

THE TRUMAN PROPHECY



*RISE OF THE
INDEPENDENTS*

The Interlodes 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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INTERLODE: THE MOTOR CITY WITCHCRAFT TRIAL

NOTES ON TRIAL TO A WORLD NET DAILY REPORTER, BY HIRAM CHANCE

The great libertarian scholar, Albert Jay Nock, wrote, "Taking the State wherever found, striking into its history at any point, one sees no way to differentiate the activities of its founders, administrators and beneficiaries from those of a professional-criminal class." And that statement wholly represents my impression of the proceedings against Doreen... not to mention previous outrages of justice committed on her husband, Pete.

I knew from Day 1—from the blatant, self-righteous hostility of the judge, from her instructions to the jury, from the open collaboration of the judge with the prosecution, and, later, from the obvious judicial tampering with the jury—that the fix was in. This was not a court of law, but a tribunal of Soviet-style justice: guilty regardless of anything.

Even so, many supporters adamantly held out that THIS WAS NOT A TAX CASE, it was never a tax case, it was a case of whether government officials—particularly officers of the court—can compel a person to state what she believes is false... such as whether she's a witch.

The correct approach for Doreen to argue, IMHO, was simply, "Your honor, I am being charged with contempt for refusing to perjure myself on orders of a judge. Such orders are illegal, unconstitutional. Thus, I did not disobey a LAW-FUL order. The state's burden is to prove beyond doubt that I disobeyed a LAW-FUL order. And it will not be able to do so."

Yet the judge told the court that nothing regarding LAWFULNESS of the order could be entered in discussion. Which basically denied to Doreen her right to a defense. Such denial would never survive an appeal.

Justice requires that Doreen be released, her record expunged, and that she be restituted for the crime of false imprisonment to the tune of several thousand dollars—\$100,000 seems a reasonable minimum amount. Further, ALL PARTIES TO THE CRIME OF SUBORNING PERJURY MUST BE INDICTED, CONVICTED, AND IMPRISONED PER STATUTE FOR THEIR HEINOUS ACT. We the people cannot tolerate such vicious, lawless behavior.

Why did the government illegally prosecute and convict Doreen? Answer: The 'Hendrickson Discovery,' as I call it, has resulted in retrieval of several \$billion in incorrectly paid taxes for hundreds of thousands of individuals.

Why did they return the money? Because inside the government are still people who observe the law correctly and do not accept Nock's assertion that the government *must be* a professional-criminal class. A constitutional republic limits government power and specifically enjoins government crime.

In Doreen's case (and many others) a cabal of criminals in government has usurped power; that gang of usurpers—which is now in charge of large parts of the government—IS TERRIFIED THAT THE HENDRICKSON DISCOVERY WILL SPREAD TO MILLIONS of persons who will reclaim and thus retain HUNDREDS OF \$BILLIONS in wealth... thus hard-stopping their 'professional-criminal class' con game... with resounding benefit to all humankind. In other words, the mobsters creating rogue government are in a frisbee-excreting panic about their imminent demise, and grasping at straws to keep people ignorant and compliant.

INTERLODE: FIREWALLING TYRANNY THE AMERICAN WAY

NULLIFICATION: THE RIGHTFUL REMEDY

Sean was beginning to appreciate the Big Picture, Hiram Chance style. At the same time, he had already become one of Michigan's leading young liberty activists—*nom de guerre* Shane Trejo—by focusing his energy on projects that produced nearer-term tangible successes. This was nowhere more true than in the nationwide effort to uphold the 10th Amendment of the Bill of Rights via an individual-state legislative process called Nullification.

Interestingly, again as if destiny were taking a hand, Chance's mother had passed along to Chance her uncanny political wisdom that federal tyranny—the publicized and rampant domestic evils, anyway—prudently were stopped by the states just saying “we're not doin' it.”

The 10th plank in the Bill of Rights is exceptionally clear:

“The government has no power not explicitly listed herein.”

[Also per the 9th, “Even if the right is not listed, the people still have it.”] In practice the feds enact laws that give them ‘unenumerated’ powers. Nullification is the practice of a state(s) resisting and refusing to enforce such laws.

ORIGIN: the Alien and Sedition Acts (1798) were passed under the administration of the second president, John Adams. The Acts were rebuked by the Kentucky Resolution (1798, 1799) and the Virginia Resolution (1798)—secretly written by James Madison and (then VP) Thomas Jefferson, respectively.

The principles stated in the resolutions became known as the Principles of '98: Which are that 1) each individual state has the rightful authority to decide whether federal laws are unconstitutional and void, 2) *nullification* by the states is the proper remedy, and 3) the states have the right, individually or jointly, to *interpose* to prevent execution of unconstitutional laws.

The most admirable use of nullification lay in fighting the Fugitive Slave Laws. In the 1800s, slavery was enforced federally, yet many states impeded the capture and return of alleged fugitive slaves. This was deemed illegal by the Supreme Court, who reaffirmed slavery in *Prigg v. Pennsylvania* (1842). Yet states, including Michigan, continued to apply ‘personal liberty laws,’ forbidding state officials to aid in slave-catching—effectively *nullifying* the Fugitive Slave Laws.

Note: contrary to mainstream demagoguery, the South hated nullification. Indeed, South Carolina listed nullification as a major grievance in its declaration of secession. [Although nullification was used in the 1950s to justify racial segregation of schools.]

Nullification is a just political tool in the hands of true liberty supporters, as confirmed by model legislation via the Tenth Amendment Center. Bills written vs.:

2d Amendment violations	Restrictions on growing hemp
Federal money monopoly	4 th Amendment violations
Nationalization of health care	Drones and illegal NSA spying

Nullification is next cool citizens' movement (300 bills introduced in 2015). ‘Anti-commandeering’ OK'd by SCOTUS. Chance's mom is right, as usual: the people (via their state legislatures) end tyranny by lawfully refusing to comply.

INTERLODE: "NOT LIKE THE OTHERS..."

As for the previous years, the fantasy football league (FFL) started in the late 1980s under auspices of ACME Geeks, Unlimited, held its 2015 draft in the man cave of one Eddie Falkowski, team name the Falcon Eddies (after the world's scariest TV villain in *Rich Man, Poor Man*).

Chance had fallen in with the ACME league years ago, and stayed thru thick and thin, near and far, finally keeping settling on his team name Freedom Riders. In FFL practice and vernacular, team owners are known by their team name or nickname. Eddie was Falcon, Chance, Freedom. ACME was an eight-team league, notable other team names/owners as follows:

Raging Fluffy Bunny	Bunny
Funky Chunky Monkey	Monkey
Pagan Mutant Aggressor	Pagan
Bill Dozers	Dozer

Let's look in, shall we:

Beer and chips all around, the table set up, several bringing laptops or tablets to do their drafting via Falcon's WiFi access. [An FFL draft is similar to the NFL draft, only the draft pool consists of the entire league of skilled players and team defenses. Each FFL team, in succession, drafts one 'player' per round for 18 rounds. Each player drafted is exclusive to the team drafting him.]

"Hey, what time is it? Weren't we supposed to get started at 7?" asked the Commish, owner of the HellMutts. [Mutts usually reached the playoffs and have the most league championships by far. So the other guys figured, if he's going to take the money, might as well make him commissioner to earn it.]

"He called me and said he may have to stick around close to 7 at his new part time job," claimed Bunny. "He's less than half an hour away. We can probably do the first round, anyway, he's going to pick Tom Brady, QB, Patriots."

"Naw, that's all right, we can wait 15 minutes," Falcon said. "So what's the word on Freedom these days, I heard his mom died a couple of years ago. Sad. What's the new job?"

"Well, I haven't kept up the way I want; we used to hook up for quality brews every other month," Bunny said. "But I hear he's working 10 hours a week as a medical technician/driver, over here in Novi."

"Good, keeps him off the streets," Dozer said.

"And maybe he'll cut down on the Che Guevara *Viva la Revolución!* diatribes he sends out from that site he has," Falcon ventured.

"I hear you," said Commish. "I swear every Sunday night I get his newsletter, Monday morning a black GM Suburban is parked at the end of my driveway."

"Freedom often takes a special tack on things," said Bunny. "He reminds me of that cartoon where the executioner, who's about to chop off the head of the jester, says, 'You weren't like the others, you really made us *think*.'"

Monkey ventured, "Have you wondered if what he writes, is, like, *true*?"

"What's *that* got to do with anything!" chimed Dozer, Pagan, and Falcon.

Bunny suggested. "We *should* find a replacement if they take him away."

Freedom finally arrived and walked in, "Hey guys, Brady still available?"

INTERLODE: "SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE ZOMBIES." [!]

In the peak years of the Ayn Rand movement—when her then intellectual heir Nathaniel Branden was in good graces and writing for *The Objectivist* newsletter—he came up with a concept 'social metaphysics.' Chance remembers the detailed definition to this day:

social metaphysics: the psychological syndrome where an individual holds the consciousnesses of other men, NOT objective reality as his ultimate psycho-epistemological frame of reference.

Informal *zombie* = automaton, acting on orders from external forces. IOW, social metaphysician... run by the consciousnesses of authoritarian others.

The social reality most of us have grown up is driven by conformity... to what our parents, teachers, ministers, media (esp. TV) tell us is true. It's on a visceral level; we're conditioned with images to respond emotionally in ways that the pathocracy dictates. As the pioneer of modern mind control technology put it:

"The conscious and intelligent manipulation of the organized habits and opinions of the masses is an important element in democratic society. Those who manipulate this unseen mechanism of society constitute an invisible government, which is the true ruling power of our country." — Edward J. Bernays, *Propaganda* (1928)

[Note that the book uses the term/concept 'neurarchy' to denote those 'who manipulate this unseen mechanism.'] Further, because what the masses have been conditioned to believe is so base and *emotional*, they react violently vs. any individual person who brings factual evidence, conceptual argument, or logic to question their high-class zombie image/feeling response syndrome.

"How DARE YOU question <insert any of ~50 official story perceptions>?!"

"YOU are disgusting, always going off on tangents, a conspiracy whacko! YOU must be insane! YOU are evil and a terrorist sympathizer! YOU are a danger to America and must be put away, drugged into submission, silenced!"

Why? Because YOU doubt their bundles of approved perception (APBs).

Unstated is the premise that mainstream media conveys actual news.

Further, TV has changed our mental world fundamentally. Per McLuhan:

The whole tendency of modern communication [TV]... is towards participation in a process, rather than apprehension of concepts.

Chance saw, particularly when the *Thrive* video came along in 2011, that Independent human consciousnesses in the spiritual (also rigorously conceptual) truth and justice movements were turning the tide against consensus-reality trance-infecting mind control. Even though disturbingly large numbers of our respectable peer zombies continued to be stuck in Big Brother Media APBs.

The Solomon Asch conformity experiments of 1951 gave Chance an epiphany: They showed that many test subjects would assert obvious lies if confederate stooge test subjects did .AND. subsequent research revealed that the test subjects' actual perceptions *actually changed* to fit the lie. Leading to the insight:

If social metaphysics alters perceptions in order to conform, it can be applied—as enhanced by the Prophecy—to render most 'zombies' into Independents.

[!] Not to be taken literally. Zombie reads better than social metaphysician.

INTERLODE: "JUST DOING OUR JOBS..."

In their Albert Kahn-designed Harbor Springs summer cottage overlooking Little Traverse Bay of Lake Michigan, Richard Pencil, chief executive officer of DTE Energy, nervously addressed his lovely trophy wife, Zelda, across the breakfast table: "Darling, this grand jury deal looks like it may get nasty."

"What do you mean, honey? Are they coming after you?" she posed.

"Not exactly, well anyway not just me. It's like this national movement to restore ordinary people to full grand jury authority."

"Sorry, my shnookums, but pretend I'm a five-year-old. I don't get it."

"Tell you the truth, doll, I don't either. That's what makes it so unnerving. But what it means is: Say, a government official or someone participating with the government in a project—and this is the kicker: '*in the normal course of business*'—does something that violates the law or *any individual's* First Principle rights of life, liberty, or property... well, that government official and his business accomplice(s) have to go explain themselves to a grand jury of 25 randomly selected—and, now, very well-paid—people.

"What do you mean by 'explain themselves,' sweetie?"

"Okay, this new people's grand jury, if you want to call it that, got started in California to take care of the toxic atmospheric aerosol spraying assaults. [Several good friends of mine are facing trial there, too.] These new grand juries are like the old in one way: they issue what are called indictments (or presentments for government/corporate corruption), meaning they investigate the charges and say whether probable cause exists to proceed to a trial jury."

That gave Zelda—a federal judge, herself, before plowing all her efforts into gold-digging—a puzzled look: "Wow, all my education and career, I never... we always worked it so the judges and prosecutors ruled the grand jury like a rubber duckie. Had no idea those little people had any independent authority."

"Try *ultimate* authority," Pencil shot back. "According to the guy who started the ball rolling, the grand jury is the 'hidden fourth branch.' In fact, that's the name of his book. Kelly Mordecai. The idea started spreading that grand juries belonged to the people, not the government at all. So if a jury foreman says jump, the judges and prosecutors (and cops and meter maids, etc.) say 'How high?'"

"You better believe it, baby. And it looks like I'm going to be indicted."

"No way," Zelda protested.

"Way," he replied. "It all started with the bunch o' pissants down in Auburn Hills, Jake-something and some 95-year-old blind lady in Lincoln Park, when we took away their electricity for refusing to accept an F&S meter on their homes.

"Not just me, everyone up and down the line who was just doing their jobs to hammer those schmucks. But I'm the big shot, so if convicted I'll do 15 to 20 for assault, civil liberties infractions, violation of contract, and conspiracy for all that.

"I don't believe it! I'm a VIP! How did my political guys lose control?! Who turned the world turned upside down!? My friends in CA, all over, are crying, too."

"So does that mean I get the houses while you're away?" Zelda asked.

"Not really. I have to liquidate everything to pay damages to the victims."

"Do me a favor, dear, and bring me my little black book from the bedroom."

INTERLODE: WHITHER THE LP/LPM?

Performance-driving enthusiast, automotive engineer, and 30-something go-getter Ypsi Sam, a few years ago when he lived in Flint, had spent an unconscionable amount of time (and several hundred dollars of his own money) trying to bring some semblance of, well, normal middle-class, dual-gender, all-age, outreach-oriented appeal to the Genesee County LP affiliate. Only to be met with harsh rejection by reps of a bizarre national sect of Goth nihilist-anarchists—sort of Libertarian Macho Flash meets Samuel Konkin III.

The Genesee Boys' Club, despite its members' eternal harangues for Purity of Anarchist Essence—no compromise with any institution or instrument of 'Existing Coercive Government' at any level or for any reason—sought to take over the state LP, which of course is a political party whose objective is to run candidates for office in 'Existing Coercive Government.' (?)

Before their planned grand ascendancy into the upper echelons of power and glory of the state party, they made sure their affiliate base in Flint was iron solid. Ypsi Sam wandered into their meeting lair at the Paleolithic Bar & Grill on Saginaw Street back in 2011. They even had a woman, Sheila, working with them for a while. Sheila actually did everything that needed, you know, *doing...* newsletter, Webwork, notices, setting up the speakers, greeting guests, being friendly. But she got tired of trying to pull the cart with all these self-righteous, pontificating deadbeats weighing it down, and left.

Ypsi helped Sheila for a while, and seeing that the group was floundering in the PR department—the meeting room was dingy and dark, a guest would walk in and wonder if he'd mistakenly stumbled into a local casting call for *Night of the Living Dead: Next Generation* (except there were hardly ever any females). While Sheila was still there, Sam threw in ~\$1500 to get a professional Website upgrade. The Boys gave Ypsi plenty of line, saying how much they appreciated his work, all the while pursuing their grim, apocalyptic course into Michigan power elitedom.

Chance felt for the young man, Ypsi, that is. Chance had also had strange encounters with ringleaders 1 and 2, Witchdoctor and Attila, respectively. Most memorable, Chance cited an Ayn Rand phrase in a Facebook post: "morality ends where a gun begins." To which Witchdoctor eloquently replied, "Rand's a dick." (!) Attila spewed his own set of headscratchers, sprinkling in profanity without rhyme or reason. Modus operandi? Bunch o' *guys* sit around a table, dimly lit room, brag about pirating DVDs and CDs, and giggle uncontrollably while scratching the Ⓐ (anarchy) sign in the table surface under the placemats.

Anyway, Ypsi left the party ~2012. Chance hung on 'til 2015. The LPM Old Guard had also abandoned ship. Leaving a few well-meaning newbies, basically without any help, pretty much outgunned by the Gotharchist Gang. Chance's humble view: The LP fulfilled its mission (libertarian legitimacy)... by ~1988. It never reinvented its strategy to account for the Old World Order and the Threat Matrix attacks; therefore it remained in its original OWO sandbox. Time to declare as valid, even heroic, the 'little victories' we true believers created with her during her heyday. LP restoration? Miracles are always possible, especially in '16. ☺

INTERLODE: SANDY HOOK: A HOAX TOO FAR?

COMMENTS AND BOOK REVIEW BY HIRAM T. CHANCE:

On Tuesday, January 5, from Newtown, Connecticut, Obama shed crocodile near tears for all the real and fake victims of the staged shootings we've seen escalate for the past half-decade or so... while PUSHING TO DISARM US. [Funny: he never cries for the Pakistani children his drones blow to pieces.]

The good news is that it actually appears to a reasonable certainty that nobody did die at Sandy Hook on 12/14/12. Why do I suspect this? Well, after reviewing the recent mainstream-publisher-'banned' book *Nobody Died at Sandy Hook* I must tentatively agree:

- School not operational
- No dead bodies
- Scheduled FEMA drill
- Fake persons, images, and documents
- Lying public officials and (inferior) crisis actors
- Foreknowledge; long-term planning by deep-state personnel

I'm not completely convinced, and am keeping an open mind. But I have to tell my readers that every new media appearance by those buying or selling the official story of SH just makes it clearer and clearer that the federal government and media are trying desperately to put one over on us for some very bad motives. [Not that the federal government or media would ever lie to us, of course.:)]

Here's a comment (all of them positive so far) on my book review from a serious longtime SH researcher:

"Thanks for a fair review of damning facts that expose Sandy Hook as a criminal hoax. The evidence documented in the book is overwhelming to prove beyond reasonable doubt that Sandy Hook was a dilapidated former school used for storage that was staged for a drill that was sold as a real school massacre." – Carl Herman

CONVENE A GRAND JURY, INDEPENDENT AND EMPOWERED!

I think Carl very likely has it right, SH was a false-flag CRIME that must be fully prosecuted by the people. Let's all continue to research the incident as dispassionately and independently as possible, but in the meantime convene an independent, fully empowered grand jury—probably a federal (2nd) district court—to answer all the hard questions. Are we the people up to such an act of reason and courage? Who will write the petition to the GJ?

PS: For those who feel Snopes or Wikipedia are objective sources of information about matters of this kind, *Nobody Died at Sandy Hook* effortlessly slices and dices their frail complicities. To cover up a crime and stonewall investigation after the fact is as much a crime as its commission. It's over. Stand down, and confess, now, to avoid more serious consequences.

INTERLODE: THE TURNING OF ANALYST SMITH

What she didn't tell Mr. Sally was that she had reached a personal breaking point with this Homeland Security business. Ana had come on board in 2012 with a mixture of hero-worship and strange affection for the then-secretary of DHS, Janet Napolitano. They were close to the same age.

Ana identified with Nappy's pluck, becoming attorney general (top state law enforcement *henchperson*) then governor (top state mob *boss*) of Arizona and inserting herself as she did, at the highest level, into the male-dominated world of America (.AND. for chrissakes, Israel!)-Über-Alles state security. Lord knows the Divine Ms. N. didn't get to the top of her profession of beating peons into submission by sleeping her way there. Moreover, Ana deeply admired Janet for standing tall against those ugly rumors of same-sex orientation.

Janet's dictum: "If I'm Gay Big Sister, make the most of it!"

Ana also warmed to Janet's statements that anyone who criticized or made fun of the Department should be subject to prosecution for, well, "aiding and abetting terrorism," as Ana recalled. [Though as far as Ana could determine, no statute for such a crime was ever forthcoming.]

Ana—after a lifetime of being diminished by anyone who got too close to her—so identified with what heroine Janet had likewise appeared to have gone thru. Ana even had met Janet—be still, my heart—once, at a state dinner, with all the high muckety-mucks moving around ... "she had me at hello..." or was that jello?

But enough romantic reverie...

This whole business emerging from the Truman Prophecy had caused Ana to reevaluate her life. For one thing, that doggone Spiritual Magic Move the Prophet had thrown in there—probably at the last minute—had tempted Ana into a trial. She applied the five steps of SM2 one night a month ago when she was having trouble sleeping. Bingo. She found her Deep Quiet, the Joyous Stillness, stayed there for a transcendent eternity of a few minutes, then fell into the most restoring sleep she'd ever experienced.

"Whoa! I don't know what this guy is selling, but I'm buying!" she felt.

One thing led to another, more magic move sessions. She started breathing better, her health improved, she lost weight, she even stopped going into convulsions when Everett forgot her triple-lattes in the morning. Instead of 'Monkey Brain from the Dark Side' controlling 'her,' 'she' was learning to *wag* her mind. And the more she came in charge, she saw in a heartbeat that the Prophecy was right and needed to be fulfilled. Whoops!

Like a 1980s Russian gymnast in Times Square, Ana was going to defect.

The icing on the cake for her decision came her encounters with Balph Bu-
fort, Harry Sally, Trenton Farquardt, and the others. Psychos and Sleazos and Bears, OH MY. These guys were certifiable! And the Janet Napolitanos and Analyst Smiths of the world were merely polite-society enablers and conduits to a Medieval nightmare—unfolding: a multidominational hell of concentration camps, torture chambers, and mainstream Newspeak 24/7.

Ana would covertly use her position to aid the Independents' cause.

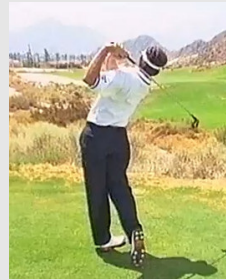
INTERLODE: THE 'ORACLE' DAVID LEE AND GRAVITY GOLF

The Prophet Chance (mis)spent several years in the pursuit of good golf, a game which he did not take up until his early 40s. He read dozens of books, watched an equal number of videos, and took perhaps a dozen lessons. It wasn't until nearing 65 that he ran into David Lee's *Gravity Golf* book and video. [1]

... and the seas parted.

Well, not quite. But by learning to strike the golf ball with his whole body mass in effortless rotation versus with only the arms and shoulders straitjacketed by muscular force, Chance's 18-hole game went from the mid 90s to the low 80s—or about par and a half. With a lot more joy and no back pain, too.

General message of Gravity Golf to the golf world: With a properly executed (Gravity) golf swing, no effort is dissipated extraneously and no force is applied from one's hands, arms, and shoulders into one's core body—which disrupts a necessarily precise swing plane. You learn to strike the ball effortlessly with your body mass rather than violently and inconsistently with your upper body and extremities. Result: nearly anyone can play ~par golf, enjoying the game immensely.



Thus Gravity Golf becomes the manifestation of 'effortless power.'

And its parallels to the successful fulfillment of any complex action—especially the goal of a society without coercion—dawned on Chance. He saw that many libertarians took on the cause 'from their heads' (analogous to applying force into one's body) rather than enable channeling of a 'higher power.'

From David Lee:

"I suddenly realized that instead of me hitting the golf ball, my body had become simply a vehicle for a more powerful mechanism."

Gravity Golf's more powerful mechanism is gravity, while the general human activity's more powerful mechanism is the 'higher power.' Coming to an understanding of what that is occupied Chance's days for some time, and in fact led to the writing his nondenominational Spiritual Magic Move (p. 17). From golf, and the movie, *The Legend of Bagger Vance*, Bagger talks about Authentic Swing:

"[You] can't see that flag as some dragon you got to slay... You got to look with soft eyes... See the place where the tides and the seasons and the turnin' of the Earth, all come together... where everything that is, becomes one... You got to seek that place with your soul Junuh..."

Thus, David Lee became the oracle figure for Chance's Prophecy, and his teachings the ultimate analog—especially for liberty activists (and golfers ☺)—to first find one's own authentic swing, one's unique truth and peace, then naturally share that peace with the world. Changing the world from the inside out.

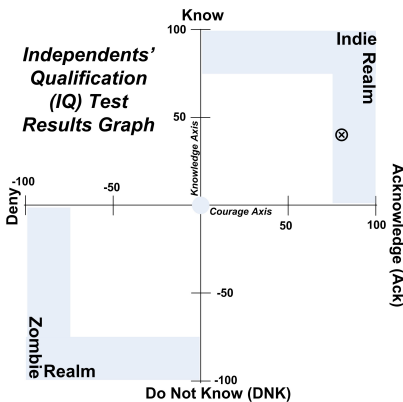
[1] <http://gravitygolf.com>. (Note: Just for the golfers out there, you also need to view *AJ Reveals the Truth about Golf*, to learn proper use of the club 'tool'.)

INTERLODE: INDEPENDENTS' QUALIFICATION (IQ) TEST

WORLD'S SMALLEST QUIZ OF WHETHER ONE THINKS FOR ONESELF

The Independents' Movement leadership has come up with a dual-axis chart that measures one's alignment with Independent psychology. Start at the zero point in the middle of the chart and proceed either positively (-> Indie) or negatively (-> Zombie). Some initial questions whose correct answers are all Yes:

Question: Do you know:	Know (+10)	DNK (-10)	Ack (+10)	Deny (-10)
1) Fed income tax applies solely to earnings based on federal privilege?	10		10	
2) WTC 7 (not struck by plane) fully demolished on 9/11/01 at 5:20 p.m.?	10		10	
3) US defense-lab-weaponized ther-mite explosive residue at WTC?		-10	10	
4) Sandy Hook elementary school was not in operation on 12/14/12?		-10		-10
5) Toxic aerosol spraying of the atmosphere poisons our every breath?	10		10	
6) Protective layers of atmosphere shredded by toxic aerosol clouds?	10		10	
7) Lab animals exposed to GMOs suffer lethal consequences?	10		10	
8) 'Smart' meters endanger human health and illegally surveil persons?	10		10	
9) CDC high officials concealed test data showing vaccine-autism link?		-10	10	
10) Compulsory schooling designed to create soulless obedient drones?	10		10	
Total of adjoining two columns	40		80	



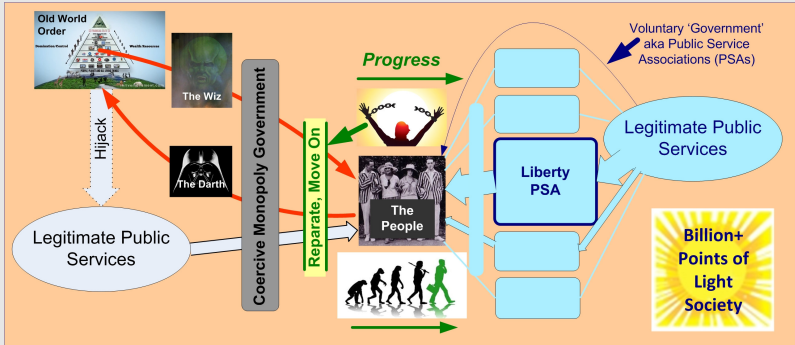
The IQ test determines whether you know or don't know about key facts of reality, then a) if you know whether you are willing to assert or acknowledge the fact or b) if you do not know whether you go further to explicitly deny the fact.

Note that to Ack a fact simply means you wish to have any criminal activity investigated and indicted by a citizens' grand jury without government interference. The results above are just a sample. The full implementation of the IQ test will be shown on the companion handbook to

The Truman Prophecy... and on the SocietyofIndependents.org Website.

INTERLODE: WHAT THE WORLD IS COMING TO

Chance, for 50 years has served on several fronts of the general liberty cause. Now, he feels he's finally struck gold... with the Independents' Movement (IM), as supported by the truth and justice salients described in this book. The essentials of the political world he sees are laid out in the following diagram (first produced as part of the Toto Worldwide project):



Two important points are that a) the Truman-Indie project will be removing the Coercive Monopoly Government box (causing the end of the Old World Order in the upper left hand corner) and b) humanity will adopt a 'voluntary government' public service association (PSA) approach to supply legitimate public services.

FROM CORPORATISM TO 'COOPERATISM'

Chance, during his Free State years, recognized that perhaps the key difficulty or reservation many people have about freedom of choice in government is that such governments would lack the power to confer economic privilege. W/o state privilege, how do large-scale enterprises (LSEs)—auto companies, airlines, energy manufacturers, etc.—exist?

But when one looks at an LSE instance, say, an auto factory, one sees nothing about its complexity, size of operations, or large numbers of workers that requires its ownership to be state-privileged. Its board could just as easily be a person, a family, a coop of the workers, etc., and that entity could raise investment funds by selling stock, running lotteries, whatever.

LSEs, seen this way, show that the modern state-privileged corporate form is a sophisticated shell disguising the concentration and flow of capital among a relative handful of political-class insiders. Who are in league with the state monopoly banking money and credit machinery, which as we've seen elsewhere in the book is in the ongoing business of extracting \$trillions from the so-called 99% by systematically debasing the currency.

The voluntary-cooperative, privilege-free business model replaces the expropriative debt-based system with more localized, distributed, and real economic power. LSEs still exist, but are *productive* entities—commonly worker-owned—and genuine wealth producers. Cooperatism is the healthful natural result of ending the coercive Mob hierarchy of money and credit.

AFTERLODE: A WALK ON THE CALM SIDE

They met later in the week at the sprawling Cranbrook arts and education complex in Bloomfield Hills, north of Detroit. For so many in the area who appreciated the finer things—especially in the hard-charging days of the Motor City's industrial might—Cranbrook provided a pastoral respite and cultural inspiration for the common man. For free.

As he opened the car door for Brandy in the parking lot off Lone Pine Road, Chance asked, "So is this your first experience of Cranbrook?"

"Yes," she said. "I came here from Oklahoma only 15 years ago, and even though I've lived in Oakland County for a good share of the time, I just never took the time to drop by."

It was a pleasant, breezy November day, in the high 40s, sunshine, minimal stratospheric toxic dumps, following a night of light rain. Fall leaf colors, peaking a week ago, were still intensely brilliant. The two of them crossed Lone Pine into the grounds, then he escorted her immediately to the right along the ever spirit-nourishing Cranbrook walking trail.

"Brandy," he came right out, "we've managed to spend some major quality time together since we met at the coordinators' meeting last January. Well, that is, we've managed to steal a few precious, quiet moments here and there in the 'club car' of the Prophecy train pummeling through space."

"Even some quality time in the 'sleeping car,'" Brandy pointed out, smugly.

"Yes, that, too," Chance felt himself blushing. "You can't imagine how ALL these interludes with you have invigorated me, made me whole and happy. You mean so much to me. For long unprecedented stretches I have felt like a man clicking on all cylinders. I've fallen in love."

"*We've* fallen in love," she said.

"... and that's what we need to discuss and face," Chance continued. "We've talked about it already—even put our thoughts on paper. I'm 66, you're 33. Yes, the gene pool has been amazingly good to me, and I've enhanced my well being thru healthful practices and nutrition. More important, I've finally achieved full spiritual consciousness... as have you, at a precocious age I might add.

"Further, it appears I'll have considerable material riches, with success of *The Truman Prophecy*. AND. the Truman Prophecy (that is, the book and its liberating content). Part of that success means life-enhancement and rejuvenation technology/knowledge will no longer be suppressed or denied to the people. So if I should naturally reach the mid-90s, a youthful, indefinite life span is a real possibility. But... Finally, let me just say that my ex-wife still feels like my de facto wife; I won't abandon her when the generation-older boyfriend passes on."

Chance felt that he shot the hostage with that last confession. But the feel of Brandy's hand holding his and the walking rhythm had not altered a smidgeon. Without a word, they both went into the deep stillness... until the Swan Pond.

Then she said, "Chance, We know and love each other. You're my ideal man. I can't imagine life without you. I want to be the alpha and omega of your world. I want to bear your child... or children. All the rest, well, doesn't *matter*."

"All right, then," he managed, then solemnly: "I do."
