

THE TRUMAN PROPHECY



***RISE OF THE
INDEPENDENTS***

911 Truth Preview Package

BRIAN R. WRIGHT

The Truman Prophecy

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Review Release, March 2016

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Printed in the United States of America



Free Man Publishing Company

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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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.

“I know, I know,” came back Neil, “with maintenance and landscaping services rolled in.... Good thing, too, because, as a 50-something now, my days of mowing lawns, shoveling snow, or climbing ladders are done for.”

“Not much in the way of grounds for these sorts of places, anyway,” he went on. “It’s everything we’ve ever dreamed of: view, luxury, closeness to ‘fields and streams,’ and deluxe accommodation for guests.”

“Which of course means family and a very few close friends,” Angie confirmed.

[As the premier advanced concepts man for the Rocket Shop (the common nickname for one Sky rider and Sons Engine Company, Commerce, Michigan) her husband kept to himself for the most part. She had been more than content to be life-companion, bear and raise the children, manage affairs¹⁴... take the traditional role. Nor was she a gregarious socialite. Meaning, the cottage would be effectively about as empty when they were there as when they were not there.]

“I’m thinking about you, Angie, if we go ahead,” Neil confided. “Right now, the company wants me to head up the special engineering of the black project near Manistee, which of course I can’t tell you anything about.”

“I’m thinking about you, Angie, if we go ahead,” Neil confided. “Right now, the company wants me to head up the special engineering of the black project near Manistee, which of course I can’t tell you anything about. That’ll take maybe five years, to my early retirement at 62.”

“So you’re saying here’s where we will live? The cottage becomes a home?” she asked.

“Uh huh.”

“That’s what I’ve been assuming all along, dear,” she replied. “I know what you’re thinking: ‘Will she be happy moving here and living here full time making new friends, finding a church, filling her days?’ The answer is, yes, I will. Besides, we’ll still be able to spend our winters south.”

“But if you’re going to be away a lot, I may take a lover.”

“Funny,” said Neil.

¹⁴ Not, for Neil, anyway, the kind stemming from temptation.

“Seriously, being another three-to-four hours from the outer NW Detroit exurbs will cut down on your family visits,” Neil offered. “Even though the company is actually *giving* this new home to us, we’re the ones who will be living here. If it doesn’t feel right or it doesn’t feel like we—each of us—can make it feel right, let’s just say no to the whole shebang.”

Neil didn’t tell her that he was having misgivings on the copious black-money side of the deal, too. Over the years he’d billed plenty of black-project hours at the Rocket Shop. Not his cup o’ tea. He knew clearly that ‘black’ meant not ‘invisible to foreign enemies’ rather ‘invisible to the accountants.’

Angie said, “Neil, darling, I’m with you 100% no matter what you decide; I’m happy to continue to make life with you either on the small lake in Highland or on the big lake up here. I won’t be lonely or out of water either way. Why don’t we take another week or two to think about it... back home.”

“Splendid idea,” Neil agreed.

“Mr. Whiplash,” said Neil to the agent, “we need more time to discuss and to think about this.”

“Please, call me Snidely,” replied the agent. “How much time? And do you need to discuss the entire package—employment and housing—or just the home itself?”

“Another week or two. And both, I’m afraid.”

“Yes, of course, Mr. Hansen,” Snidely continued. “You realize that the package the Rocket Shop is offering pays for the Arcadia home entirely, then compensates you at an inflation-adjusted \$250,000 per year salary, plus expenses, and an annual new company Cadillac?”

“Not to mention the country club membership and property tax payments for five years or until the end of the project... whichever comes last,” Neil pointed out.

“Correct.”

“I also understand that during my time with the project I sign away my freedom to speak to anyone, not just about the project, but also regarding any matter of politics that isn’t cleared by the project team in Washington.”

“I also understand that during my time with the project I sign away my freedom to speak to anyone, not just about the project, but also regarding any matter of politics that isn’t cleared by the project team in Washington.”

“Yes, that is also correct,” confirmed Snidely.

“And the normal penalties apply for failure to abide by these rules, I assume,” said Neil.

“Afraid so. But realistically no one at the top is going to hold your feet to the fire. They’ve scoured the country, in fact they’ve scoured *the world*, and no one else comes close to your abilities.”

“That’s good to know... I guess,” Neil said.

Neil kept to himself his reservations. It was space weapons’ work, specifically, advanced, automated, auxiliary power systems for the so-called ‘Rods from God’ (RFG) kinetic energy (KE) weapons’ missile platforms.

Ironically, from a book he’d just read, *StarTram: The new race to space*, Neil saw that any country having thousands of these RFG platforms in orbit would routinely negate any competing military or insurrectionist force on the planet. [Maglev launchers would make such massive RFG implementation tantalizingly cheap.]

“To many, the military and national security benefits of launching thousands of tons of weaponized hardware into space at very low cost will be irresistible. What nation would not seek to continuously monitor in detail every point on Earth, to see if any threat was developing? Hundreds of low-cost satellites in low earth orbit could view every location by high definition visual, infrared, and radar scans.

“The ‘Rod from God’ is an old idea studied by the US Defense Department, but never implemented because of the high cost of rocket launch. It is very simple—just a telephone pole of high density metal like tungsten, with a diameter of about 1 foot. A short burn from a small attached rocket motor causes it to deorbit and head for its target on Earth. Weighing 4 tons, the Rod would strike its target at near orbital speed, with an explosive power equivalent to a 20-ton bomb. As a long rod, it could penetrate many feet into the ground to destroy subsurface structures. Or, just before impact, it could split into multiple pieces to destroy a large surface area.”

Solution? Space debris. From the same book:

“Imagine billions of small dense metal bullet-like objects orbiting in space above the Earth, traveling at 18,000 mph. You are aboard a spacecraft bound for a Space Hotel, or the transfer station for the Mars Colony. Hit by one of these ‘bullets,’ the resulting shock wave would probably break the spacecraft and you into little pieces. Still want to go into space, even if it were as cheap as air travel? Not likely, even for brave explorers.

“Now suppose that ‘Big Brother,’ winner of the New Race to Space, plans to Maglev Launch thousands of ‘Rods from God’ and satellites into orbit, to dominate the other countries in the world. Clearly, Big Brother does not want hundreds of millions of orbiting debris objects in space. However, the countries about to be dominated *will* want those debris objects in orbit—it’s their only defense.

“Creating a massive debris blanket in orbit around the Earth would destroy any weapon or satellite launched by Big Brother within a few weeks. Even better, the destroyed weapon or satellite would disintegrate into thousands of additional debris objects. Eventually, as Big Brother attempted to build his arsenal in space, trillions of debris objects would exist in orbit. No weapon or satellite could survive for more than a few days.

“The Good News! No Big Brother in Space. The Bad News! Humanity would be forever marooned on Earth. No exploring the Solar System, no beaming clean electric power down to Earth, no protecting the planet from asteroids and comets. No mining of near-Earth asteroids.

“Creating the debris blanket is not that difficult. Working together, the non Big Brother countries could launch a thousand tons of debris objects—100 million 10 gram “bullets”—into orbit in a year if they did not want to risk nuclear war by attacking Big Brother’s StarTram launcher....”

What was it John Lennon said?

The world is run by insane men for insane purposes.

So the solution to the insanity of world domination via RFGs is the prophylactic insanity of a Doomsday Shroud. Pick your poison. And here ol’ Neil was being enticed by Big Brother-USA to help get this bizarre Planetary Death Dance off to a can-do, All-American start!

An inner voice was telling him that someone on the inside, someone with brains at the top, SOMEONE NOT INSANE, had better start thinking *outside* the box. Hey?

Eventually, as Big Brother attempted to build his arsenal in space, trillions of debris objects would exist in orbit. No weapon or satellite could survive for more than a few days. The Good News! No Big Brother in Space. The Bad News! Humanity would be forever marooned on Earth.

He has long suspected the Hand behind all the curtains, Secret Squirrel, Inc., to be disconnected from anything remotely human. Delusional, intravenous heading toward Pluto. Suddenly, Neil is seized with the absolute conviction that under no circumstances can he or will he continue down his predestined silver-lined, Blue Pill path.

But how can he avoid it? How can he unplug?

Grasping at straws for a palatable Red Pill answer, the DVD from Architects and Engineers for 9/11 Truth (AE911), *Experts Speak Out*, beckons... only unlike his first reaction, Neil doesn't exclaim 'Why me, Lord?', but sees a ray of hope.

"But, of course," he smiles.

The one true balls-to-the-wall Red Pill fanatic he's ever known—truther and sworn enemy of 'Le Machine'—, Hiram T. Chance: engineer, libertarian, international man of intrigue. After all these years, Mr. *Hi* Chance may, indeed, have shown Neil the way out of his Death Star dilemma...

Neil frowns, "But the choice may kill me... literally."

Neil joined Chance in the engine accessories group at Skyrider and Sons, in the early 1980s. Chance had established a tiny dynasty of sorts in the engine lube system area, basically handling the requirements definition for major oil system components: pumps, coolers, filters, dipsticks, etc. Which were mainly purchased from 3d-party manufacturers.

This procurement support sort of work suited Chance just fine, and he was walking in pretty high cotton as a young buck in his late 20s... or would have been except for the boss's tendency to prod his people out into the deep water. Chance thus became the default 'systems engineer' for the Entire Theory and Practice of All Skyrider Small Super-Wombat Engine Lubrication Systems *per se*.

And that would have grown the cotton even higher, but for the persistence of a real problem into the latter stages of the Air Force's flight test schedule for one such engine-airframe: Oil Consumption with a capital O.

Grasping at straws for a palatable Red Pill answer, the DVD from Architects and Engineers for 9/11 Truth (AE911), Experts Speak Out, beckons... only unlike his first reaction, Neil doesn't exclaim 'Why me, Lord?', but sees a ray of hope.

Chance's method of divining OC for a set of flight conditions by reading cat entrails had its limits. He, and all the other engineers, for that matter—project, design, aero, skunkworks—also ran into dead ends for the OC cause and fix... that is, until they asked young Neil to have a look.

Voila! Problem solved, unraveled like a cheap piñata.

What's more, as a courtesy, Neil wrote a simple paper explaining the science and engineering of his results. So, truly and without exaggeration, by saving the company's bacon in its vulnerable infancy, the *sui generis* career of Neil Hansen set sail.

Thirty-three years later he sat and reflected.

He knew he'd done good. Even as a Blue Piller plugged into the illusory gloss of the Matrix. His work achievements, his family, his friends, the virtues of thoughtful citizenship, what he did for fun—golf, poker, 'Red Green Show' projects, State football games, water skiing, and don't forget fly-fishing!

All *real* and well rounded.

Had he been enabled to achieve these things simply because he did not question or challenge the Invisible Hand of the Secret Squirrel, the High Priests of the Power Sickness?

Looking at it in another unflattering way:

- Had Neil ever registered a protest against American Empire or so much as a letter to the editor? What about the illegal wars of aggression of his government? The killings, the torture, the displacement of millions, now the 24/7 surveillance of Americans and these space weapons his obviously unhinged 'Hand' wants help with... threatening species' extinction?
- Did he once raise his voice against federalization/militarization of the police, pepper-spraying 85-year-old hippie grandmothers, killing and maiming civilians (and pets) during SWAT team assaults for drugs... or just for the good-fun hell of it?
- Then surely knowing that the government conspiracy theory of the 9/11 attacks was a ludicrous, six-ways-from-Sunday Monster Lie and that government officials intentionally enabled evidence destruction, did Neil once choose to look into the facts and publicly question the official story?

- Finally, having access to numerous legitimate alternative news sources—many suggested by Chance, himself—about ongoing Threat Matrix assaults (p. 24), harming and killing hundreds of thousands, even millions, of Americans and others, did Neil ever seriously think to speak out? If only to his golf buddies? Against even ONE atrocity?

Neil asked himself, here and now, with painful honesty, what single major injustice had he ever risen up against, either directly on his own initiative, by material support from his ample special-payroll salary, or by joining an organization devoted to its remedy?!

Neil asked himself, here and now, with painful honesty, what single major injustice had he ever risen up against...

And now that he was on the subject, him being such Zen Master of Frugality, what about the government's control of money and credit, its profligacy?! The Fed, the debauchery of the currency, the vicious federal income tax subterfuge that direct earnings are income? He was a Constitution man: Article 1: Section 9 ring a bell? What happened to Neil's native curiosity on such matters?

Nor did the scales of justice seem to tip toward balance more than a well-formed gnat turd on account of his regular voting in elections.

A good soul and a kind soul, yes. But a sold soul.

A cognizant Blue Pill fella, taking his place in the Matrix. No trouble to anyone, least of all the High Command. Neil had to face the music.

His mind raced:

He wasn't morally condemning himself—at least not extremely; he thought of an analogy:

Say, the Mob runs your neighborhood, lock, stock, and barrel. Anyone who objects—what they call the do-gooders—will simply be killed. And everyone knows that from Day 1.

In that kind of scenario, what is a rational risk for an individual? It depends on the individual, but generally, logically, it makes no sense to tilt at windmills when the penalty is certain death.

Now back up to the real situation with someone embedded in the American system, someone like Neil. To question authority, to choose *not* to make a deal with the devil, won't cost you your life. Not yet, anyway. [But the more people who do make the deal, the more likely future generations will literally have no choice.]

The real scenario today is that if you don't accept the buy-out, your life will be more difficult financially. Indeed, accepting the Hand's dominance *will* make your life much easier from the standpoint of money and wherewithal.

To a point.

That's the other phenomenon that Neil comes aware of: Mobsters are not rational human beings, they think short range and know solely how to manipulate others. Creative imagination has no fundamental role in Mob societies—it's an enemy that the Mob works to chain or crush.

But every working human with a decent mind who hasn't been completely lobotomized knows that creative imagination, the rational faculty unimpeded by coercion or threats, *Independent* psychology, is a requirement of human survival.

Neil sees very starkly if he continues on his own path of suppression of questions or causes, he will be helping to generate a literal doomsday sequence for 'his kind.' He also sees that this Invisible Hand of the Secret Squirrel soon will bring down everything decent in society... including his family, his joys, all the nice things he's been able to have.

So what's Neil's best course of action NOW?

Neil is said to be sui generis, one of a kind, but that's only because of Neil's extraordinary knowledge of the natural world. But Neil sees Chance as the one who breaks the mold on all fronts, a sui generis to end all sui generises...

He recognizes that his Red Pill friend, Hiram T. Chance, may have actually figured out how to turn around control, get rid of the 'Mob,' end the giant tapeworm eating away what's living-and-breathing *human* in the body politic.

Hi Chance.

Neil is said to be *sui generis*, one of a kind, but that's only because of Neil's extraordinary knowledge of the natural world. But Neil sees Chance as the one who breaks the

mold on all fronts, a *sui generis* to end all *sui generises*....

Neil is probably the only one from the Rocket Shop gang who still sees Chance from time to time, and solely for golf. Having seen the movie *The Matrix*, Hansen grasps the Blue Pill vs. Red Pill choice: fit in or go your own way. Never the twain shall meet.

By taking the Rocket Shop job and giving all appearances of being a conventional engineer—with a Secret clearance for chrissakes—Chance effectively negated any conclusion Intelligence (Intel)¹⁵ may have formed (that Chance was any threat to the deep state) during those key years 1975-1985. [Chance was a leader in the LP, but Intel knew that the LP was nothing but a playpen of no consequence to the Power.]

Then, the dissipative fall... “Nothing to see, here, boss.”

To Neil, on the outside, Chance looked okay.

The general sociology for Baby Boomers in their prime time was loose: open marriages, bralessness, disco, a post-Vietnam War let it all hang out sort of world. The Rocket Shop was stacked to the rafters with hot young pulchritude willing to party and get down. Money, alcohol, and marijuana provided abundant lubrication.

Plus, Chance in those days of inner conflict, had *style*. Chance was optimistic, friendly, good natured, and got along with everyone from the board room to the bowling alley... unless they tried to push him around. His Achilles Heel was any form or instance of illegitimate authority... which, at the drop of a hat, turned the amiable Dr. Jekyll into a raging, scary, often infantile Mr. Hyde.

Two Chance incidents are etched on Hansen’s mind:

1. COLD BEER EMERGENCY

Chance’s habit had become to leave for lunch 15 to 30 minutes early (and return late). Then one day, it was five minutes ‘til noon, he rushes over to the secretary:

Chance: Audrey, I gotta get outahere. It’s an emergency.

Audrey: What do you mean, emergency?

Chance: Got to get to the Dirty Duck, a cold beer is gettin’ warm.

¹⁵ Intelligence (Intel) = the entire integrated state security and surveillance apparatus run by the Western Cabal, including the CIA, DIA, NSA, ONI (Office of Naval Intelligence), Israeli Mossad, UK MI6, and other deep state spook operations.

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?"

2. MOUNT SKYRIDER

Chance had got himself a tricked-out CJ5 American Motors Jeep. The company was moving dirt around to make way for a separate building to serve as the new foundry. The mound was shaped like a large wedge maybe 40-50 feet high at the crest, but with a flattened area at the top before the dropoff.

At the Christmas break, with a light dusting of snow on the ground, wearing his beatup, Yeehaw urban cowboy hat, Chance returns from his liquid lunch. He proceeds to climb the hill a few times, eventually drawing a small audience. The security and grounds people didn't like it, but those were the days of letting the young worker bucks blow off steam.

Neil remembers Chance's iconic 4WD 'great act of defiance' like it was yesterday—his hearty laughter rolling across the parking lot. Truly, Chance was the only individual at Skyrider, then or since, blue collar or white, who would have even *imagined* that he could break the mold—badges, military contracts, formalities, obedience—and get away with it.

Neil remembers Chance's iconic 4WD 'great act of defiance' like it was yesterday—his hearty laughter rolling across the parking lot.

Nowadays, anyone doing what Chance did then would be gang tackled by security, taken to a rubber cell, and pumped full of Thorazine. For starters.

After he left Skyrider, 1983, Chance stayed connected periodically with the poker gang (of which Neil was part), a Rocket Shop breakaway golf league, and a regular Saturday golf foursome. One by one, these bonds would weaken.

Chance's wandering life style peaked in the mid 90s. Then, during the Free State years, as he started writing in earnest and launched his Website and publishing company—becoming spiritually aligned with the work of Eckhart Tolle and the cultivation practice of Falun Dafa—Chance let go of his addictions.

Unless you count the global truth force and liberty.

Chance's 2015 book, *After 9/11 Truth*, stood for where Chance intended to go. Neil received a copy of said book along with a formal letter in the mail... which read as follows:

9/11 TOTO LETTER TO RESPECTED DENIERS

Dear Neil,

Polls show more and more people believe that the official story (OS) of the 9/11 attacks is like the Emperor's New Suit, something that we're supposed to believe that violates the obvious. From cursory research, at least 15 insuperable contradictions exist to the official story. [Link to contradictions.]

Serious researchers believe the government has concocted a feeble, transparent ruse of misdirection away from the true insider culprits, and that the attacks of 9/11 are merely a pretext for unleashing tyranny and empire on the world.

Michigan author Hiram T. Chance has written a book, *After 9/11 Truth*, which summarizes 12 leading 9/11 books and videos... then presents a plan to encourage—via individual written messages to respected OS-accepting peers—to read or view *at least one* truth work.

As a person whom I'm presuming yet accepts the official 9/11 conspiracy theory, please read or view a book or video on the list. [Probably the best overall introduction to the 9/11 truth

oeuvre is Architects and Engineers for 9/11 Truth's *Explosive Evidence, Experts Speak Out (ESO)*¹⁶... often available for free view on YouTube.]

If you agree with the overwhelming forensics and logic, I ask you to declare so publicly. And consider joining me—please contact me for followup—in actively sharing the knowledge forward... by going to the after911truth.org site, subscribing, activating, and working with the exciting team we're building.

Finally, if you will fill out the questionnaire and download/return it to me, it will help us to measure progress toward our common goals of justice and liberty. Thank you. Feel free to contact me to discuss *ESO* or any other truth work. If I can't answer your concerns, I'll find someone who can.

Sincerely,

Chance



¹⁶ Chance also sent to Neil the *Experts Speak Out* DVD, separately.

'The Second Little Boy'

Back when he received them, Neil responded to Chance's heartfelt personal letter and to the *After 9/11 Truth* book and to the Architects and Engineers' 9/11 Truth DVD just as Neil normally had all the years they'd known each other: he just ignored them, passed over them in silence.

Exactly how nearly *ALL* Chance's former Rocket Shop colleagues and contacts reacted: "Chance is a nice guy, but a tinfoil-hat-wearing conspiracy wild man, not to mention a radical libertarian who openly discusses concepts—like the Constitution; freedom; ending the Fed; indicting government officials for wars, torture, and environmental assaults—that have no relevance to real life.

"Plus, he thinks the government's conspiracy theory of the 9/11 attacks is a transparent lie... not to mention a physical impossibility."

And that's for contacts who do more than just roll their eyes and grunt "pshaw!" upon hearing Chance's name.

Only on the occasion some months ago, when Neil received the personal letter, something told him that he might care to read it again. So he didn't toss the material, he kept it... for a moment like this.

Neil *admired* Chance, despite the long ago excess that hurt people that Chance cared about and led to Chance's divorce and all the rest. How many people did Neil know who were willing to lay it all on the line in public, taking a stand based on principle that was so unpopular?

Even if Chance was dead wrong, the intellectual and moral courage he displayed was extraordinary.

Neil *liked* Chance, too.

There wasn't a mean, low, or dishonest bone in the man's body. Geez, and *what he had gone thru*—losing his dad in '78 at 54, then his brother in '07 at 56, having to care singly for his mom and her kidney disease for five years thru all the dialysis and the terminal heart-lung-stroke incidents—his sister, her family, and his brother's family excommunicating him (and Mom) thru all these end-time travails.

Chance had even specially acknowledged Neil in a 2003 book on network engineering that Chance had coauthored.

Yet, all this time Neil cleaved unto the Blue Pill ways so second nature by now. Despite his extraordinary abilities and the high regard of his peers, Neil was uncomfortable taking the lead in challenging any ‘official knowledge.’ It was so much easier to stay Blue Pill compliant, not question, not challenge, hoe his garden.

Neil suspected *if* he did look independently and in detail at a forbidden topic, like 9/11, and *if* he publicly came out against the official story, then—at least for the dozens of his engineering colleagues and contacts all around the country, the world even—there would be a mad rush to Neil’s view. The official king’s men’s position could collapse in a heartbeat.

Just as in *The Emperor’s New Suit*: A group of insider charlatans posture to the king that the king’s suit of nothing is actually such fine-threaded gold that only loyal subjects can see it. Works fine until the First Little Boy asserts the obvious.

But the next step in the story is often forgotten. What happens is adults surround the First Little Boy and indignantly berate him for disloyalty and bad eyesight.

At which point, because a *Second Little Boy* confirms the obvious reality, the bubble bursts. Because of the *Second Little Boy*, all the ‘Blue Pill’ subjects trade their fear of offending the authorities for their fear of being thought stupid by their peers.

Returning to the present, and to his quandary, Neil performs a detailed action-risk assessment in his head... for the best choices he can make. The upshot:

“*If* the 9/11 official story is a lie and *if* the 9/11 attacks were planned and executed by Secret Squirrel forces of the global deep state *then* the most rational decision is to attest to 9/11 truth, to not take the Secret Squirrel black job, and hope his public declaration gives him *Second Little Boy* standing.”

Because of the Second Little Boy, all the ‘Blue Pill’ subjects trade their fear of offending the authorities for their fear of being thought stupid by their peers.

By his estimate, for this most rational decision, the outcome likelihood is 40% that it will cascade the forces of truth and justice, bringing a flourishing free society. Hmmm. Was it time for Neil to stop taking the Blue Pill... with a nearly 50-50 chance of saving the world rife with stupidity and blindness?

Neil located then put Chance's book, *After 9/11 Truth*, aside for reading in the next day or two. [It was only 50 pages or so, and appeared to get right down to business.] A key part of the book was the digest of 12 leading works¹⁷ highly respected in and representative of the serious 911 truth community. The listing is as follows:

9/11 TRUTH WORKS

1. [Anatomy of a Great Deception](#), watershed video to convince family and friends, by Detroit leader David Hooper.
2. [Experts Speak Out](#), still the most complete video on the World Trade Center forensics, from AE911truth.
3. [Behind the Smoke Curtain](#), powerful evidence of explosives whodunit at Pentagon, Barbara Honegger, M.S.
4. [The New Pearl Harbor](#), debunks the debunkers, touches all the bases, magnificent, complete, Massimo Mazzucco.
5. ["9/11: Let's Get Empirical"](#), best short written summary of the 9/11 reality all phases, Dr. David Ray Griffin.
6. [Quantum Trek](#), fabulous read on the spiritual calling of 9/11 Truth and the journey to realize it, Pamela Senzee.
7. [Loose Change](#), made by very bright young men on a shoestring-budget, good production values, wide appeal.
8. [Solving 9/11](#), showing unmistakable Israeli govt. role, names and companies, culpabilities, Christopher Bollyn.
9. [Another 19](#), watershed book on legitimate 9/11 suspects (for empowered grand jury), whistleblower Kevin Ryan.
10. [Black 9/11](#), video montage of specific insider crimes, many financial, by activist truth physicist Jeremy Rys.
11. [Truth Jihad](#), inspiring book by former University of Wisconsin professor and Islam adherent, Kevin Barrett.
12. [RT Network story](#), off-mainstream-media assertion of 9/11 as false-flag act of state terror, ref. to CIA lies.

A mighty impressive listing, Neil thought. No time for him to become an avid truther... for 9/11 or anything else. Neil will have to pick and choose. Number 5, the short summary work by David Ray Griffin looked like the best bet.

¹⁷ For access via links: <http://after911truth.org/truthworks.pdf>

And per Chance's letter, "the best overall introduction to the 9/11 truth *oeuvre* is A&E's 9/11 Truth's *Experts Speak Out*... often available for free view on YouTube."

A recommendation from one engineer to another...

So shall it be.

Neil's first truthwork will be the *Experts Speak Out* video. That's right, the same video he was moaning 'woe is me!' over as he began to have misgivings about 'the Deal.' Chance's letter concluded by asking that he answer a brief '10 questions.'

9/11 QUESTIONNAIRE

The questionnaire that Chance refers to in his personal letter to Neil is a postcard inside the envelope he sent. It lists 10 questions with a yes or no answer box.

10 EASY PIECES—9/11 TRUTH

Do you know...

1. World Trade Center 7 (which was not struck by airplane) was fully demolished on 9/11/01 at 5:20 p.m.?
2. WTC7 fell at 'free-fall' speed directly downward onto its own footprint, indicating standard demolition via explosives?
3. Molten iron persisted at WTC Ground Zero for weeks after 9/11 (also molten *concrete* present)?
4. Large amounts of US defense-lab-weaponized thermite explosive residue were found at GZ?
5. Detailed review of airports' 24/7 camera footage shows none of 'the 19' was in airports on 9/11?
6. It is impossible for the 'Boeing 757/767 airliners' to have flown at the sea-level speeds reported?
7. F175, F11 (WTC flts.) recorders 'not found' (!!), F77 (Pent.), F93 (PA) withheld or unusable?
8. War games on 9/11 (some simulate hijack planes into bldgs) not called off until after attacks?
9. No evidence of Boeing 757 in Pentagon debris, substantial evidence of secondary explosions?
10. No evidence of F93 aircraft in Shanksville field, FBI: "has F93 won't reveal whereabouts"?

That seals it, thought Hansen. All obvious yes answers—that is, all true. As Neil always suspected in the recesses of his mind, the evidence against the 9/11 official story was overwhelming. The right thing now was to convene a citizens' grand jury to find the complete truth and bring indictments.

“Insiders, you got some ‘splainin’ to do.

That evening, with his wife Angie, Neil watched the *Experts Speak Out* DVD. More blockbuster revelations, making Neil sheepish that he’d ever looked away and Blue Pilled out the alternative analyses. *ESO* makes a powerful statement about the reasons all the questioning matters. From the haunting opening narrative...

- Our world changed that day.
- 2,744 lives lost in New York... and counting.
- 1 million lives lost in Afghanistan and Iraq... and counting.
- 6,000 US troops lost in the War on Terror... and counting.
- \$4.5 Trillion: War on Terror cost to US taxpayers... and counting.
- Precious civil liberties removed by
 - the Patriot Act
 - Military Commissions Act
 - Department of Homeland Security
 - Transportation Security Administration (TSA)
 - National Defense Authorization Act (NDAA)
- Today Americans [everyone else, more so] are...
 - subject to search and seizure without a warrant
 - detained or imprisoned indefinitely
 - without charge
 - without evidence
 - without a lawyer
 - without a trial
 - tortured, and/or assassinated...
 - ... merely for being *accused* of association with terrorism.

The intro finishes with words to the effect, “Looking away from the real evidence of 9/11 is morally and intellectually indefensible.” Then the video does an outstanding job of presenting a strong subset of that evidence and the science... focusing on the destruction of the three towers.

Calling for “a new investigation.” [Which Neil grasps immediately HAS to be a fully empowered citizens’ grand jury—exercising ultimate authority over all public officials.]

Neil and Angie looked at each other. She was more moved than he was. With tears in her eyes, she said to him, “Chance is right, we’ve been lied to. What do you plan to do?”

“I have to man up, honey,” he replied.

“It’s going to be a major change in the way we look at the world, and probably in the way our world looks at us. The Manistee job is out. I’m going to read Chance’s book, follow up with more of the references, to beef up my knowledge. I’ll be taking some part in the operations he has set up for actual spread of the truth. But that will be low visibility. My main role is ceremonial—confirming publicly to my peers that Chance and 9/11 Truth are true and right.”

“You’ll bring a LOT of others with you,” Angie said.

“I expect so,” he replied. “Best case scenario—with about a 40% chance—is to go for it, all in. My status is what Chance’s system calls ‘2nd Little Boy,’ meaning my changing sides may be a tipping point implying the imminent extraction of a linchpin of the Death Star.”

My status is what Chance’s system calls ‘2nd Little Boy,’ meaning my changing sides may be a tipping point implying the imminent end of a linchpin of the Death Star.”

“Meaning a possible window of high vulnerability to you,” she replied. “It doesn’t matter, you’re doing the right thing and I’m with you all the way.”

“Love you, babe. Stand tall. I’ll get with Chance tomorrow to design the public declaration,” Neil finished.

Next day the two men talked on the phone. They agreed that the best initial declaration would be for Neil to follow up on the same letter Chance had sent to Neil and all the Rocket Shop associates (in email form). Neil would email to that same distribution list—that is, to their company email addresses—a short paragraph as follows:

Dear <Colleague>,

Some weeks ago, Hiram Chance sent to us an email message that referred us to a book he had written on 9/11 which summarized 12 other works that show the official story of 9/11 is untrue. He also asked that we examine some of these key works and if we find them valid, to publicly make known our convictions... then to share the information forward. I’m sending this message to indicate that I have reviewed the materials, and I do agree with Chance on 9/11 and that we need a fully empowered grand jury(s) to convene and bring indictments of all legitimate suspects in that crime.

Respectfully,

Neil Hansen

9/11 Toto

The Prophet's (Chance's) approach to Neil Hansen (and Neil's subsequent conversion from denial to advocacy) was an exceptional success story, producing as it did an immensely valuable 'Second Little Boy' (SLB) participant.

[An SLB, whose stature alone turns large numbers of public leaders to truth, is a game changer. To secure Hansen as an SLB, at the start and for the linchpin 9/11 Toto Affiliate and Chapter, Chance thought, was like beginning a game of Monopoly with \$5,000 and hotels on key properties.]

As the template Affiliate/Chapter for Toto Worldwide, and the *first*—i.e. Chapter #1 of all the Toto Worldwide Affiliates—the 9/11 Toto organization was formed in Novi, Michigan, by the Prophet, himself. From work with this Affiliate/Chapter in the final weeks of 2015 and into 2016 emerged the operations template for all the other Totos (and Dorotheys), as well as the functional companion book to the *Prophecy* novel, entitled simply *Independents' Field Manual*.

Neil was happy to simply make the conversion and the fairly elaborate public declarations... as well as to learn further about what really happened on 9/11 and pursuing justice as a regular American citizen. Because of his special status in the Toto-Truth constellation, Neil was also instrumental in restoring the self-respect of his Rocket Shop pals who had, like him, succumbed to the Blue Pill haze.

Some of the younger men and women even showed promise of becoming full blown Independents.

Yet, even with the boost of Neil's premier 2d Little Boy status, it was going to be a long haul for humankind to clean up all the lies and predations of the Global Toxocracy. Per Hansen's risk-action assessment, it would be five years before victory in this cause could be declared.

He said to his wife, "Angie, darlin', I'm sorry to have had to pull the plug on Arcadia."

"Not at all, hon'. Thanks for manning up to your demons... now we *all* can sleep better nights."

"I guess no need for that lover then, too."

☺

“Well, I haven’t stated that I will... *yet*,” remarked Wayne, “but I know of Clarkson’s efforts, and his book, and the public service work of hundreds of informed, conscientious citizens to remove the vast corruption from the judiciary of what may now be called the IL-legal IN-justice system.

“And I know more than a little about the geoengineering ‘high-crime assault’ as Hiram Chance refers to the felony suite... thanks *a lot* to living here in California, indeed as a neighbor to the esteemed, overworked Dale Wellington.”

“Wow, what can I say... thanks,” stammered Dale.

“Same here,” said Clarkson.

“Consider it done,” concluded the judge. “I’ll forward your petition to the grand jury straightaway, with commendation. I’ve seen your work before, Mr. Hodges, and yours, Mr. Wellington. I know the petition will be exemplary—and even if it were not, I don’t feel it is my role to interfere with communications intended for a proper citizens’ grand jury.”

Clarkson and Dale were stunned with elation. They felt like young Musketeers exiting a royal audience with flowing bows. Nothing but sunshine coming their way.

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Several mainstream and alternative media outlets reported that, due to the size of the case, referring judge Joseph Wayne expected to be asked by the sitting grand jury to empanel a *special* grand jury. And to suggest a suitable nongovernmental attorney to act as independent counsel.

Formerly gilded wazoos began to quiver in earnest.

Virtual New York Grand Jury on 9/11, New York City, New York. On the other side of the country, based on voluminous forensic evidence and statements and actions of key personnel, leaders and lawyers mainly involved with respected 9/11 truth organizations—such as Architects and Engineers for 9/11 Truth, Firefighters for 9/11 Truth, and Pilots for 9/11 Truth—assembled for purposes of preparing a grand jury petition(s).

They formed a new coordinating group, Grand Jury 9/11, with Website and social media, stating a mission to bring legitimate suspects and accomplices⁴⁴ for the crime of 9/11 to indictment by the end of 2016. The lead attorney presence for Grand Jury 9/11 was

They formed a new coordinating group, Grand Jury 9/11, with Website and social media, stating a mission to bring legitimate suspects and accomplices' for the crime of 9/11 to indictment by the end of 2016.

David Masters, a man responsible for pushing for general investigations (with subpoena powers) of 9/11 for some time.

Like David, leading participants in GJ 9/11 had come to the realization that the institution set up by the people under English law—having roots in the Magna Carta—to investigate, subpoena, and compel legitimate suspects of criminal activity—government and civilian—to face trial *was* the grand jury. And that this institution, which powerful people had conspired over the decades to emasculate, needed to be dusted off and put into play. Especially for the crimes of 9/11.

Thanks to Masters and others, an attempt *was* made to bring an investigatory petition to a New York State grand jury pertaining to fraud by the NIST (National Institute of Standards and Technology). NIST's assertion that World Trade Center 7 was destroyed by office fires was clearly a lie based on no evidence whatsoever.

⁴⁴ The starter list of suspects was derived principally from investigator Kevin Ryan's book, *Another 19: Investigating legitimate 9/11 suspects*, and from international journalist, Christopher Bollyn's book, *Solving 9/11: The deception that changed the world*. [And from several other reference sources (ref. p. 53) identified in Hiram Chance's digest exposé, *After 9/11 Truth*.]

However, that petition was summarily rejected on specious grounds by the court. Obviously, the government players have attempted to insulate themselves from any inquiry... and would prevent any access to justice by the people via the people's intrinsic First Principles' institutions.

Recognizing that suppression of justice by the system would continue indefinitely, Grand Jury 9/11, as several other grand jury movements nationwide, opted to 'go virtual.'

The idea of creating shadow or virtual operations that simulate the official ones is longstanding. But Chance's book on L/libertarian grand strategy, *Leaving the Sandbox*, showcased it by proposing that Libertarian Party candidates in an election go ahead and declare victory, then take virtual office with other Libertarians and demonstrate by simulation in cyberspace (and/or by free association in realspace) how *they* would handle the real issues of government.

For example, a shadow Libertarian state legislature would significantly reduce government taxes and spending, eliminating programs and abolishing statutes of aggression. Immediately. Then longer range, such a legislature would end such rotting systems as the government's mindcrushing compulsory schools. When the virtual Libertarian legislature met and made decisions, it would publicize those choices widely. Ultimately, the people would see the advantages of a real Liberty society, and move over to it in reality.

Going virtual, in context of grand juries, meant to form shadow grand juries—online and in realspace—probably, initially, from those with juice in the game. That is, people sympathetic to freedom.

In other words, say a government or quasi government body or person committed a crime against a free individual or Independent by forcing him to be injected by a chemical substance... *a la* a vaccine. Clearly, that's a crime and a violation of informed consent, not to mention that the government is using your tax money to intrude where it has no legitimate or Constitutional role whatever.

Behind that crime are persons and organizations a) planning the attack, b) coordinating the attack with other attacks, c) appropriating funds and making 'laws' to enable the attack, d) actually performing the crime, e) setting up Medieval punishments for trying to refuse or to repel the attack, etc.

So, what's a mother to do? Down the road, the Society of Independents living in this region of earth and its political allies will have actual functioning grand juries *in reality*. Anyone aware of the crime in progress, *at any step*, will immediately petition to his friendly neighborhood or public service association grand jury.

The grand jury will quickly meet and/or decide the case, the perpetrator will quickly go to trial, the trial jury will quickly convict, the judge will sentence, and the person who planned, enabled, or perpetrated the obvious act of aggression—in this case, the extreme felony of violation of medical consent—will compensate his victims to the extent possible and, for capital crimes against persons, will be removed humanely from society for a long period of time.

[Let's use the example of SB 277 which passed in California to require school children to be vaccinated against parental choice. Just personally speculating on what would emerge as sentencing guidelines, Chance imagines that any legislator voting for the criminal act would face 20 years in prison, similarly the governor for signing the bill and anyone attempting to enforce it; pharmaceutical company executives funding the passage of the crime would face about half that term; and any prosecutors/judges assessing penalties on the noncompliers would receive maybe twice that term, i.e. 40 years in prison.

[Acts of aggression by public servants are serious crimes and must be dealt with harshly.]

Okay, that's the ideal world.

But we're not there yet. So until the people can see how such a world will be ideal and move *en masse* to implement it, those of us who do wish to see justice done founded virtual grand juries. And that's what Grand Jury 9/11 accomplished in mid-May 2016... to considerable fanfare.

The decision was made to conduct Grand Jury 9/11 in stages: the first stage being creation of a virtual grand jury at the state level—probably New York or New Jersey being given preference, because of the residence of so many 9/11 truth activists there and because a greater number of the victims of the WTC destruction lived in one or the other of the states.

The second stage goes to actual independent and empowered grand jury(s) deliberation at state and federal levels.

The virtual independent state grand jury for 9/11 was composed of 25 persons drawn randomly from residents 18 and older... and who would agree to do the research and deliberate with other jurors in cyberspace for at least four hours per week. They had to swear an oath to the Constitution and to seek the truth and nothing but the truth.

At the point of the 9/11 virtual grand jury founding, the country was becoming a parade for grand juries. Masters and other leaders in New York/New Jersey Grand Jury 9/11 anticipated presentments and indictments—probably early 4Q.

And they would be publicizing deliberations to beat the band from day one. All leading to the actual REAL grand jury goal by end of 2016.

3rd Quarter 2016

United States, 'Magnificent Seven' Toto Grand Juries—Virtual. Breaking out all over throughout the country, in the late months of the second quarter and becoming substantial in 3Q. As we know, the Truman Prophecy unfolds in two basic steps: Toto (truth) and Dorothy (justice).

Well, three. The third phase or step is more of a result: to keep the analogy, 'Coming Home' (as Dorothy seeks to do in the fable). Coming home is the metaphor for the liberty result, or, as Chance puts it, the Billion+ Points of Light Society.

The direction of Toto Foundation Affiliates and Chapters is to restore a grand jury 'culture' by which to indict those responsible for the revealed crimes and atrocities. This is a big job, but not as daunting as many people think.

By this time in the Fulfillment, early third quarter 2016, the grand jury idea has been percolating thanks to several avenues, not the least of which is this book itself, *The Truman Prophecy*. Self-fulfilling and aware of the power of the grand jury as original envisioned and practiced in the era of the country's Founders.

Others have been hard at work. Chiefly Clarkson Hodges (ref. pen name Kelly Mordecai) and his *Hidden 4th Branch* and Mr. William Windsor of lawlessamerica.com who has done an amazing amount of work to identify and prevent judicial corruption.

By early July, major players—Clarkson, Windsor, Hi Chance and Brother Al, 9/11 Truth's David Masters, key Toto Affiliate leaders [such as Jake Foster and Derek Gampp ('smart' meters), Jack Hart and Tanya Ryan (toxic skies), Karen Stevens and Sean Rogers (CtC), and so on], also Jim Gray former California Superior Court judge and LP VP candidate 2012—in Grand Jury Nation have conferenced and built many avenues toward reassertion of the people's native supreme judicial power and authority.