

THE TRUMAN PROPHECY



*RISE OF THE
INDEPENDENTS*

**More-Literary Content
Preview Package**

BRIAN R. WRIGHT

The Truman Prophecy

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FORENOTES AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

An advantage of writing one's first novel at standard retirement age, after decades of railing for righteous causes, is it provides the perfect occasion for 'lightening up.' Which isn't to say *The Truman Prophecy* deals with light or trifling issues, more that we should keep the Ice Ball Theory¹ in mind.

So please do not take anything herein too personally... or too, well, *seriously*. Only personally and seriously enough. My characters are clearly carrying on a grand polemic drama that implores the reader toward a grand individual decision. True or false? Independent or drone? Free or slave?

Red pill or blue pill?

... bringing up a major point: The Prophecy often tries to simplify its message via several longstanding cultural symbols—mainly movies and books—with which it assumes most readers are familiar. The red pill/blue pill choice comes from the 1999 movie, The Matrix; the book title itself relates to The Truman Show (1998) movie.

Other key symbols that show up at various times: Movie: The Wizard of Oz (1939); movie: Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1955); novel and movie: The Fountainhead (1943, 1949), by Ayn Rand; short story: The Emperor's New Suit (1837).

The latter piece by Hans Christian Andersen is the most apropos to the political thrust of the *Prophecy*. Which boils down to the Little Boy pointing out the obvious Big Lies of the royal entourage, while polite society recoils in disbelief... that anyone *dares* to question the King's official phantasm(s).

So easy does it. My Little Boy's stating the obvious will be unfamiliar, uncomfortable territory for readers still under Big Brother Media sway. I only ask that they (you) set your own eyes on the reality, think, and not look away.

¹ Ice Ball Theory: In a billion years or so, Earth will be an inanimate sphere of ice (or lava, or rock, etc.) and what we're doing, ourselves, in the next several thousand years probably won't mean much in the material world.

Remember, truthers only know that official stories are bunk; truth is determined by trial jury after grand jury indictment.

What's the difference between a prophecy and merely a story portraying a struggle for truth, justice, and liberty? Well, a prophecy asserts something of the result of the struggle; *this Prophecy*, frankly, conveys that the struggle will be successful. People will come to an awareness, an Independent Being consciousness—and declare themselves accordingly—in time to avert any Cosmic Bad News Scenario.

Note, too, that actual prophecies—of which the Truman is one (tongue in cheek)—are typically formed vaguely or nonliterally enough to admit a fair amount of deviation without being discarded. 'The Prophet' is fairly specific on events throughout 2016, and I (qua ghost writer) do envision them occurring (and will work diligently with others to see that they do). But if they don't happen exactly that way or of that scale, please don't slit your wrists or insist that I slit mine.

Let's content ourselves, in the case of nonliteral success, with having created a benevolent Virtual World—a vision to encourage subsequent iterations.

Some construction comments:

The novel includes plenty of journalistic reality. But characters to whom I've attributed actions germane to Prophecy Fulfillment I have tended to give fictional names.

In the table of contents, I draw attention to distinct, standalone segments of 'code' that help to illustrate the narrative or supply key lists [like the Threat Matrix (p. 24)]. Two of these recurring segments given special bolded headings are the '**10 Easy Pieces**' (ten pertinent facts that are not disputed by either side of an issue) and the '**Interlodes**' (page-length connective narrative, often lighter and character-driven).

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To the brave souls carrying on the fight for truth, justice, and liberty, and people who have helped me; sorry to miss anyone. No special order: David Lonier; Shane Trejo; Dennis Marburger; Pete, Doreen, Katie, and TJ Hendrickson; Rose Wright; Arleen Kuehn; Richard Kennedy; Dave Hooper; Randy Szabla; Pat Heller; Jim Dodson; George Meegan; Ayumi Woodman; James Lee Valentine; Dr. Tanya Dejkunchorn; Claudio Marty; Michael Atkinson; Dale Haviland; Gordon Bird; Brett Elkins; Rip MacKenzie; Jason Brandenburg; Jon Rappoport; Brother Karl Jackson; Dean Hazel; Daniel Simon; Dane Wigington; John Taylor Gatto; Josh del Sol; Barbara Loe Fisher; Jim Babka; L. Neil Smith.

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DECLARATION EVE

NOVEMBER 7, 2016

Outside the Panera, a block north on Grand River Avenue, squads of steroid-enriched cops from the SE Michigan Fusion Center marched with crazed eyes in parade formation. Or lucky ones rode and postured, Mussolini-like, atop dozens of military-surplus personnel carriers obtained by Oakland County for the occasion.

[Each tank was straddled by 3-ft. by 10-ft. banners stating “My Child Kissed the Darth Vader Crackerjack Ring of Sheriff Bouchard” in large bold lettering... adjoined by a 2-ft.-diameter bright-yellow ‘happy face.’] The vehicles’ back-and-forth transit, skirting the Rick Snyder Jumboplex for Full-Spectrum Corporate-State Dominance, made an awful racket.

[Each tank was straddled by 3-ft. by 10-ft. banners saying “My Child Kissed the Darth Vader Crackerjack Ring of Sheriff Bouchard” in large bold lettering... adjoined by a 2-ft.-diameter bright-yellow ‘happy face.’]

Bosepheus (Bo) Kirk (21), a precocious old soul, *knew* the politics of Novi, Michigan. At least from the sidelines. He was an in-person regular at city Kabuki plays otherwise known as city council meetings—and had run, unsuccessfully, for a council seat in 2013. He and Brother Al had helped form the New Libertarian Overground (NLO) in the state.

“Shall we get down to business, Al?”

“Right. Big day, tomorrow. Election Day, November 8, 2016, aka Independents’ Day. I never IMAGINED the Prophecy would unfold so, well, *literally*.”

“For sure. Quite a gathering for the Center. A lot of the hotels in the area are full on account of it.”

“The authorities seem to want to stop the plan,” said Al.

At that, Bro Al—Reverend Cody Alfonse Jefferson, pastor of the Big Tent, still-small-yet-vigorous ‘Church of the Caring Jesus’ in Battle Creek—became pensive:

The Prophecy states simply that on the eve of 2017 “across the Land on Earth where freedom first *became*, a Great Assembly shall meet in peace to reclaim ‘truth, justice, and liberty’ from the Usurper.”

“A lot of heavy lifting has gone into the Fulfilling,” thought Al. “Glad we have had such a workhorse Prophet.”

They both knew the Prophet personally.

Before becoming ‘Prophet,’ Hiram (Hi) T. Chance (known simply as Chance to his friends) was ‘Aspiring Visionary,’ then earlier, ‘Liberty Activist’—when later in life he started thinking *way* outside the box... the box being the one of several that libertarians *en masse* are *supposed* to pride themselves on thinking outside of.

A modern Jesus, without a John-the-Baptist advance man. Thus few listened when Chance spoke or read what Chance wrote. Until *The Truman Prophecy*—which, like Scheherazade and *One Thousand and One Nights*, hooked the audience with a *story*... and instead of growing restless for the next installment in a series, the reader felt drawn into taking a unique part in making the story come true.

Tomorrow on so-called Independents’ Day—thanks to a key justice and liberty phase of the Prophecy—several million Americans were set to cast votes of sorts (Declarations) for *real change*. And not just some sleazy pol slogan...

A complete, 180-degree, about-face rejection of the *tape-worm power sickness* that owned Washington and had critically infested every American state and town down to dog poop removal analyst. How to kill or displace this *weed* without harming the garden of humanity? The ultimate challenge.

The Prophet Chance had foreseen the leveraging of widespread popular moral/political support for two celebrated Leviathan victims... one now in federal detention at Leavenworth, one dodging assassination...² into a quasi presidential campaign, accompanying a sterling humanitarian 10-point program of justice.

² Yes, Ed Snowden and Bradley/Chelsea Manning. The core idea was to make a broad symbolic gesture of consensus of their heroism (for exposing numerous government felony atrocities against humanity) thus morally desanctioning the sadistic beast’s attacks on them.

This was to become the Snowden-Manning (SnowMan) program of the Dorothy (justice) side of the Prophecy—common-sense ideas to free political prisoners, enforce the Constitution, restore people’s jury power over government, hard stop Big Brother and Empire (also defund them via the ‘Hendrickson Discovery’),³ end Western Cabal control of money and banking, and shatter the central-authority hobbles on individuals achieving prosperity.

But as registered political activists the two men cannot officially take part in ‘D-Day.’ Their NLO credentials and badges limit them to coordinating public demonstrations—ostensibly why they are meeting here today.

Just as Al is about to launch into a mild rant against the system, Novi SWAT Vehicle VII rolls into the Panera parking lot, disgorging a dozen beer-bellied weekend warriors in full battle gear, who proceed to storm the restaurant, brandish weapons, and scream obscenities all about... a couple of them taking the opportunity to grope the hot babes, taser crying children, and pepper spray doddering old women.

Half an hour later, the NLO ‘special-victims’ Civilian Protection League (CPL) unit is cleaning up:

- scrubbing Panera’s camera and audio recordings,
- administering first aid to Panera customers and workers injured or manhandled in the attack,
- reporting a ‘operation successful’ to the Novi SWAT office,
- vaporizing Vehicle VII,
- and removing unconscious SWAT team members to a remediation/deprogramming location (if they consent—rather than face a citizens’ grand jury).

Bo, standing next to Brother Al while watching the civvies wrap up, says, “Dude. this undercover work is cool, but that was cutting it close. Plus, you have *got* to get me into the certification program for these AA (antiaggression) tools.”

³ *Cracking the Code*, by Peter Hendrickson.

http://losthorizons.com/Cracking_the_Code.htm

1.1 TORNADO DROPPINGS

“Be still... in solitude with the sounds of silence every day.”
— James Lee Valentine

The federal court house stirred with palpable tension as Hiram T. Chance took the stand to testify as one of a handful of witnesses in Doreen Hendrickson’s contempt trial... July 24, 2014, Hon. J. DeHutt presiding.

Prosecutor Myrtle Gornbein, lips indignantly pursed, hair tightly bunned, waddled about menacingly. The previous night she had visited Chance’s opinion Website... and was loaded for bear.

“Mr. Chance, on your site did you write the following statement about these proceedings?: ‘...this is a Kangaroo court with a capital K, before a control-freak judge and prosecution with the moral sensitivities of an Israeli commando at a Gaza day-care center.’”

Looking squarely at the jury and in a calm, clear voice scarcely concealing a deep pride—like from that special moment in childhood, “Look, Mom, I just tied my shoes!”—Chance replied, “Yes.”

“No further questions!”

Myrtle stormed back to her seat in a pique of moral outrage... as if Mr. Chance, here, has just dropped a mastodon-sized turd into the punch bowl at a White House party.

Hiram glanced at the jurors’ faces. No way of knowing how many independent brain cells lurked behind those eyes. Or whether they saw with anything *like* a sense of humor.

*Pete and Doreen’s daughter, Karen Hendrickson, later in the day hits the prosecution’s questions out of the park. Then, amazingly, the prosecution prompts Karen to explain to the jurors the liberating concept of **jury nullification!***

Sadly, the fix was in, next day turns sour. WITHOUT OBJECTION, the judge joins the jurors w/o presence of counsel for ten initial minutes, in the jury room, on a ruse. The jury thus tampered, droned, and neutered, Doreen is convicted...

“of refusing to commit perjury on orders of a judge.”

1.2 THE ‘AUNTIE EM’⁴ LODGE

“I envision a newfound reality based in love and abundance. Over and over I see the wisdom of a love-fueled, New-Paradigm way of living and viewing the world.” — Robingale Masters, Intentional Journey

Chance reflected on what had brought him to the launch. My God, he thought, why me? He’d always been cause-oriented—from that time in kindergarten, against the teacher *and* the class, he stuck up for Larry McKinnon (a deviator from the dress code)—but this was the global *Mob* he’d be crossing. They’d crush his spine like a sun-parched daffodil.

Question was why they hadn’t already.

Which led to speculation that he’d flown under the ever-more pervasive state-security radar through his 60+ years—not because of any great piloting skills, rather because he never amounted to a remotely perceivable *threat*. A humbling thought, yet also yielding gratitude: perhaps their arrogance of power gave his *Prophecy* the victory edge of surprise.

Even here today in “One Nation under Surveillance.”

Chance’s mom had told him that, back in the day, when he and his brother were growing up, she and Dad were deeply concerned about whether their children would even live thru the abundant and pressing hazards of the era:

“We had the Korean War, Red Scare, Bomb Scares, polio... not to mention how to earn a living, put food on the table, and—down the list—do the Christian thing to help the unfortunate.”

And this was during those college-kids-gathering-at-the-malt-shop 1950s; the privileged WASPs⁵ living in the ‘burbs were fearful under the surface. Adults were, anyway.

A diet of ‘D’ monster movies—*Rodan* and *The Mole People* scared the daylights out of Chance—kept the kids in line, sublimated their fears into respect for authority figures, who always managed to save the day... at least for those who *prac-*

⁴ as in ‘Mother’

⁵ White Anglo-Saxon Protestants

ticed safe sex. (Steamy teens going for it in the convertible invariably became appetizers for the scary creature.)

Chance's Pleasantville anxieties tilted full over into culture shock and introversion when his dad was transferred to Oklahoma City. He found solace in books, reading everything all the time. One day stumbling on a book about Barry Goldwater in a bookmobile—ironically, a facility that liberals of the day were pushing in the Hinterland to get redneck kids into reading... the better to accept big government. (!)

Goldwater conservatism, a bit like Ron Paul conservatism, was largely libertarian. Nothing like the Nazi-wannabe Neo-conservatism that fully came to control the USG in the Reagan '80s.

Goldwater conservatism, like Ron Paul conservatism, was largely libertarian. Nothing close to the Nazi-wannabe *Neoconservatism* that fully came to control the USG in the Reagan '80s.

Anyway, to 14-year-old Chance, conservatives seemed to like small government, civil liberties, and (predominantly) a noninterventionist foreign policy consistent with the Constitution. So in junior high school, he cast aside his socialist

Weekly Readers and saddled up with the Goldwater-campaign offshoot: Young Americans for Freedom.

The next year, 1966, slightly before college, came the intellectual-emotional freight train of Ayn Rand via *The Fountainhead* and *Atlas Shrugged*. Rand's fiery, literate individualism and apotheosis⁶ of reason had Chance at hello.

Thanks to his dad's strong quality of standing up for what was right and his mom's regular visions that Chance was meant for great causes, Chance tended to approach newly discovered truths as a true believer... usually taking a leading role in organizations aligned with the verities.

In the early 1970s, he transmuted Randian humanism into what he saw then as practical political action thru the Libertarian Party (LP). In his 40s, even as his cultural-normalcy shell started cracking, he never abandoned thinking about how to *solve* the problem of political tyranny.

⁶ apotheosis: making into a god-like thing.

CURTAIN 2: 9/ 11 LINCHPIN

*“A man dies when he refuses to stand up for what is right.
A man dies when he refuses to stand up for justice.
A man dies when he refuses to take a stand for what is true.”*
— Martin Luther King, Jr.

3rd Quarter 2015

Neil wishes he'd never seen that damned DVD.
“Architects and *Engineers*” for chrissakes!
And he, a highly prized one... by the Rocket Men.
“So what’s it going to be, Mr. Hansen?” asked the company’s special agent. “Do we have a deal?”

A deal?

The real deal had been ironed out a half century ago, from kindergarten, as an unspoken codicil for exceptional engineering and science kids from Anytown, America. Becoming a post-collegiate-honors, signed in a red-white-and-blue, invisible-ink contract that Hansen would, indeed, be taking the Blue Pill [ref. movie, *The Matrix*]... with the silver lining.

[Though deep-down he always felt, *reluctantly*.]

Realistically, how could he pass up the offer? Yes, it was implicit... but rock sure. He'd marry his high-school sweetheart, then with hard, intelligent work, he'd rise through well-paying jobs with topnotch companies, live in nice homes... with regulation children, workshop for Red Green tinkering, pole barn for housing the cool manly-man projects, cottage up north, a boat... even a social life...

and time for his one true passion in life: fly fishing.

The real deal had been ironed out a half century ago, from kindergarten, as an unspoken codicil for exceptional engineering and science kids from Anytown, America. Becoming a post-collegiate-honors, signed in a red-white-and-blue, invisible-ink contract that Hansen would, indeed, be taking the Blue Pill... with the silver lining.

The *catch*?

Don' be askin' no deep questions.

Don't stick your curious nose behind the curtain.

Neil was wicked smart and good-natured. Curiosity was ingrained in him. He liked people. Well, most people. Okay, some people—the ones who looked at the world logically and weren't driven by addictions or emotions, who exhibited real intelligence or at least fair common sense.

People who didn't go along with some idiotic sentiment just because their pastor—or a TV ad—spouted it.

People who didn't puff themselves up on account of position, fame, money, athletic prowess, etc.

People who didn't see the state or government programs as the answer to every personal problem... or think that the feds were always embarked on some worthy mission to make the world safe for America, motherhood, and apple pie.

In fact, Neil, strictly speaking, was a classic advocate of *Constitutional liberty*, and had been ever since he started picking up and reading his hundreds of books, 99% technical, that nonetheless included the Founders' documents—which he considered the country's user's guides.

At the company agent's question whether they had a deal, Neil fell into flashback mode, remembering how even as a boy shunted into advanced classes he sensed a behind-the-scenes 'Handler' at work... in the puffed-up, Secret Squirrel category.

It was much easier to look away at the start.

As he grew into adulthood, it became harder not to ask questions, not to probe further into the Whos or into the 'What's in it for them?'. He had kept buried deep and away the angst of not looking... until lately.

Sure enough, the ignored Hand clamored even more for attention. Like the man-eating plant in *Little Shop of Horrors*: "Feed me, Neil! *Feeeed Meeeee!*"

Neil had no illusions about 'the deal.' The smarmy agent, who technically lived in SE Michigan, exuded DC Beltway BO. The man had just finished showing to the Hansens—Neil's wife Angie was along for the ride, and, of course, to make the ultimate decision—a magnificent trophy cottage on the bluffs overlooking Lake Michigan, just north of Arcadia, west of the Chippewa Trail (M-22).

"3,000 square feet if it's an inch," Angie said.

“That’s not how it works,” Mr. Foster. “We’re here to make sure there’s no trouble... *from you.*”

“I see,” said Jake, then over to his wife, “Sweetheart, I want you to go into the house and dial 911. Tell whoever answers that we have a robbery and trespass/break-in in progress and tell them to hightail it over here with a squad car. Also mention that two officers of the Auburn Hills PD a Sergeant <Dipwad> and his subordinate, Officer <Meathead>, are aiding and abetting the theft. So bring back up, maybe a SWAT team, since both officers are heavily armed... not to mention dense as bricks.”

Then to the policemen, “Gentlemen, let me say it real slow: Here’s what you’re going to do:

1. Officer <Meathead>, you’re going to walk over there to the man from DTE and arrest him, but before you cuff him you’re going to
2. order him to climb up the pole and return to us what he stole. Then
3. Officer <Meathead> here will drive the patrol car to return to headquarters with the prisoner, and
4. Sergeant <Dipwad>, you will call DTE to have them send another crew to pick up their truck and ‘re-move it from the Fosters’ property;
5. you, Mr. <Dipwad>, will remain here until the new crew arrives, then will catch a ride back to the station with them.

“Now I want each of you—if you agree—to nod your head and tap your foot on the ground once, that’s one time only. Tap twice if you do not agree.

“Make it snappy, guys, we’re losing daylight.”

The policemen both tapped once.

“Outstanding,” said Jake. “We’re almost finished now. As soon as you proceed, Officer <Meathead>, my wife will call again to cancel the SWAT team to this address.

6. “Finally, Sergeant <Dipwad>, as Officer <Meathead> returns to the station and you have made your call to DTE for pickup, use our phone to call your chief and instruct him, next business day, to contact the CEO of DTE with the following statement (w/news release on department stationery):

CEO Richard D. Pencil
DTE Energy
One Energy Plaza
Detroit, Michigan

Dear Mr. Pencil:

We, the police department of Auburn Hills, Michigan, in full Constitutional and First Principles service to our citizens, are launching a new policy of getting tough on corporate crime. Thus we have apprehended and intend to prosecute your service contractor Clueless Bob who attempted to rob the Jake and Brenda Foster residence of its power on September 19, 2015.

Fortunately, the owner of the property intervened and issued the proper instructions to our officers <Dipwad> and <Meathead>. Thus only the precrime was committed (and attempted), but actual crime and general postcriminal behavior did not stand.

However, trespass and attempted robbery are still serious offenses. And Mr. Bob, apparently, acted on your orders. Thus, be advised we are issuing an arrest warrant for all DTE line officers, including yourself, responsible for authorizing this wanton act of aggression.

As a courtesy, you and your fellow suspects may self-surrender within 48 hours of receipt of this mailing. Details below.

Sincerely,

<Signed>

Commander Forrest Swayze
Auburn Hills Chief of Police and HMFVIC
Two Chuck E Cheese Court
Auburn Hills, Michigan

Well, okay, not exactly how it went down.

Fact is, Jake was away on the other side of the state, yes, doing leafleting and politicking for the full analog meter choice bill being submitted by Representative Glenn of Midland.

The 'public servant' entourage tricked Brenda into letting them climb the pole and do the shutoff. What a pack of jack-als! Every one of them. Their superiors certainly knew Jake would not be on hand to stand up for his 80-year-old wife and their precious castle.

What's happening in Michigan and in all the other states where the F&S meters are being forced on the public is the goombahs are going after the weak ones, the elderly and the infirm, individuals with few resources or family support.

What's happening in Michigan and in all the other states where the F&S meters are being forced on the public is the goombahs are going after the weak ones, the elderly and the infirm, individuals with few resources or family support.

In the same weekend as the Fosters' cutoff, a 92-year-old disabled and blind Lincoln Park woman, Ms. Olga Puste, had her power shut off by DTE for refusing to allow an F&S meter to be installed on her home.

How is she going to fight that? Ms. Puste is a naturopath who does not believe in RF contamination of her natural world.

Then as if to show there's no hope, the controlled local media did a puff piece not once touching on the criminality of what DTE was doing. [DTE has no legal authority to compel use of F&S meters. It's as simple as that. As in our imaginary story above, DTE is committing malicious and completely illegal acts of aggression... AND THEY HAVE PAID OFF EVERYONE TO LET THEM ROLL OVER THE WEAK.]

The words of Germany's reverend Martin Niemoller have never been more appropriate:

First they came for the Socialists, and I did not speak out—
Because I was not a Socialist.
Then they came for the Trade Unionists, and I did not speak out—
Because I was not a Trade Unionist.
Then they came for the Jews, and I did not speak out—
Because I was not a Jew.
Then they came for me—and there was no one left to speak out.

“First they came for the 80-95-year-old grandmothers...
... to take away their power...

... and the whole bunch of us, especially the mainstream media and intellectuals, stood by with our hands in our pockets and our heads up our nether regions... ”

Shame on everyone!

For those who are curious, here are the laws that those who force F&S meters on individuals are violating:

CURTAIN 6: SLIMING BABY

*Those who can make you believe absurdities
can make you commit atrocities — Voltaire*

4th Quarter 2015

Sterling Heights, Michigan. What is it, wondered Trish, that turned normal, bright individuals (of means and standing in the community) into that Three Stooges' routine—"slowly I turn, step by step, inch by inch..." then pummeling the person who says "Niagara Falls"—when anyone dares question the safety or efficacy of vaccines? Or allopathic²⁴ treatments and drugs? Or psychiatric drugs? Or *psychiatry*?

No idle question...

Because it leads to the deeper question(s).

Patrecia Bartlett (Patty B, Trish) was a serious student of epistemology.²⁵ She was particularly fascinated by how people's mental functioning had been twisted and turned by Edward Bernays' modern technology of mind control in conjunction—over the past 60 years—with what Professor Neil Postman referred to as TV Nation.

Those were the two primary drivers, as she saw it.

They were documented brilliantly in the watershed video *Rule from the Shadows* (regarding Bernays' work and its derivatives) and Mr. Postman's 1985 book, *Amusing Ourselves to Death* (documenting what Marshall McLuhan referred to as people submerging themselves to 'the Process:')

²⁴ Allopathic medicine is basically interventionist medicine, drugs and surgery, the predominate mainstream practice protected by the American Medical Association (AMA) cartel. Naturopathic or homeopathic medicine is noninterventionist and aims to help the body use its own natural systems to sustain health.

²⁵ Branch of philosophy devoted to how we know things.

*"The new media are not ways of relating us to the old world; they **are** the real world and they reshape what remains of the old world at will... In television, images are projected at you. You are the screen. The images wrap around you. You are the vanishing point... **The whole tendency of modern communication... is towards participation in a process, rather than apprehension of concepts.**" [emphasis the author's]*

Trish knew Chance as the author of the imminent *Truman Prophecy*—hence, the Prophet—and thus the organizer of some major tools to fulfill that prophecy. Indeed, she had morphed into something of a muse for him... helpful to his creative work in the early going of doubts and misgivings.

She also knew about the Threat Matrix (p. 24) and the Toto Worldwide organization, how he was laying out Toto along lines of neutralizing each of these Threats—using Chance's own 9/11 Toto Affiliate/Chapter as a template for each of the Totos. Chance had laid out seven Toto 'Curtains' and originally imagined this Curtain to be focused on the high-crime assault of vaccines.

She placed a call to him:

"This is Chance," he answered

"Chance, Trish. We need to talk about the 'vaccine' Curtain."

"All right, let's."

"Chance, you know I've been with you from the beginning and helped with your early forming of the Prophecy and ideas for fulfillment. Well, this Healthy Bodies Toto Affiliate is a special breed o' cat."

"Why's that, Trish?"

"Think about the catalyst(s) of your concept for the Prophecy and the book: chiefly, the *Thrive* video—which told you we're on the track to success—and the *Rule from the Shadows* video that made it clear what we were up against.

"That *Shadows* video also relates to the work of Neil Postman showing the rise of TV as *the* dominant mind control tool. The McLuhan quote—which I happened to pick up from a Jon Rappoport column—gave me an epiphany."

"Yes, you shared that with me," said Chance.

“Namely that we are dealing with an entirely different form of mind—between our own Independent life form and our antitheses: the ones who are ‘plugged in,’” she said. “Very much like the Red Pill vs. Blue Pill choice in *The Matrix*.”

“We are the Red Pill takers; the antithetical life form is signified by the Blue Pill takers...” offered Chance.

“... who are the passive acceptors and enablers of the collective intelligence running their lives (symbolized in *The Matrix* by the singular AI Machine and protected by its Agents). That is what you gathered from it, Chance, and incorporated in the fulfillment concepts and tools for your Prophecy.”

“We are the Red Pill takers; the antithetical life form is signified by the Blue Pill takers...” offered Chance.

THERE’S A WAR GOING ON FOR YOUR MIND

Trish continued by pointing out that Independence is fundamentally a psycho-epistemological quality, and that it is accompanied by conceptual rigor, free scientific inquiry, and rational thinking.

Chance noted, “Trish, perhaps this is as good a time as any to bring up the many shills and trolls—what were called court intellectuals in the heyday of literal monarchies—who attack truth and evidence while masquerading as pro science, critical thought, and hard fact.

“Indeed, modern intellectual sycophants—just as in the fable of the emperor’s new clothes—are a well-oiled [funded by Western Cabal Intel], highly sophisticated industry. Their mission is to protect and further the edifice of ‘official knowledge’ that shrouds the ongoing (esp. the Threat Matrix) depredations of the New World Order.

“To mention a few players in this approved-knowledge priesthood: Wikipedia, Snopes, Michael Shermer, *Skeptic*, the ‘humanist neuroscientists,’ psychiatry, intellectual elites of the law and medical cartels, respected mainstream journalists—we know from Carl Bernstein (“The CIA and the Media,” *Rolling Stone*, 1977) that the CIA [Intel] runs the mess—, and 10s of thousands of paid trolls on social media.

“These mental ‘Barrier Cloud’ poseurs present a formidable armada opposing *anything like* intellectual honesty, questioning authority, hard evidence, or the scientific method—all of which tend to reveal truths uncomfortable to their bosses. They are hired truth *assassins*.

“How does one know who they are? It’s easy once you become Independent and learn elementary logic. A tall task, but doable. ‘Til then, just remember that no real skeptic or man of science holds that EVERYTHING government/corporate/media authorities tell us is TRUE.”

CURTAIN 7: 'BOTTING'²⁷ JUNIOR

Independent study, community service, adventures in experience, large doses of privacy and solitude, a thousand different apprenticeships, the one-day variety or longer: these are all powerful, cheap and effective ways to start a real reform of schooling. — John Taylor Gatto

4th Quarter 2015

With a reluctance bred of long familiarity, yet firmly, Troy Barlow came on board. He realized that TV and compulsory state schooling were the 1-2 sacred-cow PUNCH designed by the Men of the Power Sickness to knock out the last hopes of Independent humanity.

Troy, standing on the shoulders of giants of reform John Taylor Gatto and George 'Longwalker' Meegan, saw that the days of forced factory schooling for 'the masses' were coming to an end. Or... if not, the human race surely *would*.

Barlow—what most people called him—also had the insider knowledge of American so-called public education, here in the Lansing area where he had been high school physics and chemistry teacher, then principal, then district board member, finally being kicked upstairs to administration at the Michigan Department of Education (MDE).

Each position opening his eyes successively more.

The thing that struck you—even as a longtime compulsory schooling advocate-apologist—was the impenetrable bureaucracy of the beast. According to budget numbers you can find on the Web, the State of Michigan budgets about \$12 billion for K-12 schools and another \$0.5 billion to higher education—which numbers include the administrative costs incurred at Lansing MDE headquarters.

²⁷ Meaning turning into a 'bot,' an Internet Age term for an entity that performs a special automated function in cyberspace. Also simply short for robot.

All Troy could say was good luck in trying to find out exactly where all these \$billions actually go, to whom and for what. It's all shrouded in mazes and mystery.

He could see it first hand all along his career path, initially as a physics and chemistry teacher. It was his experience that people who became government school teachers—say, as opposed to private school, home school, or even Montessori School teachers—found the regimentation comforting: Lesson plans, facilities, class lectures, homework, scheduled breaks, even sports were all pretty much decided for you on high and filtered down without deviation.

To be candid, Troy, himself, found the regimentation soothing... heck, it cut down on real work, all you needed to do was follow a script. At the same time, despite the general tendency to take the easy way out, he often liked to branch off into his own line of thinking.

Prompted in the classroom, typically, by someone asking a stimulating or topical question that was off script. As in the movie *Pleasantville*, where someone might pipe up:

"What's at the end of Main Street?"

"Why do mom and dad sleep in separate beds?"

The material for physics and chemistry tended to be fully

...typically, by someone asking a stimulating or topical question that was off script. As in the movie Pleasantville, where someone might pipe up:

- "What's at the end of Main Street?"
- "Why do mom and dad sleep in separate beds?"

orthodoxed in stone by now. Funny, though, how new ideas still were always cropping up challenging old paradigms, such as the concepts of Free Energy or crop circles and more evidence of other intelligent beings (OIBs).

... or in formal medicine the exposure of the AMA cartel and

suppressed cures for cancer and infectious disease... or the cartel's push for mandatory vaccination, despite overwhelming evidence of damage and ineffectiveness... or benefits of cannabis as pain reliever and cancer stopper. Etc., etc.

What Troy noticed, as he did his own independent research on the Web and alternative science sites, is virtually all the questions of standard conventional views bore directly on the issue of psychological independence.

Freedom of the mind... and political freedom of the body.

Inquisitive by nature and upbringing, Barlow also became increasingly curious about the process that created the scientific consensus in classrooms. It had to go through thousands, if not tens of thousands, of the proper authorities... countrywide.

Like manna from the High Priests and Yahweh itself, every educational bureaucrat from the federal department of education—annual budget ~\$100 billion (!!)—to the MDE in Lansing, to the local school boards and textbook selection committees. Barlow did not even want to *know* the true cost of the process... or how much real wealth was squandered or paid under (or over) the table to people doing jack, while building showy, pretend lives on the backs of the productive class.

Never have the people paid so much for so little.

You could make the argument that, because of local control through elected school boards, the government school system is responsive to the needs of actual parents and children. Yeah, right.

[Virtually all candidates for school boards are part of the 'education' aristocracy, who don't advance or enjoy six-figure salaries unless they play ball with the mind molding machinery. Moreover, all the big decisions about what gets into the classroom are socialized through that state bureaucracy and increasingly the federales.]

Like any compulsory service, the 'school racket,' Barlow quickly learned, is just that—the biggest con, possibly, in human history. Brainwashing 102 completing the mission of Brainwashing 101: the altruistic mantra that “we’re from the government and we’re here to help *the children*.”

Or else!

You don't get an analog opt out for the government schools... well, you do, you can pay for the teaching of your own children, but you still have to pay for sending everyone else's kids into the fodder-manufacturing mausoleum fed by the yellow busses. Choice? Not for most people.

But hold on! It gets worse:

The waste and sloth and mind control stand to become *federalized* very shortly, via a federal-corporate sponsored brainmoldology called Common Core (Collectivist Collapse, CC). CC is compulsory education on steroids; it makes the agenda crystal clear: nation-state Big Brother orthodoxy.

THE SCARECROW'S BRAIN

General, I'm a civilian, I outrank you. — Jim Rockford

1st Quarter 2016

Ultra Department of Homeland Security Headquarters (UHS), Bethesda, MD. As the head of the People's subsection under the Institution section of the Citizens' branch of the vaunted Civilian division of the top-secret spinoff of the publicly known DHS, Analyst Smith arrived at her office, she noted the color-coded threat flag for her issue had changed from Green (Ain't Never Gon' Happen) to Blue (Once in a < > Moon). Yikes! This could be the big one!

Analyst (Ana)—she had officially changed her name from Allyson—hit the deck running, adopting the FARN (forthright action right-now) mode:

"Johnson, get in here!" she screamed into the intercom.

Chief of staff, Everett Johnson, responsible for all facets of day-to-day operation of the \$15-million-per-year, 85-person department, sauntered in.

"Yes'm, 'sup?"

"Johnson, I've told you a million times, I like my Caramel Machiatto latte with a *TRIPLE*-shot of espresso, *WHOLE* milk, and dark amber Mexican agave, not the vanilla syrup. **AND THE 20 OZ. 'VENTI' SIZE, YOU KNUCKLEHEAD! NOT 'GRANDE!'** Now go back down there and **COME BACK WITH WHAT I WANT.**"

"Johnson, I've told you a million times, I like my Caramel Machiatto latte with a TRIPLE-shot of espresso, WHOLE milk, and dark amber Mexican agave, not the vanilla syrup...."

"Yes'm."

Before he left, Ana, in a calmer vein, confided: "Then we need to sit down and do some major resource planning. Look at the flag pole (pointing to the corner of her desk). Blue. Looks like we've been given the go ahead."

Ana Smith's story of ascent into the upper echelons of middle management of the bowels of the modern American super-state was an exceptional one. Born from an unintended

pregnancy (just before The Pill became widely available) into a Midwest Ozzie and Harriet family, she felt she always got the short end of the stick: 'Ricky' and 'David' received the priority attention from the parental units.

Not that the boys, roughly a decade her senior, were mean or *demeaning* to her, in fact quite the contrary... or that Mom and Dad didn't go out of the way to make her feel special and welcome. Ana had to admit, looking back, that Dad and the boys were exemplary in trying to make her feel like a bona fide member of the team.

And Mama Bear practically set herself on fire with grass statues of the Buddha to assuage the guilt of holding a feeling inside (that all members of the family held as well) that family life would, in fact, have been happier without #3.

Growing up was hell... for everyone else, too.

*Growing up was
hell... for everyone
else, too.*

Juvenile delinquent with smalltown Lolita syndrome. Found Jesus. Manic-depressive. Drawn to law enforcement and the military. Drug dependent (mainly psych meds and caffeine). Army stint. Decent IQ with artistic bent. Occasional hyperactive volunteer in charitable causes. Married lots. Children, yes, purportedly. Cyclically bat s**t delusional.

Then 9/11/2001.

The Department of Homeland Security. Yes!

The secret-squirrel ultra DHS (UHS). Double-dog you betcha!

[Government Secret Squirrel work saved Allyson from a life of going through the motions of a Loretta Lynn country song, in Topeka. She was sooo happy to finally hook up with a solid government job, especially one that channeled her Biblical hatred for anyone who ever disrespected or, worse, tried to ignore her.]

Seeing the towers fall accompanied by images of all those raghead infidels rekindled her faith in the Almighty and Our Christian Nation über alles. It surely wasn't too late for destiny to reach out and tap Allyson Smith on the shoulder, hand her a .45 and a waterboard, and sic her on some cowering, Allah-worshipping sand negro in a cage. Youthful idealism!

Would she ever get the chance?

Everett returned with Ana's exoto-caffeine hit and asked whether she still wanted to discuss the threat flag. She seized

the latte with one hand, and with the other gestured him to sit down.

"I made a few calls. And pulled the dossier.

"What it is, Everett, is that this man on Intel's most remote watch list—who has for decades been completely discounted as a prototypical loser—has stirred the pot with some radical lit and razzmatazz that may be drawing a following.

"His name is Hiram T. Chance. *Hi* Chance, cute, eh?

"Anyway, he was put on 'the list' back in the early 1980s, as a Libertarian Party instigator in Michigan then newsletter editor and leader... but mainly because he wrote a letter to the owner of the aerospace firm he worked for, questioning the company's participation in weapons' manufacture.

"Get this. He actually suggested—to Skyrider Sr. himself—that he, Skyrider, should refuse to provide engines to the government, to encourage negotiation to end the arms race!"

"Real whack job," said Everett.

Ana continued, "But we knew he was on his way out of Skyrider and Sons... combination poor performance, bad attitude, and excessive drinking. Mr. Chance basically dropped off the map for a few years, got divorced, rode his motorcycle to Alaska, took up techwriting, and until about 2004 spent his days as a high-paid contractor and his nights as Goodtime Charlie pounding back serious Stolis on the rocks with a pack of gentleman-drinker regulars.

"Get this. He [Chance] actually suggested—to Homer Sr. himself—that he, Homer, should refuse to provide engines to the government, to encourage negotiation to end the arms race!"

"So—except for a couple of Libertarian conventions and paper candidacies, then in a bizarre Michigan police operation being rousted for marijuana possession—he'd left the challenging political road for the much warmer, friendlier, *faugier* Suds and Spirits Highway."

"Alcohol knocks out more rebels than black ops," Everett observed.

"Yes, doesn't it," Ana nodded pensively.

"So what happened in 2004?"

"Now it gets interesting. He becomes a Michigan delegate to the 2004 LP National Convention in Atlanta.

Yes, there had always been some racial divide, but when he was born, 1967, Big Cereal had only just started *disintegrating*. Blue collar work still abounded, especially by today's standards. It didn't matter that you happened to be black like Al's kith and kin.

Later he would learn from his mother that the system wasn't so much racist or prejudiced as it was culturally *conformist*.

"When I grew up," she declared, "you as an individual had a lot to say about who you were going to be, and access to tools and schools—and decent, caring white people, that actually helped you develop your mind... so long as you stood as an individual and resisted collective blend-in."

[Battle Creek was, in the latter half of the 19th century, the home of celebrated abolitionist and women's rights advocate Sojourner Truth. People claimed Cody Al's mother was Truth's reincarnation.]

Thus Cody Al was raised with a strong sense of the importance of the independent mind and individual virtue. Mom had developed astounding business English and clerical skills and taught both part time at the community college. She also filled in as a court reporter-stenographer.

Al's father, having enlisted in the Marines rather than be drafted, was killed in Vietnam during the Tet Offensive. The photos and memorabilia that his mother maintained around the house were testimony to her love for the man, also conveying to only-son Cody, a respect for the country—its First Principles and Constitutional liberty—that, at least his dad *deeply believed*, he was fighting for.

His mother read widely and kept track of the political environment, also the educational world. As Cody approached the latter years of grade school, she realized how hazardous the government schools—more and more federalized and administration-heavy—were becoming to her son's mental and moral health. Quality was going out the window as the educational mission morphed into kowtowing to the lowest common denominator, giving up classical education of the individual conceptual mind, entirely.

Al's mother had heard of Marva Collins, the extraordinary Chicago teacher who started a private academy for teaching African-American children that the Chicago schools had la-

beled learning disabled. She made arrangements for acquiring the materials and learning Marva's key methods, then locating other parents in their neighborhood to create a 'homeschool' based on those 'Westside Prep' school principles.

Al's mother had heard of Marva Collins, the extraordinary Chicago teacher who started a private academy for teaching African-American children that the Chicago schools had labeled learning disabled.

So, thanks to his mom and three other home-teachers who shared duties, Al and roughly a dozen other kids went free enterprise in the learning department. This was 1979, just before he would have entered junior high school. No longer shackled to deadening, meaningless factory-prison-school conformities, Al's comprehension of *everything*

took off like a Saturn rocket.

By 1982, he had read and tested mastery of all the Great Books of the Western World. He was on fire *to know*. At the end of 1985, when he would have graduated high school, he embarked on a several-month program to test out of the requirements for a BS in electrical engineering from Michigan State then a master's in business from Walsh College.

One thing led to another: successful entrepreneurial endeavors (mostly alternative market), continued learning, and political-neighborhood organizing. In the tradition of Marva Collins, he helped his mother establish the world-renowned North Battle Creek Individual-Excellence Academy, training dozens of 'educators' in the methods of joyful, independent, self-motivated learning.

Personally, he came to realize his psychology was not conventionally oriented. Which did cause some anxiety initially, but by virtue of worldwide travel in spiritual quest, he reached a rapprochement with who he was—not normal heterosexual yet not conventional homosexual either. Someone coined the term: Buddhasexual. That was perhaps the best marker.

Indeed, in his physical form he cultivated the rounded contented look of the Buddha, which had the dual effect of separating him from those in his era who imagined themselves tall, chiseled heroes out of the pages of Ayn Rand and from those who were otherwise preoccupied with appearances. It also tended to make him seem more approachable and friendly... which certainly helped with the overall mission.

THE TIN MAN'S HEART (SNOWDEN-MANNING)

"All through history, the way of truth and love has always won. There have always been tyrants and murderers and for a time they seem invincible, but in the end they always fail." Always. — Mahatma Gandhi

1st Quarter 2016

Home of Postman 2, Sterling Heights, Michigan. Trish turned off her TV in disgust. The 2016 presidential candidates snorted and pawed in the early forums leading into Primary Season.

She seldom watched mainstream anymore, but succumbed today in a moment of weakness: "Maybe this *one time* a ray of light will slip out between the dogs and ponies."

Fat chance. The Fog Machine doesn't do light:

"Candidate W, what about blanket NSA spying?"

"X, vaccine dangers?"

"Y, killing people with drones?"

"Z, why is Doreen Hendrickson in jail?"

Dream on, sister.

No questions on any high-crime of the *Threat Matrix*.

And what about liberty in general?

Rand Paul once showed hope with a filibuster on drones and comments against NSA blanket surveillance. That's about it. Until Planned Parenthood became his core issue.

Donald Trump, despite his flamboyant non-PC behavior, wouldn't know the Freedom Philosophy from Mother Goose.

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Speaking of Ron Paul and the Freedom Philosophy now, Patty remembers hearing the good doctor address a cheering student crowd of several thousand at Michigan State during the 2012 primary. The *only* high-crime assault of the NWO that Dr. Ron identified was number 1 on the list: the Fed.

The best the Republican Party could do then—in the person of this quixotic liberty candidate—was to identify *one* high-crime assault. Yet, Ron Paul never identified the Fed as a *criminal* conspiracy of evil, thieving, murderous men, rather as an innocent error of knowledge, for want of the ruling class learning the Freedom Philosophy.

But, hey, it's something.

Now, today, with Son of Ron, we don't even have that.

For Rand and the Clueless Remainder of 2016 Major-Party presidential candidates the Threat Matrix is an illusion, the New World Order is an illusion, the ruling class Men of the Power Sickness are illusions. Nothing to see here. Nothing to talk about there.

[Elections are merely show-business contrived persons vying for control over some minor operation of the global Death Star; nothing that remotely questions or threatens the plans for full-spectrum dominance by the Empire ever surfaces. It's all just a puppet show for the Blue Pillers.]

Nor does Rand want to bring up the Fed or, more pertinent, the insidious banking cartel that runs our economy and aims to own us all... down to the microchip up the ol' wazoo. Thus seeing grounds for a slave revolt, Trish appreciates the constructive vision of one artist/scientist/social critic Miles Mathis articulated in his Update of May 1, 2011 (milesw-mathis.com):

"Get ready for a national strike. A lot of this stuff won't end until we end it. The system is fatally corrupt and is going to have to be shut down and restarted, just like your computer when it freezes.

"The Federal Reserve is going to have to be ended and the banks are going to have to be heavily regulated. Same for Wall Street. They have you afraid of a market crash, but that is what we need. The thing is, we need to be in charge of the crash, not the bankers. If they are in charge of it, they take our money. If we are in charge of it, we take their money (or we take our money back from them).

"They have you believing that all this debt is real, even though it has been proven to be manufactured. That is, they have you believing that poor people still owe more money to rich people! They have you believing that taxpayers need to pay off all this debt, but taxpayers are poor and those who loaned the money (or stole it) are rich. How does that make sense?

"No, the debt should actually be reversed. These banks and corporations and other institutions should be gutted, their assets seized along with the assets of the billionaires, their hidden assets found, and all this money should be returned, as theft and graft. If China needs to be paid back, let Goldman Sachs pay them back. Goldman Sachs has more assets than most countries, assets which they stole.

"They have you thinking that this would be bad, since they have convinced you that these big corporations actually do something that needs to be done. They don't. These banks and financial institutions and insurance companies and investment companies and other Wall Street entities don't actually provide any services or products. They exist solely to siphon off money.

"The best thing we could do is shut them all down. We then won't have less money in the real markets, we will have more, since we won't have lost all the money they are currently stealing.

Miles showing the can-do spirit that made America great. Definitely NOT ready for primetime presidential forums.

"These banks and corporations and other institutions should be gutted, their assets seized along with the assets of the billionaires, their hidden assets found, and all this money should be returned, as theft and graft."

What was the straw having Trish reach for the remote?

It was Governor Christie calling for taking DNA samples from anyone *arrested* for a felony offense and supporting expanded civil asset forfeiture by police... where 'at calm and deliberate officer discretion' they can simply come into your home, haul off your HDTV, jewelry, gold, silver, cash,

computers, and your girlfriend.

Bad enough. But then from NO ONE—the media, the candidates, or the audience—was heard a single discouraging word... a few comments on being tough on crime...then break for commercial. Yikes! Everyone's a zombie on the march.

She was understanding at a gut level the Big Picture, groking her key role in the fulfillment of the Truman Prophecy. It lay in the second key phase:

Phase 1: Jury Power

Phase 2: Snowden-Manning

Phase 3: Independents' Movement

Only the phases overlapped one another in time.

Some wondered whether the AA tools were reliable or whether the secret squirrel branches of the neurarchy would figure out how to defeat them. It was a valid concern.

The one thing coercive governments or states do well is wreak havoc and destruction without remorse or reasonable 'exit strategies.' Would the AA techniques—coming as they did from Kindly Visitor sources—preempt countermeasures from longstanding human psychotics?

The answer was, "Probably." And, if not, there were work-arounds. The grand scheme that had emerged with Truman-Indie placed spiritual reclamation as a core strategy. The Prophet's Spiritual Magic Move had become by this late stage in the Year of Conscious Evolution a premier 'turning' instrument—as we had seen with Analyst Smith and so many others on the inside.

In any empire, even the current Global Western Big Brother instance, a tremendous amount of energy is required to maintain the illusion: to create in the minds of the empire's subjects the glory and nobility of the central state and its key functionaries. Further, the real people who populate the ruling classes of an empire must constantly project righteousness and the *will* to rule. Again, major wattage required.

When empires fall, as they must, they do so because these ruling classes—the enforcers, the profiteers, the sycophants of power—lose the belief in their own righteousness, followed by loss of spirit/energy to maintain the corrupt structure. In a word, they become *demoralized*—like a criminal gang when it knows its time has run out.

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The global junta—which for decades has maintained its intellectual hegemony and legitimacy over vast numbers of Americans whom it has conditioned for that purpose—is similarly demoralized. Think 'the former Soviet Union in the years leading up to its dissolution.'

Toward the end, nobody believed the thread of lies of the regime or the ones telling the lies.

Presto! End of regime(s), practically overnight.