited about the term “unbalanced economic scales,” Molly elbowed Sam in the side. “I got it, Molly. I’m not deaf,” Sam whispered.

“On one scale, they demand accountability from the American people. You be good taxpaying citizens, pay no later than April 15, vote, as if it counts, and manage your homes and businesses in a sound financial manner. While, on their side of the scales, they spend money on foolish projects, intimidate the American people, rob social security, print money when they need it, and sell our future by borrowing money from China.

“They intimidate the sheep every year by publicly crucifying at least one high-profile individual at tax time. Using strong-arm Gestapo tactics, the IRS and a bankrupt United States government seize news headlines by going after celebrities like Willie ‘Still-Smokin’-Pot’ Nelson, Wesley Snipes, or recently that old burned-out rocker, what’s his name? Ozzy Osbourne. The rest of you little sheepish assholes better file on time, or we will do to you what we did to them. To avoid penalties or jail, be sure to postmark before the midnight deadline. I am sick and tired of the way they manipulate 300 million sheep and businesses.

Ask anyone who has ever gotten a letter from the IRS and dealt with them on any level, what they think of them.

“I would like to be a bit silly for a few minutes in the hopes of imparting some knowledge into a strategy we could adapt. Statistics and information like this, distributed in literature, radio or television, might be an effective way to educate the American people. The IRS has about 25,000 field agents or one for every 12,000 sheep. If you count the janitor, phone receptionist, and guard, they have about one person to every 5,000 sheep. If the sheep stopped paying taxes, forcing everyone working for the Gestapo into the field, it would take one agent, working seven days a week, almost fourteen years to see everyone on his list. That is, unless they sent him to my home first,” Jerry said to the laughter of the group.

“I would pop them, as well,” said Roger and Larry nodded in agreement.

“Now look what you have done, Roger. They have to send them out two at a time for protection, so that means they will need twenty-eight years to see everyone on the list.”

“Pop them both,” Roger, answered.

“I see you get my point, Roger. The sheep can stop them with the same tactics the IRS used on the sheep: fear, intimidation, murder, and the destruction of families and businesses. They are a paper tiger illusion, created only as a tool of fear against timid sheep.” Smiling at Sam, Jerry continued, “I see your mind, Sam, running through the list of options. You think electronic seizures of accounts are all it will take, right? That will wake up the sheep for damn sure. A mass Gestapo seizure action would take the fear out of the sheep, and IRS employees better not be living in my neighborhood.”

“Very interesting indeed, Jerry,” Sam said, smiling. “Now, when are you going to get to the silly part?” questioned Sam as everyone laughed. “Knowledge is power, Jerry, and when you are in a fight, we need all of the power we can obtain. Presented to the sheep, it might have some effect. We need to teach them that a bully can’t catch all 5,000 of us if we hit him and run.”

“Now, that is silly,” smiled Jerry.

“The United States government is as bankrupt as a homeless vagrant living in a cardboard box under the freeway. It continues to borrow from everyone and steal the taxpayers’ money to bailout itself, corporations, banks, and Wall Street. Americans need to ask, ‘Where is my eighteen percent interest rate on my money that you borrowed and loaned without my permission?’ They borrowed nearly one trillion dollars from China just to pay government debts. Whose debt? I never got any Chinese yuan or signed the loan papers.

“Social security is broke. When the United States government tells the American people that social security is okay, they are all liars. The federal government borrowed against all of the money in social security a long time ago. Listen to me: if China quits lending, there is no social security system because all of the money is long gone. The United States government is playing a carnival shell game with the American people as they borrow every way they can to cover the costs each month. Anytime China decides, they can turn off the funds, and the social security checks will stop.

“As most of you know, the government forced me to take everything in my life underground and offshore. During that process of survival, I learned how to beat the government at their own game. Over the years, I developed or figured out many useful principles. Now, I am quite confident that I can create a financial system capable of protecting the American people from government mistakes with a system of balanced fairness for everyone. As Larry put it, I know where the potholes are. The government put my head in a pothole and ran over me. Then backed up and ran over me again. I believe that what I painfully learned will help us as we develop a plan of action.

“My most disturbing discovery happened quite by accident. I think this will happen to the United States of America if we don’t take action as a group. I was tracing the economic origins of the United States online, and came across a website where a person had predicted 9/11 for several years before it happened. Please bear with me. I am not crazy or religious, as you all know. I don’t remember the name of the man or the website, but it seems for years this man delivered the same message each New Year’s Day. It went something like this: ‘Calamity is coming to this country. One night you are going to go to bed. When you get up the next day, calamity will strike, and the world as you now know it will never be the same again.’ Reading about the man and his predictions took me back to 9/11 and the calamity that struck, changing the nation and the world forever. That day forever changed the economic scales against the citizens of the world.

Molly elbowed Sam in the ribs again.

“It is obvious that the world has suffered financial calamity since 9/11. What people do not understand is how the world monetary system is becoming a government-owned entity all over the world. The new standard for placing value on money comes from the analysis of a nation’s leading economic indicators. I hope you understood that. The government determines if your hard-earned money is worth anything, not you. The countries of the world have no standard of value backing paper money of any kind. Nearly all paper money is not worth the paper it’s written on. The world operates on a floating currency without any real value attached.

The concept, for most people, is hard to get your head around. Homes have value, cars have value, and even used clothing has value. Paper money has no value backing it other than what the indicators of a nation's economy looks like in the crystal ball of the future.

“Let me give you a simple understanding of what the world countries are doing with money. They are playing a very serious game of marbles with your marble bag and your hard-earned paper money. We all played marbles as kids and understand that the shooter can keep shooting other players' marbles out of the ring, as long as he stays stuck in the ring. The monetary marble game that the world is playing is for keeps and comes down to ownership of the most paper marbles from other players.

“The United States of America is almost out of the paper marble game. It seems that, with the idiots we put in power, coupled with the wrong system of government, our entire large bag of paper marbles has been nearly lost in the game. Financially, over seventy percent of all paper US dollars, our marbles, are now in the marble bags of other countries. This is not hypothetical or a number I plucked out of the heavens. Over seventy US dollars out of one hundred resides in another country's marble bag. At this point, I don't believe there is a way to win the marble game, since at best, the sheep own less than twenty-nine percent of the entire country built on worthless paper money. On one hand, I think we should slap the sheep from their slumber, and on the other, it may not be worth waking the sheep at all. I say the man on the web was right. After the calamity of 9/11, the financial scales tipped immediately. The world is about to experience a financial calamity and meltdown. It will be so devastating, that it will make the rubble of the twin tower implosions look like a paper napkin on a playground. One thing for sure, previous history has proven the world will fight over money and food. I expect the next new world wars will be to the death of the other nation. China is trying to kill this nation without firing a shot. They have a large bag of our paper marbles because the inept leaders in Washington keep playing games with the budget.

“In our plan of action, I feel we should invest money on television to educate people on how to take down and stop the United States government by withholding our withholding taxes. Change is not coming to America with sweet, meaningless speeches from Obama. Change is coming if we can wake up the sheep. Otherwise, change will not occur. Obama needs to grow a spine. Yes, I agree with Mable Watson, he inherited a house-nigger's mess from Bush, if you look at life through her eyes. What Mable does not understand is that Obama did what every other politician before him did, and it has nothing to do with skin color.

The skin of a politician has only one color, chameleon. It might serve Mable well to know a chameleon changes colors more for social reasons than to hide from danger.

“He said one thing and then compromised like a politician after he took office on important issues, from closing Gitmo and ending the wars to stopping the Patriot Act. Can you imagine the thinking that went into naming the theft of every constitutional right from the American people as a Patriot Act, and then selling that bullshit to the stupefied sheep? That act is the most UNPATRIOTIC act since Lincoln, and Obama signed it into law, again. To me, that officially makes the ‘house chameleon’ a partaker of George Bush’s legacy. I don’t care how big the mess was on the floor when he got there.”

Sam raised his hand as if he were in a grade school classroom. “Yes, Sam?”

“Please excuse me for interrupting, Jerry, but am I to understand this is now a strategy meeting? It sounds to me as if you are already putting forth new ideas for consideration in the plot to overthrow the United States government.”

“In my zeal to move the ball down the field, Sam - Wait a minute. I like the sound of that phrase, the plot to overthrow.”

“Since we are open to interruption, can we take a quick break? I need to take a leak,” asked Scott.

Looking at him, Jerry shouted, “You know the rules, Scott, no pissing while I am talking!”

As laughter filled the room, Larry and Molly went into the kitchen for snacks. When everyone returned, Steve stood and said, “As president, I put to the floor a proposal we call our new and last plan of action the plot to overthrow.” Standing, with drinks in hand, everyone clicked their glasses, saying in unison, “The plot to overthrow it shall be.”

Sam sat in stunned amazement at how his slip of the tongue had ended in the group taking the same name he had conceived after the shooting at Kent State.

Roger spoke up and said, “Now we are going somewhere! We will use the code word ‘vote’ in a sentence to call for a meeting. I will supply each of you tomorrow with prepaid cell phones and untraceable sim cards. Remember, be careful what you say; that doesn’t mean Big Brother cannot hear you. It means he cannot trace your location very easily. The phones are not for chitchat. Using the word ‘vote,’ ‘voting,’ or ‘voted’ in any sentence will signify a need to call for a same night meeting, here at 8 p.m. until we find a more secure location. All you need to say is, I need to ‘vote,’ and nothing else is necessary. If it is extremely urgent, ask to vote at a specific hour. I need to ‘vote,’ at 4 p.m. or whatever hour you need.

One call to me, and I take it from there.”

Molly leaned over and whispered to Sam, “I told you from the start these guys were serious.”

“Yes, you did, but it will take more than a televised tax revolt to overthrow the government, Molly.”

“Wait a minute, Sam, isn’t that the exact term you used, the plot. How did you know about this?”

“I know what I know, and now I am wondering how he knew what I knew, or how much he knows about the real plot to overthrow the United States government.”

“What?” asked Molly.

As Jerry began speaking again, he said, “I guess getting off course a bit was a good thing. We now have a name, thanks to Sam. Let’s endeavor to build on that foundation a wise plot to overthrow. I have some additional thoughts, and perhaps a legal challenge we might entertain, as a group. I think we should explore the possibility of filing a test case with the thousands of people I know that had a thriving business one day, and the next day it was ‘turn out the lights’ because Uncle Sam has fucked it up again.

“Where is the money they cost millions of hard-working, small businessmen who invested their entire lives and were forced to close their doors because of the United States government’s negligent mismanagement? These are real lives of real people, and not just some statistic. The United States government has destroyed the homes and lives of more families than all natural disasters combined, and they did it intentionally with negligent acts of malice. It was not an act of God, and what they did – did not have to happen at all.

“Do you have any idea how many businesses were prosperous one day and broke the next because of Bush? Do not get me started on the unintentional necessity to foreclose on homes because of price gouging and illicit greedy mortgage lenders. The United States government used the people’s money to bail out the banks and Wall Street and turned their backs on the people. Families were needlessly ripped apart. People found themselves having to learn a new occupation at fifty-years old. Obama blew it! He could have helped people stay in their homes. A \$700 billion dollar bailout to help the people of this nation would have turned this country around faster. Telling an unemployed man to find a new place for his family to live causes major economic failure. For once, the government should have invested in the people. Seven hundred billion buys a lot of stability in families, real estate markets, and the housing industry.

Had Obama helped the people with a mortgage supplement at a level or below \$1000 dollars a month for a full year, over 60 million families could have remained in their homes. Foreclosures and the lunacy of empty homes served no one, not even the mortgage lending crooks. Do you understand that the first \$700 billion dollar business bailout could have helped over half of all the homes in the country for a year? That would have given everyone a lot of time to stabilize. The economy will not change until housing grows again. Every economist knows this, or I should say, at least those outside of Washington.

“No one can win the argument that we still have a free-market enterprise. That left with the first bailout of the railroads in 1970. The United States government is in the business of bailing out everything business and governmental. They started with the railroads and continued with airlines, banks, automobiles, brokers, more banks, and then bailed out the failed New York City government in 1975. Many of the loans were never paid back, and it took NYC over a decade to pay back the loan. When has any citizen ever received that kind of help in life when they were in debt and overextended? Why do the sheep allow the United States government to get away with the misuse of their money? And why would the motherfuckers in Washington keep throwing the people of this nation under the bus? Two things control Washington, ignorance and cold heartedness for ‘we the people.’ If Congress is going to fight over a budget, the first fight needs to be over the security of the people who provide the budget.

“Why does all of the pain and suffering reside on the people’s side, and never on the government’s side for its negligent actions? I ask each of you, personally, what amount of money would you award to me for losing my privileged right to my family? What amount for the theft of my right to live my life how I wanted to live it? How much money will you award me for making my entire life nothing but fifty years of wasted vanity?”

After a long pause, Jerry looked at everyone individually. “How much money do you want for that needless bullet through your gut, Sam? What other path in life would you have taken without it? How many lies did the United States government tell you, Roger, in order for you to commit murderous acts in needless wars? Who gave you those sleepless nights? It was not the victims, my friend. They were the victims, just like you. It was the lying government. What’s that worth to you, Roger? How much money for coerced, backroom legal deals with false convictions, Steve? Come on, buddy, the judicial system so messed you up, that you were going to pop yourself. Give me a price, Counselor! How much for the insane trauma that put the cold steel of a loaded gun barrel in your mouth.

How much for fixed votes and backroom deals in Congress, Scott? What are they worth? Fucking over the sheep for power, what was that worth? Forced retirement and dirty tricks. Is that the reason you went to Washington?

“How could the United States government ever compensate any of us with money? I am not the only one in this room with a putrid loss of life! Don’t look at me like I am crazy! You each have your own pus-filled infections and wasted lives, just like me. Pain and suffering is a legal term, but some things in life are not about money, are they? I am out for justice. I am up to my ears with bullshit from this worthless, heartless, destructive government. I do not give a shit if the Muammar Gaddafi of the United States government drops bombs on me or turns a tank on me. I am going to take his ass down. All the way to the ground! One way or the other, since 9/11, this ...”

Sam slammed the table with his fist. “I am with you, Jerry, and it’s time to reveal the real plot to overthrow!”

Roger followed with both fists. “You know where I stand.”

“I have been ready for so long, you cannot imagine,” Steve added, leaping to his feet and kicking his chair backwards.

“I know I have one purpose remaining in this life, and this is it,” Larry said, looking at Scott.

“Count me in,” said Scott, as everyone turned, looking at Molly.

“I had only one fantasy left in my life. It was to be the main mama for the Hells Angels. I guess you leftover hippies will have to do,” she said, smiling as everyone laughed. “Besides, if I am right, Sam, Jerry will be number three, won’t he?”

Shaking his head as he tried to whisper with every eye looking at him, Sam said, “Molly, we are not here to discuss that. We are here to listen.”

“Wait a minute, what are you two up to?” asked Steve. “I am not sure I liked her motorcycle mama answer, either,” said Scott, “much less her following comment.”

Sam seized control of the conversation. “Molly and I have a corresponding study we are doing that meshes exactly with what you fellows have been doing. If you recall, Larry, last night I was in the middle of inviting everyone to my home when Roger showed up at the bar.”

“That’s right,” Larry responded. “Do you still want to get together?”

“Yes, I do.”

“What is this number three crap?” Scott asked.

“That’s the number of times I am going to beat your ass if you keep it up,” retorted Molly.

Standing to his feet, Scott looked across the table at Molly. “You are not ever going to beat my ass again, Molly.

You cured me of that perverted addiction. For the benefit of everyone here, someone sexually messed me up as a young man, and Molly recently brought me full circle. For that, I thank you. My wife and I are honestly trying to make something out of what little life we have left together. There, now that I have that off my chest, I think I can be more civil towards you in my questions. Please, forgive my previous hostilities, Molly. Nevertheless, I would still like to know what you meant by Jerry being number three.”

Molly could not believe that she actually felt a tiny bit sorry for Scott. Sam quickly took control of the conversation again. “Scott, I will be more than willing to answer that when we meet in my study. I have over thirty years of study that correlates perfectly to this group’s discussion. After thirty years of study, I cannot possibly begin to answer that question in a few sentences. I will tell you that we are not concerned with the number three anymore, but more likely as a group it will be the number four.” Observing their puzzled faces, Sam continued. “All I can do is ask you to trust me.”

Larry said immediately, “I do.”

“That’s good enough for me,” said Roger, as everyone, including Scott concurred.

Looking at Jerry, Sam asked, “What were you about to say about 9/11 before I interrupted you?”

“First of all, speaking as a structural steel engineer and a builder, there is no way planes took those buildings down. For the first three years after the implosions, I was angry at the bullshit we were fed by the government about how the buildings collapsed.

“I wasted a lot of time and money trying to educate the public. I am part of the largest group of architects and engineers in the world who all agree that it was impossible to knock those buildings down with a plane. The group I am involved with has over 1,375 structural steel engineers with over 8,000 years of education. No matter what we tried, we could not wake up the American people to demand that the government look at the facts. Now I am trying another, simpler approach. I run advertisements in newspapers and on cable television asking the American people to stop and read George Bush’s own account of what he saw, and when he saw it, on 9/11 in the school. If anyone reads what Bush says he saw, the Texas Rangers need to arrest him on self-inflicted perjury and treason. Anyone can find all of Bush’s lies publicly available all over the Internet and newspapers.”

Roger spoke up, “If you do not mind, Jerry, I would like to interject a few comments.”

“Go ahead. I was hoping to have heard more from you last night, and if your documents had any insight about 9/11.”

“I am sure everyone understands there were many things I could have talked about last night. Trust me, I have a whole lot more that everyone needs to hear about concerning what’s really behind terrorism. It was the wrong place last night, and General Breckenridge would have pulled my ear off.”

“Those are pretty big ears,” Jerry joked.

“I mean that literally, Jerry; the man will do it.”

“Ouch,” laughed Molly.

“Brad retired after me, so he would have the latest facts on how the government uses terrorism to its advantage. If I had told that news crowd what I really know last night, there would have been sheep shit all over the floor. When you know what I know about the war on terror, it will terrorize your thinking.”

“Why don’t we meet here in the morning? I would like to hear it,” Steve said. “If we are going after the United States government, we might as well understand how they think, and every bit of knowledge helps.”

Sam spoke up “I would love to hear it too, Roger. Would this General Breckenridge be willing to share his knowledge?”

“Not a good idea. Do we trust this man?” Scott asked. “No one knows him except Roger.”

Roger looked sternly at Scott, and before he could speak, Scott quickly asked, “Do you trust him Roger?”

“With my life, Scott, and I have many times.”

“Good enough for me,” Scott said.

“Now, let me finish what Jerry was saying about what Bush actually knew on 9/11. First, it is a documented fact, all over the world, that Bush said he saw the first plane hit the building that morning on a television in the hall, while he was waiting to go into the classroom. We know that was a lie because there was no footage of the first plane broadcast until very late that day, and most of the networks did not broadcast the first plane until the next day. The school has verified there has never been a television in any of the halls. That is common knowledge.

“I can tell you, according to the documents I read, they indicate the stooge evidently watched as the first plane hit the building from inside the limo before he went into the school. That means the United States government was monitoring the buildings, expecting an attack. From what I could understand, it seems Bush was played for the stooge he actually was. After reading the document, I’m not sure the *Saturday Night Live* joke about Cheney actually running the country is a joke. Cheney’s account differs and changes as widely as his quail-shooting abilities. Anyhow, Bush had limited understanding as the events unfolded in real time.

It appears he was left in the blind intentionally in order to make him appear believable and in as much shock as the American public. What happened was Bush blew his lines. The people who played him as a stooge did not count on the stooge messing up his lines at the school. A lot of this is public knowledge; as I said, even the school says there were no televisions in the hall. The question is not – ‘is the President lying,’ – it is – ‘why did he lie?’

“It gets worse. President Bush later recounted again, what his thoughts were as he watched the first plane hit the twin towers in the school hallway, and I quote, ‘Well, there’s one terrible pilot.’ That statement speaks for itself. The visit to the elementary school was a staged event. Give me the name of any other president in history that would watch a plane hit the World Trade Center, say it was a bad pilot, and then enter a classroom to read a book to children. We all saw the dumbass expression on his face when Andy Card whispered in his ear. Oh, we are under attack, you mean that was not a terrible pilot flying the other plane? Even then, he just sat there.

“From what I understand, the government knew the attacks were coming and decided to let them happen. The attacks would give the United States government the mandate to enter into a part of the world where they desired a presence. We need to meet tomorrow and have a serious talk about terrorism at 0-800. The implosions were just that, Jerry, especially Building 7. In their determination to convince the public and stir public outrage, they over did it. Building 7 was a mistake by the government. They did not need to implode that building, and that is where the real problem for government exposure lays. Anyone that watches that tape can see that was a timed implosion. The rapid clean up by the government was to cover up the explosives used during the implosions. I think some of your people in Gage’s organization recovered some proof of the explosives the government used. There’s much more, I just felt it necessary to back up what Jerry was saying.”

“I am glad you did, Roger,” said Jerry. “It helps me a lot to know that I am not crazy, and yes, we have proof of the type of explosives used to implode the towers and Building 7. What I do not understand is with all of the information that we have collected, we cannot seem to get to first base to open an investigation. Even with public knowledge of Bush’s lies about what he saw that day, we cannot get a hearing or an audience in Washington.”

“You will understand tomorrow. Once, you find out how the government opted to use terrorism,” Roger replied. “It will not make you happy. One study your group needs to do, Jerry, is who or why so many people never showed up for work on 9/11. You would think the press would have investigated such a huge story. Where are the undisclosed sources?”

That investigation needs to be coupled with the exorbitant payout to the Jew that owned Building 7. If they follow people that did not show up for work and the money trail, you will understand why Building 7 was imploded. And quite possibly who imploded the twin towers, as well.”

“Trust me; I will be here at eight sharp, Roger.”

“Let me shut up, and let’s go home. It has been a great night. In closing, here are some nighttime thoughts for those of you who will be counting sheep. We have had way too much talk about sheep tonight,” Jerry said, smiling. “The scales tipped on 9/11 for the final time in this nation’s history. Today we have a trade deficit of over \$270 billion dollars a year with China. Why would the United States government allow such a huge loss? There go your marbles. How did the United States government get into debt with China, borrowing almost a trillion dollars every year to keep this propped-up puppet in business? China plays the United States government like a puppet; it recently forced the US to infuse the banks with another batch of freshly printed paper in the amount of another \$700 billion dollars. Do you understand they are shooting our bag of marbles out of the ring each time we do that? Since China holds the debt, they take the marbles out of the country. The real owners of America are the Arab OPEC nations and China.

“This is all happening, as the idiots in Washington and Wisconsin argue about cutting union benefits to help balance the budget. Why not deal with the serious problem of cutting off China first? China owns nearly three trillion dollars in assets within the US, including Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac mortgages. What happened? Can someone make sense of this? What power in Washington allowed China such a strong hold on the United States of America?”

Interrupting, Sam calmly said, “I know who, what, where, when, and why. I know what power controls Washington, and how it works in and through the United States government. I would like to discuss setting up a meeting with everyone when we meet here, with Roger.”

“So, that was not a slip of the tongue when you said you had the real plot to overthrow the United States government, Sam,” Larry said.

“Yes, it was a slip of the tongue, Larry. Where was that ear-ripping general when I needed him?” Sam said, laughing. “Tomorrow, after Roger, I would like to set a date to have everyone over to my place to explain the power behind Washington that drives the United States government. Roger, I look forward to hearing you and General Breckenridge on terrorism,” Sam said.

As they were walking through the parking lot, Sam commented to Molly, “There is some merit to what they said tonight, but that is not going to overthrow the United States government in a million years.”



ATOL

*“Lying On A Beach In Mexico
Sippin’ a Margarita.”*

‘This must be what a military classroom is like,’ Sam thought. Roger and General Breckenridge, dressed in military uniforms, set up a marker board and passed out sheets of information. Sam leaned over, and asked Jerry where Scott was. “He had an appointment with his psychologist that he couldn’t break. So I’m going to fill him in later.”

“He should have been here,” added Molly. “I have already cured him of his deviant sexual behavior. Why does he need a psychologist?”

Roger was busy adjusting some small boxes he called frequency scramblers that would stop the penetration of external listening devices, or internal bugs. Turning around, he said, “We are good to go, General.”

“Gentlemen, I thank each of you for coming today. I have spoken with Roger briefly about your endeavors and offer my assistance should you determine that you need it. Recently, I made a decision to retire because of a highly classified operation, code-named ‘Cemetery Network.’” Turning to the board, he wrote ‘Cemetery Network,’ and underneath, ‘The Manipulation of Terrorism.’

Underlining the words, he continued. “That is the reason I retired. The atmosphere in the military is a very strange one, and I think their actions are unhealthy to the nation. The Cemetery Network was responsible for feeding the right ideas and information into known terrorist cells. When we are finished today, the darkest side of the United States government may become your new, scary bed partner tonight.” As he took a seat, he said, “Roger, would you explain Viktor Bout to everyone.”

“Viktor Bout is a resilient opponent. A Russian soldier, KGB agent, and a product of terrorism’s market economy of supply and demand. I personally met Bout, also known as the ‘sanctions buster,’ in the 90s on two occasions. Both times, he was smuggling arms to President Charles Taylor of Liberia.

Many countries used Bout's airlines to move undisclosed product into areas of interest. The French, the UN, heads of state, soldiers, and yes, even the United States government all used Bout's planes for private operations. My reason for meeting Bout was to offer assistance or money for his operations in Afghanistan. At that time, he was running guns and live bodies into Afghanistan, supporting the Taliban, who had taken over Kabul. The Taliban gave Bout the use of Afghan Airlines, and he delivered around 800 new volunteers a day to fight with the Taliban and join Osama bin Laden. All the way up to 9/11, the United States government funded the Taliban and bin Laden with arms and cash. 9/11 was the actual ending of Charlie Wilson's war.

"In 2008, the United States government captured Bout during a sting operation in Bangkok, Thailand. In 2010, the United States successfully deported Bout, against vehement objections from the Russian government. Russia claimed the extradition was unlawful, and the United States government used unprecedented political pressure on the government of Thailand. From a legal point, I agree with Russia. However, I know why both countries wanted Viktor Bout. Here are several questions the American people are not asking.

"What was the United States government doing in Thailand, setting up a sting operation to catch a supposed Russian gunrunner? What authority gave the United States government the right to enter a foreign country and arrest a private citizen from another country? How would this country react if China ran sting operations to catch Russians in Chicago?" Looking around the table at everyone, Roger said, "There is so much about Big Brother you still do not understand, but that is another topic for another day. Viktor Bout was about to go public with verifiable proof the United States government had funded the Taliban and bin Laden all the way up to 9/11. The threat of information like that falling into the hands of WikiLeaks is worth a lot of money to a guy like Bout. The only reason the government didn't kill him was because Bout was a Russian KGB agent. Russia also has proof the United States government supplied guns in countries that house terrorists through Bout.

"The United States government creates eighty percent of the turmoil we see in governments today. We have successfully changed numerous governments by killing people, and without firing a shot. The plan: make it look as if we are fighting terrorism and use the war on terror to our benefit. The American people do not understand how much they have been spoofed by the phrase 'war on terror.'"

General Breckenridge stood up, and Roger sat down without saying another word. “Let me clarify what Roger is saying. If a nation did not follow our cause, the United States government bloodied their soil and made terror personal to them. We have always known where bin Laden was. Do you really think we could not follow the same man delivering bin Laden tapes to Al-Jazeera from the first day he started? We map every country in the entire world by satellite every twelve hours. If a mosquito moves, we know it. The Cemetery Network infiltrated terrorist cells all over the world with knowledge. The knowledge of an easy target.

“Our plans for civil unrest swept through the Arab nations so successfully that even I was surprised at how fast we accomplished it in so many countries. A snag in the operation was the shutting down of the Internet by the leaders of a country. Arabs are not fighters. I rank them a close second just behind the French. If the Arab people cannot see or hear about the revolt, they do not have the guts to fight. Obama authorized and expedited the release of shadow military technology, cell phones, and high-tech laptops, allowing people to see their own revolt, even if the leaders shut down the Internet. That one will come back to bite him in the ass because China will snatch that technology up in a hurry. In the information age, that’s what moves people to keep fighting. The Arabs need to believe they have the possibility of winning. What they do not understand is they will win exactly what the United States government wants to give them.

“Since 9/11, the United States government began feeding terrorist cells the information they wanted them to have, and they fed the American media what they wanted them to know. Does anyone think it would be that hard to infiltrate a terror cell with a handful of occupants whose average IQ is 65? That would be about as difficult as feeding the American media through ‘undisclosed sources,’” he said, laughing. “The information we fed them, ‘as one of them,’ led to everything from train bombings, airport threats, the bombing of the Russian airport, and threats all over Europe. One of our funniest was how much stuff we were able to stir up with the cartoon flap in a Danish newspaper.

“Before I retired last year, I was still amazed at how the rest of the world was so naïve about the real activities and motives of the United States government. Think about it terrorism was mainly a United States problem. The people in Europe should be asking themselves why they are under terrorist attacks and not the United States. What did the Europeans do to the cave-dwelling Arabs? The better question, if they would wake up and ask it, would be, ‘Why has America not had another attack in ten years?’

Do they think bin Laden was stirring up their part of the world from his country estate?

“The United States government spilled blood on European soil to accomplish our primary goal to make the UN take action against Arab leaders. We fed the terrorist cells information on how to bloody soil all over Europe to move Europe into our sympathy corner. The benefit was UN sanctions and a no-fly zone as we try to kill Gaddafi the same way Bush killed Saddam Hussein. European leaders have to know we gave the rebels in Libya the guns and started the overthrow with CIA money. After decades of making the UN useless, the United States government decided to use them as a puppet. Once blood was spilled on European soil, it didn’t take long to have the UN endorse sanctions and a no-fly zone. The stupid ass French President Sarkozy bit it hook, line, and sinker. He wants to show the world they can fight when everyone knows why doctors like to operate on the French.”

After a long silent pause, Steve said, “I’ll bite, General.”

“It’s because they have no guts, and their heads and asses are interchangeable.” During the laughter, General Breckenridge sat down and Roger rose to his feet.

“The reason I was able to survive numerous wars and attacks on my life was because of a specialized training called enemy assessment. I truly studied every opponent before entering a battlefield. In my assessment of terrorism, I can assure you, they are not a worthy opponent to be overly concerned about. They have low intelligence, no real network, and they are enormously limited in launching an attack. There isn’t a logical reason for anyone to fear men who are hiding in caves,” Roger said with a smile.

“Let me put all of this BS about the ‘war on terrorism’ into proper perspective. Do you realize the Mexican drug cartels are more of a terrorist threat than all the combined acts of terror for the last fifty years? There have been over forty-thousand-murders in Mexico, and that number is only what they will admit to. As we all know, you can’t believe anything a Mexican tells you. I think the number is probably double that amount. Compare FORTY-thousand murdered, in a five-year war in Mexico, to just over SIX-thousand American soldiers killed in ten years in Iraq and Afghanistan.

“I ask you, where is the real war zone, and why haven’t we sealed the border? What do you think would happen if we started shooting Mexicans on the other side of the border? Why the puzzled faces? Israel shot across the border into Syria, killing unarmed civilians, and the United States government said Israel had a right to shoot them. Can you imagine that, Sam? Why are we not shooting Mexicans approaching the border?”

The Mexicans have murdered the equivalent of TWELVE World Trade Centers. In less than two years, the number of murders in Mexico will surpass the number of American deaths in the Vietnam War. An American citizen is safer walking naked through Iraq than lying on a beach in Mexico, sipping a margarita.” Roger said to the laughter of everyone.

“I am trying to impart to you the understanding of how the United States government uses the word ‘terror’ and the ‘war on terrorism’ to hype fear in this nation. Terror is such a strong word for an image in the mind. Almost everyone has experienced a version of terror or great fear at some point in his or her life. If you tell that image of terror in our minds that there is a war on terror, the sheep will run and hide in fear. It is at that moment the sheep will be willing to do anything for protection. The United States government is a master at word and image manipulation. The most recent manipulation by the United States government is easily understandable, if we observe the way the media has changed how they report war casualties and attacks.

“The world knows that the real boots on the ground in both wars are American soldiers, and that American generals are in command. So what’s new? A subtle change has occurred in the way the news media reports on the wars. Instead of ‘American soldiers killed today,’ they are changing the words to ‘NATO forces suffered casualties.’ The United States government made the change as they began to use the phrase ‘NATO forces’ every time they opened their mouths at a news conference. This way, the news sources must report the quoted statement as ‘NATO forces suffered casualties’ or ‘NATO forces attacked.’ In that manner, the government manipulates the media to limit reporting the actual reality of war and death. Do not say ‘American soldiers killed today’ as an opening headline; say ‘NATO forces suffered casualties’ or ‘NATO forces attacked.’ This is how the United States government buries the reality that we are burying young boys in their hyped-up war on terror.

“Don’t think for one minute, the United States government did not learn from Vietnam. Since Vietnam, they figured out they must keep the horror of death and war from the minds of the sheep. The think-tank crowd told them after the Vietnam War. The failure in Vietnam was because of public opinion ... that opinion was shaped by the way the news reported the vivid reality of death in Vietnam. If the news media reports the reality of war, showing pictures of soldiers killed and their families left behind, the sheep might wake up. The United States government learned from Vietnam. They make sure the news remains filled with the war on terror. They hype every roadside or car bomb for any reason. Put that on the news 24/7, and make the sheep hide in fear. Every bit of it is bullshit.

In the United States, one-hundred-fifteen people a day are killed in car accidents. This means over forty thousand Americans die every year in car accidents. The combined car bombs in Pakistan, Afghanistan, and Iraq kill less than two thousand people. So I ask you, where is the terror war zone? How big is it? Really. This thing is blown way out of proportion. Let's keep the war on terror in its proper perspective. With all of the news hype on the war on terror, how big is it really?

"Where are the terrorists? Think realistically with me about world terrorism. How does terrorism actually affect the American public? How much real impact does a car bomb in Pakistan, blowing up a mosque, have on the life of an American? Why would the American public be concerned or give a fuck if Islam wants to blow up Islam? What is a car bomb from the other side of the world even doing on American television? Every bombing is one tribe of Arabs attacking another sect because of a religious power struggle. The Arabs are making TROUBLE in their own countries, not in the world. Over ninety-five percent of all news reports are about 'the troublemakers' and infighting between Arab tribes. They are not acts of terror against the United States or the world. Why are they broadcast on the news? We get it! You convinced me. They are crazy," Roger said with a smile. "Some sheep are not so damn dumb.

"The mainstream media outlets intentionally fail to report them for what they truly are." Mimicking a news reporter, Roger commented, "Tonight, we have breaking news. A 'disorganized group of Arab troublemakers' came out from hiding in their cave in Pakistan today. This group of 'troublemakers' drove their car into a mosque and blew themselves up, where their Muslim brothers and sisters were practicing Muhammad's religion of peace. The 'troublemakers' attack killed twelve people in their own city. Now that's what I call a 'real serious troublemaker, folks.' The United States government raised the 'troublemaker threat level' to the highest level in years. Code Rainbow! Because there's a lot of 'troublemaking Arab chatter' on the Internet. Homeland Security has issued a warning to be on the lookout for 'troublemakers' in America."

General Breckinridge was laughing so hard his eyes began to tear. Roger had them all trying to catch their breath from laughter.

"We need to change your career to a news broadcaster," Larry shouted.

"I never knew you did standup comedy. *Saturday Night Live* needs to start some funny skits about stuff like that," Sam commented.

"While that is funny, there is nothing funny about my point," Roger replied. "The American people could give a shit about those people blowing each other up, but it is sold to them as terrorism hype on the nightly news.

If the United States government can sell ‘NATO suffered casualties’ to the sheep, why not report the Arabs as ATOL?”

Watching everyone’s faces, Roger smiled and said, “Arab Troublemakers On the Loose.” The laughter was explosive, so explosive, that several loud farts erupted spontaneously adding to the laughter. That was until the smell showed up.

After a short break and a round of shots, Roger recomposed himself and continued. “To keep hysteria in the country at a very high level, the United States government uses terrorism and the war on terror at every opportunity. Those three words are the most overblown words in history. There is a one-in-a-billion chance that a car bomb will strike an American while attending Sunday services at First Baptist Church. Do you want to know why? I was in one of their services years ago. That place is so dry and dead you could not wake up those people if you threw a lit gas can inside.”

After another round of laughter, Roger stated, “Okay, I will stop. The American people need to laugh again. If truth were told about this terror hype, they could have a much-needed laugh. Americans have a one-in-six-billion chance of ever experiencing injury from a terrorist or seeing one outside of his cave. Just be careful when you drive your car and stay the hell out of Mexico. Other than that, life should be good.

“It’s called enemy assessment. The United States government uses the ‘war on terror’ to keep the sheep terrorized sheep. They sold the sheep an enemy that is way overblown and hyped out of proportion. They made the trip to the airport a constant reminder the terrorist are out to get them. Like sheep for the slaughterhouse; they scan your body parts, take off your shoes, pat down children, and take the diaper off a ninety-five-year-old-woman with cancer! While the dumbass sheep go: ‘well at least we are safe from those trouble-making cave dwelling Arabs on the other side of the world.’ Next, we will be riding airplanes naked that would be to smart. It would put the TSA dummies out of a job and speed up check-ins. On second thought, that’s a bad idea. The thought of naked fat guy stuffed in his seat sitting next to me; is memory I don’t want to take home.” He said to the laughter of everyone. “But then, you never know, I could get the lucky draw and find Molly sitting next to me.”

“How did you know that I’m a mile-high platinum club member, Roger?” Molly said, toying with him.

“What airline do you fly?” Roger asked with the look of the big bad wolf questioning Little Red Riding Hood.

“The one in every man’s mind,” Molly replied, with a pout of her lips and a wink.

“Break time!” After the room regained composure, Roger continued.

“Do you understand that they must keep the sheep afraid of another terror attack? As strategists, the United States government is milking the drama and fear for all its worth. Anthrax was an intentional United States government plant, a hoax on the American sheep to raise the hysteria level in this nation during 9/11. Just as Building 7 was a timed implosion, Jerry, anthrax was a planned hoax. Make the sheep afraid and they will empower the shepherd with anything he needs. Scared sheep will give up their rights to have Big Brother protect them.

“Every dumbass sheep, all three hundred million, were afraid to open their mail because the Arabs were mailing everyone anthrax. The United States government has used the word terrorism and the fear of terrorism to strip the American people of so many rights; they cannot begin to comprehend what rights they have lost. They turned world terrorism into a way to promote military agendas in countries that were previously never accessible. We are fucking Pakistan every day over bin Laden. They know that we knew where bin Laden was, but we blamed it on them to cover our own ass. In Pakistan, big money in the right hands buys a lot of government ass.” Roger stopped and sat down.

General Breckinridge stood up and took over. “I will be brief. The manipulation of terrorism by the United States government led to my retirement. The goal of the ‘Cemetery Network’ was to use the United Nations as a puppet authority to attack any world dictator and remove them. We accomplished that with the first flights over Libya. The ultimate goal is to take out Iran and North Korea.

“I resigned because of the ‘Manipulation of Terrorism’ and the selling of an overblown war on terror to the American people or sheep, as you call them. I like the term. The sheep need to ask themselves an important question: ‘Who gave the United States government the right to remove any world leader they do not like?’ Then they need to get out a dictionary and look up the word dictator. We are on the horizon of a supreme super power becoming the next world dictator. Thank you for your time.”

“Death, and Hades followed with him”



The Fourth Horseman Revealed

“To kill with sword, with hunger, with death and by the beasts of the earth”

“Alone. I forgot how enjoyable it feels to be alone with just you and a good bottle of scotch. Here’s to you, old friend,” Sam said as he raised his glass in toast to the 4Horsemen. “What great times we had together. You were the perfect opponent at keeping your mysteries hidden from me. I hope you found me a challenging pursuer of your secrets. You do realize it still bums me out that I was unable to solve your mysteries. Knowing you as I do, I think you always intended to humble my high mindedness by revealing your mysteries through the mouths of others.

“When I examine the lives of each man in the group you selected, it astonishes me how you have prepared each life with the exact ingredients for what lies ahead. I am confident our hearts can achieve the burdens that you have placed within each of us. In all of my historical studies, I have never seen a more depraved time in the history of mankind. The world is at such a dark place on every level of society.” After several minutes of strained thought, Sam continued, saying, “Yet, here we are at the darkest time in all of history, and you are on the threshold of changing the world one more time.

“Why do you always use only a handful of people? You stuck my nose in many a history book, but I never imagined that my name would appear in future history books. The seriousness of the hour compels me to move quickly, but prudence and providence temper my flesh with patience to avoid making foolish mistakes. My heart is alive, filled with fire again. This time, I am ready to fight to my own death. Thanks to you, I know, based on what you have shown me, we can stop this monster. The group will be here in another hour for our first real meeting. I am not sure all of them are ready to hear the serious nature of the plot to overthrow the United States government that you have given me.”

Leaning back in his chair, surrounded by stacks of books, Sam thought, ‘So this is what finding real purpose and destiny in life feels like. I was born for such a time as this.’ Reaching for the bottle, he poured another drink and sat peacefully basking in the power and wisdom of why he was born. For a few seconds, he briefly entertained the thought of tidying up a bit before the group arrived. ‘Nah, why mess with perfection?’ he thought, smiling.

“Sam, Molly is here,” Sheryl said on the intercom.

“I will be right out.”

Since the revelation by Jerry that the third horseman began on 9/11, Molly was running on pure adrenalin. So her early arrival was to be expected. Sam had hidden from her several times during the week in order to find some down time. He needed to focus on each member’s individual purpose. It was also essential that he present a clear understanding of the 4Horsemen to the group before he revealed the plot to overthrow. He knew this would be quite a leap for them to take. As a group, if they did not see the clear connection between Lincoln, war, 9/11, and the 4Horsemen – Sam did not intend to reveal the plot to overthrow.

Walking from the study, he noticed Sheryl and Molly verbally sparring together at a rate of 90 words per minute. ‘How do they do that?’

When Molly spotted him, she turned and said, “I knew you were hiding in there. Mysterious men are all the same; Zorro, Batman and you do their best thinking in their hideouts. I am so ready to watch the faces of the group as you explain the 4Horsemen to them.”

“The four what?” asked Sheryl.

“It’s just another history study I am doing, Sheryl,” Sam quickly replied. He looked at Molly, shaking his head no.

Sam turned and walked towards the living room, saying, “Before everyone arrives, let’s sit in the living room. I would like to share some of my secret-hideout thoughts with you.”

“I’m sorry for the slip, Sam,” Molly apologized as they sat down.

“Nothing to be sorry about, Molly. I think it’s best we keep Sheryl out of the loop for her protection and ours.”

“I agree. It will not happen again.” Molly was concerned because of her other slip of the tongue at the last meeting when she said Jerry was number three.

After a week of very little contact, Molly uncorked on Sam without taking a breath. “Tell me, Sam, who do you think is going to reveal the fourth horseman? I think it has to be Larry or Scott, unless someone else has two answers. Have you figured out what they all mean together? I have thought about this one all week and do not have a clue.

How could anyone have proof that the fourth seal was opened at all? I cannot find any. I searched current events all week and I can't find a single event to connect the fourth horseman. Have you found anything, mister hide and seek from Molly all week?" she said, laughing.

"I have the answer," Sam replied, amused by her enthusiasm.

"Get out! Are you telling me this whole hiding caveman thing actually works? Tell me when it happened. Who is the fourth horseman, Bush or Obama? I thought it was one of them but could not find an event that connects to them."

"Molly, I think it best, for security reasons, that we discuss this in the study with everyone," Sam answered. "I have a few questions for you."

"Fire away, mister I think alone and figure out everything myself," she said with an exasperated look, causing Sam to laugh heartily at her enthusiasm.

Regaining his composure, Sam asked, "What did you do to Scott?"

"Do you want the long or short version?"

"Please, spare me the details."

"The short version; I beat his ass to a near-death experience three times, and then I fucked him. I left him naked on the floor of an old, abandoned warehouse."

"Why did you do it?"

"I don't like the prick. He paid me ten grand to do it. I also took all of the cash he had on him and maxed out his credit cards." Noticing the puzzled look on Sam's face, Molly said, "Wake up, Sam. That's how I paid for my news night at the bar, mister big spender of one grand. Please, don't make me laugh. You have to spend money to make money in the bar business, Sam."

Sam wondered if Molly really understood the impact her childhood had on her life. Hearing several cars pull into the driveway, Sam asked, "Can you stay after the meeting tonight? I have something private I would like to discuss with you."

"Do you want to take me on as your business partner? Because if you do, I have the contract ready. My contract hinges on you and me performing the last two numbers in your logo Woodstock69 to full completion. If you can't get me off, Sam, no deal," she said with a wink.

"What about me?" Sam asked.

"I'll get you off. That is, if I can fit the damn thing in my mouth."

Laughing, Sam replied, "The way you talk, that should not be a problem."

As they walked to the entryway to greet everyone, Molly squeezed his ass and whispered in his ear, “Oh my, now I understand why you are such a tight ass with money. You need to loosen up, Batman.”

After several drinks and a few snacks, Sam invited everyone to the study. As he thumbprinted the entry pad, the group was impressed at the overall level of security. Roger started explaining how he could improve the system for better security. Mid-sentence, as Sam opened the door, Roger stopped speaking. Fixated, he stared into the room. Larry smiled like a cat that ate the canary and his eyes became glassy, almost to the point of tears. Steve’s face flushed rosy red as beads of sweat appeared and ran down his face in small rivers. The power had Jerry, the son of a mortician, laid out frozen stiff on the floor. Scott began trembling nervously and twitching down the left side of his body. Molly was giggling and all smiles as she watched their expressions.

“Gentlemen,” Sam said, gesturing towards the room.

“Wait a minute, Sam. I do not believe in cyborgs, space fighters, or the terminator, but there is a serious force in that room,” Roger said without taking his eyes off the room. “There is no way I am going into that room without a weapon.”

“That is the strongest presence of God I have ever felt in my life. What is it doing in that room?” Larry questioned.

“I’m with Roger,” Steve commented as sweat continued to roll down his face. “There is no way I am going in there.”

Laughing, Larry said, “It looks as if you need to do some fast repenting with that red face, Steve. What happened? Has the fear of hell hit you? Do you think the devil is in there, waiting for you?”

“Very funny, Larry. Has the fear of being hit by me hit you yet?” Steve answered as he took several steps backwards.

Jerry lay flat on the floor – frozen like a Popsicle. Scott’s left eye blinked rapidly. His cheek twitched uncontrollably while his left arm and leg trembled.

“What are you going to do, Sam?” Molly asked.

“I don’t know. Let’s go set up some chairs. Maybe by that time, Roger and Steve will grow a pair of balls.”

“What did you say?” Roger asked.

“You heard me,” Sam replied as he tried to entice Roger to enter the room.

Larry stepped in front of Roger like he was cutting in line at the movies and said, “Man up, bro.” As he walked into the room, his legs turned to Jello, so he took the nearest seat.

Glancing around the room, Larry began to question Sam. “I don’t get it. What is the strong presence of God doing in here? You don’t acknowledge God or recognize him as a source of knowledge. You are a man who studies books and relies on what you can figure out with your sharp mind. Why is this place filled with the strongest presence of God that I have ever felt in my life?”

“I am surprised at you, Larry. Never have you or anyone heard me deny the existence of God. What you have heard me say is that I despise man’s version of religion that we see in the world today that acts as if God endorsed them. Why would you of all people find it strange that God would pick a scholar to use? What was Paul the apostle before his encounter with God? Wasn’t he a top scholar of his day? I listened to your view on God’s sovereignty, and I think your view included God’s right to use anyone he chooses. My use may not be anything like the appointment of Paul or George Washington, but that doesn’t mean God would not use a different kind of vessel for another purpose.” Looking at Larry, Sam could see he had closed his eyes and was silently praying. Waving his hand in front of Larry’s face he asked, “You never heard a word I said, did you?” Sam asked, with no response. “Molly, would you walk Jerry and Scott into the room?”

“I will if I can get the Popsicle to stand up. Never met a Popsicle I could not stand up,” she said, leaving the room. In a few moments, she returned. Holding their hands, she walked them into the room.

Smiling, Sam said, “You look like a mother leading two little boys into a classroom on their first day of school.”

“If you knew how I woke up the Popsicle, you would know he’s not my son.”

Sam turned, looking at Roger, and said, “Front and center, Colonel.” Clapping his hands loudly, he stopped Larry from praying and motioned towards Steve. “The last one is yours, Larry.”

“Lose him,” Larry shouted. Steve immediately walked in and sat down. For the next fifteen minutes, the group remained in disarray, acting like a classroom full of first graders when the teacher was missing.

“What in the hell is that a picture of, Sam?” asked Jerry. For the first time, the group noticed the 4Horsemen poster behind Sam.

“Well, it is good to see that you are back from the dead, Jerry,” Sam said, smiling.

“That is the biggest mystery in the Bible,” Larry interrupted. “Biblical scholars believe it marks the beginning of the end of man and the world. I am convinced without divine, spiritual enlightenment, the mystery will remain a mystery until God decides it’s time to reveal the mystery.”

Is that what you have been studying, Sam?”

“Yes, it is, Larry. You can tell by the shape that the poster is in we have wrestled many times. If you look at me, you can also see the poster obviously won every match,” Sam said, bringing a round of laughter from everyone. “Molly, will you secure the door, please?”

“Before I speak to you about the 4Horsemen of the Apocalypse and what they signify, I would like to address you as a group and individually. In my wildest imagination, I never would have believed that my being shot at Kent State would have been an act of divine intervention in my life. But it was. One bullet took the fire from my heart and sent me into a tailspin of depression for many years. Every day for several years, I repeatedly scrutinized that day. I asked myself if I was too loud. Were my gestures threatening, or was my body language wrong? I wanted to find fault with myself and not the government. It was my daily ritual to question myself. What did I do that caused the United States government to shoot me? If my actions had caused that act, then convict me. Please, do not kill my vision and dream of America in my heart. I searched for any possible rational explanation to validate that what they had done to me was in the best interest of every American’s freedom.

“In the end of that long, arduous search, my conscience finally delivered the verdict. The United States government was guilty of attempted murder and multiple murders all over the nation. Once I was fully convinced that Muammar Gaddafi was shooting unarmed American citizens, I was determined to expose and get even with the bastard by murdering him, since he had tried to murder me. Worse than the hole the United States government shot through my body, their actions murdered my dream of America. Divine intervention, you ask. Yes, it was. And, I stand before a group of people who have had their lives individually shaped by the same divine intervention. You each have a magnificent purpose in the history of the world.

“Jerry, I listened carefully to your comments last week about what value we should individually place on our lives for pain and suffering. If I remember correctly, you vividly described our individual lives as being a putrid loss of wasted lives, filled with the infected pus of shattered dreams. While I cannot argue nor disagree with your description, I ask for a few moments to add the possibility of another perspective to your comments. As a master builder, Jerry, you had the power to change a floor plan in a home for any purpose you desired. An eraser changed a two bedroom to a four bedroom. Each time you finished a floor plan, you built a home for an intended purpose. That purpose also served the family who purchased the home.

“Here are my questions and my points. What if something wiser than all of us wanted to prepare our individual lives for an unknown, intended purpose? One we did not see. While our lives may have been a mystery, even a puzzle to us at times, is it possible that everything we each experienced was actually by planned design? What if the pain and putrid loss of life, as you called it, Jerry, was intentional? What if everything we experienced was meant to open our eyes to see more than we would have seen any other way?”

“Please bear with me. My conceptual thoughts go a bit further. In the same manner that you had the power to change a floor plan, Jerry, I believe wisdom exercised that same right over each of our lives, individually. Never in your building career has a house asked you ‘why did you make me this way’? A potter has power over the clay, and while it is still wet, he can form it into a pot, bowl, or a cup. When the potter is finished and the clay is dry, they serve their intended purpose. Will the pot, bowl, or cup ask the potter ‘why did you make me this way’?”

“Yes, I agree with you, Jerry; we all sit here with our individual stories of wasted dreams and shattered lives. Unless – we have finally reached the point in our lives where we can comprehend the purpose of why the potter made us this way. I believe, many years ago, wisdom picked each of you for a purpose and destiny at this time in history. The lives you have lived were to shape you for the perfection of our destiny that is ahead of us.”

Watching their faces, Sam was pleased to see that someone other than himself was experiencing a personal silent moment. After a long, silent pause, Sam looked at Larry, and said, “You know, Larry. Wisdom used you to open my eyes to understanding beyond my human mind. It happened the night at the bar when you told me it was all about being able to see the potholes. While I originally thought it was a silly way to view something, the concept kept expanding in my mind and then into my heart. Through that understanding, I began to see how destiny molded my life. Our lives became potholes, if you will, in order to see the potholes. The potter perfectly molded each of our lives to repair a very specific pothole in the original foundation of this nation. Collectively, we are going to be the best, most specialized, pothole repairmen in the history of the world,” Sam said excitedly.

As everyone laughed, Molly said, “I hate to ask, but since you are using the word pothole, I need a potty-break.”

“Sure, Molly.”

“I understand what you are saying, Sam, and I believe you are right,” said Jerry. “I can see my value in building a new economic structure. However, it does not take away the pain.

Let me rephrase that. Maybe I should say it does not take away the regret for the loss of my life with my family. The raging desire within me wants to get even, and it will not go away.”

“You are not expected to lose either one, Jerry. They are the fire that will push you to accomplish what we need to do. As far as the rage goes, I assure you, we are going to get even. If you recall, I have a belly full of rage and a scar to prove it,” Sam replied.

Molly came back and said, “Sam, can I ask you a private question?”

“Sure, Molly.”

With a small voice, she whispered in his ear, “Do you know what my potholes are?”

Giving her a hug, Sam whispered, “We will talk about them later.” Walking to the front of his desk, Sam said, “Where was I? At the same time that I began searching for a way to kill Muammar Gaddafi in the United States government, I was also researching a doctrine in Christianity that says the world is going to end. We are living in the last days. Everyone knows that I love exposing false religious doctrines. There were so many foolish teachings in the end times doctrines that I did not know where to start. So I studied them all. I watched hundreds of hours on Looney Tune Christian television. That will mess up your mind.”

Looking over at Roger, Sam said with a smile, “It’s called enemy assessment, Roger. I had to understand what they were saying before I could kill the doctrines. Here are just a few: the mark of the beast, the antichrist, 666, rapture of the church and the Battle of Armageddon. My enemy assessment concluded that all of the end-times doctrines in Christianity were pure bullshit then. And they are still bullshit to this day.”

“Sounds more like diarrhea than bullshit, Sam. Maybe you need some enemy assessment training,” Roger said, laughing. “Did you hear about the last outbreak of diarrhea from that old man named Harold Camping? He falsely predicted the end of the world and the rapture of all hypocrisy from the earth.”

“Yes, I did,” Sam said, smiling. “In a way, I wish the old demented date-changer had been right about the rapture. It would be nice to see the world with the hypocrites removed.”

Everyone cracked up with laughter, and Larry shouted, “I’m not sure that even God has a big enough ‘Dirt Devil’ vacuum cleaner in heaven to suck up that much hypocrisy.” The laughter continued for a few minutes.

Catching his breath, Sam said, “Sometimes, you just need a good laugh. Anyhow, after years of research, I decided to prove them wrong.

I concluded that if I solved the mystery of the 4Horsemen, I would destroy every false teaching by giving the 4Horsemen a swift kick in their asses. Little did I realize the same divine power that allowed a bullet to pass through my body was setting me up for another purpose – a purpose that was infinitely beyond my human comprehension. Caught like a fish with a hook in his jaw, wisdom reeled me into solving the mystery of the 4Horsemen of the Apocalypse. The power that you feel in this room showed up one day and doggedly compelled me to study the mystery.

“For the same number of years that I studied the 4Horsemen, I also searched for any number of ways that I thought would possibly bring some form of real, effective change to the United States government. Several years passed before I was able to develop new methods in my thinking. What changed for me was my personal discovery that I was trapped with a 60s mentality. One day I realized that protests, filing court tests for people’s rights, or even attempted amendments to the Constitution would be too slow and methodical. If I took that approach, I knew that death would catch me before I witnessed any real change. Besides, the government today is too big and smart for that little-boy shit we pulled in the sixties. After I broke that mentality, I was able to think in terms of new tactics and strategies.

“Roger and Jerry’s comments about the sleeping sheep amused me because, during my own questioning searches, I realized the American people appeared to be in some kind of defeated stupor. Observing the way they responded to losing their rights after 9/11, I knew they did not have enough heart to entertain a sustainable, long-term fight. How could I change the United States government when the American people were apathetically detached? It was hard to get my head around the size, scope, or what kind of action that it would take to bring about real change in the United States government without a massive people movement. I wrestled with that one for a long time. Then, about ten years ago, a new perspective took hold of my heart as I started to comprehend the enormity of what I was trying to accomplish.

“One day, while watching a documentary on the development of the atom bomb, I realized that I was looking for an enormous game changer. My problem at that time actually became more complex after I watched the documentary. How do you change the government without harming ‘we the people’? It was apparent that ‘we the people’ were obviously lethargic. So how was I going to find a game changer without the help from the sleeping sheep? After all, I don’t own an atom bomb,” he said with a smile. “The change I was hoping for would never happen, unless I could accomplish ‘one thing.’”

“The ‘one thing’ – whatever it was, needed to be large enough to have an immediate instant distress on the entire United States government. Just like the atom bomb. The ‘one thing’ had to be something so immense in power and scope that it would deliver a deadly head wound to the entire government! It could not be a wound or one that would only make the government comatose for a while. It had to be a total and complete deathblow, directly to the entire United States government. Once I could figure out how to deliver that ‘one thing,’ I knew that it would bring sudden, real change to the American people, as well.”

Watching their faces Sam detected a small amount of confusion in the eyes of the group. “What I am saying to you is this: the event had to be so overpowering and dramatic that it would take the United States government away from itself, dismantle it, and strip it of its power. Acts so powerful they would render the entire – not partial, I said, entire – United States government powerless and simultaneously transfer the deed of ownership back to ‘we the people.’ Sounds impossible? It did to me for a long time. When your group coined the same phrase, ‘we the people,’ that I had used for over ten years, and Molly told me about it, I stayed awake all night, wondering how you had done that. We now know it was not you, nor I, that came up with that phrase. I submit to you that the phrase never originated from the founding fathers, either.

“After I understood the magnitude of what kind of action it would take, finding that action became the foremost question on my mind from that day forward.” Sam became overly excited in his speech as he boldly announced, “The good news. I have completed the plot to overthrow the United States government! It is not a scam or unattainable. I assure you that we can change America in one single day! I said, we can do it in ONE DAY! Not a week. A year. Or a long-term fight! I said in one day, we can hand the title deed back to the rightful owners ‘we the people.’”

Raising his voice again almost to a shout, he said, “It is stunning, exacting, immediate, and will overpower the entire United States government, instantly dismantling it, stripping it of all power, and restoring power to the rightful owners!”

Truth hit the room, charging the atmosphere with belief. Everyone believed that Sam had indeed figured out how to overthrow the United States government. Larry was the first to leap to his feet and shout, “Hallelujah!” Jerry got up and began to run around the room, jumping like an excited boy at recess, shouting, “YES, YES, YES!” Roger leapt from his seat, walking back and forth in front of the poster like a sentry on guard duty, repeating the phrase, “I knew it, I knew it, I knew he was the one with the plot.”

Steve wailed excitedly, “It is about time. I have waited so fucking long; bring it on!” Scott sat in his chair, still shaking, and began crying, “Oh, my gosh, this is for real; the damn guy has absolutely figured it out.” Molly sat smiling, crying, and laughing at them all. As her heart flooded with admiration for Sam, she shouted, “You da man, Sam. I knew you would do it.”

Sam was quite euphoric and surprised at the explosive reaction from the group. Shouting over everyone, he tried to draw order back to the meeting. “Listen; please listen. It is actually a three-stage plan of action consisting of ‘the plot,’ ‘the plan,’ and ‘the implementation.’ I promise you, the plot to overthrow is so overwhelming in magnitude that nothing can stop it. Even if we fail miserably, others will pick it up and can easily do it. The United States government cannot hide any longer. This plot to overthrow will become the government’s perpetual nonstop 9/11 nightmare. The plot to overthrow will live in the hearts of ‘we the people’ forever. The people will continue attacking until the existing government fully implodes by the hands of the American citizens.

“Earlier tonight, I was in the study, talking to these wonderful friends of mine,” Sam said, pointing to the poster. Turning his back on the group, his eyes glowed with the fascination of a child opening a present at Christmas. As he lovingly touched each horseman, he spoke to the poster, “My entire adult life, I searched for the answer to their mysteries. In the end, it was you. You were the ones who opened the mysteries for me.” Turning back around, he pointed at each one individually and repeated the words. “It was you, and you, and you.

“You cannot imagine my bewilderment. Because of you, both answers came together at the same time. The plot to overthrow and the 4Horsemen simultaneously were revealed to me. From your first meeting in the bar, I found it was odd that a group of leftover hippies would seriously be considering the very same problem that I had been researching for years. I had already determined that the government needed to be overthrown and was working on how to do it. Then you fellows showed up at the bar and quickly put a proper identity tag on it. Here I was, a history professor, and you came up with the brilliant idea to search history in order to determine when or how ‘we the people’ had lost their power. It was simple and brilliant. I felt so damn stupid.

“When Molly told me about the nature of your first discussions, I thought perhaps your studies might shed light on my plot to overthrow the United States government. You did the exact opposite.

You began solving the mystery of the 4Horsemen and at the same time I began comprehending the magnitude of what it would take to overthrow the United States government.” Regarding each man slowly before speaking, Sam continued, “When your group solved the first horseman, I knew that each of you was chosen many years ago. Our lives were chosen for an event so climatic and world changing, the world is going to talk about what we do for thousands of years. Please, do not consider me arrogant or insane. We are about to do something so stunning, governmentally, that it will make the original founding fathers look like governmental novices, historically.

“Unbeknownst to me, I made a critical error in my own studies. I had mistakenly fallen into the same perspective that end-times preachers were teaching.” Laughing, Sam said, “You have no idea how many of my college students would love the opportunity to throw eggs at me over this mistake. I warned my students not to accept what another man says as truth. Search the matter out for yourselves. Because if you don’t, you will believe a lie as a truth until it’s revealed to you that it was a lie. I am ashamed to admit that I foolishly followed the echo of the end-times preachers. They preached to the world that the 4Horsemen represented judgments from God with the opening of each seal. Am I right, Larry?”

“Yes, Sam. All end-times doctrines teach the 4Horsemen mark the beginning of the end of the world and are the first judgments of God upon mankind.”

Smiling at everyone, Sam said, “You gave me three pieces to the mystery of the 4Horsemen. In a bit, I am going to solve the mystery of the fourth horseman because he is the reason we are together. Before we proceed, it is so important that we validate these seals are not judgments. I am also going to explain how each horseman gained access and grew in power, working in and through the United States government.”

Roger, eyeing the picture of the 4Horsemen, said, “Am I to understand, sir, that you expect me to believe that this voodoo bullshit is what is driving the United States government?”

Curious, Sam asked Roger, “Why did you call me sir?”

“I recognize authority when I see it, Sam. In this matter, you have the authority to lead. I also believe that you have a legitimate plot to overthrow the United States government. What I do not understand is how those demons on the horses have anything to do with your plot to overthrow.”

“Thanks for your acknowledged respect, Roger. I prefer to be called Sam. In answer to your comments, the demons have nothing to do with the actual plot to overthrow. They are the reason for the plot.

Were it not for the understanding each of you revealed about them, I would never have been able to complete the plot to overthrow. Once I recognized when each horseman appeared in history, I began to comprehend what we are dealing with. Let me explain each horseman and how your studies revealed them to me, and I hope you will understand when I am finished.”

For over an hour, Sam explained the first three horsemen. He compared Steve’s teaching on Lincoln to the spiritual conquering first horseman. They discussed the second horseman, the red horse of war, in light of Roger’s revelations. The third horseman had arrived in events surrounding 9/11. After open discussion on the verses, the group agreed there wasn’t any mention of direct judgment from God upon the world. Nor was there any indication that God had released the beginning of judgment on the earth.

“That was my lifetime mistake,” Sam said, laughing at himself. “I thought the 4Horsemen were judgments. Just like the end-times preachers were preaching. They are not judgments at all,” he said, pointing to the 4Horsemen. “I also thought this was a mystery, or several of them. Listen, if the seals or riders were meant to be an unknown mystery, the writer would never have been so descriptive about the opening of the seals in the book. He certainly would not have told us what was going to happen after the seals were opened, if this was a big secret. The writer did the opposite. He made sure the reader would be able to identify each rider by his actions. Where, may I ask, is the mystery in that? The contents of a wrapped birthday present is a bigger mystery than the 4Horsemen.

“The obvious question that no one was asking is this: Why did the writer show us the seals being opened and exactly what to look for – if this was supposed to be a mystery?” In a loud voice, Sam said, “No one in the world was looking for a spiritual meaning behind events in world history! Everyone in the world, including me, focused on one thing. ‘Doomsday.’ To every religious scholar and one professor, these four riders were the beginning of the end of time, baby. That was, until you fellows showed up.

“This is what happened to me. After listening to Steve expose Lincoln, learning about Roger’s red warhorse, and Jerry’s economic scales, I began to realize the verses are not judgments from God. They are revelations to the people of the world on where we are in time.” Turning around, he pointed to the 4Horsemen and said, “These 4Horsemen expose who, what, when, and where in history that an event happened. Or, as you will soon find out, when one is about to happen.

“The entire Book of Revelation is not a book full of judgments from God at the end of the world, Larry. The book is a huge Rubik’s Cube full of divine wisdom.

The book reveals far more on the preservation of mankind than the destruction of the world. Yes, it speaks of an end of the world. I found out there never has to be an end of the world, ever.

“The spiritual demonic beast in Washington is clicking the cube by opening one seal at a time. His plan is for the destruction of the people of the world. Wisdom has prepared each of you for a specific purpose and handed us the understanding of the 4Horsemen. As a group, we are going to enact the plot to overthrow. We will deliver the most powerful strategic removal of an entire government the world has ever witnessed. When we do that, we are going to click the cube of wisdom one move in the other direction, for the benefit of all mankind.

“That CLICK will be the introduction of a new form of government. For the first time in the history of mankind, ‘we the people’ will have the full control of the governments of the world. We are about to introduce that new government structure that will actually empower people to self-govern the world. Do you have any idea how amazing that is?”

“I knew it,” said Larry. “I don’t mean to interrupt, Sam. But, your understandings are mind-blowing coming from a man that did not know what a pothole was until just a few weeks ago.”

“Me, too,” said Steve, “I need some time to digest what you are saying, Sam.”

“What did you mean when you said, ‘I knew it,’ Larry?” Sam asked.

“The document I am working on has changed since you saw it.”

“I heard that. You should read it now, Sam,” Steve quipped.

“What I am trying to say is that, within the last few months, I moved outside the scope of only a new government structure for America. I started to incorporate new concepts and principals. After we met at my place, Sam, I stayed in my building, praying all night, asking the boss if I was leaving anything out of the document. I found out that I was guilty of doing what you had done. In the same manner that you focused on end-times preachers, Sam, I had focused only on the structure of the United States government. During my time alone with the boss, my eyes opened to a much bigger level of understanding for world governments.”

“Gimme that old-time religion, alone with the boss,” Scott said, smiling.

Roger reached over Molly and grabbed Scott with both hands. Jerking him from his seat, Roger bodily slammed Scott’s back against the poster. Holding him two feet off the floor, he said, “This is your second warning, Scott. Be careful what you say about my best friend, Larry. You do not want to find out what happens the third time.”

As Roger released him, Scott said, “It was a fucking joke, Roger.”

Spinning back around, Roger said, “Does the subject matter in this room sound like a joke to you, Scott? It sounds extremely serious to me.”

“Okay, I suppose you are right. I’m sorry. Bad joke; timing, that’s all it was,” Scott said.

“No, that was number two,” Roger said as he sat down.

“My apologies, Larry. Please finish,” Scott requested.

“Roger, I am quite capable of handling Scott myself. If I recall correctly, I used to whip your ass when we were little,” Larry said with a smile.

“That was when we were very little. If you haven’t noticed, I am all grown up now,” Roger said, smiling back.

“Can you schoolyard boys settle this later? I want to hear what happened when Larry was alone with the boss,” Molly said. “Besides, if this is a cock-size issue between you two, I have a ruler in my purse.”

Everyone burst out laughing again, except for Scott, who commented, “Sure, when she makes a joke, it’s okay.”

After a pause in the laughter, Larry continued, saying, “My understanding broadened when I realized all world problems stemmed from the person that held the deed to a government. You ask me what is so significant about that understanding. Stop and think about world history. If ‘we the people’ had controlled the governments of the world from the beginning of time, our history books would not contain a single dictator. Where in history would the brutal dictators be? There would be no blood royalty kings, Hitlers, or Lincolns. Do you see the pothole? Just as each of us has a particular pothole to fix in the original foundation of this country, I think we are working towards a new government structure for the entire world. This click on the Rubik’s Cube of wisdom, as Sam calls it, will not only be a game changer for America. It will be a game changer for all mankind. The document I am working on will change every government in the world. And we are going to implement the first copy right here!” he said, full of excitement.

“The majority of the people in the world desire to live in a world of peace with plenty of food, shelter, and friendship. We must be successful. For the first time in the history of mankind, the people of the world will have full control. I believe that, given a chance to sit down at a table of peace, together the citizens and sojourners in the world will toss every nuclear weapon like sticks on a bonfire. I do not know what, when, or how yet, Sam, but one thing I do know. We must not fail.”

“Thank you, Larry, I am always amazed at your perceptions. I would like to explain the serious reasons why we cannot fail.” Turning, Sam slapped the image of the fourth horseman with his open palm and said, “We are here to stop this horseman.”

“The present evil spiritual power of the first three horsemen are entrenched in Washington. That wicked power has the people of this nation, and the world, by the throat, and they do not know it! If we fail to act swiftly and decisively, I assure you that this evil beast has no intention of stopping. Not until the very last breath of human life has ended.

“Every politician in Washington is a puppet under the influence of this wicked power. That is the reason we witness such divisive evil fractured power. They are drunk on the intoxicating desire for the mystique of power. And so far out of touch with reality that none of them realizes the walls of Washington are on fire, just like Rome. There is an evil spiritual firestorm determined to burn Washington and the world to the ground. Mark my words. I believe with all of my heart, this nation is about to collapse worse than any other nation in history. If we do not act decisively, we will not stop the collapse. That impending collapse will set the stage for this abominable fourth horseman of death to appear on the world stage. The first three horsemen are working around the clock to create that collapsed scenario. That scenario, if we allow it to happen, will set the stage for ‘WHEN’ the fourth seal is opened and the horseman will appear in the world. If we allow that, it is the end of all things for mankind.

“The reason America will collapse is because of inept leadership, apathetic Americans, and a government surviving on propped-up loans from China. Very soon, all of those practices are going to put this nation in an exceedingly desperate position. For the first time in its history, America will stagger and then collapse. Let me rephrase what I said. I do not want you to misunderstand the grave hour we are in and the seriousness of the timetable before us. That scenario is already here!” Sam shouted. “America is already staggering. The only thing the three horsemen are doing is maturing the desperation of the impending collapse. When they reach that point, the events surrounding the collapse of America will open the seal and release the devastating power of the fourth horseman. We all understand that a desperate man is a dangerous man. Let me ask you: How dangerous is a desperate nation, armed with nuclear weapons, under the influence of one huge, timeless demon?

“Tonight, I am going to reveal the purpose of the fourth horseman. While the first three horsemen are already active on the earth, the fourth horseman resides in our very near future. We have a small amount of time to stop it from appearing. The plot to overthrow is the only click on the Rubik’s Cube we can make. I must warn you. It will not be an easy click. But it is the only click that we can make. There will be bloodshed and necessary death. We are here to stop the fourth horseman from becoming a worldwide reality.

Please, read this passage with me,” Sam said, as he pointed to the scriptures on the wall.

“When He opened the fourth seal, I heard the voice of the fourth living creature saying, ‘Come and see.’ So I looked, and behold, a pale horse. And the name of him who sat on it was Death, and Hades followed with him. And power was given to them over a fourth of the earth, to kill with sword, with hunger, with death, and by the beasts of the earth.’

“Our purpose as a group is to stop that fourth horseman. If we fail, all of the evil devastation written in the Book of Revelation will appear on the earth. It will make the evil days we now live in look like sunshine in comparison to the evil darkness that is coming. There is only one way to stop the coming event that will release the catastrophic fourth horseman. We must deliver a deathblow to the United States government, where the damn demon resides!

“The first three horsemen are responsible for the present scenario in America. Their home for creating a world scenario to release the fourth horseman resides in Washington. Inept leadership, lethargic, self-indulgent sheep, and a government surviving on propped up loans from China are the foundation. The collapse has one purpose. It will lead this country into a nuclear war so devastating the United States government will destroy a quarter of the world. I am convinced; China and the United States are headed towards a showdown.”

Roger jumped to his feet shouting, “YOU ARE RIGHT, SAM! How did you know? I’m sorry, but everyone needs to hear this. The largest plan in the war room calls for the immediate annihilation of China by a full-scale nuclear attack. The United States government has no intention of fighting a ground war or even an air fight with one and a half billion Chinese. There are no plans for a ground or air fight with China or Russia. They burned those plans, right after the Cuban missile crisis.

“An attack of any kind from either China or Russia, and the United States is prepared to erase one or both countries. I was on presidential duty in 1983 when President Regan made his evil empire speech to a bunch of evangelical Christians in Orlando, Florida. At that time, the plans were vague about an absolute nuclear strike. In 1987, Regan had the plans updated, outlining a full nuclear attack as the only option. The plans now indicate that because of the close proximity to China, Russia is not expected to lethargically watch the nuclear annihilation of China. The war plans expect Russia to respond immediately. However, for them, it will be too late. The United States government plans to be in a strategic position to erase Russia at the slightest movement.

The plans are clear. Much of Europe will be devastated because of the high levels of nuclear fallout. Major loss of life in India is expected because of the spillover from cataclysmic nuclear explosions. Human casualty estimates will be around another one billion plus people in India alone. Will China or Russia loose? I can assure you, they will. No one in the world understands the power we have developed. Or how many weapons we keep hidden from them. It would take only ten missiles to wipe out China.

“You know what freaks me out sitting here, listening to you explain the fourth horseman, Sam? It is the timing of everything. This entire matter seems to be on the fast track since our first meeting. Listen to this. Defense Secretary Gates, before his retirement, said the Pentagon is taking the necessary steps to widen the United States government’s military presence all across Asia. He also said that America’s budget woes wouldn’t interfere with the expansion. The United States government is throwing money around to purchase more rights to place military bases. I am sure this fits into the nuclear strategy to take out China. Listen to what Gates said. ‘America is, as the expression goes, putting our money where our mouth is with respect to this part of the world ... and will continue to do so.’”

After a brief pause, Roger continued. “Admittedly, this demon stuff gives me the creeps, Sam. I thought a one-world leader, the antichrist, mark of the beast, and 666 was all a bunch of voodoo bullshit.” With a serious look on his face, Roger quietly said, “But the nuclear destruction of China would instantly make this country a one-world power dominating the world. Realistically, how much time do you think we have, Sam?”

The question hung in the air as the group sat in silence for several minutes. Calmly, Sam said, “I think we are closer than we realize. The one thing that disturbed me the most about the passage of the fourth horseman was the last sentence; read it again with me.”

Looking at the poster, Sam read aloud, “*“And power was given to them over a fourth of the earth, to kill with sword, with hunger, with death, and by the beasts of the earth.”*”

“When we read the passage of the fourth horseman, we read that power was given to them,” he said, underlining the word ‘them.’ Thumping the first three horsemen again, Sam said, “Power was given to him, and him, and him. They are all from one evil source of power, and each time the damn thing completes an event in the world, it releases the next horseman and gains more power. If the other three create the world circumstances we are talking about, they will release the fourth horseman. The world will witness the total embodiment of evil. Fully empowered by hell itself, he will eventually destroy all of the people in the world.

“I think we are dealing with many manifestations and the growth of just one big fucking demon. He or it is obtaining power as he plays a deadly spiritual chess game with the people of the world. This demon is not stupid; he has played this game through every dictator in the history of mankind. He is responsible for every war because of the governments he has controlled. This is his masterstroke – full control of the world. Then he can destroy at will.

“In this passage, we find ‘them’ working together with the fourth horseman, destroying a quarter of the world. If they pull this off and release the fourth horseman, it signifies the end of the spiritual chess match this wicked demon is playing with God and man. CHECKMATE!” Sam shouted, causing everyone to jump. “It is game over for mankind! This demon is alive and as real as we are. How devastating will this be? Look one more time at the phrase where it says *‘and by the beasts of the earth.’* For days, I wondered what in the world that meant. Who uses beasts to kill people? God help us, gentlemen, we are looking at such a horrendous nuclear world event that starving, ravenous beasts will eat starving, infected, helpless people alive. We must overthrow the United States government – in order to kill the beast.”

“God, have mercy,” Larry shouted.

“You are right, Larry. We are going to need a lot of mercy for a battle like this,” Roger quietly said.

“Please, do not be mistaken; we are not here only to stop the fourth horseman. We are here to rebuild this nation with stricter sanctions on power and control, so that ‘we the people’ will always have the ability to govern their own lives.

“The staggering decisions made by the original founding fathers must have been overwhelming at times. Our responsibility and purpose in this present history will give the world a new government so profound it will surpass anything our forefathers ever contemplated. Why? Because we are going to destroy the first United States government in one day. There will never be another United States government in the world again. Somehow, I think our forefathers will be watching us with excitement because this present United States government is not what they intended. Our actions in a single day will be so shocking, the entire nation will drop to its knees in reverent silence. Every country in the world on every horizon will remember you.”

Everyone sought to absorb the serious gravity of what Sam had said to them. Sam noticed the grim reality of their fate, life’s purpose, and real destiny as it appeared on each face.

‘How hard it is for the human heart to grasp that God was actually going to intervene in the world again. Much less, intervene through them.’

“We need to secure this place to the maximum. Roger, can you do that?”

“Yes, I can, Sam. I can make this room so secure we will know if a gnat tries to sneak a peek.”

“Great. Can you stay after a bit with Molly and me to go over a few additional items?”

“As long as you need me, Sam, I can stay.”

“Everyone, while Roger secures this place for our revelation of the plot to overthrow, I am going to ask each of you to do the following.

“Roger, I want an outline of a new military structure under the control of the people.

“Larry, provide an outline of your new government structure for America and the world.

“Jerry, you have to know it’s all business and taxes.

“Scott, you are to give us insight on Washington. You worked where the beast lives. Your insight will be critical and can save lives.

“Steve, your new judicial system fits in with Larry’s government structure. Provide us with a detailed outline how citizens of the world can find equal blind justice.

“Molly, you are to outline a new election process that the people can trust and control. Tell us how to do away with the big money television media candidates.”

Interrupting Sam, Molly responded to his request. “Sam, that’s not fair. Political science was my secondary subject in college.”

Staring at her sternly, Sam replied, “Then why are you here? The search is over, Molly. We figured out the 4Horsemen.” Tension filled the room, and everyone became unsure of Sam’s implication. Sam calmly said, “All I ask you to do is try. If you will not try, we will have to kill you, Molly.” At first, everyone thought Sam had made a bad joke. There was nothing funny about his remarks. The more they looked at him, it became apparent he was not joking. In that instant, Molly lost all of her charm. Her face was puzzled and angry as she queried her own heart about her purpose.

Breaking the silence, Sam continued, “That goes for everyone in this room. You wanted no games, Steve. Well, here we are. It’s time to do something, Jerry. This is it! We are way over the line, aren’t we, Roger? I am not here to play games with anyone in this room. After we secure this place, I intend to deliver the full details of the plot to overthrow. There will be no breaches of security, and that starts with each of you. You will each deliver your information exactly as I have requested.

“We must be able to determine that you are a real player. You must be spilling over with new ideas for a new government. Otherwise, you are a potential liability. If divinity picked you for this hour in history, everyone in this room will recognize that divinity in your answers. After we hear from everyone, we will begin discussions on perfecting the new constitution, along with every area of the new governments. At the same time, we will immediately take the necessary steps to implement the plot to overthrow the United States government.

“Let me warn you. There were massive amounts of bloodshed at the inception of the first United States. Do not expect this plot to overthrow to be bloodless. I question your validity because my predecessors failed to spot Benedict Arnold. Why would we dismiss the possibility that there would be a Judas sitting here? If there is one thing I learned from my history studies, there are always traitors in the background. I will not make that mistake and allow the potential of betrayal in this group.

“I ask each of you to be diligent about any suspicions, even if he is your best friend, Roger. Do not let human loyalty mess this up. Speak to no one. Not your wife or your children. I mean no one. Do not call one another or discuss anything on the telephone. This is time to prepare yourself for your contribution to the people of the world and history.

“Oh, I almost forgot; there is always one last thing to discuss, and that is money. Be prepared to lay a figure on the table that you can deliver and deliver it if you can. We need to know how much hard cash we have on hand that we can access.

“Like all intelligent plans, there is always a backup plan ‘B.’ A plan of what to do if plan ‘A’ fails. I do have a plan ‘B.’ It has nothing to do with plan ‘A.’ We will enact plan ‘B’ while we prepare the plot to overthrow. Our plan ‘A’ must not fail. There are too many lives depending on us. Molly and Roger, please, remain with me in the room.”

“The Plot to Overthrow Revealed”
Chapter 23



DCCLXXV

A solemn assembly precedes every serious action. All throughout history soldiers, crusaders, reformers, and the founding fathers, gathered together with like-minded others before embarking on their actionable causes. If it is a genuine solemn assembly, the possibility of death is a reality to everyone in attendance.

Sam had demanded and received silence between everyone. Meeting with each member privately, he reminded them to “avoid Woodstock69 and all contact between one another like a plague.” Molly posed a personal problem, so Sam temporally ended her waitressing career. For a month, communication between everyone was at a standstill. Roger was the only member allowed at Sam’s home. He worked to secure Sam’s office for their first official meeting and the revelation of the plot to overthrow.

Emotions at the gathering of a solemn assembly are serious, morose, brooding, dismal, grave, and distressing. An agitated, nervous, atmosphere replaced the normally friendly group atmosphere as each member entered Sam’s home. The burden of individual decision time rested upon everyone with the weight of a lead robe. Sam was reserved, stoic, and edgy, saying very little. He seemed preoccupied with who would arrive next, rather than with those that had already arrived. Everyone milled around like strangers at a neighborhood party with nothing in common. Even cheerful Molly kept to herself, offering only cordial greetings. Alcohol quickly disappeared in large quantities, as each member attempted to medicate their individual detached feelings, seeking some degree of normalcy.

Observing them, Sam began to doubt in his own mind, ‘I am not sure they have it in them.’ He knew it was one thing to talk, bitch, and moan about the United States government – it was yet another, to become a willing participant in the overthrow of that government. The serious, life changing gravity of each member’s individual decision and the fear of the unknown rested in the room like death at a funeral home.

Roger and Scott were the last to arrive in Roger’s car and parked inside of the garage. Scott went straight for the booze as Roger went over to Sam and whispered in his ear – greeting no one. After another fifteen minutes of food, drinks, and morbidity, Sam broke the silence of the solemn assembly.

“I think it is time we begin.”

Without a word to one another, everyone turned in unison and robotically walked to the entry of Sam’s study. The majority of the group stood away from the entry not knowing what to expect when the doors opened. Sam thumbprinted the door, and nothing happened. Roger walked to a small glass ball on the opposite wall, and stared into the glass as a light beam scanned his eye. Turning around, he handed Scott a small card along with an electronic device and sent him to a small slit in the wall. Inserting the card, Scott typed numbers into to a keypad attached to the handheld digital device. There was a loud click, indicating the door was unlocked.

“Very impressive,” Larry said, looking at Roger. “You set this up?”

“You bet. You ain’t seen nothin’ yet.”

Molly opened the outer door, revealing a new steel vault-type door. She stuck both thumbs into a scanner, and the four-inch thick steel door opened automatically.

Speaking to the group, Roger explained, “We did this demonstration to show you the four levels of entry security. After tonight, it will take a combination of two separate identities to gain entry. In higher security times, it will take all four combinations. After tonight, not even Sam can enter this room without another team member. I will assign each of you a full entry spectrum for every level of entry before you leave tonight. This will be the only room where anyone can discuss the plot to overthrow. There will never be any discussion of the plot to overthrow outside of this room.”

“Where’s the stuff?” Steve asked nervously.

“What stuff?” Roger replied.

“You know – the stuff that was here last time we were here. That strange power.”

Smiling for the first time, Roger said, “Not my department man.” Everyone broke into a small amount of nervous laughter.

Entering the room, each wall had electronic boxes in front of them displaying digital sound waves on a monitoring screen. Each box in front of a wall had a dozen wires attached to the wall by suction cups, giving the appearance of a huge EKG on every wall.

“That does it. I am about to have cardiac arrest over the strange power, and you walk me into a room where even the walls are having heart attacks,” Steve quipped with a smile. “What in the hell is this stuff?”

“Think of those boxes as vacuum cleaners that suck up sound. Everything you say in this room is sucked up and then beat together with a million different frequencies that will distort every word. Running through the walls and ceiling are modulated frequencies emitted through those suction cups, making this room unintelligible. A listening device in or out of this room cannot decipher a single vowel. Even a listening device planted in this room could not transmit our conversations through these walls. It is the same as trying to listen to a conversation at the other end of the Super Bowl with 80 thousand people shouting on fourth and goal. There is no way your normal ear can hear the conversation. Anyone trying to hear what we say in this room has to go through a million frequencies, and a hundred million scrambled words, busted into little pieces like shattered glass. It just ain’t gonna happen. This is the best stuff available. It was developed by some very twisted paranoid individuals.”

“Holy shit! This is real 007 stuff,” said Jerry. “Does this actually work?”

Smiling again, Roger said, “You can bet your life on it.”

“Cute, very cute,” Jerry replied.

Sam wasn’t sure if it was the alcohol, or their commitment becoming a reality, but he welcomed the small change in everyone’s emotions. Sam closed the steel door with the push of a button. The eerie sound of a bank vault door closing filled the room producing the same emotion in everyone. Trapped – with no way out.

Roger took out another handheld device. After pointing it around the room, he said, “Room secure.”

Walking up to the front of the room, Sam stood behind a small table in front of the poster of the 4Horsemen. “Tonight, we begin our journey together, and I am prepared to reveal the plot to overthrow. I did not intend to let a month go by before our meeting, but as you can see the security installed by Roger required additional time. As I mentioned in our last meeting, everyone has a plan ‘B’ in case plan ‘A’ fails. I do have a plan ‘B’ that has no direct correlation to plan ‘A.’ Plan ‘A’ must not fail. Tomorrow morning, we will implement plan ‘B.’ Since that plan hinges largely on your financial contributions, I will have Molly take your commitments publicly.

Steve has prepared several documents you will need to sign, as well.” Sam took a seat and Molly walked to the front.

Another side of Molly emerged that no one had seen before. Speaking with serious inflection, she began. “I am here to take an accounting of your financial capabilities over the next year. Sam mentioned in our last meeting that we expect you to deliver a number tonight, followed by an immediate check or cash in my hand within 24 hours. We will deposit that money into a corporation in Panama. Access to those deposits will require valid signatures of two team members and the corresponding numbers from these security tokens. Secondly, we are expecting you to give an estimated total amount of your personal net worth by the end of this week. This will include every asset you own and every dollar you can borrow. In a year, we fully intend to destroy your good credit score, and every loan you secure against assets will never be repaid. You will need to cash your life insurance policies, sell every expensive car, home, or borrow the full equity against the property. In other words, a year from now you should be broke, in debt up to your eyeballs, and own nothing but the clothes on your back. We expect you to maintain your present lifestyle with your spouse, but you will max out everything.

“Over the last month, I was given information about plan ‘B.’ I feel it is worth every penny that we can scrape together. I am excited about the possibilities of what we can accomplish. I will also be the head administrator for all activities and funding involving plan ‘B.’ The best private investigator that money can buy has provided me with your estimated net worth. Let me warn you up front; do not try to bullshit me about how much you are worth, or I will kill you. That is if Sam does not kill me first,” she said, smiling at Sam.

Just like that, Molly flipped the switch to the Molly everyone knew and loved. “I hope you understand, when Sam dumped the job of being the administrator of plan ‘B’ into my lap, I objected with the snarl of a trapped cat. Much to my disappointment, Sam did not buy my argument, and I’m so glad he didn’t. I don’t understand why men always pick a woman to be in charge of finances. It seems to me, you guys would finally wake up and realize that we are the last species that should be in charge of money.” Laughing, she said, “You all know how much women like to shop. Steve has prepared our last will and testament, corporate papers for Panama and power of attorney over our personal assets – in the event you suffer a sudden death.”

When Molly finished speaking, Steve got up and took his briefcase to the front of the room.

Opening it, he said, “You will find these documents are postdated and notarized a few years back. They will end up in a postdated, sealed file at the courthouse. In the event of my death, the record numbers are stored in a secure offshore server. I will give each of you the particulars later. Again, it will take two of you to access the internet server for the file numbers to locate the hard copies at the courthouse.”

Removing several sets of documents from his briefcase, Steve placed them on the table. Molly looked at the first name in the stack, and asked Jerry to declare his number to the group.

Standing to his feet, Jerry began laughing. “Wait until you hear this. I dug up every can I could find, and some were buried over ten years ago. With the numbers of holes that I have in my backyard, the neighbors think I have prairie dog infestation.”

“I thought you kept a pirate’s map, Jerry?” Roger said with a smile.

“I did, but I am pretty sure I buried some cans when I was drunk or high, so my number could change. I ordered the best metal detector money could buy to give the property a full scan. Setting a small suitcase on the table, he declared, “I have hard cash; seven million, five hundred, and forty-seven dollars. Every dollar is tax-free stolen money from the United States government. Damn, that feels good just to say it! There is something sweet about using untaxed money to destroy the bastard.

“I have a big surprise for everyone,” he said excitedly. “As you know, I recently acquired the assets from my father’s funeral business and his estate that I can easily liquidate.”

Steve interrupted, “Jerry, there is no hurry. You have a year to liquidate those assets.”

“I know that Steve-O. Bosworth, as many of you know, was an interesting man. Many years ago he was in the newspaper about jewelry missing from a body.”

“I remember that,” said Scott.

“For over fifty years, Bosworth stripped the ‘ornaments’ from the ‘dead trees,’ as he called them.” Jerry became very exuberant and excitedly proclaimed to the room. “Recently, I found his stash of ‘ornaments.’”

“What are you talking about?” Scott asked.

“I am talking about four jumbo jet caskets, Scott. Supersized caskets for fat people, in the back of a rental storage unit, filled to the brim with extremely expensive jewelry.”

Scott sat with a stunned look of disbelief on his face, staring intently at Jerry.

“The rental people called me last week about the overdue storage bill. You can imagine my surprise, when I walked to the back of that unit and started opening the lids. My eyes nearly popped out of my head when I opened the first lid. I felt like a little boy that had found a room full of a pirate’s hidden treasures. Every chest was full of gold, diamonds, and silver.”

“Do you mean to tell me your father stripped my father, mother, and every member of Samantha’s family that we buried through your father’s place?” Scott asked.

“Yep, I am pretty sure that is what happened. I knew he did this his entire life, Scott. I never thought he could have accumulated that much stash,” Jerry replied.

“Goddamn, it Jerry. Robbing dead bodies, now that is fucking sick!” Scott shouted.

“What does it really matter at this point, Scott?” Jerry questioned. Reaching in his pocket, he took out a small piece of paper. Clearing his throat, he read. “‘If you are reading this, Son, it is because I am gone and you have found my hidden treasure. Use these ornaments for a worthy cause. I will see you when you get here, Love Dad.’ I think of it like this, Scott. As a group, we just hit the jackpot. Do you have any idea how much money four jumbo caskets full of expensive jewelry are worth? You know, in a strange sort of way, I think that Bosworth was an unknown part of our purpose. Had I known then what I know now, I would have stripped each body that went through that business and especially your entire family, Scott. We need money for what we are about to do.” Without another word, Jerry stepped up to the table and signed every document without reading them.

Steve picked up Jerry’s papers and placed Scott’s papers on the table as Molly called his name. With a huge smile, Scott stood to his feet looked around the room at everyone, and then back at Molly, and said, “I am proud to say that I can deliver two million, seven hundred thousand dollars, and I have the check with me.” Walking to the front, he picked up the documents and began reading them. Included in Scott’s documents was the assignment of his expected five-hundred plus million-dollar inheritance in the event of Samantha’s death.

While he was scanning the documents, Sam interrupted him. “Come now, Scott. We know you have more money in offshore accounts than what you put on the table tonight.”

Still examining the documents, Scott quickly replied to Sam’s comment in an angry tone. “First, I want to know how you knew about all of this. Secondly, this is what I can bring to the table now. You asked us to bring what we could put our hands on, Sam. I did that.

Now I find that you decided to change the game since our last meeting. Without any notice, you are asking each of us to strip ourselves financially of everything in life. You expect us to sign over our estates, inheritances, and to borrow every penny we can, so you can send it to a corporation in Panama. Let me ask you a question. Does the word STUPID appear to be written across my forehead?" he asked, gesturing with his hand on his forehead.

Irate, Scott continued, "Everyone in this room knows that it takes time to get those kinds of funds out of offshore accounts. If I had yanked them out as you are suggesting I would have drawn too much attention to myself. In my opinion, you should have been more specific at the last meeting, Sam. I did exactly what you asked. What are you going to do? Kill me because I did not understand that you would change you're fucking mind before this meeting."

Scott's hostility towards Sam's knowledge of his financial worth was obvious. When Sam did not respond right away, Scott continued. "If I remember correctly, the last time we met you were going to kill Molly. Did you mean that? Or, have you changed your mind again, Sam? I see she is still here."

"Yes, I did say that. And I meant every word," Sam finally retorted. "Scott, you must realize there is a damn good chance that every person in this room is going to die. I ask you, what better reason would you have for the damn money than to support the very purpose we are undertaking? You entered this room with the understanding that we were plotting the full and complete destruction of the United States government. What did you expect us to do? Sit on our ass and plan for another ten years or debate the issues again? This is not Washington! We are behind secure, locked doors for a reason, Scott. Tonight, we have stopped talking and have started taking action. I have the plot to overthrow, and I know it will work, Scott," Sam said.

"That does not give you the right to change your mind every time we walk in this room," Scott snapped.

"Yes, it does, Scott," Roger shouted. "We are in a fluid condition. That means the situation or circumstances can change at every moment. The moment we locked those doors, we each sealed our own fate. We individually made a personal choice that the serious possibility of death was in our immediate future. I know that I made that conscious decision. I am willing to die in order that 'we the people' take back the deed to their government. You can expect things will change quite often as we move forward. You need to be ready for that to happen."

Looking at him with eyes of ice, Roger asked, “Do you want in or out, Scott? What decision did you make when we locked those doors?” After a long, back and forth stare down with Roger, Scott picked up the pen and signed every document without answering Roger.

Steve picked up Scott’s papers as Molly called for Larry. “I’m embarrassed. All I have to my name is sixteen thousand dollars, and that came from the sale of my car and all of my household furnishings. I’m sorry; I smoked, snorted, and pissed most of my life away. After my encounter with God in 1983, I gave away more than I kept. The good news is I may be moving in with an old girlfriend of mine. I can support myself with my own hands, so I will be able to contribute more if I am living with her. After much thought and prayer, I intend to close my building, so that I can dedicate all of my time to this purpose.”

“I think that is a sound decision,” Sam responded. “I was going to ask you to do that. We must keep ourselves below the radar. No unnecessary attention; not even a speeding ticket, please.”

Looking at Steve, Sam noticed there were no documents on the table for Larry to sign. “Well then; it seems to me, Larry, that you have already put in more than anyone. There is nothing past all that we have, is there?” Sam said. “You are already where everyone in this room will be in a year.”

Roger spoke up and said, “I will be sixteen thousand short. That will drop me to eight hundred and twenty-two thousand, Molly. The sixteen thousand goes back to my best friend, Larry, for his new living expenses.” Looking at Larry with a smile, he said, “I understand you and Kat will be taking a honeymoon. Who knew, after all these years the rock star would finally get married. It’s about time. Congratulations. Now, please tell me you got rid of the big screen television.”

“Yes I did, but it was hard to part with. It is a classic nowadays, but Kat put her foot down and said no,” Larry answered with a smile. “I really messed it up with her a long time ago. I suppose if you wait long enough, love comes one day when you least expect it. Thanks, Roger.” Once again, they hugged like long-lost brothers. After the embrace, Roger stepped up to the table, and signed the papers without reading them.

“I have a total of seventeen-million,” Sam said. “I borrowed against everything I own, including Woodstock69. If we work that business together, I am sure we can generate some additional usable income over the next year. I paid the mortgage up for one year on this place, and for all of the security improvements Roger installed. I sold my annual salary from the university to a broker at a discount for the next year. The money was wired last week for immediate use.”

Steve tried to make short work of the procedure. "I have twenty-two million from civil cases I collected during my career.

"Cheers for the ambulance chasers," Larry laughed.

"Keep it up, Larry, and you will need an ambulance after I chase you down," Steve said, smiling back at Larry. "You know I love you, and everything your life represents."

"I know, but lawyers still don't go to heaven, Steve. No matter how many times I have asked the boss for you, he will not change his mind."

"We will find out in the end, my friend. This amount includes three cases I settled last week at ridiculous prices, so that we would have the funds for the immediate start of plan 'B.' Like Molly, I understand what plan 'B' is about and felt that I needed to gather every dollar I could get my hands on." Spreading his documents on the table, Steve added, "Here are my signed documents for everyone to examine, along with a list of assets, insurances, and possible inheritances."

"That leaves me," Molly said, smiling. "In my life, many men and recently one woman have given me some incredibly nice gifts. Some willingly - and some - not so willingly. I placed my money with brokers that invested it wisely. They earned large sums of money for me in the stock market. Several exceedingly wealthy men and one extremely wealthy woman placed huge sums of money into my overseas accounts. They did this in order to avoid public humiliation." Looking at their puzzled faces, Molly smiled. "I see you want to know what I mean by 'in order to avoid public humiliation.' Well, let's say for instance that a ten grand ass whipping caught on video could end up being worth five-million. In many instances, the men were wealthy with a huge reputation to protect, so they paid instantly.

"Since I am the only mother in this room with a school age child, I am keeping five hundred thousand dollars for my son. I am not signing over one of my insurance policies where my son is the sole beneficiary. If anyone has a problem with that, let's settle the issue." Molly paused, waiting for a reaction. When no one said a word, she continued. "Everything else I presently own or can obtain as we move forward, I contribute to this purpose. The good news is, I have accumulated thirty-seven million, and have it spread all over the world in various accounts."

Mouths were wide open, and jaws were on the floor as Molly kept speaking. "The first wires from my accounts began arriving in Panama, last week. They will continue until the transfer of all my funds is completed."

Every mouth remained open because of the sheer dollar amount.

"Oh, stop it," Molly said. "It was not that much until a recent talk with an enormously wealthy ex-congressman's country club lesbian wife.

I convinced her that a video of a woman fucking her should not be for sale on the Internet. That is unless she wanted to become famous like Paris Hilton.” Winking at Scott, she signed her papers.

“What time do you have, Roger?” Sam asked.

“It’s time.” Roger walked over and opened the main door. General Breckinridge was waiting on the other side. “Everyone, I hope you remember meeting General Bradley Breckinridge.”

“Please, just call me Brad,” he said, as they all shook hands.

“General Breckinridge was largely responsible for the fast procurement of the security systems you see in place tonight. He is the man that opened my eyes to the secret documents revealing truths about my own military career. Sam and I believe that he will be an asset to our long-term efforts. Although at this time, no one other than Sam fully knows what those efforts will be. General Breckinridge, as an invited guest, has come to listen to the plot to overthrow and offer insights on the viability of the plot.”

“Wait just a minute,” said Scott. “I am concerned that you and Sam, without consultation, think you can bring people into our group. I think matters like this should be a group decision. Why would you let anyone just up and walk into our inner circle?”

“Do you know me, Scott?” Roger asked, with a piercing stare.

“You know I do, so why are you trying to pose the obvious facetious question to me, that I should trust him because I know you? If I opened the door and brought someone in here you would have a shit fit, wouldn’t you, Roger?”

“Yes I would,” Roger replied with the growl of a dog about to bite. “Would you like to know why? It’s because I know you, Scott.”

“Do not throw that threatening garbage at me, Roger. I should have the right, and everyone here should have the same right to decide if we want to bring in someone new.”

“I agree Scott. By a show of hands, how many of you accept the general’s presence at this meeting?” questioned Roger.

After a unanimous show of hands, Scott smiled and politely said, “Welcome, General. I meant nothing personal.” He stood and shook the general’s hand for the second time.

Sam stood to speak, took a deep breath, and then began. “Plan ‘B’ is what I would like to discuss before I reveal the plot to overthrow. Plan ‘B’ arrived after I understood how to overthrow the government. I woke one morning, troubled in my heart. To my surprise, I discovered that my heart was still alive with memories of America past. As I lay in bed, my emotions were flooded with a compassion for the American people in its towns and cities.

In spite of my personal rancor against the United States government, I loved my life in this country and the romance of its history. Examining my youth, I remembered how much opportunity I had as a young man.

“It was that love for America which led me to develop plan ‘B.’ Before we enact the plot to overthrow there is a slim possibility that we can wake up the American people to take back their country. Just as ‘divinity’ gave me the way to remove the United States government, I have to believe the same compassionate God desires that ‘we the people’ take a shot at doing it themselves. We are about to learn just how asleep the sheep are.

“Please, do not misunderstand what I am saying. I do not intend to sit idly by doing nothing while we implement plan ‘B.’ We will not wait a year to see if plan ‘B’ works. A thousand times, no. We cannot wait. It will take us almost a year of serious planning and expert training before we enact the full devastation of the plot to overthrow on the United States government. We are going to be especially busy as a group, writing a new constitution outlining the power structure in a new government. I am convinced this new structure will have the ability to change every government on the earth.

“Our mission, under plan ‘B’ has only one purpose; to *wake up the sheep.*” If we can wake them up, we have a slight chance they will overthrow the United States government themselves. In order to convince the sleeping sheep they can do that, we are going to slap the sheep-shit out of them. How do you wake up sheep? We are going to advertise all over the nation. If we can wake them from their slumber, we are going to compel them to do two things.

“The first thing we are going to ask them to do; is elect a new person each and every time they vote. If the American people will elect every senator and congressman to only one term in office, the power brokers, dealmakers, and lobbyists in Washington will be broken forever. They must throw out the career politicians! If we have figured out nothing else, it’s that experienced politicians do not work. Look at what they have done. Say good-bye to old hacks like John McCain and Nancy Pelosi. Do not elect Hillary Clinton, Sarah Palin, or a John Boehner. Elect a new person each and every election. No matter how well they do their job, vote them out of office each and every time! That will protect ‘we the people’s’ power.

“I assure you, in time the people who go to Washington will know they are there for one-term-only. Who knows, we may get some down to earth common people with a love for their country in office for a change.

I am confident that after a few election cycles the newly elected servants will say, ‘To hell with the Republican or Democratic Party. I’m an American, and I am here for the good of America.’

This will stop pork barrel spending, lobbyists, and power infighting between political parties. It will end stalemates and bottlenecks in legislation caused by party-line-voting.

“Eventually, with every newly elected one-term-only servant, it will be all about what is the best thing to do for the good of the country and ‘we the people.’ Washington politics will have an attitude of workable compromise, not the stagnation we have today from ‘experienced political grandstanding.’ Molly has undertaken the task of writing the commercials for broadcast across the nation, and I think it will be money well spent.

“The second thing we will do is just as important as the first. We must convince the American people to stop buying anything from China, or India. The American economy, in its crippled condition is still thirty times larger than China’s. China intends to take America down without firing a shot. We must convince the American sheep that they can stop China without firing a shot. The politicians have sold America to China. Jerry made that very clear to us with his excellent understanding of the bag of marbles and freshly printed paper money. The American people must stop the government from taking and repaying the loans to China. Why? Because the American people never authorized the damn loans in the first place. This is why they must elect new people, and give the new servants a mandate to redefine the loans on the people’s terms. What can China do?” Sam said laughing. “Repossess the country? If we convince the sheep to stop buying anything that says ‘Made in China,’ instead of a shot being heard around the world; it will be the thud in China that will be heard all over the world.

“One ad Molly created said, ‘My Nike shoes made in China fell apart just like the bad dog food, baby milk, and lead painted toys. I want to buy Nike ‘Made in America!’” The American consumer can force companies back to America to employ Americans. You will make it here, or we will not buy it!” Sam shouted. “We do not need Washington to bring jobs back to Americans, or spend the taxpayer’s money to create jobs. We need the sheep to stand up and give the corporations, who operate overseas, a real ass whipping at the checkout counter.

“Make it here or you have no American market. Yes, I will pay more for my shoes, but I forced a corporation to give an American their job back. My extra shoe money put another American to work. Americans do not need a handout from a half-assed unemployment benefits check. They need a job, and the sheep can use their power along with their rightful ownership of this country to accomplish what they want – if we can wake up the sheep. The American cash register drives the entire world economy.

That is where ‘we the people’ need to dictate to corporations and the world what happens in America. They do not need a law to make a company do what they want. They have the power to say, I’m not buying your overseas shit!”

Jerry was so stoked he jumped up. Instead of saying anything, he walked up and hugged Sam. Turning around, he shouted, “Take it to the politicians and corporations. Let’s give them both an ass whipping. I love it.”

Amused at him, Sam said. “We are gonna need all of the jewelry in those fat caskets, Jerry.”

“Don’t worry Sam. In the morning, I will be trading with every pirate out there. Including Captain Jack Sparrow if need be,” he said with a smile.

“We must *‘wake up the sheep,’*” Sam continued. “Doing those two things is the sum total of plan ‘B.’ We intend to spend every penny we can raise over the next year trying to slap the sheep-shit out of them. We will shout it at them by every means possible. WAKE UP! Take back control of your government. You are the rightful owners of the deed to this country! Elect the school janitor as president. Do not buy anything from China. Elect people with a heart for service. End career politicians. Throw the cheap China products into the harbor! Dictate to corporations at the cash register; make it here or get out of my country! Now that’s a real tea party. China can build the fastest bullet train in the world, but there is no way I am riding on the damn cheap thing,” Sam said, laughing. “Mark my words – it will wreck. What is the name of that website you picked out, Molly?” Sam asked.

“It is appropriately called *‘wakeupthesheep.com,’* and it will be up and running by tomorrow afternoon. The website will educate people on how to put China in a time-out chair. People can log on and pledge to vote for new congressmen and senators. They can also cast a vote with others in America to say no to the cheap crap made in China or India. It’s time to have clothes and appliances last longer than six months.

“When Jerry explained the marble game, I was surprised,” Molly continued. “Over 70% of our marbles are gone. How do we get them back? I think this plan is how the sheep can take them back. This country is large enough to sustain itself. We do not need to import a damn thing from anyone. Every country in the world better get their shit together on fair trade.

“One store we will be exposing on the website is the ‘Chinese Factory Outlet Mall – Wal-Mart.’ Americans need to buckle up their belts, and play hardball with that throat-slitting chain. It’s time to open an America-Mart with better products. Everything in life is not about a cheap price.”

“Any woman who wants to shut down a store, even if it is China-Mart, is my kind of woman,” Sam said.

“Remember, our top priority during plan ‘B’ is to work on plan ‘A.’ In 365 days or less, after the first ad airs under plan ‘B,’ at any point in time we must be ready to implement the plot to overthrow under plan ‘A’. We will be able to gauge by the way the American people vote in the upcoming election if our ads are having an impact. It would also be great to hear on the news that Wal-Mart sales have dropped dramatically this holiday season.

“We have a lot of work to do. Steve and Larry, I asked you for a brief outline on how you would structure power for a new government in the world. Tell me briefly, how you would structure that power to ensure the people remained in full ownership.”

Standing to his feet, Larry handed Sam a thick booklet. “A new government cannot have the same power structure we see in this country. That document I have prepared has an answer for everything from abortion, freedom of speech, religious freedoms, the rights of privacy, and same sex-marriage. It also solves the war on drugs and prisoner rehabilitation. It has the answer to every issue. It does not offer another view but solves the issues in a solid, respectful, peaceful manner.”

Steve stood up and handed Sam a binder equivalent to the size of a law book. “I developed a justice system eliminating excessive government authorities. The new justice system is not blind. It will be a system, where justice is eyes-wide-open and fair for everyone. Based on Larry’s document and the way he structures power, I cannot find a reason why there should be a federal court system.”

“Molly, how about you?” Sam asked.

“Sure Sam, I am ready,” she said, handing him what appeared to be a document the size of small phone book.

Sam looked at the book and rolled his eyes at the size. “Molly, we are trying to decrease the size of government not increase it with paper work at its inception.”

“There you go again, mister. You never looked inside. There’s a copy in there for everyone. What is it with you? Do you really like eating that much humble pie all the time?” she said with a kidding scowl. “I thank you, Sam, for pushing me to validate my reason for being here. I found myself astonished at how simple the premise was to allow people full control of their elections and over candidates after they are elected.”

“Excuse me, Molly. Are you saying you figured out a way for the people to control the elected officials?” Steve asked.

“You bet. What good is it to elect someone and have them vote contrary to the will of the people that elected them? If the people cannot control their vote it would be the same mess we see today.

A new government would have a broken power structure from the start if it did not represent the actual will of the people. I developed a voting system the American people can trust. And that includes the ability to control the elected servant, after the election. Can we take a small break?" Molly asked.

"Sure we can," Sam replied.

After a five-minute break, as everyone found their seats, Sam seemed solemn and reserved in his personality.

Looking at Molly, Sam said, "I have a personal present for you." Reaching under the table, he took out a box and handed it to her. "If I am correct, you will recognize them."

Opening the box, Molly looked disturbed and fatalistic at the contents.

"With a bit of research, I discovered the company still manufactures them. I thought a new pair might help you erase a few old memories."

"Or bring them alive again, Sam," Molly said, looking into the box.

Everyone seemed confused by the strange gift, but no one spoke. Looking at Molly, Sam's face appeared sallow. He said, "I'm sorry, it's decision time, Molly. What do you want to do? Wear them or leave them in the box? The choice is yours."

Molly eventually looked at Sam and said, "I want to put them on, Sam. I'm ready." The ankle-high men's work shoes were still a bit too large for her small feet. After lacing the boots tightly, Molly stood and struck a sideways pose; her hands out with the toe of one shoe pointed on the carpet like a ballerina. No one seemed amused by her pose or the strange gift. Taking her seat, she stared downward at the shoes and said, "They do not have holes, Sam, but they are still awfully damn ugly." She sat visibly disturbed by the unusual gift.

"Molly, if you take them off – I will understand," Sam said with the color missing from his face. There was no response.

Turning towards Scott, Sam continued. "I have wanted to hear from you all night. More than anyone in this room, you had the privilege of working where the beast resides. Roger reminded us earlier as you know; the situation is still very fluid. Your information actually has the power to change plan 'A' or 'B,' Scott."

Scott stood and handed Sam a few pages stapled together. "I'm not sure that will answer your questions about this thing you call a beast, Sam. But it has some insights on how Washington politicians broker deals."

"I hope your information will help us navigate through some delicate government areas. Let me open the floor for you to address everyone. I'm not asking you to be brief. Take all of the time you need. Every small detail could save a life. Oh, I almost forgot.

While we are at it, I would like to hear your insights on how you would keep corruption out of a new government system. Since you witnessed the corruption first hand, I am sure you have thoughts and recommendations on how to prevent it in a new government.”

“Sam, I am not sure that I can answer your question on how to keep corruption out of a new government. Much less, how to stop an elected official from becoming corrupted.”

“Sure you can. How would you have stopped the corruption you saw while you were in Washington? You did see corruption, didn’t you?”

“We all know that Washington is corrupt on every level. There is not a person in this room that does not see or understand that, Sam.”

“I know, Scott, but you were an insider, we are outsiders. You should have a better understanding than anyone here.”

“Having been there, I cannot see a way that anyone could stop that much corruption.”

“Wait a minute,” Sam interrupted. “I don’t understand. If you say Washington is corrupt on every level, then you must have some kind of insight on how to fight against that corruption.”

Irritated, Scott quipped, “Sam, what part of there was ten thousand corrupt things wrong in Washington don’t you understand? If you were there, where would you have started with ten thousand corruptions?”

“Oh, I don’t know, Scott. How about number one?” Sam said. “We need understanding from your inside perspective. Look around the room, Scott. Roger has insight based on seeing corruption in the military. Jerry has it on taxes and business. Steve has insight on the justice system. Even Larry understands the need for separation of church and state. Did you spend any time at all laying out a power structure on how things flowed behind the corrupt doors of Washington? I am not asking for details about the crooked inner workings of the Cigar Club. We need real information about how decisions were made behind closed doors. For instance, what kind of secret meeting would they have had when they decided to bomb Libya? Or, who made the decision to place new bases throughout the Asian nations?”

“How the hell would I know? I don’t work there anymore.”

“What corruption in your thirty years of service, Congressman, did you stop?”

“You do not understand, Sam. There is no way you are stopping that much corruption.”

“You are wrong, Scott. I do understand, and so does every person in this room. That is why we are all here.

I never worked in Washington, but I have figured out a way to end the corruption that you embraced so matter-of-factly as a servant of the American people.

“Do you remember the day I stopped by your office, and you made several comments to me about the men in this room? I came to you trying to understand just how serious they were about really doing something to change this country. I will never forget what you said to me. You asked me if I really believed that a protesting preacher, a broke builder, a burned-out lawyer, and a war hero with an imaginary friend were really capable of developing a plan of action against the United States government.”

Scott’s face became red with embarrassment at the open exposure of the comments.

Sam kept pushing Scott. “Do you remember my reply, Scott? I told you the only problem I saw with your assessment was that you had left out a crooked politician with a poor voting record who had a low opinion of his lifelong friends. Do you remember what you said after that, Scott? You told me the men in this room would never do anything in a million years. You told me all they will ever do is sit, talk, and drink about what they think should be done. Your exact words to me were, ‘Trust me. I know them better than you do.’ It gives me great satisfaction to tell you that you were wrong, Scott. I know them better than you do. Take a look around the room at the eyes of your friends, Scott. They are all staring at you.”

Scott sat silently and did not look up or move his head. He sat quietly staring at the floor.

“I intentionally set you up, Scott. Several things went wrong for you tonight, Congressman. A man who has committed himself to the honorable cause of death for the freedom of others has no interest in money. He will not argue about the petty shit in life, because he sees the bigger picture. He comprehends the vision of a better life for those who will inherit the benefits of his ‘righteous death.’”

When Sam said “righteous death,” Molly stood up. She briefly stared at her boots and then started walking. Sam continued speaking, while Scott stared at the floor.

“The only one who reads the documents, Scott, is a Judas. He always looked for money.” Taking several steps backwards, Sam said, “There has always been a Judas among those who sought to change the world for good.”

Molly never missed her stride. She filled the open spot left by Sam. Spinning sideways, she delivered a solid sidekick to Scott’s throat. He never saw it coming.

The blunt end of the boot, instantly collapsed Scott's esophagus, as Roger and General Breckinridge held his arms to the chair. His body lurched violently to get out of the chair in a desperate attempt to obtain air, but Roger and General Breckinridge held him down. Scott's eyes bulged in desperation from the first blow. Molly instantly coiled her leg and struck Scott with the speed of a snake. The hard heel of the boot landed directly in his mouth and nose, snapping his head backwards. Molly's kick was so strong, the nose and mouth collapsed into Scott's face. The sounds of breaking jawbones, and crushing of facial flesh filled the room. Without hesitation, as blood gushed from Scott's collapsed face, Molly stepped behind him. Grabbing his head with both arms, she twisted it violently as the audible sounds of snapping vertebra echoed like a scream in the ears as – every closed eye flinched.

Compunction raced through the minds of everyone. They sat second guessing the decision they had made, for over thirty minutes, in silent reflection. No one moved. Scott's body with his head hanging backwards over the chair was a menacing reminder, of their decision.

With abject clarity, Larry finally broke the silence. "If we were all in prison because Scott had fumbled the ball, I know that each of you would regret doing anything other than what was done tonight. He failed every test. I have no doubt that in a pressured situation he would have given everyone in this room up to save himself."

"Think about it," Sam said. "Over thirty-years in Washington, and he had no divine answers on how to fix the problem. I know he was your friend, but I must say this; Scott was the problem. Men like him are the very reason we are sitting here. I agree with Larry. He would have become a liability and not an asset."

"Scott was always about Scott," Steve commented. "His world revolved around Scott 'can do.' The rest of us just happened to be on his planet. He did exactly what you said he would do, Sam. When he started to read the documents, everyone in the room recognized who he was."

"Why did he have to complain about the jewelry?" Jerry asked. "I was sure he would have passed that part. You were right again, Sam."

Molly was still sitting in silence, and Sam turned his attention to her asking, "How do you feel, Molly?"

"I'm okay, Sam. You gave me many options. You told me I could back out when you gave me a gift. I never expected the gift you gave me," Molly replied.

"You could have passed at any time. We could have done this a different way."

“Sam, it is not as if this is the first man I have ever killed. In my mind, I have killed Karl over a million times. The damn boots really kept me focused. For the first time, I feel like Karl is finally out of my life.”

Looking seriously at the group, Sam asked, “Does everyone understand why I wanted to do this as a group? I think it helps solidify the reality of our purpose together. We could have done this many different ways, but I think this way was necessary.”

Looking back at Molly, Sam asked, “Do you think Samantha parked his car at the warehouse, and will she pay up?”

“The car should have been there right after Roger picked him up at home. She agreed to donate \$100 million to the overseas charity of my choice, and that is the new one we established in Panama.”

“How do you know she will not back out?” Sam asked.

“Not with the video I have of her, Sam. Besides, the lady was married to the dealmaker; I would be surprised if she was a deal breaker. I am pretty sure she will pay. Look how much money she keeps with Scott out of her inheritance. Trust me. She will be one happy lesbian.”

“She’s a lesbian?” Roger asked.

“Hard core,” Molly replied. “Why do you ask?”

“I don’t know; it was just the way she looked at me when I picked up Scott.” Molly excused herself to go clean up, and when she returned all of the men gathered around her exchanging hugs. They each thanked her for doing what they did not want to do. Kill a friend they grew up with, even if that friend was Scott.

Sam explained, “Roger is going to dispose of the body in the warehouse where Molly gave him three near death experiences, and leave the video of that event in the room. It will look like the life of another perverted politician finally came to a climatic end. There will be a lot of press, and for us, mum is the word. The scars on his body will tell a lifelong story, so we can expect a less than energetic police investigation, but a lot of press. Stay out of the news. ‘We are shocked and saddened by the loss of a dear friend,’ will be our only comment. How long will it take you to deliver him to the warehouse?”

“We will strip him here and bag him for transport. No clothing, no DNA, no problems. It will take about an hour to deliver, and smear his body fluids over the floor,” said Roger.

“Call us on your way back, and we will reassemble,” Sam said.

The door opened as Roger and Bradley entered the study where the group was waiting for them. “Everything is taken care of. His car was there as Samantha promised.

His GPS will place him at that location the entire time we were here, celebrating the general's retirement. The one useful thing about my old car is no GPS," Roger said. "Do you mind if I fix myself a drink before you continue, Sam?"

"No sir, take all the time you need. How's General Washington?"

"He left right after I gave you the medals, Sam. For the first time in forty years, I slept all night without court. I was waiting to make sure nothing reappeared before I told anyone. The general did say before he left that he would see me later in life. Here's to you, General, and to General Washington wherever you are," Roger said. He held the bottle up in a toast, then chugged several large gulps and passed it to General Breckinridge.

"Jerry, it's tax time," Sam said.

Passing out another large folder, Jerry said, smiling, "Sam, this is as brief as I can be. Have you ever thought about how big the questions are that you ask?"

Smiling at him, Sam asked, "Is it possible to get an encapsulated nut-shell of what's in here?"

"We the people' determine taxes. Not even a one penny tax on anything without 'we the people' approving the tax themselves. A real free market supply and demand drives the economy, not regulations. I even have a plan to cross cut the forestry into one-thousand acre parcels to isolate forest fires and supply timber. I have a list of fifty additional things we will need to merge with the new constitution, elections, and the structured power of the government. One damn thing for sure, there will be no Gestapo IRS."

"Thank you, Jerry. I like the nutshell version and will read everything," Sam said, looking at Roger.

"I will be brief, Sam, even though my issue is more complex than all the others," Roger said, taking another drink. "The military will have to remain a federal government agency. It has one main purpose, and that is to protect and defend 'we the people' in all 50 states. It should serve as a disaster strike force. We don't need to sit with our thumb up our ass like we did with Katrina. It will be the best earthquake, forest fire and natural disaster equipped military in the world. In my documents, General Breckinridge and I have spelled out how to split the power and control of the military in order to keep 'we the people' in full control. My folder is the largest, because I have included how we intend to control the United States military and protect America during the overthrow of the government. The one thing everyone in the room will be surprised at will be my recommendations on how our military should respond during an attack. I have an incredibly strong argument in that document that is against all rational thinking.

Other than that, I am ready. I almost forgot, we will secure the borders so tight Taco Bell will have to shut down.”

Looking at General Breckinridge, Sam said, “Should we enact the plot to overthrow upon the failure of plan ‘B’, General, I’m sure the group will soon appreciate your wisdom and value.”

Sam walked the room shaking hands and hugging each person. When he stepped behind the table, he asked the question, “How many American people are you willing to kill in order to overthrow the United States government?”

General Breckinridge was the first to stand, with Roger attached as if he were his shadow. Molly and the other three, all stood simultaneously. The group looked at the general waiting for his response.

“As many as it takes, Sam.”

Everyone sat down.

“Thank you, General for the only answer. Many more people than Scott will have to die. There will be deaths all over this nation. During the American Revolution there were between twenty-five and fifty thousand deaths that purchased this nation’s freedom. To put those numbers into a comparable perspective to our current population, it means that over one million people would die fighting for the freedom of America today.

“With every birth, there is blood. With every act of divinity in history, there was always bloodshed. Obstinate dictators will never forfeit power or liberty to the people without bloodshed. Since the beginning of time, there are only two attributable causes for the evils of war on the earth . One is manmade religion. The other would be the present structure of world governments.

“I believe that God is preparing the hearts of all peoples of the world for his introduction of a new government.” Stopping, he picked up the documents, held them to his chest, and said, “In these brief documents you each provided tonight, are the beginnings of the new labor pains and the eventual birth of that new government.”

As Sam spoke, the room began to fill with the strong presence of Wisdom, captivating everyone’s attention directly on Sam. Laying the documents in a stack on the table, Sam’s face appeared excited and serious as he began. “What we are about to do is so breathtaking that I often find myself unable to comprehend the total magnitude of our actions. In one day, our actions will usher in a new era for all mankind affecting the future of the entire world until the end of time.

“Our combined actions as a group will strike the earth with the largest lightning-thunderbolt of change the world has ever seen – or will ever see again.

The strike will be so enormous that people all over the world will see the flash on every horizon in their minds eye. A brief time after the comprehension of the huge flash, people will hear the trumpet of thunder and feel the same battle cry enter their own hearts – that is in yours. Following the clarion call from the trumpet of thunder, the heavens will release a rushing mighty wind that will flow without restraint all over the world. It will blow across the world like a mighty cleansing river, destroying oppressive governments, and breaking the chains of oppressive bondage from the people of the world. This breath of heavenly fresh air – filled with new life – will not relent until it has ushered in a new era for all peoples of the world. A new form of government will truly empower the people of the world. World history books for the remainder of time, will never record the name of another dictator.”

Somber silence rested on everyone as they tried to comprehend the enormous gravity of Sam’s words and the task that lay in their near future. “Make no mistake. Evil forces will fight to prevent us from keeping our appointed destinies. The founding fathers of this nation sat where you are sitting. They had their solemn assembly – this is yours. More than likely, every one of us will die and others who join us will die – as well. I am convinced in my own heart that we will not fail. The people of the world need to see a living demonstration of leadership, not another proclamation from the mouth of a hypocrite. We shall prevail for the good of the people of the world.

“At the first drop of blood when we begin to implement this new government in America, the people of the world will see the flash on their horizon. Your lives are going to become a living demonstration on how to overthrow their government. We are going to demonstrate how to do it and hand the world a blueprint for a new government owned by the people of the world.

“I am convinced that once they see the demonstration of this new government in action, the clear call from the trumpet of thunder will enter their hearts. Then the rest of the world will experience massive government overthrows. Old governments will be destroyed by ‘we the people’ of the world as the rushing mighty wind sweeps around the world. That alone excites me more than the plot to overthrow.

“In order to completely dismantle the United States government, strip it of all power, and restore power to the rightful owners ...”

Sam stopped speaking mid-sentence. Turning around, he picked up a fat black marker and angrily drew a big circle repeatedly around the fourth horseman.

Next, he picked up a red marker and wrote the number “785” inside the circle. Turning back towards the group, the puzzled expressions on each face did not surprise him.

“Between – midnight and midnight – the largest lightning bolt to ever strike the world, since the beginning of time will occur. In one day, we must kill that many people. When we do, that number will decapitate the corrupt head of the United States government and strip it of all power and authority. We will deliver a mortal blow to the head of all government authority in United States government, at every level. Between – midnight and midnight – we will take them by complete surprise. We shall assassinate every congressman, senator, and cabinet level politician that holds any power in the chain of command. We will strike several levels deep into each department, cutting the throat of all governmental authority. We will completely execute and sever the head of the beast.

“Included in that number are the assassinations of every Supreme Court judge and fifty-seven of the top military brass. That number also includes the removal of the heads of the CIA, NSA, and FBI several levels deep into their chains of command. No one within the federal government chain of command will escape elimination. We will strip the monster of all authority, killing anyone with the slightest possibility of resurrecting the demon. This powerful, cunning, evil spirit needs a government body and people vested with its corrupt authority. Without that authority or government body, he cannot create the scenario for the release of the fourth horseman.”

Comprehension of a new thought, concept, or idea, never conceived or heard before penetrates and numbs the human mind like Novocain. Every conceptual inventor in history witnessed the same looks that Sam stood observing. The first man the Wright Brothers told they were going to fly must have had the same look on his face. One-day man will travel fast on something other than a horse. Those that grew up without electricity marveled at sight of the first light bulb. The previous generation gathered around the nightly radio broadcast. Eventually, they heard for the first time: “One day you will not only hear them talking, but you will be able to see them in that box.”

Perception and understanding of the new thought, concept or idea, slowly penetrates the numbed human psyche, as the Novocain begins to wear off. After first hearing a new thought or concept, the mind begins to believe – it says yes. I believe man can walk on the moon.

In the midst of the solemn assembly, the understanding of how to decapitate the United States government slowly penetrated every numbed, speechless mind in the room.

The puzzled expressions on each face began slowly thawing like a melting snow on a sunny morning. As the Novocain subsided, the reality entered the mind that with the assassination of 785 people they could change the entire world forever.

Roger was the first to free himself from the mind-numbing effects of the Novocain. He struck the table with the palm of his hand creating his own thunder and he leapt to his feet. “Son-of-a-bitch! You did it, Sam. I just knew you had it figured out!” Looking at Bradley, who was still staring at the number on the fourth horseman, Roger asked, “General, do you see it?”

“You damn right I do, and it’s brilliant. I’m still digesting the concept. The small number actually shocked me. I thought we had a full-blown covert bloodbath on our hands. In all of my military planning and training, this has to be the best government headshot ever conceived. How did you figure this out, Sam?” Bradley asked.

“Just a minute,” said Larry. “There is no way we can do that in a day. We are only seven. Besides, where would you find that many people to do it? How could you keep something that big – quiet?”

Looking enthusiastically at Larry, Roger said, “If you think there are less than 785 people that hate what the United States government has done to them, who cannot keep their mouths shut – then we are finished before we start. I will bet you, there are over a thousand people – no let’s make that a hundred thousand people, for every person in that number who would sign up to nail just one of them. I believe the majority of people in this country are just as frustrated as we are. We cannot be the only ones fed up with what the Washington idiots have done. The death of honorable men and women built the foundation of America, and their blood cries out for justice against these dishonorable men and women.”

“I know that, Roger,” Larry replied. “Where are you going to find the people to do it?”

“Do you have any idea how many thousands of ex-military men that I know personally, who would love a shot at this? Men that know how to keep their mouths shut. The number of Vietnam veterans alone is large enough to kill the beast that needlessly killed them several times over.” Clenching his teeth with a disturbed glare in his eyes, Roger stared at the fourth horseman and the red number 785. “This one is for you Squirrel, and General Washington’s army of the needless dead. Pay back is gonna be a bitch.”

Waiting to make sure that Roger was finished speaking, Sam said, “In answer to your question, Bradley, my journey to figure this out began the day after they shot me. Let me introduce a bit more of the size and scope of the plot to overthrow.

“There will be a lot of havoc across the nation and the world as the decapitated beast screams for life. Once we strike, if any low-level person above that number is stupid enough to stand up and attempt to claim power, we will enact phase two eliminations. Let’s hope number 786 remains seated. We must have a hard-line zero tolerance policy for anyone who tries to resurrect the beast. In phase two eliminations, we will destroy every tentacle of the old United States government.”

Reaching into his jacket pocket, Sam took several small computer jump drives and passed them out to everyone. “On those drives are detailed personal files on all 785 people. Every detail about them; every relative, every home they own, down to the places they like to eat. In phase two, should we have to implement it, we will work deeper down a larger list of names. I have that information on another jump drive containing over fifteen-thousand names. If it comes down to implementing phase two, General that is where your bloodbath will be. If any puppet sticks his head up, we will kill them instantly. If the fourth horseman has any hopes of rising from the ashes, it will be through a lower level government official. I am prepared to eliminate every governor in phase two that opens his mouth, as well.

“The number 785 takes it down to the authority level, where I fully expect, the leftover remnants of any old government officials to be in hiding. While they are staggering around looking for a puppet to try and resurrect the beast, we shall implement the new government. From the first execution at one minute after midnight, I have an exacting plan that will quickly stabilize the nation, and introduce the new government structure to the people of America.”

Raising his hand, Sam acknowledged Steve’s request to speak. “I’ll say one thing, Sam, you certainly broke away from the 60s mentality. I’m with the general. I sit here quite stunned wondering if you realize the full scope of what you have done. Looking back at the years we spent protesting in the 60s, none of that produced the results we had hoped for. In fact, I think the United States government got wiser from the experience. The people of the world need to stop picketing, throwing firebombs, and rocks in protest. There isn’t any reason for being shot down in the streets, or having tanks turned on them by a government that does not intend to step down. They need to wise up, make their own list, and change their country in a day. Sam, this is so smart, and you know how much I like smart. If you knew how many times I tried to guess what your plot was, it would scare you,” Steve said with a smile.

“You like smart? You should have been in my chair when I listened to your Lincoln,” Sam said, smiling back at Steve. “Yes, I know and fully expect the knowledge of the plot to overthrow to spread all over the world. That’s why I said we are going to give the world a demonstration on how to do it, and hand them the blueprints to a new government structure. I sincerely hope that we all live long enough to see the fruits of our labors.”

Roger interjected, “For me and the general, and I’m not speaking for you, sir, but think you will agree. No one in this room has any idea how deeply personal this opportunity is for the two of us. Having fought in so many needless wars as a trained assassin for the United States government, it feels damn good to know that we have the opportunity to take out ‘the assassinator’ – with a head shot.”

“Yes, it does, Roger. The think tank boys and girls never saw this one, did they? Sam, there must be an entire think tank inside of you. Because you came up with the only answer to the problem.” Bradley said, with a huge grin. “You single handedly figured out to overthrow and replace an entirely corrupt government. And you did it to the world’s biggest super-power! With a mind like that they would have made you head of the CIA in a heartbeat. I hope everyone realizes that Roger and I know enough men still in uniform who will cut down the military brass, NSA, CIA, and FBI.”

“Hell, I personally know brave men over a hundred times that number with one leg or one arm that are damn good shots. They know how to keep their mouths shut and would love a chance to blow the head off of the assholes that cost them their legs, arms, and families,” Roger said.

“When you think about it, we are cutting out the cancer. America has terminal cancer, and it is a contagious infection to the rest of the world. That’s how I see it, and we are going to cut it out. To kill that many people is a bit disturbing unless they are all IRS people,” Jerry said with a smile.

Bradley asked Sam for permission to add something to the poster.

“It’s your party as well, Bradley. Go ahead.”

The general picked up Sam’s red marker, drew a line under 785, and wrote 2,355 below the line. “Here is what I recommend. First, we should immediately initiate planning in the morning.

Secondly, I recommend the use of three-man teams working eight-hour shifts shadowing the corrupt bastards. Once we have the teams in place, on any given day between – midnight and midnight – we can strike like stealth lightning. They will never see the strike coming.

“There will always be a man following each person on the list around the clock. What’s great about not acting so quickly, Sam, is we have the time to gather important information that is not on that jump drive.

Within a month, we will know when they have a regular bowel movement and where they shack-up. Humans are creatures of habit. Roger and I both know it only takes a few days to figure out the patterns of a target before you can eliminate that target. We will have so much data, that over time, we will even be able to predict where they will try to run or hide.

“Most of them, in this kind of operation, will die in bed somewhere at exactly 12:01 on the day of the strike. We must have one day’s notice before the strike. Throughout the day of the strike, all three men will be involved together. This will triple the of guarantee a death. Do you like the code name ‘Stealth Lightning 785,’ Roger?”

“Perfect. Three-man teams are perfect, General. We both know finding 2,355 men will be easy. You were right, Sam, even if we fail. Once the understanding of how to overthrow the United States government arrives in the world it will become their perpetual 9/11 nightmare. I can understand how people will keep trying. When I look at the small size of that number, I cannot help but wonder why the people of the world allowed their lives to be so overruled by only a small handful of people? People need to grow up and think this through.”

Looking at Sam, Bradley said, “When Roger told me he trusted his gut about you that said a lot to me. In our world, Sam, it means you can trust the man with your life. We have survived many difficult times trusting our gut.” Walking up to Sam, Bradley said, “Forgive me, Sam, but I want to do something that is not very general-like. I want to thank you with a hug.”

After long hugs by everyone, Sam graciously looked at the group and said, “I thank each of you for your kind comments. The entire matter was really a group effort. We must not lose sight that our purpose is to stop the three horsemen from creating the scenario that will release the fourth rider onto the earth. As sure as I am standing here – I know if that happens, a nuclear holocaust will occur.

“Plan ‘B’ starts early in the morning. Molly, please make your first media buys tomorrow. Roger, I am sure you and Bradley will move forward with ‘Stealth Lightning 785.’ I think we have the best military planners for this type of action.” Everyone agreed.

“Larry, Steve, and Jerry, I know you want in on the action, but you are far too valuable at this stage. We need you to fulfill your purpose together. We must continue to develop the full structure of the new Constitution and be absolutely sure that it will empower people all over the world with the ability to control their government.

“I suggest that Monday and Thursday become our group strategy days. On those days, we will meet together and examine how each area is advancing.

Of course, we can call a meeting at any time if necessary. Roger has some great new technology we will be using. In our first meeting, we will all go back to school to learn how to use this technology to communicate. It is imperative that we keep ourselves below the radar until we strike. By the way, General, I like the code name ‘Stealth Lightning 785.’ Because, I am still having bad dreams over the code name ‘Cemetery Network’ from your terrorism class,” Sam said, smiling.

Larry spoke up, asking, “If it’s okay with everyone, I would like to say a prayer asking the boss for favor in our attempt to “*wake up the sheep*” from their slumber under plan ‘B’. Knowing God as I do, we definitely need to remain diligent in our preparations of plan ‘A’. One thing is for sure. We are going to find out just how stupefied and sleeping the sheep are.

After Larry’s prayer, everyone remained for quite some time. What began as a solemn assembly didn’t end that way. The possibility of death was no longer a concern. The value of their impending actions in light of the benefits to mankind made the prospect of death an honorable threat in their lives. It had been a real solemn assembly after all.

Each member stayed, enjoying one another’s company; afraid to go home, in the fear that they might wake up and find this had all been only a dream. Sam finally informed everyone that he needed to retire for the night and each member slowly made their way out the front door.

Whispering to Sam, Molly asked if she could stay the night. “Molly that room is always open for you.”

“No, Sam. Tonight, I want to stay in your bed.”

A life becomes fruitful and fulfilled when the perfect vessel made by the potter finds – its purpose and destiny. Everything is by design in this natural realm. The future in this realm remains hidden from view to everyone for a reason. If the group knew what lay ahead of them, perhaps they would stop.

Since the beginning of time, in the heavenly realm God and the Devil have played an eternal chess match. The chessboard where the game is played out is here on earth, in this natural realm. Every move they make involves all human life on earth. As the group retired for the night, God moved a pawn, stared across the table at Satan, and said – “check.”

Professor Sam's essays are an undisputed **FACT**.

The account of Judaism is a true, authentic, and verifiable historical **FACT**.

The account of Islam is a true, authentic, and verifiable historical **FACT**.

All references to George the Idiot Bush and his account of 9/11 are a **FACT**.

The interview with Oprah is **fictional**.

The characters were embellished for the readers' enjoyment, but they are real people.

The account of Molly as a young girl is a sad tragedy that occurs all over the world each day, sad **FACT**.

The CIA military operations, world wide War Plan rooms depicted by the character Roger are a **FACT**.

The numbers of Military Bases and facilities around the world are a **FACT**.

The numbers of war deaths referenced are a **FACT**. The number of suicides by Vietnam soldiers are a **FACT**.

The number of years this country has been involved in war is a **FACT**.

The United States government has Think Tanks **FACT**.

The number of years this country has been in war, a sad **FACT**.

The character Steve's accounting of the Justice system is a **FACT**.

The character Jerry lived through the IRS accounts depicted in the book **FACT**.

Fred Diaz is a **fictional** character. The events in the IRS office are a **FACT**.

The accounts of Viktor Bout is a **FACT**.

The overblown war on terror is a **FACT**.

The events in Mexico and the factual numbers prove where the real war on terror is located **FACT**.

The character Larry and his spiritual experience is a true event **FACT**.

Larry's building was a real place **FACT**.

Yes Larry really did the dirty dog to a microphone on the Dick Clark Caravan of Stars **FACT**.

Architects & Engineers for 9/11 Truth, Richard Gage, seeking investigation into 9/11 **FACT**.

The character Scott is still alive. He can be viewed daily in every politician in Washington, on the campaign trail, budget fights, and on the news with a sexual perversion **FACT**.

The barrels of oil for blood was an accurate estimate. Regretfully that number has increased **FACT**.

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