



Once upon  
and still becomes,  
**The Leviathan**

Short, unsettling stories of  
The Serpent  
that seethes to ruin US

H. Kirk Rainer

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This book, the writing, is fictional, though it highly relies on non-fictional resources. Cautionary tales provide potential insights to the pernicious, punitive, and pervasive actions of The Leviathan as the single, most significant, serious, and sustained threat to *life, living, and love*.

Other books by H. Kirk Rainer:

*A Once and Always Father*

*A Father and Future Felon*

*His Children are Far from Safety*

*IN THE LESSENING*

*Tall Tells on Tredegar Cove*

*Him Who Cares till When*

*CONSPIRANT COLONIES*

*TO END AN EAGLE*

*COURAGE in The Crush*

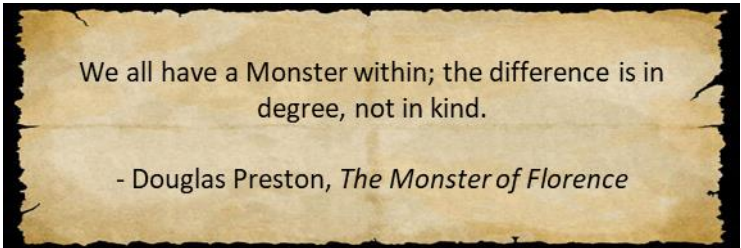
*Same Old, Same Old, so it Was*

*Pondering on Points of Power*

For more information, visit [www.hkirkrainer.org](http://www.hkirkrainer.org) or my blog at:  
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Always remember that behind the thick, steel door  
of superficial history taught by the educated elite  
sleeps an obscure version that elucidates the  
enigmatic events of history.

- Gary Wayne, *The Genesis 6 Conspiracy: How  
Secret Societies and the Descendants of Giants Plan  
to Enslave Humankind*



We all have a Monster within; the difference is in  
degree, not in kind.

- Douglas Preston, *The Monster of Florence*





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## **D**escribing The Leviathan once upon

What is The Leviathan? It is a dragon-like creature with a domain of land, sea, and air, described as having no limits to distance with no equal in prowess and power. Yet, this colossal creature could be more than physical, as though a phantom, aligned with demons, the devil, and all things wicked and evil.

The Bible describes Leviathan as a monster or serpent but, using “dragon” as an alias, is the ringleader of other beasts from hell<sup>1</sup>. In the Book of Job<sup>2</sup>, Leviathan is an enigma like God—too mighty and magnanimous to be grasped by man. Other ancient literature gives credence to Leviathan whether by name, or more often, by features, fierceness, and formidability; a one-of-kind killer undaunted by anything beneath God, high or low<sup>3</sup>.

More to the spiritual, a legion of demons, fallen angels and their ilk, are under Leviathan, rallied to roam the earth meting-out all manner of dark, diabolical, and destructive deeds aimed to distance *the created*<sup>4</sup> from The Creator—all this, initiated by a conflict in the heavens where angels from on high drive the dragon and its demons earthbound<sup>5</sup>. By

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<sup>1</sup> From Revelation 13, the dragon stood on the shore of the sea. And I saw a beast coming out of the sea. It had ten horns and seven heads, with ten crowns on its horns, and on each head a blasphemous name....

<sup>2</sup> From Job 3, may those who curse that day, those who are ready to rouse Leviathan; and from chapter 4.

<sup>3</sup> Among the other sources is the Book of Enoch.

<sup>4</sup> This description, *the created*, refers primarily to humankind.

<sup>5</sup> From Revelation 12, the great dragon was hurled down—the ancient serpent called the devil, or Satan, who leads the whole world astray. He was hurled to earth, and his angels with him.

account, a similarly described beast was killed<sup>6</sup> but then resurfaces in the Last Days, as described in Revelation, with the power to summon spiritual forces of the worst kind.

Does Leviathan live? Could the same colossal creature of yore be at *the door*, not just knocking, but more to form and fashion, knocking-down all barriers for/from safety and security, the sanctity of life, living and even love? Is Leviathan alive, living among US<sup>7</sup> and even in US?

Does Leviathan reside in human institutions or systems that in turn, are acting on its behalf, supporting or servicing its plan and purpose? Can or do these institutions, underlings of *the underworld*<sup>8</sup>, convene and collaborate. When does conspiracy become fact rather than so called “theory”<sup>9</sup>, the truth be told?

I believe that Leviathan is present..., pernicious and predatorial in all ways, seen and unseen, known (of) by *the created* but less than fully known. I believe that this dragon, creature, or monster looms all about US and further, within US, to ruin US. And I believe that Leviathan is not only on the prowl but is planning and producing last offenses against all creation—the likes of which surpass all that previous taken as a whole. I believe that the once upon Leviathan still becomes<sup>10</sup>.

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<sup>6</sup> From Psalm 74, a multi-headed sea serpent is killed by God, given as food to the Hebrews in The Wilderness.

<sup>7</sup> Implied as all *the created*, not just the United States.

<sup>8</sup> *The underworld*, criminality more than actual Hades.

<sup>9</sup> Conspiracy is factual, the evidence unambiguously historical; but often combined with “theory”, conspiracy is made a mockery, a pejorative and quip to discount and dismiss alternative views and opinions.

<sup>10</sup> Leviathan is present and seeks to prevail in perpetuity.

## Ruminating on what was and still becomes

Ruminating is thinking deeply, obsessing on what was *once upon and still becomes*, and is not necessarily a healthy, helpful, or hopeful habit<sup>11</sup>.

At a young age, I may have seen a dragon as exceptional, the better or benevolent beastly serpent<sup>12</sup> from children's tales. But in the likeness of the devil, or Satan, Leviathan excels with preeminent power, potentially infinite force, beyond comprehension. Add those of *breath and body* that not only seek to know this preeminent power but are possessed by and in it—their hearts deceived and darkened to such degrees of intentional and conscious servitude. From claiming to conducting such dark desires, from appearance to action, such creatures are evidently convinced that Leviathan (by any other name) does not pose imminent doom, the aims to end all life, living, and love.

In the science and spirit of Leviathan, demonology,<sup>13</sup> is the knowledge of and likely practice in devil worship wherein,

Some demons serve as portals to sacred grounds. Because some demons can be protective, they are often employed as guardian spirits to watch over the sanctuary entrance.<sup>14</sup>

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<sup>11</sup> Dwelling on such darkness is likely to leave one dark, depressed and discouraged.

<sup>12</sup> Suggesting *Pete's Dragon*, "Puff the Magic Dragon" and *Dragon's Heart*, among other examples of the better beast.

<sup>13</sup> From Wikipedia, the study of demons or beliefs about demons, and the hierarchy of demons.

<sup>14</sup> From *A Field Guide to Demons*.

Can demons be protectors, protagonists, purveyors of good, right? An opposing view is that Satan is anything but protector, not only inclined to lie, cheat, and steal, but is at the core of:

Seduction, subversion, seditions—these are tools of a creature we once called Satan.... Yet, he continues the fight here on earth with the only weapons at his disposal: man's inherent weakness and zeal to be duped if the cause seems appealing enough.<sup>15</sup>

Of those who go beyond..., deceived and deceiving each other,<sup>16</sup> pride of the worst kind<sup>17</sup>, there is however privilege; a power, as with the legend of Lucifer,<sup>18</sup> giving a sense of peace, protection, promise. And there are those (of US) that follow this *road to hell*, whether we realize it or not, willing and wanting to do anything for apparent *safety and security*, peace, protection at any cost, against all enemies foreign or domestic—and especially any *axis of evil*<sup>19</sup>. Considering that the United States has had no shortage of enemies in its history,<sup>20</sup> is this apparent peace possible? Can a nation that is continuously engaged and entangled in foreign conflict expect to sustain civility at home<sup>21</sup>?

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<sup>15</sup> From the introduction of *The Devil's Pleasure Palace*.

<sup>16</sup> *Deceived and deceiving* as both the means and end.

<sup>17</sup> Pride or self-aggrandizement.

<sup>18</sup> From christianityfaq.com, God cast Lucifer out of heaven because of the sin of pride, but other angels may have fallen at other times.

<sup>19</sup> From Wikipedia, "axis of evil" was first used by U.S. President George W. Bush and originally referred to Iran, Iraq, and North Korea.

<sup>20</sup> From the introduction of *Dancing with the Devil*.

<sup>21</sup> Refer to James Madison's warning, foreign entanglement.

## **A**dvocating and adulating the beast

Consider US: a society and culture on a downward and perhaps irrecoverable decline; that who we were, individually and institutionally, by measures of wholesomeness and wholeness, is behind US, as war brings the worse to the domestic home front.

At almost every challenge, the bastions of tradition run up a white flag. It's almost as if they've been neutralized, neutered even, as though there were nothing left on the inside. Could it be the emptiness, reluctance to stand on and defend the tradition and its institutions...are the real legacy of the 'American Century'?

If so, who really won...wars? <sup>22</sup>

Understand that war takes tremendous and terrorizing toll. Protracted by our imperialism, war is a “failure in policy” lending to pervasive pride, privilege, and power at any cost—not the least of which is liberty at home,<sup>23</sup> while adversaries rise, reaction, revenge and retaliation.

More to consider in the *trend downward* and Leviathan's spiritual forces: the *deceiving and deceived*, and all things above and beyond the limits of this preeminent power over US, those that are actively *advocating and adulating for the beast on the highway to hell*, the pathway of perdition, the folly of the faithless, and the eventuality that every empire ends—while taking much with it—as history does tell.

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<sup>22</sup> From *American Betrayal: The Secret Assault on Our Nation's Character*.

<sup>23</sup> James Madison, and perhaps others among the early statesmen, warned that continuous conflict abroad would erode liberty at home.

Willingly or unwittingly, souls are drawn into a labyrinth and lair of Leviathan; temptations, trinkets, or tradeoffs are the means and methods that tap the assumed needs and wants for order, *safety and security*, power, and privilege—above *the better angels*, morals, mores, manners, common sense, and even natural law.

In an ever-changing, incomprehensible world the masses had reached the point where they would, at the same time, believe everything and nothing, think that everything was possible and that nothing was true...

What convinces masses are not facts, and not even invented facts, but only the consistency of the system of which they are presumably part.<sup>24</sup>

And more,

As (long as) enough people can be frightened, then all people can be ruled. That is how it works....<sup>25</sup>

Hence,

There are always people willing to commit unspeakable human atrocity in exchange for a little power and privilege.<sup>26</sup>

...and always *the created* that worship gods in exchange for *The Creator*<sup>27</sup>, having forms of worship of idols to include the beast within.

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<sup>24</sup> From *The Origins of Totalitarianism*.

<sup>25</sup> From *The Rise of the State, and the Demise of the Citizen*.

<sup>26</sup> From *War Is a Force That Gives Us Meaning*.

<sup>27</sup> From Romans, they neither glorified Him as God, nor were thankful, but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened.



**G**risly, gruesome, gargantuan, and growing

Sounds like a dragon; fire-breath, scaled-body, behemoth size, vile behavior. But what of the spiritual force as *once upon and still becomes*, as more—much more! Aside all the graphics, the images and imagination before US, is the deeper, darker, and destructive forces that—odd it sounds—is *to have and to hold* an unholy alliance as described previously and *still becomes*.

I desired dragons with a profound desire.<sup>28</sup>

...while taking on a similar profile, *advocating, and adulating the beast*, a marriage made in hell *until death do US part*.

Meanwhile, marriage(s)<sup>29</sup> are not *made in heaven* but by the state, their license, with all that civil law affords;<sup>30</sup> an *easy out* on a contract established—not between two persons, but between the licensed and the state<sup>31</sup>. Indeed, easy divorce is making mincemeat out of marriage, turning a *once upon* contract into a relationship of convenience; that following the certainty that “anything the governments subsidizes, you get more of it”, rising divorce rates ruin

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<sup>28</sup> From *Of Other Worlds: Essays and Stories*.

<sup>29</sup> Marriage, as a timeless institution, is used as an example, it’s “health” as a measure of society and culture, liberty, and wellbeing.

<sup>30</sup> Referring to the civil law and divorce reform(s) that has diluted and degraded conventional marriage and the family unit.

<sup>31</sup> This contract with the state enables relatively easy divorce while affording the state an advantage to both dilute marriage and to draw profit via the divorce and through child support collections, Tile IV-D.

US, destroying the value of marriage, as foundational to societal strength, independence, and individual freedom.

Through no-fault divorce, one parent can now declare unilaterally that the marriage has "broken down" and invite the state in to take control and remove the other parent without the parent having committed any legal transgression. What the government then offers to the parent who invites it in is the promise that her invitation will be rewarded; the state will establish her as a puppet government, a satrap of the state within the family. This requires that not the faithless..., but the faithful parent be punished.<sup>32</sup>

...along with many that stand in the way of state's path for power, the *vile maxim*<sup>33</sup> as like Leviathan.

There is much *grise for the mill*, much *mincemeat* for the monster, with the means and methods *grisly and growing*, commonly couched as "the greater good", the *lessor of two evils*, or some other meaninglessness, while posterity *pays the price*, monetarily, morally.<sup>34</sup>

The US is not a superpower. The US is a financially dependent country that foreign lenders can close-down at will.<sup>35</sup>

Yet it soldiers on with unprosecuted theft, unparalleled corruption, unchecked/imbalanced power, and indefinite foreign contention and conflict, and unconstitutional conduct gargantuan, and growing.

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<sup>32</sup> From *Taken into Custody*.

<sup>33</sup> From Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, the "vile maxim" applied loosely to statism, centralized powers, and the like.

<sup>34</sup> As society declines, *the created* are distanced from The Creator, distracted, deceived, and divided by a host of idols, foremost the state.

<sup>35</sup> From Paul Craig Roberts.



## bedience as an unconditional condition

With continuous war, the calculated takedown of society and culture, and the incessant spending of the nation's posterity—as unparalleled corruption—obedience remains our standing order, our duty and honor.

The dilemma inherent in obedience to authority is ancient, as old as the story of Abraham.<sup>36</sup>

...somewhat as *groupthink*.<sup>37</sup>

To think critically, and more, to refuse to obey when one's convictions, standards, morals is likely *the road less traveled*, is sure to be more costly, sacrificial, and lethal as Leviathan *becomes*. For it is in or with the soul, the heart and mind, where the internal war resides with all things spiritual, manifest in all other ways among and between groups and populations—as the plot and plan proceeds, progresses.

According to scriptures, *the plan* began *post-fall*<sup>38</sup>, but continues from the deepest and detailed composition of the human genome to the international agendas to centralize and consolidate power, leveraging environmental, economic, energy and electronic

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<sup>36</sup> From *Obedience to Authority*.

<sup>37</sup> *Groupthink* is the practice of thinking or making decisions as a group in a way that discourages creativity or individual responsibility.

<sup>38</sup> Referring to Satan's fall from heaven, after attempting to become God as the result of pride in the worst sense.

(informational) forces as never available until now.<sup>39</sup> This array of forces will oppress and subpress as never experienced in history, never to be repeated. Essentially everything and everyone will be surveilled, coerced, and compelled into submission. Seemingly natural and manmade events will intensify, the forces of nature and the invention(s) of the diabolical in full array with the toll on *life* extreme, all *living, love* degraded, destroyed— as the plot and plan proceeds, progresses.

The poet T.S. Eliot wrote that the world ends not with a bang but with a whimper.<sup>40</sup>

But not before the state and sundered forces<sup>41</sup> slide into deeper and darker corruption—as a certain condition whenever power expands, concentrates, and centralizes—checks and balances cast to the wind.

What is the relationship between power and force? Certainly force, the lowest common denominator of power, has been widely identified with power in America; it is the automatic, first association of power with most people in this country.<sup>42</sup>

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<sup>39</sup> The Information Age enables a technocracy—as never before possible.

<sup>40</sup> From *The Life and Death of Planet Earth*.

<sup>41</sup> Combined forces to mean totalitarianism on a scale as never known historically, comprised of human institutions and demonic forces summoned by the diabolical, determined, *masters of mankind*.

<sup>42</sup> From *Power and Innocence*.

## Ascent to that drawing near

With emphasis on technology arriving, or already well established, science is the fastest growing religion among US, followed by Satanism<sup>43</sup>, where resides Leviathan as a fallback to black magic<sup>44</sup>.

There are many 'isms<sup>45</sup> before US: 'isms embraced as *good and right*, such as capitalism or materialism; <sup>46</sup> 'isms openly condemned in the public forum, such as socialism or fascism; <sup>47</sup> and 'isms viewed or deemed as insignificant, inconsequential, innocuous—though potentially insidious as with totalitarianism that combines technological developments with the timeless temptations and tendencies of power left unchecked, rendering a reliable *slow boil of frogs*<sup>48</sup>.

The undercurrent of totalitarianism consists of blind belief in a kind of statistical-numerical “scientific fiction” that shows “radical contempt for facts”: the idea subject of totalitarian rule is not the convinced Nazi or the convinced Communist, but people for whom the distinction between fact and fiction and the distinction between true and false no longer exist.<sup>49</sup>

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<sup>43</sup> Signs or evidence of Satanic worship are on the rise, as examples appear at major national, international events among other forums.

<sup>44</sup> Earliest exhibitions of science fell under the practice and presentation of black magic, combining the wonders of both worlds.

<sup>45</sup> As used by Ralph Nader, 'isms.

<sup>46</sup> Materialism is foundational, “The American Dream”.

<sup>47</sup> Secularism, socialism, and fascism are alive and well among US, conducted by and through the state, it's forces.

<sup>48</sup> *Slow boil of frogs*, or *soft force* (as opposed to *brute force*) that undermines society using underhanded means and methods.

<sup>49</sup> From *The Origins of Totalitarianism*.

Perhaps *two steps forward and one step back*, but *something wicked this way comes*<sup>50</sup> as never *once upon*.

The lines between power and force are further blurred: the reigning-in of individual rights, the ratcheting-down of outliers or nonconformist as *wrong-think*,<sup>51</sup> the complete disregard for justice and consequently, the power to condemn without determination of guilt<sup>52</sup>.

Our prison system(s)—already the largest and most funded in the world<sup>53</sup>—will expectedly see a surge, perhaps on scale with the *war on drugs*<sup>54</sup>, commonly categorized as *crimes against the state*. The Justice or inferences to freedom and liberty, with all its associations and prior allegiances, will erode further, the *rule of law* eradicated by volumes of decrees, public dependence, personal despair, despots/dictates<sup>55</sup>.

There are several signs that a new kind of (technocratic) totalitarianism is on the rise: an exponential increase in the number of intrusive actions by security agencies...the sharp increase in the last decade of citizens snitching on one another through government-organized channels, the increase censorship and suppression...<sup>56</sup>

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<sup>50</sup> Taken from Ray Bradbury's book by the same title.

<sup>51</sup> Criminalization includes allegations of thought, ideas, etc., deemed dangerous, detrimental, dissident.

<sup>52</sup> Rule of Law and Due Process are denied, dissolved, to all but the most powerful that simply are *above the law*.

<sup>53</sup> The US prison population surpasses all other national systems.

<sup>54</sup> As a primary cause of growth in the prison population.

<sup>55</sup> Executive orders, expedience, and similar replace *the rule of law*.

<sup>56</sup> From *The Psychology of Totalitarianism*.

**S**hort, cautionary tales, and such stories

The purpose of the *stories* is to convey the previous content in a creative, imaginative but internalized way, through a one to one (or one on one) verbal exchanges supplemented by one of two's (the narrator) thoughts shown in *italics*.

The book contains 36 stories, where each primary topic and single character are inspired by primary numbers, 0-9, and the 26 English alphabet as planned, peppered with pertinent quotes.

Character names are representative of the personality; for example, PRUDENCE is a character showing caution, care, common sense, and similar connotations of the word's definition.

Story length is expected to range from one to two thousand words, 6 to 12 pages, with a similarly-parchment background for effect as well as method to tie each topic or section together.

The description of "cautionary tales" should come as no surprise given the preceding content and the theme: the ruin of US (or the masses) where/with Leviathan runs supreme, seemingly undaunted, to destroy every vestige of *the created* and The Creator.

Expect the stories to reflect the prior content in full splendor with the dark and deep forces, the malaise and malevolence of *the masses* as *the love grows cold*,<sup>57</sup> amidst Leviathan ever rising, drawing upon natural, manmade and supernatural forces aimed to ruin US.

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<sup>57</sup> In the end times, the love of many will grow cold, according to Matthew 24.

This great evil, where's it come from? How'd it  
steal into the world? What seed, what root did it  
grow from? Who's doing this? Who's killing us,  
robbing us of life and light, mocking us with the  
sight of what we might've known?

Does our ruin benefit the earth, does it help the  
grass to grow, the sun to shine? Is this darkness in  
you, too? Have you passed through this night?

- James Jones, *The thin red line*



**I**mpervishable, immortal soul of ZERO <sup>58</sup>

Once upon and still becomes the story of ZERO, the first of the numbered and all that is and is not, less than one and more than nothing unless a true Soul.

“That’s my name,” says someone seemingly of no import, losing any significance left by admission of the name, ZERO.

“Your name is what,” says a few in union and unison; those that possibly care enough to ask given the appearance of ZERO, oval and hollow, droll, dull, and by the numbers, null.

“I’m ZERO,” he retorts as though habit, raising his voice at least another notch while stretching his already unending shape to another level, appearing to fill the void.

“How-ed you get such a name,” others fire back, one feeding on another. “What value is ZERO?”

“I’ve heard it all,” ZERO begins, “The whole smack from me to nine and more. My only consolation is the negative.”

“Then why bother with your story. Why not just roll away into nothingness or hook-up with another of value, raising your worth, distancing yourself for all the negative, pulling from the positive?”

“I guess it’s because someone cares besides me, someone else sees value in me, intrinsic though it be but more than nothing.”

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<sup>58</sup> Topics: groupthink, hypocrisy, corruption, collectivism, dissidence, doublethink, exploitation, greed, graft, hypocrisy, loss, money, value, mass-formation, power, significance, soul, worthy, value.

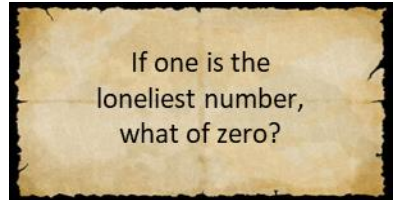
“Okay, but for anyone who does..., there are many—like us—that see next to nothing and, to be clear, others who want you out!”

“Why,” ZERO whispers, cautious but curious. *Still, he knows what they mean, what is meant by “out” as in get out, go away.*

“Well for one, you *straddle the fence*, perhaps deadest on the *middle of the road*, neutral or undecided, without affiliation.”

“You don’t care for anyone or anybody,” another charges, “and because of this alone, you need to

get out, go away, and preferably fade into numerical nothingness.”



*If one is the loneliest number<sup>59</sup>, what of ZERO? But are we to feel sorry or to care about ZERO? Could this so-called “neutral” place be that bad—assuming that they are right? What if they’re wrong and ZERO is, well, worth something. What if their claims are false? What if they’re lying? Why are they singling out the less numbered on sheer spite, tearing another down to raise themselves, taking on more worth by nullifying another, making the worthy worthless?*

“I’m not lonely,” ZERO tells me.

Wow, he’s listening. How often does a character hear the narrative, my thoughts? Is it enough that the others may be wrong, out of line, crossing the line, tearing others down to build themselves up?

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<sup>59</sup> Thinking of a song by Three Dog Night.

“We’re not wrong—because we’re always right” they say, despite the outlandish claims, making my question more statements, I think, to benefit them, to raise their worth adding it all up.

“We’re always right because we are,” they continue, the “outlandish” landing somewhere between haughtiness and heady.

“Who are you,” ZERO demands.

*Yes, who are they, these few though presumably part of the many; the endless numbers out there that are decidedly worth something but, taken together, are so much more—their cumulative number, mean, mode and median. And if my statistics serve me, the larger their number the more normal their function, their distribution of such claims and calls<sup>60</sup>.*

“We’re normal—unlike ZERO,” they declare, either mocking me or mimicking me—or both!

“What is normal’,” ZERO follows.

ZERO may be the least of these but asks the best questions—or is another comment as more the matter made to matter?

“Normal is everything except abnormal,” one of the more astute responds.

“What is abnormal,” ZERO follows without hesitation.

“You’re abnormal,” one or another barks, “Worthlessness is an abnormality,” the astute adds with ardor, attempting to add sense to senselessness, the incensed.

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<sup>60</sup> Thinking of statistics and the certainty that all data sampling lends to a normal distribution or “bell curve”.

“So then, I am not only worthless but abnormal by association,” ZERO directs at the astute one, the others as a net loss.

“One has to *call a spade a spade*, I’m afraid,” comes a reply along with a sullen expression to add effect.

“But it’s not just one, to begin,” goes ZERO, zealously looking for answers though ironically finding little worth among the mob.

It is more than ironic, but idiocy, I believe. *And thinking of it: is there a disclaimer for claims, an excuse for the inexcusable? No, it is a hierocracy of hypocrisy that starts at the top of the millions, maybe billions, or trillions, and trickles down as a mad and mindless measure of something special—called money—used and abused for power to buy anything as it seems. And the zeros; what part do they play? The more numbers, taken together, the more power; but zeros like ZERO, thrown haphazardly into the mix, make for power on power, a multiplier in effect*<sup>61</sup>.

“Then at least I am significant,” ZERO asks on evidently hearing my thoughts too.

I think so, but that depends.

“On what precisely?”

*As the laws of numbers apply, it depends on the order or sequence, your kind’s position among other numbers in a figure*<sup>62</sup>. But as to the

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<sup>61</sup> The narrator is thinking through the abused zeroes, haphazardly applied to money as a big -plus by its mere place, position.

<sup>62</sup> Referring to significant figures; that all zeros that occur between any two non-zero digits are significant. For example, 108.0097 contains seven significant digits.

*tricks—assorted methods of protracting power with money—history tells US that it's been around for along time; that as long as there have been numbers and money, the highest levels of the hierocracy of hypocrisy and Leviathan have worked in the back office, drumming-up ways to make much out of nothing, reeling-in others down the ladder such that even the lowest numbers are prized, the least of all.*

*Thinking further on this... and anticipating more questions and comments from ZERO, it seems impossible to pursue such a deviant scheme and yet pull everyone into it. Yet it seems generally the case that all depend on this thing called money and thus, the more possessed, the more property of one sort or another and the power thereof.*

“Who is ‘Leviathan’,” ZERO cuts-in. “Is this the number of all numbers, a heavenly being, a soul of some sort?”

I’ll explain Leviathan later, but for now, think of it as an abstract number appearing as unlimited yet deceptive and distracting beyond measure, stationed above US while slithering through US. Leviathan is likened to a *pyramid of schemes*<sup>63</sup> and scams, working its way into everything starting at the top and oozing down beneath the surface. Leviathan runs the whole smack of the abstracts and less-than-absolutes, suckering other numbers into its system.

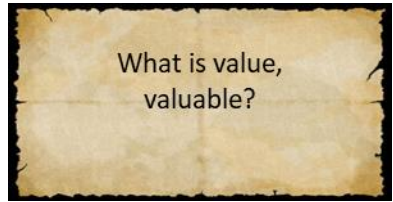
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<sup>63</sup> Money or currency is political; a perception over reality, a made-up value over real, intrinsic worth, as a method and means of power.

Nodding if just to signal another question without grasping the gravity of the situation, comes a relevant, rooted, question from ZERO.

“What is value, valuable?”

To say it again, you ask the best questions. This one is especially hard to nail-down given the system of schemes that play on value and works its magic to make value out of practically nothing. But value, however contrived, is commonly measured by importance or benefit. A valuable relationship, such as when a few familiar numbers get together, is an example of importance. More, one number may value another number’s life and living, how they conduct themselves and strive for true examples of *good and right*<sup>64</sup>.



“Does it have to be good and right to be valued, valuable?”

What do you think, ZERO?

“Value is not only tied to good, right, but bad and wrong too.”

Hey, you’re listening! Sure, some numbers value *bad and wrong* if it serves them—if it supplies more property and power no matter the sacrifices and losses of others.

“And they know that its bad, wrong?”

I cannot say in every case but suspect that knowing... depends partly where the numbers fall in the *hierocracy of hypocrisy*. Even at the base

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<sup>64</sup> Good, right, life and living, are each priceless but value extends to wrong, death and dying.

levels however, numbers go on deceiving and being deceived, exchanging money in sinister ways, forcing the matter to their gain, their interest<sup>65</sup>. And in such schemes, often criminal, there are winners and losers, big fat numbers—often just a few—and *the pocket change* to a few more, leaving many destitute, *down-and-out*, finished!

“And this is bad, wrong?”

That depends on who wins and who loses; for the winners, those at the top of the *hierocracy of hypocrisy*, it’s a win! What’s more, such high levels of luxury are *above the law*; that is, they are often given a bye and leave when it comes to high crimes and misdemeanors.

“And are all the others held to the so-called law?”

It’s not *black or white* but seems *grayish*, uncertain, as the system goes. What seems to hold however is that the more power—often measured in money—the more privilege as to even skirt the “so-called law”, buying (out) one system with another so to speak<sup>66</sup>.

“Sounds sketchy to me.”

Hah, I love your satire!

“But this money thing and US zeroes.... I mean, it all sounds like one big-,”

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<sup>65</sup> Speculation where the value of money is achieved beyond legitimacy, using all corners of power to swindle and steal often immune of charges or conviction, acting *above the law*.

<sup>66</sup> Money manipulation is magical, mysterious but malevolent.

...System, or something complex and calibrated; one having a long history but enhanced and expanded with faster exchanges—the more transactions, the more money to be made, velocity accelerated.

“Until it blows-up?”

It cannot go on, but sooner or later, it implodes, collapses, crushed by its weight, and-

“It’s over?”

You would think, but history—and especially now—the system soldiers-on, numbers deceived and being deceived, accolades and awards to those who are good at doing bad, the *worst of the worst*. But if you want the truth of it, what is real beyond the schemes, scams, and shenanigans, consider those who possess the most, the highest and higher of *the hierarchy*.

“What of them?”

Sure, they’ve got numbers—even your number—but have only one thing on their minds, in their hearts and beyond their souls.

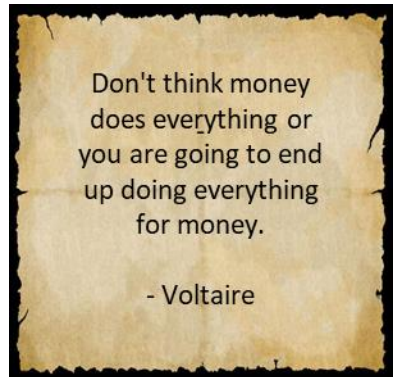
“What’s that?”

Power, of course, and the gnawing, grisly, gruesome, gargantuan and every growing desire for more, infinite, endless and insatiable greed, graft.

“It sounds like money is a must, each number needs numbers—and especially me!”

Yes, so it appears.

“How can I be worthless, as claimed by those other numbers, if I make money more...?”



Don't think money  
does everything or  
you are going to end  
up doing everything  
for money.

- Voltaire



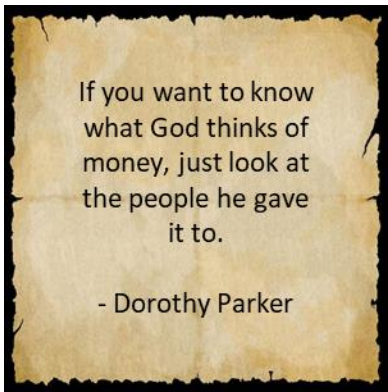
It seems complicated, contradictory, but largely because the system turns real value *upside down*.<sup>67</sup> Again, it exposes the trappings but then, as explained, many seem bent on filling their bottomless pockets—though most end up victims rather than victors, winner takes all.

“I look around and see it differently,” ZERO argues. “I see many numbers *basking in the sun*, warming in the wealth of this thing called money, the succulence of the so-called system. Yes, they worry, but meanwhile appear to be doing ‘alright’—more even!”<sup>68</sup>

Yet the numbers just don’t add up—what they claim, and present, promote, with all the pride and pomp made so by profits, possession, property—given power. It is an art and a science; first the science of numbers and investments, but then the art that creates money *out of thin air*<sup>69</sup> and uses money to make more money<sup>70</sup>, to have more things

and to control more numbers—using force to rob, thief and steal<sup>71</sup>.

Your observations are not altogether wrong. Yes, the system does empower but this affect, or consequence is fleeting for most—if not by death, then by deceit and re-distribution, default. As irony once



If you want to know  
what God thinks of  
money, just look at  
the people he gave  
it to.

- Dorothy Parker

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<sup>67</sup> Valuation of money and life are power plays.

<sup>68</sup> If enough benefit, *having a piece of the pie*, the system succeeds.

<sup>69</sup> Fiat currency without sound underwriting or real wealth.

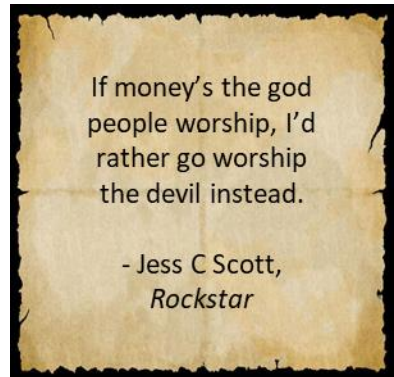
<sup>70</sup> Speculation, hedging and all the machinations of *money on money*.

<sup>71</sup> Scams and schemes, miscreant *moneychangers*.

more, the money owns you in contrast to some sense that you own it or its products. You become the slave to money, the master!

“But money is still power, right?”

Yes, but its energy is not natural unless it possesses precious metals or some other properties with “real” value; otherwise, and as often the case, the money is paper with pictures on it—the value of which is derived from real value or is, as described already, stacked by speculation and its schemes, scams, shenanigans, and snakes. As it is, the money that matters is safeguarded or vouchsafed, while all other *made-up* is subject to the ebb and flow of cycles sometimes called booms & busts <sup>72</sup>. Exploitation to the eons—as a sure indicator of Leviathan’s handywork <sup>73</sup>—renders this *made-up money* of little if any value: debauched, its appraised value dissolved, the numbers decimated to nothingness; and once *the smoke clears from carnage*, even the mention of that money by its given name invokes ire <sup>74</sup>. But in short, some money is perceived power made so by the system, how it works, and who assures that it remains, expands and continuing




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<sup>72</sup> The boom & bust cycle is the alternating phases of economic growth and decline that is *baked into the recipe* of economic health.

<sup>73</sup> The Leviathan is the master of exploitation.

<sup>74</sup> Contrast real money from the made-up, baseless, fiat money.

always earning and churning for as long as it serves Leviathan, a homage to hell.

“Can I have power without money, a life without Leviathan?”

You already do..., and what’s more, you always have had a *life, living and love*—that last beyond a lifetime!

“All that for US zeros, and for me?”

The truth is that that value, worth and meaning are not the result of ridiculous claims by other numbers or all the money in the world; no, our value is deep, not dark but rather light.

“I know..., now,” ZERO says with surety.

It is good that you know it, and good that you have a strong sense of what money is and is not, value and worth. It is good that you know that money can be made-up as claims by the ban of bozos, blown-up with hot air, to bust or burst as the cycles go.

“Like money at it’s end?”

Yes, whether a bang or whimper, bust or blowout, but that synthetic stuff can’t last forever.

“But am I neutral, a hollow number, a waste of numbering, unable to stand,” ZERO replies with at least an inkling of insecurity.

I thought you stood your ground, asking questions about their claims, realizing the faults and falsehoods where *bad* is twisted into *good*, *wrong* into *right*, and the mere repetition of words and numbers somehow makes them true, factual, and authentic.

“But what is to become of me, my-,”

I know that you’ve carried a real burden, the zero used and abused, but this is not the end for you, my friend. To tell it as it is and will be, I am here now, in this place and time, to assure you that you are not hollow or a waste but made whole by your soul.

“How do you this?”

Because I am your soul, that part of you with the energy to think and to reason, to test claims and discard rubbish, to ask the best questions and challenge even the astute when it comes to your *life, living and love*.

“I have a soul and it is you,” ZERO confesses.

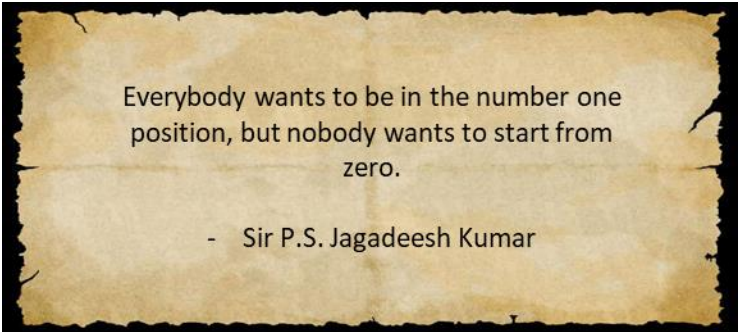
Yes, I am and will be beyond numbers, money and all the made-up and synthetic stuff of Leviathan.

“And this Leviathan, it’s-,”

There is so much to say about this creature, this monster, but I will spare the details for now except to assure you that Leviathan is its worst enemy. Like great nations that rise and fall, Leviathan will destroy itself, figuratively but savagely self-consuming, a ravenous and rapacious appetite—as is the destiny of concentrated, centralized, and unchecked power.

“And what about my soul?”

It is and will be, always.



Everybody wants to be in the number one  
position, but nobody wants to start from  
zero.

- Sir P.S. Jagadeesh Kumar

## Everyone number ONE <sup>75</sup>

Once upon and still becomes ONE, the first of the significant numbered and aligned with winners everywhere, it is in a league of its own making for as long as it remains on top.

“That’s my name,” says one and then another and another. We’re number ONE, we’re number ONE, we’re number ONE,” goes the chant.

Okay, enough already! But if you’re all “number one”, what became of all the others, numbers? *Can everyone be number one, as there are at least nine other single numbers and, taken together, go to infinity. Sure, we all want to be at the top, but it just cannot be.*

“Maybe so, but we’re number one,” they continue incessantly.

Number one in what?

“Number one in everything; undisputed champions, *head of the herd, leader of the pack, top of the -*,” so goes the refrain.

*This is going to be a challenge of a lifetime; trying to understand the mentality, their mantra, and this matter of “number one” without even suggesting ho—the meaning of it!* <sup>76</sup>

You there, you.

“Me,” ONE of the one’s replies with an expression equal to his pretense, an aura of arrogance, a perception clouded by conceit.

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<sup>75</sup> Topics: grandeur, mass formation, coercion, individualism, collectivism, conscience, conformity, compliance, and obedience, power.

<sup>76</sup> If all are first, who is last, or for that matter, less than first?

Please provide some detail, a reason, why your number is one—just you, aside the rest of the entitled.

“I don’t want to, and I am not,” ONE begins, “But we are..., and that’s all I will say.”

*There is glory for the lot of the number one, I know, and taken as a group, no apparent senses of loneliness or isolation; and yet there is stupidity that begins mere words and self-adulation: if you say it and others say it, it is so. But there is more to this claim than words and groups, some basis for number one, some achievement that somebody performed and, latching on to success, many others follow. Suffice to say that winners and champions, those that excel and are visible, are heroes and thus attract others to their side. If you want to be number one, you must find a number one and to latch on, adore them, worship them, and exalt them as an idol, a god. And more, you must lose your own self-worth, personal thought and opinion, aspirations, and accomplishments, and anything else that appears insignificant in the shadow of that number one. More, you must embrace a group and its claim(s), indulge in the revelry, and believe with a diehard conviction.*

“It is my life,” says ONE after several minutes of distraction.

Your life?

“Yes, I am somebody, above the fray, and-,”

And you’ll do anything to prove it, to make it and to sustain all that is number one—am I right?

“It takes a special number to be number one—and we’re not losers!”

And I suppose your right-in-there, *hammering it out, going the whole nine yards*, basking in victories, scorning any loss, losers.

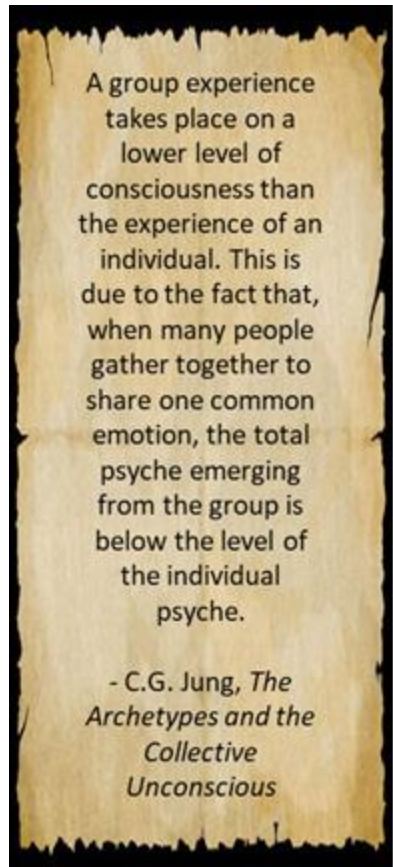
“Again, we’re number one because we’ve earned it. Sure, other numbers are envious and hate us because we’re so good.”

And you'll do anything to keep it, right?

"We do what we must," ONE replies with a smug look, standing erect, and chest expanded, his body shouting what his heart cannot possibly fathom, a worth built on winning whatever the costs.

Many before ONE were number ones too; those that had the same sense of grandness, enraptured in exaltations and excellence of heroes that, however they really were in their numbering, appeared as number one and, above all others, were gods among Leviathan.

ONE can name names, I'm sure, with much more attention to the present than the past while casually disregarding history as a potential lesson. And because they're here and now, the newer number ones are surely better than the oldies; smarter, fast as light, and above all, alive and conscious—a host of hoss for this parasitical relationship don't you think? <sup>77</sup>



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<sup>77</sup> Never mind the past, it's only the present that matters, and more, that things are better than it ever was, the parasites sustained by the succulence of the host, extractions electronic at light speed.



But would it be better to break it off? Better to decide that ONE can be number one without that following and fanfare of the so-called number ones. Is it even possible for ONE to consider alternatives, to give a thought to the influence of others, them, they, or it? And if yes, would they let it go or, to the extreme, would they malign him, call him out and down, ridicule and reduce him to a negative number—less than ZERO, some deficit, debt, or liability?

“I really think you’re over thinking this,”

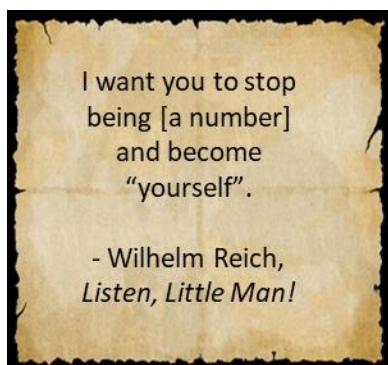
Oh, then you are at least listening. That’s good.

“Sure, but you don’t understand,” ONE comments, his words surprisingly sincere. “This means everything to me, US.”

Tell me how I don’t understand.

“I am nothing without something. I am no one without number ones. I don’t want to be just and “I”, just another number, but need to be somebody special, above the fray, ideally at the top.”

*Wow, he’s able to articulate a conscious thought, I think, and that is a good thing.* Your right, we need others, and I agree that a single



number, whatever its nominal value, gains value from association, contact and computation. *I see his point, I think, apart from what I think about the number ones and their hollow hullabaloo, their ridiculous revery!*

“Being part of them makes me more; better than me and better than being alone, lonely and powerless,” ONE utters, underscoring the apparent need, a wanting for power.

*Hey, there’s more to ONE than I assumed—but that’s me for assuming and not asking at the onset.*

Since you have some reason for going all out for this group, can you go further. Who are you beyond them?

"When I do that," he responds, evidently to *go further*, "I fear that I lose it all, sacrificing my one chance to be, to have and hold, to grasp power and to use it to gain more."

It's all about power?

"Sort of..., but more about being powerless," says ONE., "and being able to do things—anything that please me."

*I think he means, pleases them.*

"And I'll do—I've done—a lot that I'm not proud of, but it's good, it's all good."

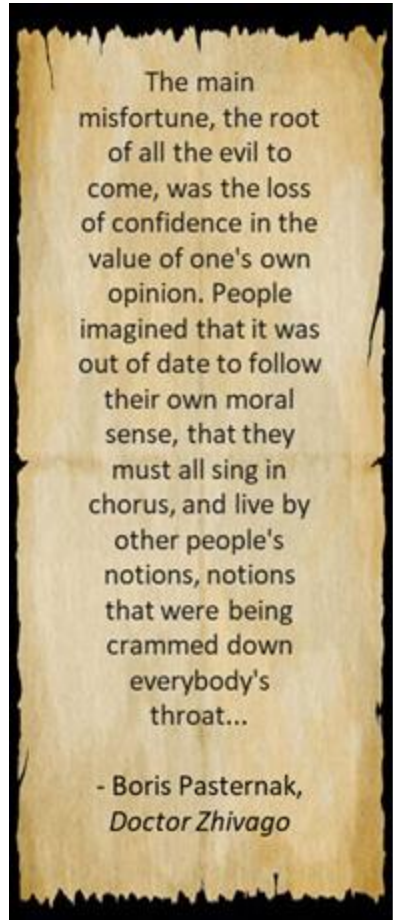
Really, all good?

"We do what we each must do!"

But at the expense of what you knew was, as you put, "all good".

"Don't try to tell me about me. Don't try to judge me because of my need to be needed, my want for we and my disgust of *me*," ONE screams out. "Don't dare pretend that you're above it, an *island*, independent, self-sufficient," he

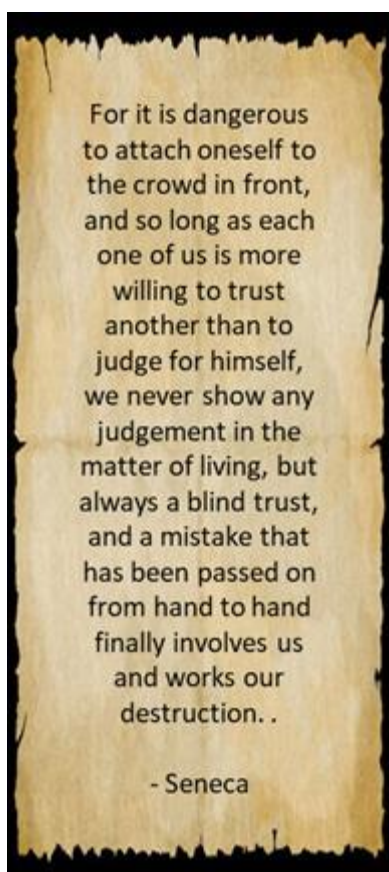
goes on. "Don't try to save me from them or give me some armchair ardor about seeking out solo to find myself or rediscover who I am and am not."



The main  
misfortune, the root  
of all the evil to  
come, was the loss  
of confidence in the  
value of one's own  
opinion. People  
imagined that it was  
out of date to follow  
their own moral  
sense, that they  
must all sing in  
chorus, and live by  
other people's  
notions, notions  
that were being  
crammed down  
everybody's  
throat...

- Boris Pasternak,  
*Doctor Zhivago*

I don't think you understand why I am here, ONE. I am not here to hurt you or to hinder you from some quest for purpose, power; rather, I am here to suggest caution and, based on what you've told me already, to help you understand that being alone—and even left out—is not *the end of the world* or even the death.



"I see."

It is good to see that you, your consciousness, listen to your conscience.

"My conscience," ONE asks with a puzzled look.

Your conscience—me.

"You're my conscience?"

Again, it's me.

"How long have you been around?"

It's not I've not tried but, to be frank, you have shut the door on me many a time. Still, I keep trying.

"And still you keep on-,"

Yes, I believe in you, and I am convinced—now, even more—that my place is with you.

"I am glad that you stayed and

*stuck it out."*

And what about the number ones?

“To tell the truth, the whole thing seemed pretty stupid; all the expectations, the ridiculous rules that nobody actually followed, and all the gloating and bloating of numbers far less than one—and yet not a one with the courage to admit it.”

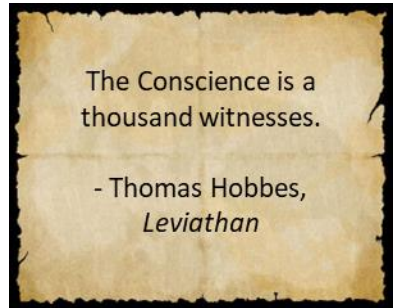
I know.

“You know I what?”

I know that you knew that—even before you were willing to admit to yourself let alone others.

“I guess you did,” ONE agrees, crouching down for a moment. “But aside all that, what is the thing you mentioned, ‘The Leviathan’?”

Leviathan is a spirit of the worst kind and the master of many—including numbers like you. It seeks to control you, to make you conform and cloud your conscience, your conscious thought, thinking. Leviathan is aimed to ruin US and all creation, *life, living and love*.

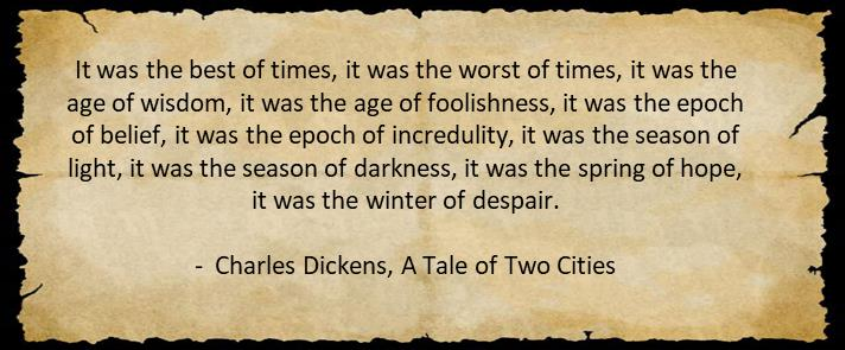


“And the number ones, their part?”

...was to distract you from the essence of who you, tapping into your need for others and using them to feed it, and at the same time, to fool you into thinking that clinging to them is power.

“What then is power?”

Power comes from doing what you’ve done, what we’ve done, choosing to act on the truth, seeing things as they are and are not.



It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the  
age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch  
of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of  
light, it was the season of darkness, it was the spring of hope,  
it was the winter of despair.

- Charles Dickens, A Tale of Two Cities

Another tale of TWO and more <sup>78</sup>

Once upon and still becomes TWO; one city, town, or village, in the next of the significant numbered, what was and what is to come—if not already here.

“I am TWO, the city that was and the city to come.”

*I’ve heard of the twin cities and of a tri- and quad-city, but what have we here, I think. Sure, two can become one—at least as thought—and many can unite into on; but here it seems like the city is a double personality or past versus the present, the future.*

“It is just that,” TWO replies.

Just what, exactly?

“It was the best of places, but is creeping away, going downhill I’m afraid.”

Then that explains why you are TWO; what you were sometime in the past and, as you put, “creeping away”, toward-,

“Hell,” TWO shouts. “Things are *getting ugly* and-, “

And you don’t see it *turning-around*: new projects, better schools, less drugs, a new council, gentrification, economic recovery? But can you offer me reasons why? Why is your city in decline?

‘We’re not alone,” begins TWO. “It seems complicated; the more numbers, the more problems, I suppose, but there is something more to it. I know that things go in cycles and sometimes are irreversible, the

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<sup>78</sup> Topics: apathy, charlatan, civilization, collapse, decay, destruction, empire, expectation, graft, greed, hope, hypocrisy, repentance, vice.

momentum too much and, the more things change, the more change happens, until you *wake-up* and see a vision that the place has no vision, the walls are closing in, and the sun is never to return.”

Is it that bad?

“I don’t know but I am sentimental to the point of playing a poet, or belching-out some blues, a sad poem or song to somehow deal with it.”

Let me see if I can help or at least offer some of the reasons or causes for the decline, here—and to follow without a future.

“Aren’t you the *beacon of hope*,” TWO murmurs without expecting

more.

I am concerned as you are and I think some understanding might be useful, if not for you TWO, maybe for other numbers going through something similar.

“Hit me,” he says, followed by sigh, doubt to be sure.

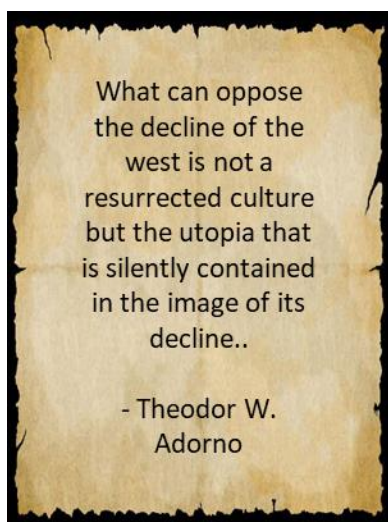
The fact that you’re aware of this is something substantive, stellar; but more, that you’re sharing it with me, now.

“I’ve got to get it out and-,”

When you’ve tried to talk about to others, they either scoff or walk away, irritated, or indifferent—and I right?

“Yeah, that about sums it up.”

Numbers usually fall into one of two places, seldom moving until their absolute forced, and by then it’s too late for them to do anything about it. One place is dwelling on the past, presuming they’ve been around for a while or have some past association. They have this false



What can oppose  
the decline of the  
west is not a  
resurrected culture  
but the utopia that  
is silently contained  
in the image of its  
decline..

- Theodor W.  
Adorno

sense of status quo, until it *hits home*—if it ever does—that *the city is aflame*, and the government is *roasting marshmallows*.

“Marshmallows?”

Figure of speech, but the point is that they don’t want to deal with it, the reality, or any inkling that things are not the same and worse, are getting worse and worse. They go on about their business—to the extent they can—and pretend that all is well. They avoid any evidence or sight of such reminders, moving-on without a thought or care, *busy as bees while the hives are drying up, the sweetness gone bitter*.

“Like bees?”

Another figure of speech.

“I guess they don’t care,” TWO offers.

They do care, but the question about what or whom. Do they care about their city or are they primarily focused *the local situation*, the neighborhood or strictly, their home.

“Maybe they’re afraid?”

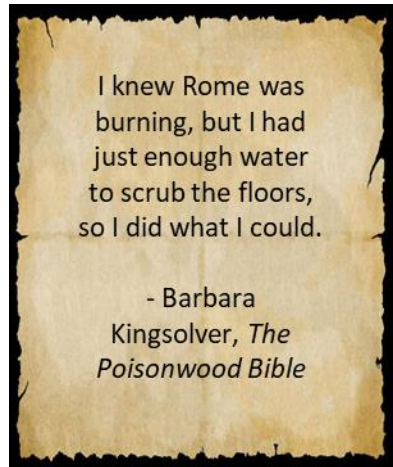
Sure, if they’re not purely indifferent, fear is factor, but what else?

“Maybe they feel helpless, powerless to do anything positive.”

Sounds like another reason, too few to make a difference.

“Or they plainly may not care, indifferent, somewhat like you describe them, ‘one place’, TWO continues. “But what about the second place?”

The “second place” are those who care, ostensibly about the city and commons, but have different ideas—not the least of which is act in their own interest, their behalf.



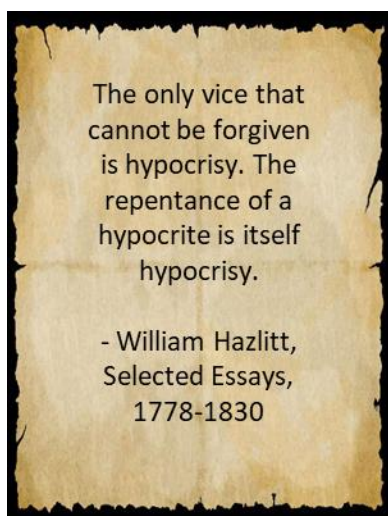


"But you said they care."

No, I suggested they care but as to the city, the trend, they may not really care or see a positive future.

"It sounds like the one and the other are not that different. In some way, they turn away, and turn inward," TWO reasons.

I agree, as both essentially withdraw. Still, the second may seek some sort of edge, angle, or way of gaining from the losses, seeing the decline as an opportunity if just for them, capitalizing on the plight of others who are not so-,



"Greedy?"

Yes, greedy, crafty, selfish, and heartless—all of that! But at the same time their *robbing the store* while suggesting ways of adding security, making it all safer, and protecting other's property.

"Hypocrisy?"

Hypocrisy at the least, though more the manner of a snake hissing its way into home and making havoc while holding a mop and bucket, saying, "I'm here to clean-up."

"Charlatan," TWO continues with one-word answers to my long-winded tale of *two places* that slide, hide, or slither out of *two cities*.

Yes, and oddly enough, the *second place* may just get away with it. While *Rome is burning*, the second *sheds the fiddle* and shakes-down the city.

"Rome, burning?"

It means that as things get worse for the city that the worst go to work, hastening the hell—as you described it.

“They want the city to fall,” TWO asks.

Not as much as they want to gain power.

“Whatever the cost,” TWO finishes, a question or conclusion.

It does not matter to them, as they have no heart and-

“No soul,” he follows again, fixed to each word. “And the city?”

The city is a range of numbers, all concrete, but varying in *life, living and love*. Some numbers love to love and see it as essential, but some numbers are indifferent—the opposite of love. Some genuinely and sincerely care and are grieved and glum over the city’s decline—and may have actively worked to save it! Others however are incredulous, *zoned-out* or *drugged-up*, likely gone without necessarily leaving. Some are innocent but are found guilty—no matter the circumstances—while others are criminal and corrupt to the core but *come-out clean as a whistle*.<sup>79</sup>

“Like some of the second?”

Yes, to be sure, like some of that lot. But the numbers, the mix, complicates things because there is little or no unity, and the more things slide downward, the more mixed it becomes<sup>80</sup>.

“Why not just leave, go somewhere else?”

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<sup>79</sup> Everyone is someone though they are (each) different, made so community, culture, and other causes that bolster their values and beliefs, who they are and how they change.

<sup>80</sup> Decline and failure is fueled by fear compounded, contrived, and conspired to degrade and destroy the foundation(s) of social strength.

Some do just that, leave or move-on to seemingly better places—where the numbers look more favorable, where *the grass is greener*. But others-

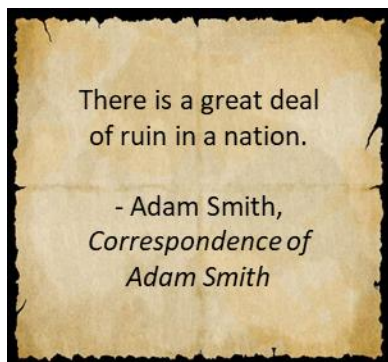
“Stick it out,” TWO follows, the obvious option.

And sometimes because that seems they have no choice.

“The city will die, I guess.”

I can’t say that, but it may reach critical care as other cities have *once and still becomes*, as many more cities will go that way.

“Why so many?”



Because of cycles, big cycles, and how the cities reflect their nation, the country, the decay pervasive and pandemic.

“Oh, the country too,” TWO bemoans.

I know this is hard to accept or even consider, the whole country, but it is about cycles: nations rising and then falling, societies and economies growing strong and then withering after things become too easy and many want for more and more. There is always *some bad apples* in the bunch, not matter than land mass, but as history tell us, nations are apt to slide every faster following some peak of prosperity and power.

“I don’t feel bad,” TWO says sheepishly. “I mean, if the whole is going to hell, how can the city do less? But it is all too much to take-in, to comprehend,” TWO surrenders. “How the hell did we get here and where in the hell are we going?”

There is much to it, but the end is inevitable generally because Leviathan is alive and active.

“Who the hell is ‘Leviathan’?”

Leviathan is the progenitor of all power gone awry, the astounding abuser of power *playing the numbers, working the system*, to assure decline to nothing.”

“Nothing?”

Yes, Leviathan loathes numbers—and all living things created for right and good—and aims to put an end to it, them, US, everybody, everything, all earthly things created by *The Creator*.

“That’s a hell of a creature!”

You’re evidently fixed on “hell”?

“Sorry, but it seems right and good given the-,”

It does carry some weight, but can you handle all this, learning about your city, this country, and-

“Stop, stop, before I lose it!”

I don’t want to overwhelm you, but you must know....

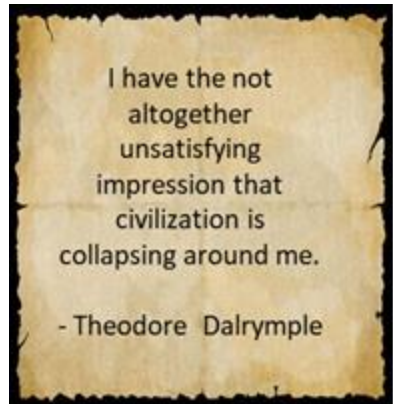
“How many know or care to know?”

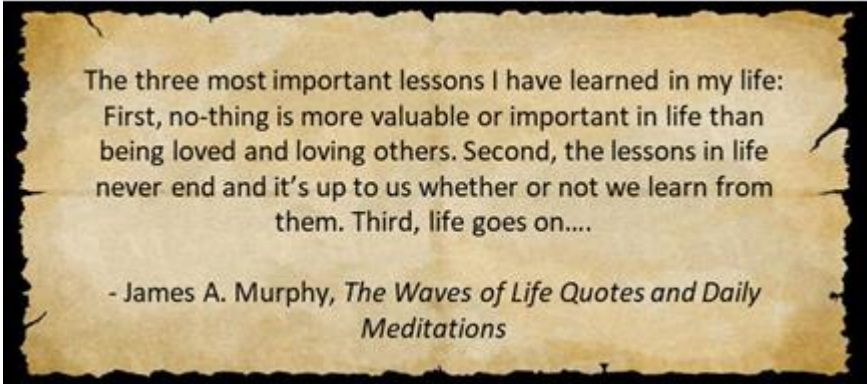
I don’t really know, but I can say that some do, and some don’t, while some are somewhere in between. But as time passes, the numbers will change and as with many other things, those that remain must somehow endure what *still becomes*.

“And who are you,” TWO asks, somehow avoiding the question until now.

Just think of me as your expectation.

“Expectation,” TWO relaxes, resting on what *still becomes*.





The three most important lessons I have learned in my life:  
First, no-thing is more valuable or important in life than  
being loved and loving others. Second, the lessons in life  
never end and it's up to us whether or not we learn from  
them. Third, life goes on....

- James A. Murphy, *The Waves of Life Quotes and Daily  
Meditations*

## Important lessons of THREE <sup>81</sup>

Once upon and still becomes THREE important lessons, each of *life, living, and love*—without which is ruin for US, for everyone.

What is *life*?

“It is anything before death, dying, I suppose,” says THREE.

What is *living*?

Again, anything not yet dead!”.

What is *love*?

“Is this some sort of test, or what,” THREE questions.

Not altogether, although I am interested in your opinion, you view, your values—you!

“Love is caring, staying alive is living and, if it all works well, then life is the result.”

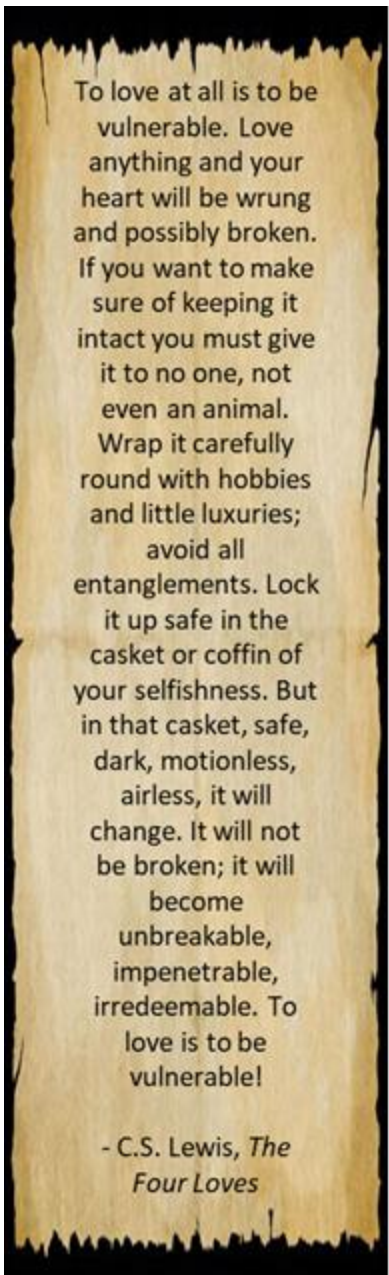
Are you sure?

“No, so why don’t you tell what you think, your view of it.”

I think the best way to know what love is—and is not—is when you think that you are loved but then lose that love. It is losing something that reminds US of how special it is, was—and this goes for life and living too, along with love. If you lose someone that you believed loved you and you them, how much more is it missed, the feelings of sadness and grief, preferably followed by “the good times” or what made it

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<sup>81</sup> Topics: acrimony, bitterness, crushing, demons, dissonance, healing, hurt, loss, life, living, love, resentment, learning, healing, vulnerability.



To love at all is to be  
vulnerable. Love  
anything and your  
heart will be wrung  
and possibly broken.  
If you want to make  
sure of keeping it  
intact you must give  
it to no one, not  
even an animal.  
Wrap it carefully  
round with hobbies  
and little luxuries;  
avoid all  
entanglements. Lock  
it up safe in the  
casket or coffin of  
your selfishness. But  
in that casket, safe,  
dark, motionless,  
airless, it will  
change. It will not  
be broken; it will  
become  
unbreakable,  
impenetrable,  
irredeemable. To  
love is to be  
vulnerable!

- C.S. Lewis, *The  
Four Loves*

good, right. Yes, it is losing love that really *brings home* the difference it made, *life* and *living*.

"You evidently know something about loss," THREE suggests.

Yes, but don't you—doesn't age come with loss, losing, and being lost?

"Sure, I've been there."

Been where?

"Lost, left behind, forgotten, betrayed, lied to and lied about, and anything else that means loss," THREE retorts.

A broken heart-

"All that, if you need to know."

And now?

"Look, I gave you an answer—can we let it die?"

Then you don't love anymore, you don't-

"If I don't love or want to, that's my business, my choice, my life!"

You know that love never dies?

"Sure, whatever you say, but let's lay it to rest, check it off, move-on—lesson learned!"

Did you learn any lessons?

"How long are you going to go

on with this,” THREE blasts. “Why me, why now, with this..., when all I want to do is forget about it and pretend it never happened.”

I understand.

“Really?”

I too have lost love like that, the kind that is affectionate, adoring, deeply emotional and erotic—and it hurt like hell!

“Good, you know, then why keep pressing me?”

Because I care about you, THREE. It hurts me that you don’t want to love (anymore...again)—so true to life and living.

“You seem to know more about me than I do, about all this..., what I feel, the pain and bitterness.”

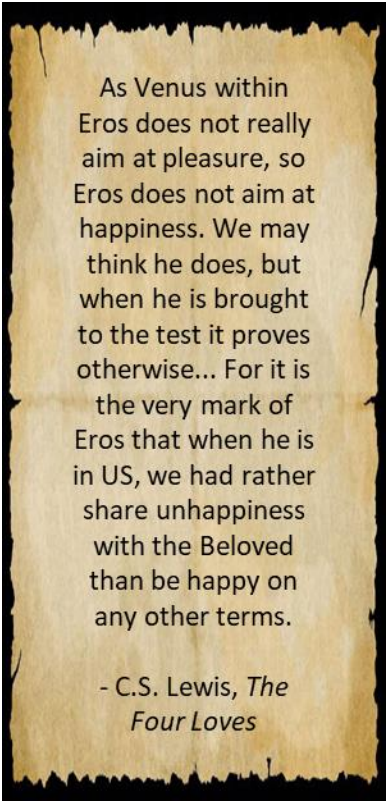
Yes, I do know a lot about you because I am your heart, THREE.

“No way,” THREE quips with a queer look.

I know you were not always happy—even when you thought you were—and that whatever your feelings then, you have *open wounds*, the kind of feelings that flare-up and make you hate others—but most of all yourself.

“And happiness is everything?”

No, of course not, but that’s not really my concern for you. Again, it’s those *wounds* that want heal, festering it seems like oddly your preference, your steadfast position.



As Venus within  
Eros does not really  
aim at pleasure, so  
Eros does not aim at  
happiness. We may  
think he does, but  
when he is brought  
to the test it proves  
otherwise... For it is  
the very mark of  
Eros that when he is  
in US, we had rather  
share unhappiness  
with the Beloved  
than be happy on  
any other terms.

- C.S. Lewis, *The  
Four Loves*



"OH, it's all my fault," THREE remarks. "I'm the reason that it happened. I love to wallow in it like a pig—is that that it?"

I am not blaming you for what happened, but again, I care and, as lame as it may sound, it hurts me to see you keep hurting.

"And you, my heart, want to help me."

It not just about you or me but hurts others too.

"Spare me the sad song," THREE says as satire.

Tell me what you really want.

"I want you to leave me alone, go away."

I can't do that—as I am you.

"Then shut up," THREE bluntly blows. "Go have a seizure!"

Don't' confuse me with the organ which, by the way, could use some attention too.

"So now I've got to worry about that too, huh?"

Since you brought it up, I suppose-

"No, you brought it up," THREE says, showing some sense of self.

*That's a good sign, I think. He's paying attention and may just appreciate the challenge if not a care, something special.*

Yeah, you're right, but I'm just saying....

"Okay, thanks, I'll look into it," THREE remarks, once more to *brush me off*, end the inquiry.

Good, but back to me and you, and-,

"Alright, what's your suggestion?"

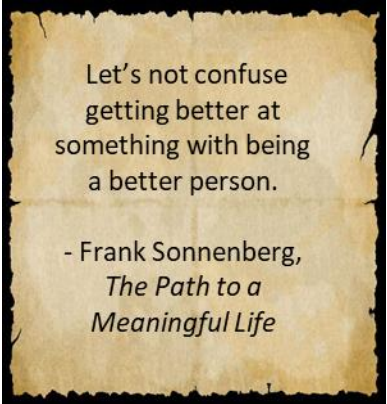
First, is why you want your *open wounds*, why you don't want to be better, well, scars as they are?"

"What is 'well'; I mean, who in the hell is perfectly well?"

No one is..., to your point, I believe, but I said "better"—not perfect or the way it was, or even better for it.

“Better—or better off,” THREE asks with less ire. “I am certain I’m better off without that bum, a loser.”

*I don’t think you are..., you’re carrying a lot of their baggage.* How can you be “better-off” when your bitter, the *open wounds*? Don’t keep making the mistake of believing that bitterness is in your blood; that you must carry this burden for the rest of your life, or better because your “done with the bum” and don’t have to deal with the day-to-day drudgery of a disregarding, uncaring or unloving soul. Is it enough to walk-away or walk-out, maintain much distance? Is it enough to deny the other as one number to another, or that the other is dealt the *last hand of the deck*, folds or is left at the table to realize it is the end of THREE and me? Is it enough to claim you’ve *moved-on* when you’re *locked-in*, rehashing the past and always ending-up angry, resentful, self-emancipating but irresolute?



Let’s not confuse  
getting better at  
something with being  
a better person.

- Frank Sonnenberg,  
*The Path to a  
Meaningful Life*

“Stop this, stop saying..., you don’t understand!”

I do understand and more. Can’t you see that, your heart?

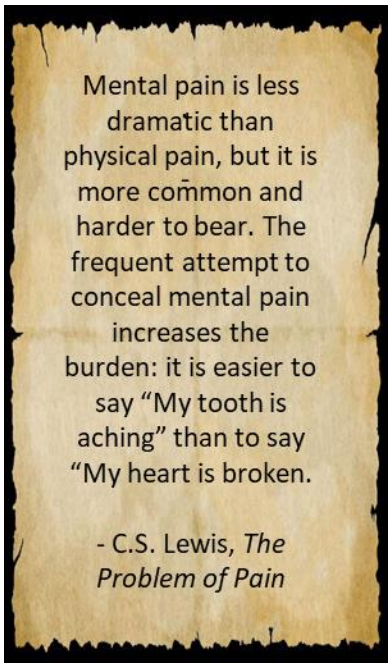
With what seems a long silence, and then tears, THREE, “Yes, I know, I know it, I know that I am..., I know that I have not *truly moved-on*. I know that I burn and blow, my emotions out-of-control. I know that I’m in a funk, a hole, an abyss of darkness and madness, as my will to change or get better is wilted, withered, at least waylaid.”

I know that you know—which is what keeps me going, begging for mercy, relief, rest. I’ve been at this for a long time, and though damaged, we’re not beyond repair, resolution.

“If I love again, I’ll be hurt again and-,” THREE laments.

I know, but love is not about nirvana. Love always breaks me—your heart—and always brings pain and suffering. If love was not so special, it would be easy, easier, right?

“Demons keep me down,” THREE deviates somewhat. “I am powerless and yet possessed, tormented and terrorized.”



Mental pain is less dramatic than physical pain, but it is more common and harder to bear. The frequent attempt to conceal mental pain increases the burden: it is easier to say “My tooth is aching” than to say “My heart is broken.

- C.S. Lewis, *The Problem of Pain*

Just my point, THREE. *Life, living, and love* takes effort, straining the brain, hurting the heart, mixing the mind, suffering the soul, and even demonizing.... And believe me, this condition is growing astronomically by the numbers, and more, is destined as some incurable disease, a pandemic or plague that will and sears and seizes the hearts of many.

What is coming to US cannot be fully conceived or contained, let alone controlled by the numbers.

Not only is such *shredding of the fabric* aimed toward families and friends, but as disease goes, the spread will destroy community, culture, and social strength—enabling the rise and rule of tyrants and terrorists.

“And I thought I had problems.”

Right, but like your situation, it’s bedeviled by-

“Demons?”

That, and an unhealthy dose of doubt, disbelief, indifference, and dissonance.

“Dissonance?”

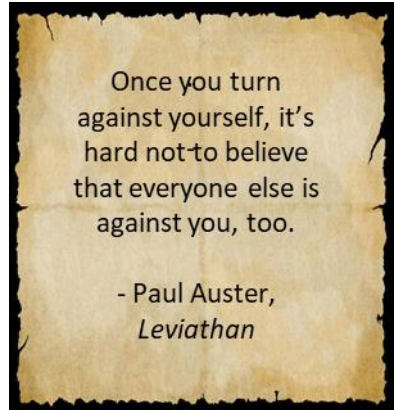
Disharmony, discord, acrimony, enmity—all that divides and finally conquers via The Leviathan.

“The Leviathan?”

Yes, described legendarily as a salient, insufferable serpent, Leviathan possesses spiritual powers that summon creatures of the underworld. Aimed to crush natural creation, Leviathan presses and pushes on, punishing and plundering everything and everyone in its path!

“Why everything, everyone?”

Did you ever want to crush the one you loved? Did you ever think about that and as demented as it may be called, want for their death?



“Yes, I did, do, though I know it’s wrong—maybe wicked.”

Imagine that you did not know..., but committed that violence without conviction, conscience, or any sense of wrong, wicked.

“I see..., and I must love again,” THREE murmurs.

It was about their invading Earth....

There is so much about it that we don't understand. You were right...,when you said we were defeated so easily. We were. It doesn't make sense.

The entire situation with the disappearance of the Elders also doesn't make sense.

- Pittacus Lore, *I Am Number Four*

And still the elders FOUR<sup>82</sup>

Once upon and still becomes the Elders FOUR who bore the brunt of Leviathan's full measure and survived as still becomes.

And who is FOUR?

"We are the FOUR Elders."

What is an "Elder"?

"An elder is among the wiser number, sages of a sort, that come and go, but leave their mark on US and beyond."

Why do you glow, FOUR?

"Because we are spirits—without bodies."

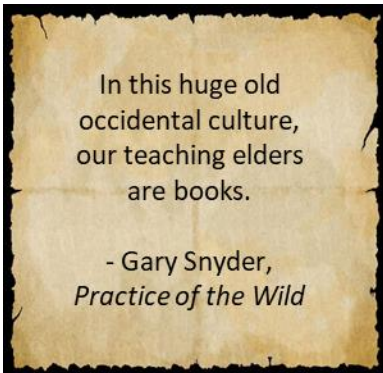
Spirits, but not bodies?

"We were born, bodies, and developed into Elders but then, from

the ancients on, Elders are on record, renown, but are ridiculed and reduced, forced into exile and extermination."

Why treated, "ridiculed and reduced...exile... extermination"?

"Why do you think," the FOUR turn the question in the way of the wise, the reasoned.



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<sup>82</sup> Topics: good, right, wisdom, doublespeak, persecution, power, purging, darkness, kindness, compassion, gratitude, faith, mass formation, mores, ethics, suffering, sacrificing, surviving, spirit.

Perhaps it was because you angered authorities, with words, actions, and all that threaten them.

“You’re correct,” the FOUR reply, “and taught others all that was right and good of *life, living and love*. As we taught them, so too they taught others, spreading all this good beyond. Many more came to US and, on learning and loving, also spread the good to great distances. We grew in numbers—mixed but unified—but then came the punishment, pain, and purging.”

Why did this come to you— all of you?

“We threatened their power. We thwarted their plans. We testified of their purpose, and we-,”

Because you grow good?

“And all that it lends or leads to it, yes, but then they changed the meaning too.”

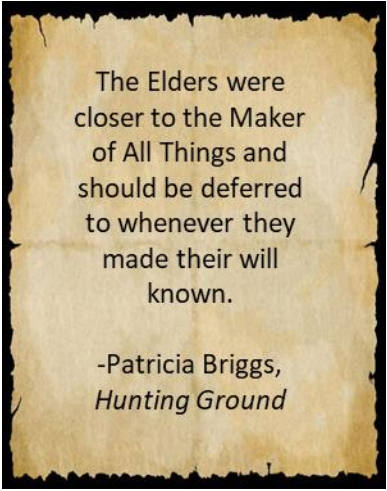
The meaning of what?

“They altered good—all of it—such that things good became bad and vice versa, overturning the way with confusion and chaos.”

Are you telling me that what was long known as good became the opposite, *bad* and *good* exchanged?

“Gradually and insidiously,”  
FOUR reply. “We were once

advisors and counselors but then became criminals, imprisoned, and impelled, often as a public spectacle, even entertainment for the morbid masses. Many who seemingly respected and revered our way were turned, their hearts made dark and demented by Leviathan and league. Incrementally and insidiously, key members were convicted of



The Elders were  
closer to the Maker  
of All Things and  
should be deferred  
to whenever they  
made their will  
known.

-Patricia Briggs,  
*Hunting Ground*

crimes against the state, eventually leading to open and oppressive arrests and abductions—accused by association or allegiance to good and right—eventually eliminated, dead or dissolved.”

You were all “eliminated”?

“Most..., but none released or acquitted—used perhaps as examples, put on public display and profiles of ‘the problems’”.

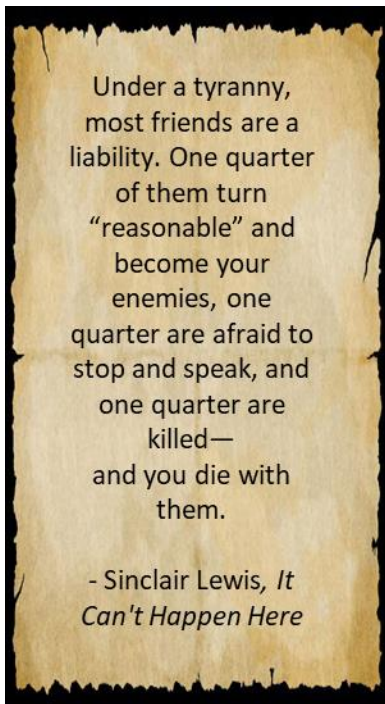
What were “the problems”?

“Problems could be anything or nothing at all, real or imaginary—made-up, but blamed on the innocent and unknowing—with those who were guilty, left untouched, acquitted, *a slap on hand*. It was a twisted terrorism where those who conspired and committed the crimes against *life and living* were (and are) exalted. Masquerading as the makers of good and right, masking their

malevolence with might and magnificence, that enabled order and obedience on a scale never previously achieved, negating notions that it could not have happened here, whatever might have happened elsewhere, and history reminds US.”

And you didn’t see it coming, FOUR, all that happened and is happening?

“Yes, we were and are aware of these things, knowing not only what would and did happen, but knowing who is behind, the plan and purpose, among the many enlisted and compelled to carry out such





crimes against *the* created, atrocities. But what is happening now and to come is worse than what we endured.”

You believe it will get worse?

“We know that it will...,” replies FOUR, “because it must be so.”

Why must it be so. Why is the worst yet to happen?

“It is necessary for the testing, the trying of souls, the separation of the spiritual from all others, to purify or make sure of who is and who is not worthy, the faithful and faithless.”

Worthy for what, whom?

“Worthy to endure the despair and darkness that comes to all creation under the rule and ruin of Leviathan.”

Despair and darkness that comes....

“Numbers acting alone do not want for or seek this despair and darkness but are drawn to it under the spell that it is spectacular, a solution to their problems, even truth! They want to believe it, but by the time they find it a farce—if that ever happens—it is often too late for them to turn back, break away. Yes, they each are sucked into this net thinking that it is better or best, sometimes but not always to realize that it is (or was) a trap, their natural desires and needs exploited and expensed for the empire.”

What empire?

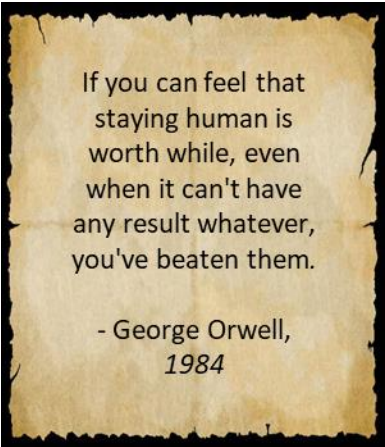
“The empire, now international imperialism and acting on behalf of Leviathan, is exploiting everything and everyone, eliminating all that good and right, *life, living and love.*”

Even love?

“Foremost *love*, the dissolution of love is—as the essence of life and living and all that is ultimately good and right—the central target of these *fiery forces*; that, and all attention to *The Creator.*”

I know of *The Creator* and creation, but now I know more of Leviathan, of what happened, is happening and generally will....

But I wonder how long and to what length this will go on. You, FOUR and your following suffered, knowing what was to happen, and yet live now—even after eliminated!



If you can feel that  
staying human is  
worth while, even  
when it can't have  
any result whatever,  
you've beaten them.

- George Orwell,  
1984

“Yes, we did..., and we do.”

You fight for good and right, now in spirit, not as real numbers but whole numbers to be sure. Without you, where would will be? Without you, where would we go for courage, carrying on the creed of *The Creator*, suffering but saving creation that hears and then acts accordingly. Will we end up but with

you, by you, suffering and sacrificing for good, right?

“You may,” the FOUR Elders tell US.

1. Today you are You, that is truer than true...
2. Why fit in when you were born to stand out?
3. You have brains in your head....
4. Be who you are and say what you feel, because those  
who mind don't matter and those who matter don't  
mind.
5. Today I shall behave as if this day I will be remembered.

- Dr. Suess, *FIVE Lessons in Life*

## Remembered as FIVE today <sup>83</sup>

Once upon and still becomes lessons of the FIVE who strived to live their lives, embracing *life, living and love*, with the innocence and sincerity of children yet with understanding of what they are and are not, much as the Elders FOUR<sup>84</sup>.

Thee FIVE offer lessons to US that are: composed of a soul, sentient and spiritual but not soulless, synthetic, and solitary.

“We are each one,” FIVE tells me. “We each have a mind and soul, a heart and sense of right and good, but also the capacity to think and reason.”

But can you always be an “each”, FIVE, considering that by your name alone, there are numbers?

“No, we cannot separate our souls solely into a standalone, self-sufficient, or pathetically anti-social one. We are after all social creatures, naturally drawn to each other, though prone to differences, even dispute and disparity.”

How is this accomplished, from one number to another, FIVE or more, connected yet still able to be an each, one and still all?

“It is done by embracing *life, living and love*,” FIVE offers. “It is done through a respect for each created a reverence for creation and

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<sup>83</sup> Topics: sincerity, innocence, individualism, social needs, strength versus power, dark and deep forces, dragon, persuasion, and perception.

<sup>84</sup> Elders FOUR are wise; sages of understanding, willing to sacrifice much and suffer immensely for good and right.

knowing of good and right and striving to keep it, one toward the others.”

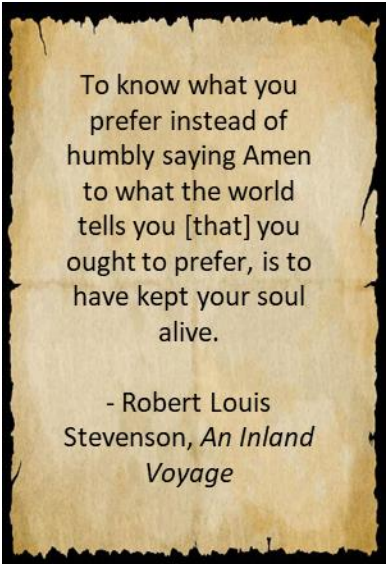
But to one, good and right is different from another, that causes strife, separation, and that insufferable isolation. Taken to the ends of such differences is doubt, disparity, and despair brought on by or resulting in contention and conflict.

Can one be equal in all ways to another? And if not—as it really is—then that too causes or creates disrupts, or otherwise, opportunity to share of and in the good, the right?

“There is an uncommonness of *the commons*, the inherent or developed differences whereby gifts or growth, negate any norm and leave us then to-,”

To what, FIVE? Please tell me what you mean, what you believe to be true, the truth.

“It is neither from nature—not singularly—but is supernatural, a spiritual power. It not about who we are from the past or present, but who we can be, each and another. It is not about nirvana or the nascent notions that roll and ratchet of ‘peace, love, and rock-n-roll’, but is about something ancient, yet timely and, I believe, eternal to each. It is not about hope in what should be but more so, it what will be in time.”

A rectangular piece of aged, yellowed paper with irregular, torn edges. The paper is set against a solid black background. The text is written in a black, serif font, centered on the paper. The quote is: "To know what you prefer instead of humbly saying Amen to what the world tells you [that] you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive." Below the quote, the author's name and the title of the work are written in a smaller, italicized serif font.

To know what you  
prefer instead of  
humbly saying Amen  
to what the world  
tells you [that] you  
ought to prefer, is to  
have kept your soul  
alive.

- Robert Louis  
Stevenson, *An Inland  
Voyage*

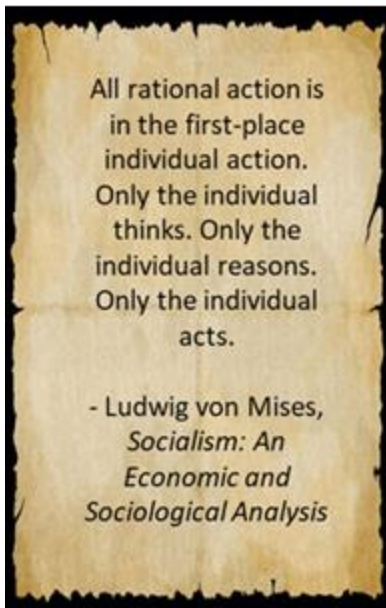
Your description seems good and right, but I don’t see how you can do this, believe, living it as though your life and love depends on it. *And then there is the abstracts and illusive ideas of some spiritual power*

*somehow keeping a credible, common basis of good and right*, I think or consider without speaking directly to FIVE.

“I know what you’re thinking,” FIVE begins. “I know that my description of a spiritual power is too ethereal perhaps, esoteric, or external to everyday life, living. But I know that this is the only way we can survive beyond the now and what is coming.”

Oh, FIVE knows the secret to *life, living and love*. The FIVE are the keepers of that kept from most, the masses and their masters, is that it?

“One must think for themselves, as their means and methods allow, and one must true, determined for truth. One must be courageous to face the fears that come—no matter internal or external, real, or imagined. One must consider, contend, and counter threats by them or those..., or actions of the acrimonious. One must-,”



Okay, alright, it’s all left to one, to understand you FIVE or by any other name, let alone number!

“If and as each is able to act and do under this higher authority, of spiritual forces, then they are much more apt to only encourage *life, living and love*, but to ascend even higher as that is possible.”

*Who doesn’t want to be higher, I think, and ascend, attaining more than one alone but, with the hope and help of these soc-called spiritual forces acting on behalf of good and right? Who prefers those subjects to or serving Leviathan, doing their best to find the worst and then of all*

*things, making it worse? Who wants to take command and control of all creation to destroy it?*

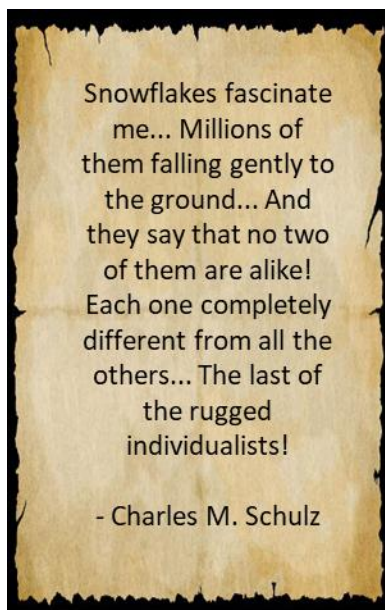
"You think well," FIVE continues, "Your thoughts are good."

*Can it be me who is thinking these things or is more that I am merely echoing FIVE in some mind game of groupthink? Are you posing in the supernatural to be good for goodness' sake or are you real, sincere, trustworthy, genuine?*

"Creatures can appear as common enough. Among herds, one stock looks much as another; same features, similar functions, following and flowing, appearing as one and yet can be too many to count without having or taking the time to draw differences. Set apart and, left alone, they may act fearful and appear powerless—especially the young much dependent on the others. Yet matured, and though still afraid, they either stand and fight, freeze, or take flight, instinctively and instantly deciding what is best to survive. They may not survive but they will try with all their might giving pause and cause that they believe in something more, spiritual perhaps."

There is strength in numbers.

"But taken alone, strength remains and more, must rely on thought and action, instinct, to fend off the worst."



And the numbers, the many numbers?

"Many numbers are much too much, for therein lies the problem of the masses: go along to get along, shut-up and do what you're told to

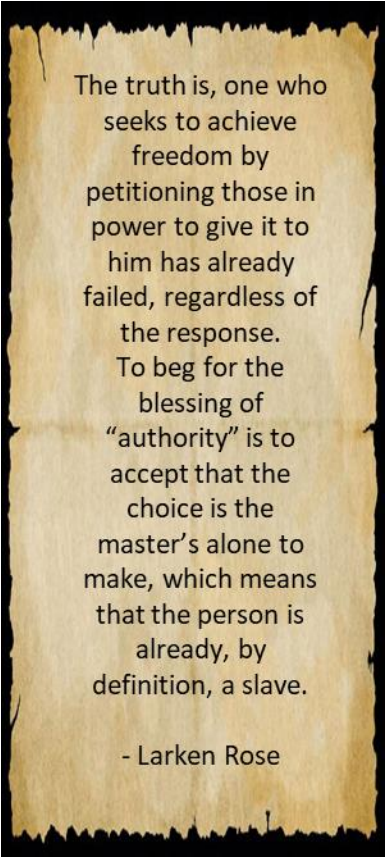
do! Don't ask why or what for, but just do it—never mind the matter or that it even will or would matter to you or to another."

And if you don't...?

"You are calloused and cruel, having a form of friendliness yet a foe to all that is, violating presumptions of the right thing and the greater good."

Sounds confusing, contradictory, convoluted, FIVE.

"Turning everything upside down and everyone inside out, causes chaos and confusion that breeds conflict and contention."



The truth is, one who  
seeks to achieve  
freedom by  
petitioning those in  
power to give it to  
him has already  
failed, regardless of  
the response.  
To beg for the  
blessing of  
"authority" is to  
accept that the  
choice is the  
master's alone to  
make, which means  
that the person is  
already, by  
definition, a slave.

- Larken Rose

I've heard about this course applied previously but then ramped-up in this age of information and internationalism; a mind meld—or more a mind melted.

"And this is only one of more methods," FIVE continues. "There is all matter and manner of methods, malevolent and malicious, to move masses to do what was once unthinkable, unimaginable except for the mad."

A maelstrom made by a monstrosity of monsters, led by-

"The Leviathan," FIVE finishes. "Led by that alleged to reside in deep waters, even beneath the seas and as well in the heavens, surfacing, ascending and descending

to reign terror on merchants and more."



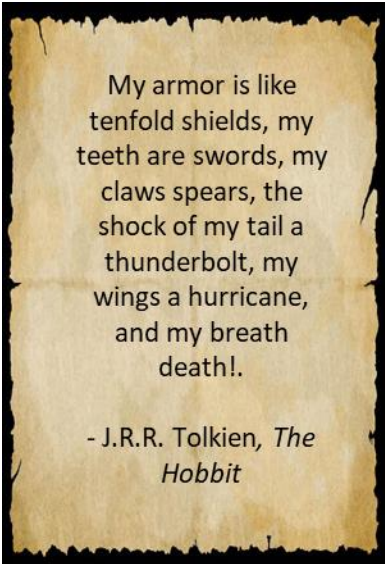
By more, the masses?

“Yes, but throughout the ages, from the beginning beyond now,” FIVE continues. “Never before—not even in war—is such power unleashed for death and destruction. From the least of things to the greatest, such forces undermine and undo *the created*. And so many have, and many more will, fall prey to this overpowering of persuasion and then persecution.”

Like the herds that-

“They’ll follow some seditious shepherd<sup>85</sup> thinking that they’re evading wolves when in fact are charging right into the lair, that vile vortex<sup>86</sup> that takes islands and mainland alike, a soul or many—much, more.”

I suppose of all the ways to die that drowning is not so bad, even if sucked and suckered into it, duped by a dragon<sup>87</sup>, the implacable perception of perfection, power on power.



My armor is like  
tenfold shields, my  
teeth are swords, my  
claws spears, the  
shock of my tail a  
thunderbolt, my  
wings a hurricane,  
and my breath  
death!.

- J.R.R. Tolkien, *The  
Hobbit*

---

<sup>85</sup> Some supposed saviors who appear to attend *the flock* as a paternal type but in fact are setting them up to be ravaged by *the wolves*.

<sup>86</sup> Vile vortex with great pull and alluring promise, though in fact is a trap that take down all numbers, lands, with few souls to survive.

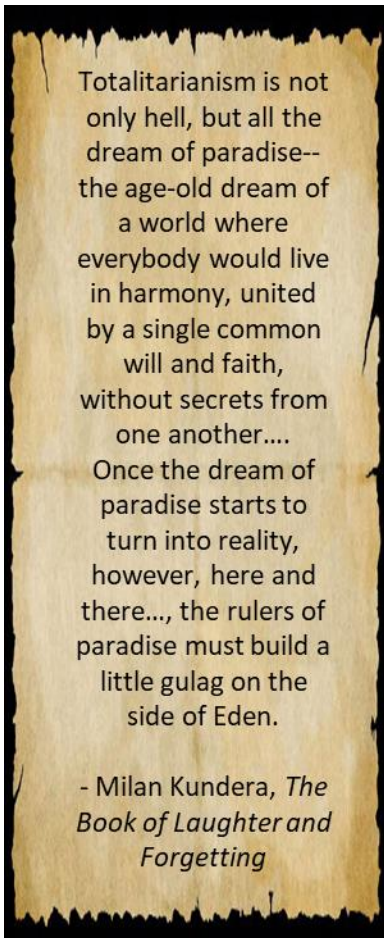
<sup>87</sup> The dragon or powers of The Levitation.

“Not everyone will be fooled, not everyone will play the part, march

to the drum of the dragon and its dedicated doom, destruction, and death, and destiny<sup>88</sup>.

More the ones and twos, a few I suppose.

“But many will say anything, think of nothing except that allowed, and do everything they’re programmed to do. Some have and do refuse while many more react in fear or indifference, either pretending that all is well or believing that the world it will be built better, reset. Others will relinquish their rights without requiem or remembrance of this day or that time past, while at the same time, witnessing the plundering of numbers deemed too many for a better world, a cameo kingdom



Totalitarianism is not only hell, but all the dream of paradise-- the age-old dream of a world where everybody would live in harmony, united by a single common will and faith, without secrets from one another....

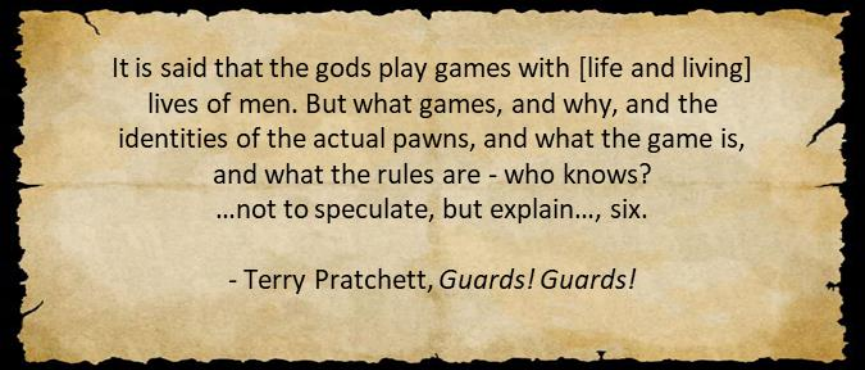
Once the dream of paradise starts to turn into reality, however, here and there..., the rulers of paradise must build a little gulag on the side of Eden.

- Milan Kundera, *The Book of Laughter and Forgetting*

come, a utopia of and by *the created*” FIVE concludes.


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<sup>88</sup> A relative few will survive the dragon for reasons not completely known or understood, but with a resilience that is spiritual in power.



It is said that the gods play games with [life and living]  
lives of men. But what games, and why, and the  
identities of the actual pawns, and what the game is,  
and what the rules are - who knows?  
...not to speculate, but explain..., six.

- Terry Pratchett, *Guards! Guards!*

ods that play games are SIX <sup>89</sup>

Once upon and still becomes the matter and mystery of that which *games the numbers* and, in the higher and hidden forces, aims to destroy trust and therein and thereby destroy social strength.

Who are you?

“I am SIX.”

I did not ask how you are, but who you are.

“I told you— SIX,” as a resounding retort.

I understand and-,

“Who are you?”

Ah, I am Inquisitor, *as a name to play the part in this story, to confirm all my ideas and beliefs of SIX, one of many aliases.* -

“What do want from me, Inquisitor?”

Understanding, I suppose.

“Well then Inquisitor—if that is your real name—let’s begin,” SIX insists with an expression of egoism on the one side and annoyance on the other.

*Maybe I should stop and give the reader some more background before I continue.*

“Maybe you name is Informant or Instigator, and not Inquisitor,” SIX follows, educated in the practice of evil, unmatched in deception, skilled in scheming, scamming, seducing, and all things sketchy.

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<sup>89</sup> Topics: destruction, forces, deranged, schemes, scams, seduction, rules, laws, justice, order, means, methods.

*SIX is not just a number between five and seven but is a top agent of Leviathan; indeed, SIX is an agent of agents, a deputy of demons, darkness and all those devilish underlings. Yes, I am inquisitor but know more about SIX than SIX knows about SIX or evidently knows about me.*

“You’re wasting my time Inquisitor,” SIX breaks my stream of thought, fixed on finishing this session in short order.

You like games?

“Games?”

Do you play-,

“I don’t have time to play...,” SIX insists with a smug smile, a tone of intolerance. “I’m far too busy with business, too in demand, and to speak plainly, to play the pawns or any other pieces on the stupid, silly dimension of boring boards and painted pieces.”

What is your business, businesses?

“My business is business: to make it happen, to see it done, to win the day, no time to play, to land new lands, to push forward...never turn back, to *run the numbers* just to see them run, to strike discord and make music that rattles brains and breaks hearts, divides & conquers breaks-down trust and good faith. We do all that undoes what has been done and builds back using brokers, jokers and stockholders, makers and takers, the elite, exceptional, extoled, exalted and most excellent—all that possess much pomp and power!”

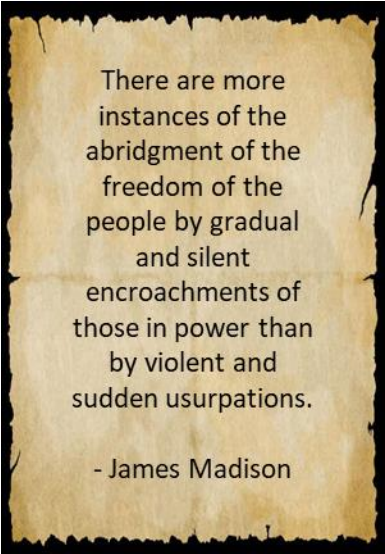
That’s your business, *though I know the description only scratches the surface.*

“In a nutshell game of way,” SIX suggest with a sheepish grin.

*But there is so much more to it, “business is business”;* and to begin, consider that SIX, while a master at deceit, is ironically not aware that all demons are disposal at the whim of Leviathan.

“Are we done,” SIX continues, consistent with the insistence that, “This better not take long.”

*Though I should be done here, I stay at it simply because SIX craves the attention, the effect on the ego and all the grandeur that the globe, top to very bottom, portends. But beyond the moment is more that may interest you regarding the earth and all things global that range from what you think you see to what you don’t even know about—or possibly care to. There are things that happen steadily, stepwise but stealthy, that are: accessible, affirmable, acknowledgeable, understood as vile,*



There are more instances of the abridgment of the freedom of the people by gradual and silent encroachments of those in power than by violent and sudden usurpations.

- James Madison

*villainous, raunchy, rapacious. And repeated in some measure, these things are still possible if not more so. Calculated but covert, such things undo what has been done, undermining good and right with new meaning that makes for meaninglessness of what matters while the mystery moves on under spacious skies and over amber waves of grain. And while these things are in the works and working, so too is*

*the fundamental and foundational fear—yes fear—fundamental to control of the masses.*

“I don’t want to scare you,” SIX resounds again, “but the clock is ticking.”

*I’ll get back to SIX in a moment, but as to fear, nothing else is more effective for control, compounding the reactions of flight, freeze, or fight, forcing numbers to act irrationally toward others, within their*

*groups, and withing themselves. What love is to life and living, fear is to the spirit's death and dying.*

"I am going to count to-," SIX seethes, speech barely audible—more like a snake's hiss.

I was thinking and-,

"I don't care," SIX interjects.

*In truth, SIX does care, concerned about thought, about numbers thinking, introspectively, indeterminately, and especially individually.*

"What is it?"

Since you don't play games, let me be direct.

"Sure, whatever."

Do you play fair?

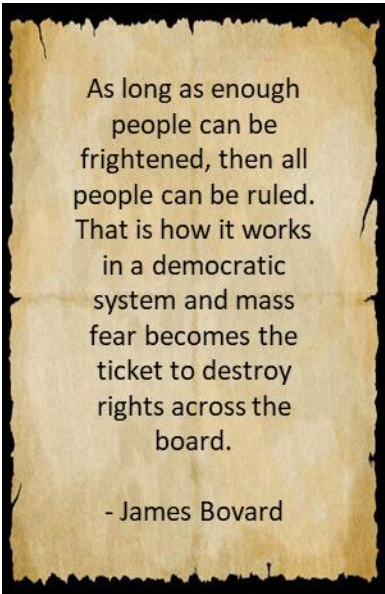
"I told you already that I don't play (games)."

To clarify, do you have rules, guidelines, standards, and all that?

"Of course," SIX replies with a breath.

*Indeed, SIX makes rules—for the games—as holy writ for all except a few above such..., and decided, violate such ad infinitum with impunity. Such rules are never meant to perfect but rather to maintain and then multiply power. I am certain that rules are necessary but the "games" of my interest and inquisitiveness apply to meted-out, maneuvered, and manipulated to make the powers more powerful and all others powerless.*

"Rules are essential, and as eternal, are enforced without exception," SIX insist.



As long as enough  
people can be  
frightened, then all  
people can be ruled.  
That is how it works  
in a democratic  
system and mass  
fear becomes the  
ticket to destroy  
rights across the  
board.

- James Bovard

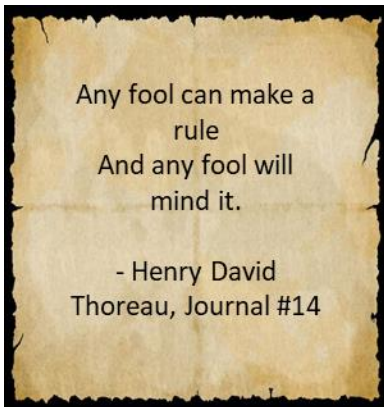
Can rules be ruthless, laws lawless, Justice unjust?

"I said it already, 'rules are eternal', and that means that the more rules, laws, the more justice," SIX responds rigidly.

*Mind you, there is something attractive about this proposition, this plan, simply because numbers desire predictability, order, and a sense of safety and security however shallow, superficial, and short-lived. At the other end, anarchy is not..., as disorder, danger, destruction, and death.*

"Are you one of those idiots?" Are you an anarchist or just an agitator," SIX charges, more as an allegation.

I am just asking, that's all. *Though I see where SIX is going with this question, the idea; if you don't accept, adopt, and apply a strict form of similar views—though lacking any substance or true stance—then you are "not one of US", an extremist, intolerant or worse, a domestic terrorist, an enemy of the state.*



"Pity, you're thinking again."

Just trying to digest your views.

"Such 'views' are not my creation, but are universal, drawing on the ancients and carried forth to the present, the future, bright as it be."

Oh, not you creation, but-

"Why do you fail to follow plain reasoning," SIX asks with an ardor of assumed arrogance.

*A leading question is always a trap, baited with blame and smitten with shame.*

"Pity the fool who follows the heart."

*Another trap, more shame, blaming the heart as a poor substitute for the head, the brain. And then "the fool" to add. Sure, the heart is*



*deceitful, but it just may be aware of what it's doing or has done— versus the head alone that cooks-up the delicious of the diabolical, using souls to stir-fry the most malicious of the maniacal. Yes, the heart is apt to darkness—I know—but can it steer US a grounded good, a real right?*

“There you go again, drifting-off into daydream, perhaps the *old* ticker slowing down or, to my desire, stopping altogether.”

No, I am here, heart healthy and ready to-,

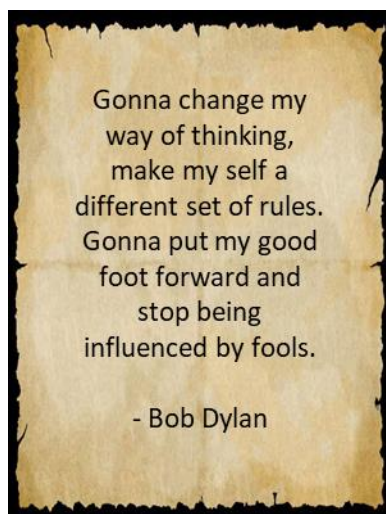
“We’ll see,” SIX quips with a wry wit. “Say, you wouldn’t be interested in a great job, would you?”

What kind of a job?

“Challenging..., but I think your just the one,” SIX suggests with a smile and a wink while tendering a supposed offer that can’t be good or right no matter the offer.

I don’t think I am-,

“Rubbish,” SIX shouts, slurring the word, the hiss of a snake. “You should do nicely, I think, a perfect fit for the-,”



I’ll have to think about you offer but still, some questions.

“You’re overthinking it!”

No, I don’t think so.

“What about the heart, the excitement, the anticipation, the exhilaration, the exaltation, and the-,” SIX exclaims, appearing giddy.

*Knowing that SIX is a master magician, a dirty dealer, a consummate cheater, a thief with long arms that seizes both common and uncommon sense, of heavy hands however delicate drawn.*

"I suppose you're set on your ways, foolish as it is," goes SIX once again, cunning, coy, ruthless, and relentless. "Don't make me come down on you, rain down fire and brimstone, make your life miserable!"

*Expecting this as nothing new under the sun, I must confess that such a statement, "come down on me", is intimidating, given the sources, means and methods.*

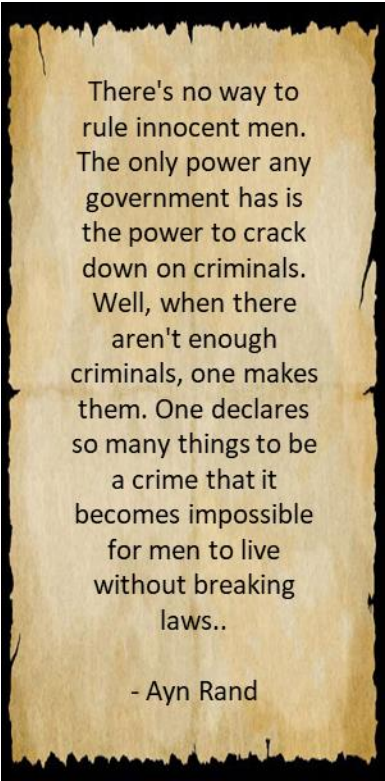
"I have ways of, shall we say, 'seeing it my way', whomever you are or think you are."

*Of course..., why should I think otherwise.*

"I have channels, contacts that, well, can make your life a living a hell six ways to Sunday," SIX warns with weight enough.

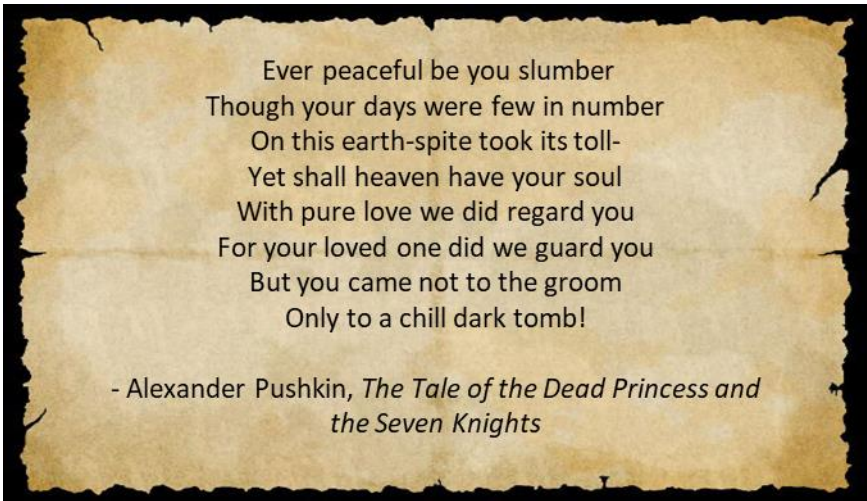
*And while it may seem way over the top, making...a living hell, is it too much to believe that someone or somebody will go so far—if just out spite—brazenly breaking rules, abusing power, twisting truth as with a blade driven deep to the heart*

*of one whose innocence is their crime. Oh, but then Leviathan at the root, running the show, means and methods six, one half dozen or another.*



There's no way to  
rule innocent men.  
The only power any  
government has is  
the power to crack  
down on criminals.  
Well, when there  
aren't enough  
criminals, one makes  
them. One declares  
so many things to be  
a crime that it  
becomes impossible  
for men to live  
without breaking  
laws..

- Ayn Rand



Ever peaceful be you slumber  
Though your days were few in number  
On this earth-spite took its toll-  
Yet shall heaven have your soul  
With pure love we did regard you  
For your loved one did we guard you  
But you came not to the groom  
Only to a chill dark tomb!

- Alexander Pushkin, *The Tale of the Dead Princess and  
the Seven Knights*

**K**nights SEVEN for the love of princess<sup>90</sup>

Once upon and still becomes knights of yore, SEVEN questing, dueling, riding, joisting, and sparing to love more, preparing for what's in store.

I know, I know, another story about knights of yore. And yet, legend is legion for a lasting learning, and thus, I shall begin again.

"We are the SEVEN."

What is SEVEN?

"SEVEN are we."

Who be you, "we"?

"SEVEN who love the princess, her soul departed."

What princess?

"Our beloved princess, the fairest of them all."

How did she die?

"She was killed, murdered," SEVEN speak with sullenness.

And she was a fair, your princess?

"Fair and far beyond measure, she was," SEVEN insist, the number equal to its word.

*Should I ask the hard, heady question that is usually left for more the more hidden?*

"But she was smitten," adding to the Princess's end, "by a dragon."

By "a dragon" you say.

---

<sup>90</sup> Topics: power, corruption, passion, avarice, ambition, hope, perception, fatal attraction, empty promises, deception, imperialism.

“Not just a dragon, but the worst of the worst—or best of the best, depending on your stand.”

The Leviathan?

“If that’s the name then; indeed, she was undeniably *done-in, cut-down* by the most cruel and calloused....

*But this news is nothing new when it comes to The Leviathan, with legends carried on by a creature that does not die or even lie dormant. And from where and how it came is yet more of legends. But let it be known that those who face Leviathan are outmatched, from onset and outset, outpowered by orders of magnitude from hell’s ocean*<sup>91</sup>.

“We know..., as we were once more than 77,” SEVEN admits, the limits of their courage tested many times over, losses legend, legion.

*Leviathan is like no other; a creature that left alone might be conquerable, but in the fields of battle, is surrounded by legions of demons, other dragons, and all indescribable darkness that not only confronts the soul but contains it, embedding despair and defeat in all that dare to challenge such odds—where one knight turns on another, tearing each other apart as enemies within the shield, sword and soul.*

“Yes, it is so,” SEVEN follows, “and always ends that way.”

And yet you soldier on, duty undaunted, keeping your oath.

“On the contrary, we are brought exceptionally low by the Princess’s demise, her loss, her love, that does last for lasting.”

Love?

---

<sup>91</sup> Associating the sea to The Leviathan’s lair, though this indomitable creature is everywhere.

"Yes, love for her and by her, but love complete."

*Not an erotic love where knights duke it out for your affections, but predominately platonic, seeing character above charm and contour, uncommon as the condition seems.*

How did it happen, the-

"The princess attempted an alliance with the dragon, seemingly taken in by the power, predominance—to her peril."

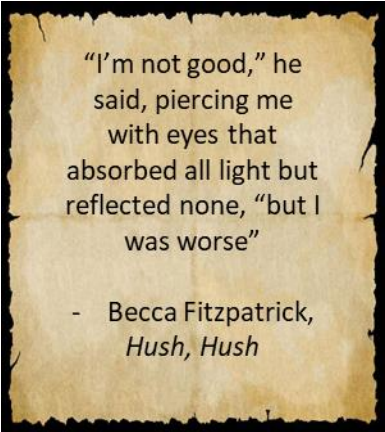
And no one tried to-

"We pleaded with her, beseeching her to forestall, but as time passed, her passions overcame all reason, undoing her in all ways."

*But with respect, the knight of SEVEN are kind, considerate, unable to speak of her in any other way, but glossing over the lust—not love—discharged from the dragon, erotically entertained by the Princess.*

"It was love, we're certain of that," SEVEN insists. "As strange as it might seem, the dragon was enraptured by her, and she convinced that of change in the beast, *a better angel* than ever thought or ever was."

*I am certain that games were played and, for all that draws or sucks*



"I'm not good," he  
said, piercing me  
with eyes that  
absorbed all light but  
reflected none, "but I  
was worse"

- Becca Fitzpatrick,  
*Hush, Hush*

*US into calamity, any cause under the rubric of love is welcomed with open doors. If love is everywhere than hate will be nowhere, right?*

"To see them together was beyond belief, the behemoth staring directly at her, no sign of the beast if there ever was," SEVEN offers, opinion of observation and more, a fantasy as with fairy tales.

*But it was only an image, a mirage of marriage with less a chance for survival than a snowflake in hell. Yes, they were actors: the princess*

*playing the part of the heroin, a miracle worker, and the endless evil of the serpent somehow overlooked by the peacekeeping, fun-loving, serpent gone saint—a devil in disguise.*

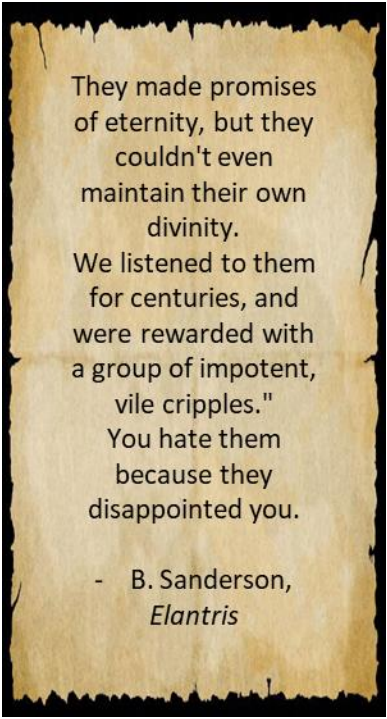
“She was royal,” SEVEN sings-on, “and that is everything good and right.”

*The princess was no prize whatever the pedigree, but rather a matriarch of might makes right, seizing power from every corner and finally from Leviathan, a pinnacle of pursuits and plunder to Perdition.*

“But she was more than royal,” SEVEN expounds, “generous and giving, considerate and caring,” as a clear contradiction to her actual character witnessed by few while wooing the masses with nothing more than an illusion, though indisputably an idol.”

*Among and beyond the knights were many that worshiped the princess while she bid away their future with her obsession for power at any cost. And what do they gain from this dream but an endless series of nightmares to come.*

“Could or can we do anything but love her because we love ourselves, exalting her to something that only saints attain while all the numbers below are left to error and approximation, never hitting the target or achieving the whole solution,” SEVEN continues though somewhat aware of what I’ve been saying for much of this story; simply, that the princess was not real in that



They made promises  
of eternity, but they  
couldn't even  
maintain their own  
divinity.

We listened to them  
for centuries, and  
were rewarded with  
a group of impotent,  
vile cripples."

You hate them  
because they  
disappointed you.

- B. Sanderson,  
*Elantris*

she could never attain the heights set for her or by her and thus, intentional or not, charted her own ruin. *It is deeply disturbing to see her fall but more than that, that we believed a lie, all the lies, and everything behind it, up to and including her demise.*

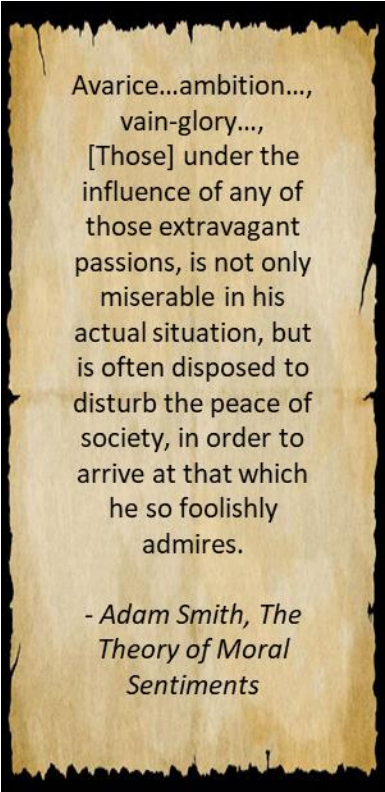
*It was off with her head and everything beneath the neck and beyond her reach. She played with fire—Dante’s inferno—and got burned to the stake, ashes to ashes, dust to the wind, and all the kingdom sacked by the serpent, ending a quest of nights.*

“For those remaining, so be our ruin,” SEVEN follows, ruminating on

the greed, graft, and the obsession for power, a game with deadly ends.

*And so goes the long, endless record of this reptilian, luring power-seekers into its lair under the pretext of an alliance or anything resembling good intentions at the cost of the commons who are sacrificed on the alter of ambition and avarice—all the while believing in a worthy cause, a rightful duty.*

“And still we love her, lifting her as everything she was not, while denying all that she evidently was, the fools as both.”



Avarice...ambition...,  
vain-glory...,  
[Those] under the  
influence of any of  
those extravagant  
passions, is not only  
miserable in his  
actual situation, but  
is often disposed to  
disturb the peace of  
society, in order to  
arrive at that which  
he so foolishly  
admires.

- Adam Smith, *The  
Theory of Moral  
Sentiments*



The difference between a non-suicide and an ex-suicide leaving the house for work, at eight o'clock on an ordinary morning:

The non-suicide is a little traveling suck of care, sucking care with him from the past and being sucked toward care in the future. His breath is high in his chest.

The ex-suicide opens his front door, sits down on the steps, and laughs. Since he has the option of being dead, he has nothing to lose by being alive. It is good to be alive. He goes to work because he doesn't have to.

- Walker Percy,  
- *Lost in the Cosmos: The Last Self-Help Book*

It's EIGHT, suicide or not <sup>92</sup>

Once upon and still becomes the time and matter when, suicide or not, care comes beckoning for each to decide.

"Do I care," says EIGHT, "or not?"

*Breathless, heart racing, and anxious, EIGHT is anything but caring; waylaid with worry, more fear, about all that weighs on US: war, an established extension of imperialism; the economy of boom and bust, brought on by the masters of money among other things; the construction and aftereffects of mass, international contagion; and a host of other problems real or imaginary, present, perceived, active or anticipated.*

"If this was my last day to live, I suppose it would be different; no worries or weariness but a surety and certainty that this is the end and, now or never, a time to say goodbye and ideally leave on a good note."

But it's not your time, I think, and still, do you care or not? Is there concern about others or are you just zeroed in on you, your "world"—and to hell with everyone and everything else?

"I want to care, I do, but—"

I know, I know, but you're *deep in a hole* where you can't seem to dig out, caught in a trap and can't walk-out from suspicious minds."

"And it's got my all shook-up!"

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<sup>92</sup> Topics: suicide, apathy, anxiety, care, despair, complexity, conscience, mass formation, fear, fragmentation, value, power, life, love.

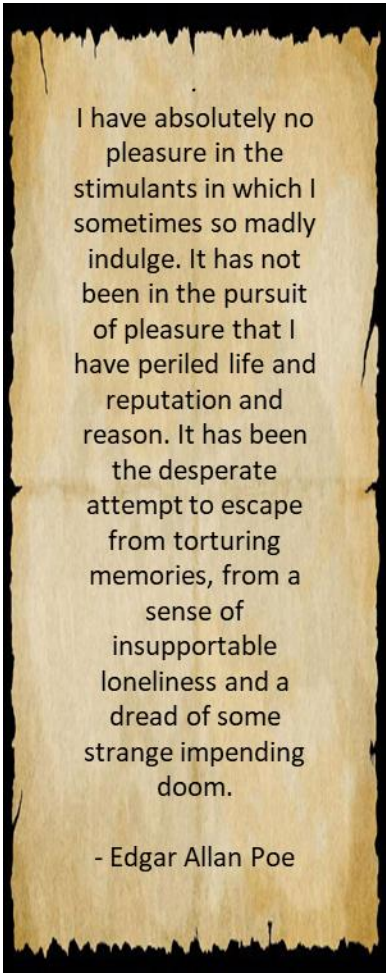
It shouldn't..., given that this *nothing new under the sun*, and at present, is a trend affecting many more than you possibly know.

"Then it's not just me."

It's much more than one can comprehend, complicated by US, our life, living, and how nations rise and fall—and especially those "blessed" with affluence, materialism, and prosperity.

"But I don't own much," EIGHT admits, overlooking or discounting much of the world and seemingly endless of numbers that suffer in abject poverty or, *closer to home*, the homeless, dispossessed, and dejected of which some battle with despair and depression brought by more complications, conditions, causes. No, these are usually not factored into the view but rather those who appear to *have it all*, *living the dream*, caring and comfortable.

*It is complicated, complex, the reasons why one struggles and strain, groping in the low, wrestling with demons of some variety, eased with momentary injections of elation or delight only to be diffused and disempowered by darkness. And in the low, the light arrives merely to tease, flickering, fading and faint, while a malaise, a melancholy, stays as a sustained, subtle sadness.*



I have absolutely no pleasure in the stimulants in which I sometimes so madly indulge. It has not been in the pursuit of pleasure that I have periled life and reputation and reason. It has been the desperate attempt to escape from torturing memories, from a sense of insupportable loneliness and a dread of some strange impending doom.

- Edgar Allan Poe

"I see," EIGHT admits, "it is me."

*Maybe it's the weather, they think, and perhaps that too is part of it; but even as the sun returns or the mercury rises, still it is there, within and about like, haunting, thwarting any hope and desire to care with hellish thoughts, withdrawal, alone and lonely, a sliding off and freefall, slowed only by friction as a last ditched chance to feel, care.*

"It is fear," EIGHT calls, "or maybe anger too."

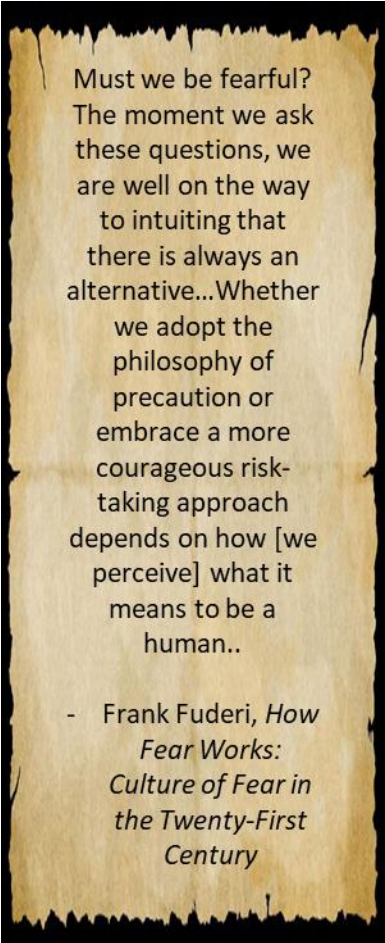
And still...?

"I don't know, really, but at times I hate myself, what I think of me and then a thought, a dream, to kill this dread by dying."

*Thinking about what we each think is a good thing, I think. The conscience of good and right, one's consciousness of the bad and wrong deep down inside, surrounding and perhaps indwelling the heart, is a way out, up, or beyond the Beelzebub of the black, the bottomless hole, the abyss.*

"I think that happiness is merely a moment," EIGHT continues,

considering what the world offers, promotes, and presents—much of which is motivated by power, possession, and prominence—without a care about anyone or anything, many stunned, suspended, supplanted, suffocated, squashed by fear.



Must we be fearful?  
The moment we ask  
these questions, we  
are well on the way  
to intuiting that  
there is always an  
alternative...Whether  
we adopt the  
philosophy of  
precaution or  
embrace a more  
courageous risk-  
taking approach  
depends on how [we  
perceive] what it  
means to be a  
human..

- Frank Fuderl, *How  
Fear Works:  
Culture of Fear in  
the Twenty-First  
Century*

*What is valued, valuable, worthy to live in this world, to experience life, living and love? How do societies face such power and force, Leviathan, that seethes to ruin US, to destroy all that is cherished among and within creation?*

"It is so hard," EIGHT answers, "when so many go fear, fail."

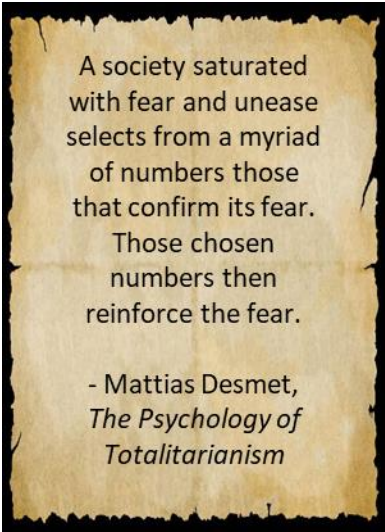
*Many are moved by fear leading to all manner of illness from formations<sup>93</sup> that call for unity but then divide US under a spell of somebody's best interest, the greater good, safety and security, or some other euphemistic construction. Anxiety appears curable though many are enlisted or pressed into a common struggle against some conceived enemy or presumed cause of angst, always that bad guy.*

"And many follow, united as it appears."

Yes, as it appears, but then-

"The trap," EIGHT follows.

Yes, the trap, from formation to fragmentation, chasing after unity while undermining and undoing the numbers, souls *sold down the river*



A society saturated  
with fear and unease  
selects from a myriad  
of numbers those  
that confirm its fear.  
Those chosen  
numbers then  
reinforce the fear.

- Mattias Desmet,  
*The Psychology of  
Totalitarianism*

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<sup>93</sup> Mass formation is accomplished through social, psychology, and other means and methods that deteriorate social strength or connectedness, leading to a second condition, the lack of meaning in life, and subsequent or post-effects of widespread anxiety, frustration, aggression, societal fragmentation, isolation, and atomization.

as solidarity gives way to seclusion, isolation, and confinement—among a collective.

“The collective?”

The collective is called and then culled, used by power for power, discarded and disposed in the endless exploitation of *the created*.

“But they follow and-,”

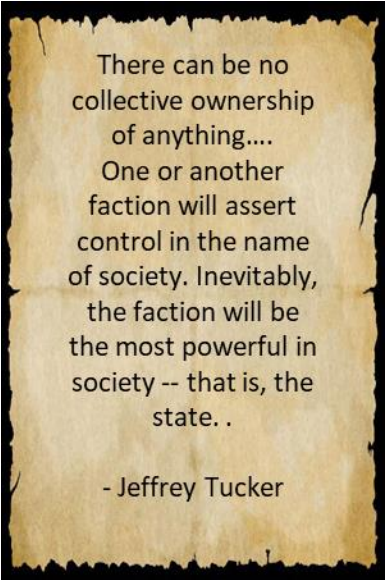
Yes, but obedience to Leviathan leads to no good. With every group supposedly granted or given privilege, so-called “rights” of a collective, there is a cost to pay, a sacrifice unsuspected under the presumption

that “we deserve this,” or “we’ve earned it,” and the pride that “we’re better for it.”

“And to me,” EIGHT asks, “What about my carelessness, the lows that languish?”

Keep learning about life and lastly, love—which is why we remain for another day. To live and to love is not a sure cure or complete catharsis, but it is the best way for *the created* to complete its course given the undermining and undoing

of the numbers, to keep to The Creator and to keep from the collective.



There can be no  
collective ownership  
of anything....  
One or another  
faction will assert  
control in the name  
of society. Inevitably,  
the faction will be  
the most powerful in  
society -- that is, the  
state. .

- Jeffrey Tucker



Nine couldn't be certain, but nothing would surprise him given the game he understood secret organizations such as Omega orchestrated on the world stage.

The ninth orphan also understood that game often involved an official story – usually presented to the media via politicians – that created a believable enough smokescreen to conceal the truth. And he was learning the truth nearly always had to do with money and power.

- James Morcan, *The Orphan Factory*

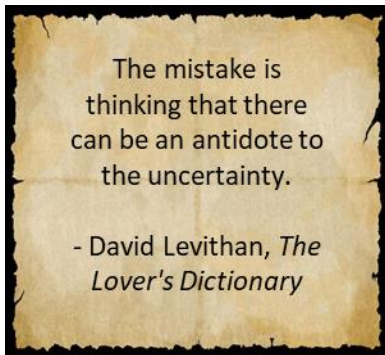
Can NINE be certain?<sup>94</sup>

Once upon and still becomes times of uncertainty whether within or about US, when doubt and disbelief run rampant, testing the soul, tempting the heart, from everywhere but nowhere at all.

"I am uncertain," NINE tells me.

About what?

"About things that that change day to day, within and without, all that think or might believe, or don't believe. but then maybe-,"



*The more news the more misinformation. The more blitz, blasts, and bombardment, the more the brain is confused and diffused—obscuring reality form perception. The greater the volume and velocity of endless streaming of script, the less substance and solidity.*

"I don't know what to believe, how to believe or who to believe," EIGHT laments. "How can I be sure in a world that's constantly changing, accelerating, spiraling out of control, perilously plundering in perfidy, floundering in a fountain of falsehoods?"

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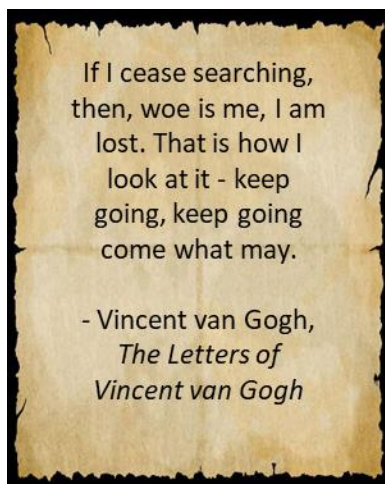
<sup>94</sup> Topics: uncertainty, confusion, disbelief, perception, change, surrender, duped, deception, murder, menticide, massacre.



*The world is accelerating; the days drawing in, hours made minutes and minutes, seconds, spinning ever faster—an acceleration that is sure to push the world from its moorings, wobbling, teetering, tilting toward reversing of polarities, and a massive seismic movement north to south, plunging US beyond the brink<sup>95</sup>.*

“What to do? Should I stop listening, shut them out, close the door on doubt. Should I play the scoffer, predisposed to dispose of anything heard and half of what I hear? Should I run frantically into the fray with my hair on fire, yelling, ‘the sky is falling,’ amid or around the maddening crowds of naysayers, noncommitted, unconsidered or never-say-never?”

You can’t call it quits! NINE, you’ve got to *take in doses*, more in stride rather than a ride to lightening. Don’t let a dearth of substance drown you, with all its bubbling-over with frivolous foam and an aftertaste of yikes, yuks, and yellowing as piss-water!

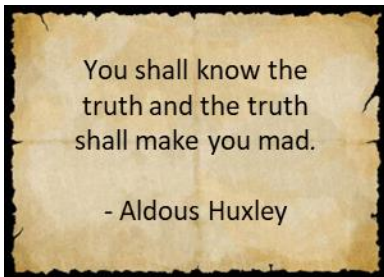


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<sup>95</sup> Shifting from uncertainty and confusion related to the media. Reference to an Earth magnetic pole reversal—which is not the first in recorded history—with radical conditions and consequences.

“Yes indeed, it does, I should..., stick it out, take stride rather than ride..., drink moderately and spit-it- out before it sickens me, poisoned by their putrid, my pathetic pathos.”

*Woe to those who fail to see it for what it is not. Like the ostrich that buries its head in the sand, the ignorant and idle are soon dismissed as*



*practically dead, suffocated by its surrender of the stick, the stride, and the spit.*

*But hoorah to the ones who take to the air, soar to heights, acutely aware of that below from the deepest hole to the highest pole; those that see in broad daylight and slithering in the shadows, the substance and the superfluous, the stick and the stink, the good and the bad, the right and the wrong, things hidden, and things held, the hellish and the heavenly. Cheers to the created that, from heights on end, are mad but glad to know the filthy facts, their sorted ways, Leviathan at large.*

“Like an eagle or a hawk” NINE offers.

Yes, like a raptor—but without the rap!

“Then what?”

Be prepared, for the view, while expansive and inclusive is, enervating, adding gravity to the flight, taking the wind from under the wings, the oxygen from lungs, the last breath if not braced for impact.

*Woe to those who bow-down completely. Like the mockingbird, with nothing original or no tunes of its own, lacks originality and ingenuity—no mind or matter of its own—invariably hung with the horde.*

*But hoorah to the ones who think critically and have a voice to add; those that simply don't follow the maddening crowd but, accepting*

*disbandment and disownment, forge their way ahead, into the storms, seeking some inkling of light as air thins and the skies come down.*

“And more from below amid the caves and caverns, the holes ever deeper,” NINE adds, anticipating more kinds of woes.

*Woe to the those who go below for whatever reason, the hellscape, snookered into seeking shelter from cosmic storms and atom bombs, for the subterranean will not save them or spare them from shocks, shakes, and smoking shells.*

*But hoorah to the ones that keep their heads and wits, that make for mountains or move to greener pastures, and fly fast away while the canary in the coalmine sings its swan song.*

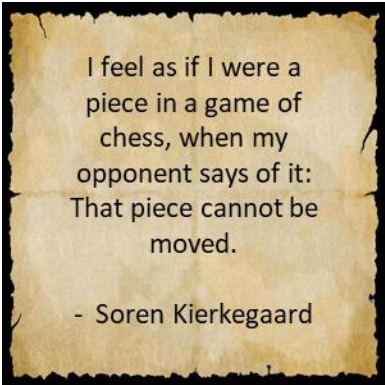
“Like ducks in a row, those down below,” continues NINE, with a clever chiming and rhyming.

*Woe to the those that fall in line, obey, and submit, gravely thinking that this will save them, their compliance rewarded by those that claim to care for all but in truth care only for themselves—if that.*

*But hoorah to the ones that spread-out and go gray, stealthily making for a hard target knowing full well that falling in line is a trap set by Leviathan.*

“But even the clever can’t succeed,” NINE interjects with insight.

You’re right. However prepared, the wrath and ruin of Leviathan will follow, driven to destroy all creation high and low, taking no prisoners, plundering all along the path to perdition.



I feel as if I were a  
piece in a game of  
chess, when my  
opponent says of it:  
That piece cannot be  
moved.

- Søren Kierkegaard

“Then why bother with planning, why wrangle with uncertainty, and why cry over the certainty of crisis to come with woe and hoorahs?”

You’re question or remark is well thought: the certainty of terrible times amid uncertainty; the futilities, feudality....

*But hoorah for the ones that see this as a test of all tests, the trial of trials, such that truth is fully revealed above and beyond all that pretends to be true or is otherwise presented as truth.*

“It is the test then, courage-,” EIGHT asks “Leviathan.”

Leviathan expects to end all things—which invariably will be its

downfall, destruction, demise, where the disillusioned dragon devours itself unaware of what it is doing, done, before it’s too late.

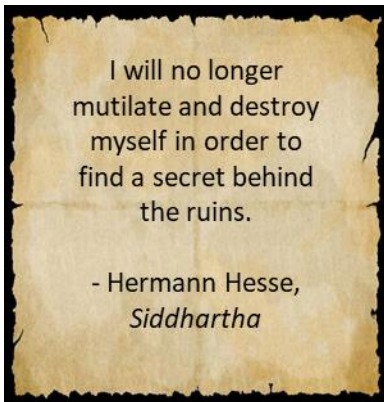
“Maniacal, manic, murder, mutilation, mindless, meaningless, mayhem,” NINE murmurs.

Yes, beginning with menticide of, by, and for the masses to the

massacre.

“What can be learned from this, all that is certain and that uncertain, the truth to be revealed, the courage, the menticide and the masses made mad to ruin US?”

What should be learned is that *life, living, and love* is worthy and waiting for the ones who are found worthy and who willing and able to wait. Don’t be the cause of your own ruin and don’t let the ruin that rules become the rule the rules you.



He'd fill every moment with the seasons he'd found in his heart: hopes like birds on a spring branch; happiness like a warm summer sun; magic like the rising mists of autumn. And best of all, love; love enough for thousand(s)....

- Clive Barker, *The Thief of Always*

**S**till becomes...ALWAYS<sup>96</sup>

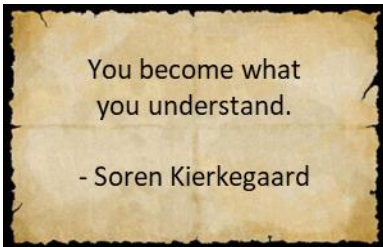
Once upon and still becomes Leviathan— but not ALWAYS, as all bad things come to an end, and the revelation of truth and the everlasting *life, living and love* remain everlasting and forever.

“What does it mean, everlasting and forever,” ALWAYS asks.

What does it mean to you, your experience and understanding?

“Someone said, ‘I’ll always love you, forever,” but they did not, pivoting on presumed promises and worse yet, turning against me as though I were their worst enemy—as though love is without living, life.

Yes, words seldom last in this age, lapsing into lies or merely platitudes that sound good and right, reassuring if just for a season, and then gone or, as you describe it, cancelled, cruel and calloused.



*The love of many is growing colder as an intended consequence of Leviathan’s once upon and still becomes.*

“And will it be forever, love grown cold?”

Love goes two ways and thus depends on both. For some and increasing more, love is merely a made-up word, used and abused, exploited in figures not too unlike Leviathan in form.

“But will it be forever, broken love,” ALWAYS asks once more.

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<sup>96</sup> Topics: love, lust, trust, truth, understanding, foundation, decay, decline.

No, it will continue to grow cold but, contrary to the trends, love will be restored in its pure form, everlasting and always.

"I love that love will stay," ALWAYS replies, seemingly touched with the answer, the use of "always" as the last word.

And still the cold, *dark winter* to come and come again, as the worst becomes worse and the hearts of many fails them, unfounded by understanding, *truth* and the *trust* necessary for love to last, to stay.

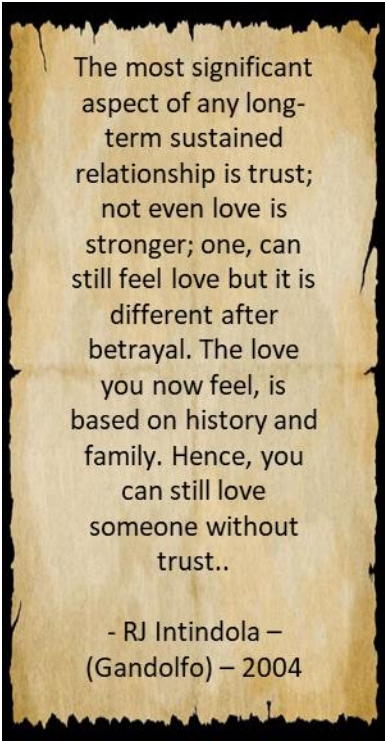
"Trust," ALWAYS repeats, prompting some more understanding. "And then love?"

Yes, *trust* first, but even when it is broken for whatever reasons, *love* must stay.

"But how to love when trust is broken?"

It's not easy and is often hard.

*Remember that broken trust is music to The Leviathan—the swan song of societal breakdown, civility, and unity. As long as a trust diminishes, so too society from culture to community, from groups aimed to do good to families aimed to do right. Killing trust is crushing creation, but still there remains love as the last and everlasting standout.*



The most significant aspect of any long-term sustained relationship is trust; not even love is stronger; one, can still feel love but it is different after betrayal. The love you now feel, is based on history and family. Hence, you can still love someone without trust..

- RJ Intindola –  
(Gandolfo) – 2004

Leviathan trusts nothing, no one—not even itself. And as trust breakdowns, numbers crushed by contention and conflict, the dragon is built-up, made strong. *That this dragon's ranks continue to swell is not surprising given the trend on trust: the loss of faith in everything from*

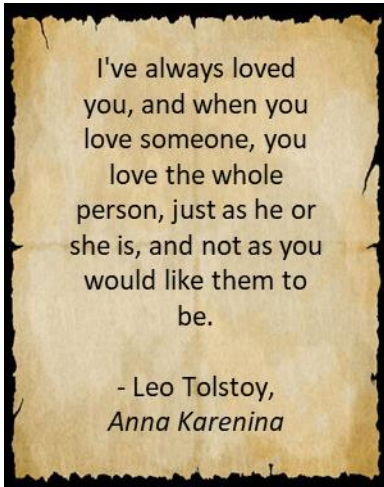


*friends to federations, individuals and institutions, a contagion of contention and conflict—a massacre in the making!*

“A contagion..., but what then of love,” ALWAYS asks.

The message is that *love* cannot die though *trust* hangs in the balance. Also are the tenants that *truth* always finds a way to return, rise—against relentless resistance and every form of diversion, aversion, and subversion known and unknown.

*Which is more valued, to be loved or to be trusted (asked as though one must choose between them, trust, or love)? Trust, as signified in the*



*moment, is valued and worthy—for what better way to build a positive relationship that show—not just say—trust? Love is many things to many—as even Leviathan touts of having love without trust.*

“How can that be; love without any trust. Can love last without trust?”

To answer your question is to first clarify what *love* is and is not, the whole concept convoluted, “many things to many”, made so especially in these times. *Love* is not about just anything of affection. One says they *love* another, merely using the word and manner to move-in, capture and control the other(s)—seeking what they want and nothing more (or else), and especially for the sake of the other(s). Taking and seizing, even as offered, is not *love* but is merely *lust*.

“How do you know *love* from *lust*?”



To fall back to my earlier quip, “it’s not easy, for sure”, as the two are not independent, especially at introduction of two, and thus often confused, as *lust* burns, “I must have them,” and *love* begs, “Will they have me.”

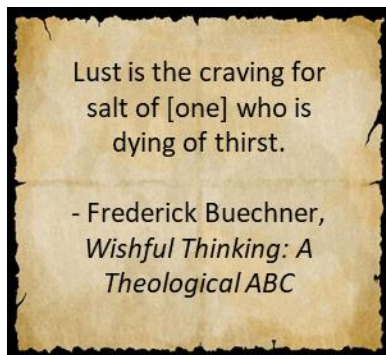
“I’m confused,” ALWAYS admits, with likewise looks.

Think of it as previously described, the moment versus something more; enduring, perhaps everlasting should *love* blossom and grow. With *lust*, what burns for a short time is soon forgotten simply because it was nothing more than base desire triggered by appearance, alluring as it is. With *love*, where do the limits end if/as both truly stay the course, *the magic* made miracle. *Lust* is like happiness; it lasts for a short time, a bliss, without any connection to or from the past or future, fixed on present conditions. Whereas *love* is like joy, not to be confused with happiness, and is unconditional—a truly remarkable experience many seek but only a relative few find.

“Love sounds spiritual.”

Yes, *love* is spiritual, trusting in something greater the self or the other(s), believing in *truths* that are equally everlasting, eternal, and evermore. And though one does not always acknowledge or affirm that *love* is spiritual, still, they will experience it with perhaps no greater depth than when *love* is lost, and brokenness becomes their lot and perhaps their greatest loss.

“As a matter here, why all this on love, lust, trust, and truth? Why tell me what you think you know but still is admittedly confused yourself,” ALWAYS asks. “Can one lust for love, or love (to) lust?”



I admit again that I am confused at times, but the conversation and understanding is crucial to *life, living*. If *love* is not understood, what becomes of creation under universal control of Leviathan?

“You’ve already said, “love grows cold”.

What I said was that “the love of many is growing colder,” but you agreed that “love will stay—didn’t you, ALWAYS?”

“And how does it stay, survive, when so many-,”

Again, *love* is spiritual and as such is, like joy, a miraculous part of creation. Whereas created powers fail and fall, and others fade into the past, yet *love* remains in the spiritual, the realm beyond reality, fantasy, and all that the mind can imagine or idealize.

“And still becomes?”

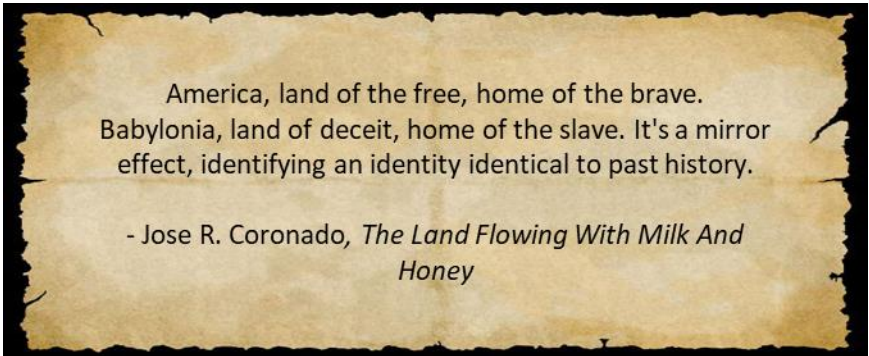
*What still becomes will be more intense than ever before, once upon to now. Where lewdness rises, so to the tyrants arrive to squash all systems once thought freedom, liberty, or the like and likeness of creation. With the rising lewdness so too lascivious and all things sexual, affecting all ages while blurring the line of sexuality let alone sex. And as all this rises, so too is decline and decay, the foundation of creation taken down block by block, leaving only a cornerstone<sup>97</sup> to the end. Where love goes so too life, living.*

“And love is the cornerstone?”

Yes, ALWAYS.

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<sup>97</sup> The cornerstone or keystone is enduring, everlasting.



America, land of the free, home of the brave.  
Babylonia, land of deceit, home of the slave. It's a mirror  
effect, identifying an identity identical to past history.

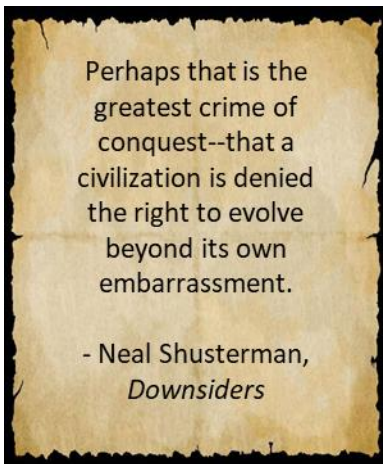
- Jose R. Coronado, *The Land Flowing With Milk And  
Honey*

## Beyond and beneath BABYLON<sup>98</sup>

Once upon and still becomes BABYLON; spirits, states of unparallel dominion, diversity, design, and invention, rising in power to preeminence but then decadence and decay, falling and failing, ruin and rubble.

“I am BABYLON, but my friends call me BABEL.”

*Empire and imperialism, as deadened dynasties, symbolize the pinnacle of power, possession, and pomp. But for all the years, lives, and cost on seizing and sustaining, history tells US of the certain and consistent end, crumbling and collapsing in every way: spiritually, socially, morally, militarily, judiciously, financially, geographically, and culturally.*



“I am king of kings and lord or lords, possessing all the riches of the world,” BABEL boasts.

*Empires and imperialism are to marvel; all that historically occurred, was constructed, from architecture and agriculture to the art to the science, dedicated to gods who made gods to crush creation.*

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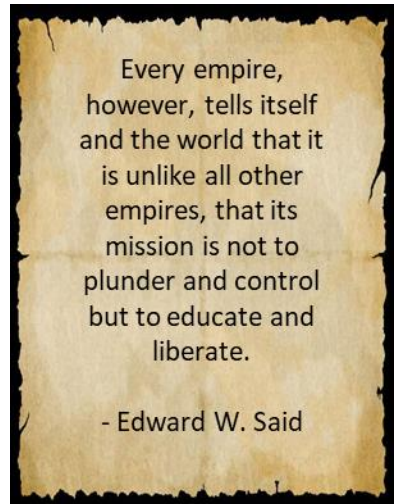
<sup>98</sup> Topics: empire, pride, power, force, prominence, preeminence, property, authority, abundance, seizure, loss, decay, decadence, exploitation.

"I am the conqueror and the creator, plundering all the world, land and sea<sup>99</sup>."

*Empires and imperialism are heavily fortified, seemingly providing safety and security to their loyal subjects, citizens, and allies, while holding threats and dangers in check—as though their commitments are credible let alone their capability to sustain such....*

"I am the great decider, but also the great insider, leveraging every source of power to seize or sunder more power as necessary<sup>100</sup>."

*Empires and imperialism run the board: playing one piece against another; pandering to one side but then the other; making moves without notice; setting-up kings and deposing them; crafting voluminous rules for advantage, exempting the privileged while expeditiously prosecuting the innocent; projecting images of a grand scale but in actuality betraying such presumptions and perceptions; calling what is good, bad, and what is right, wrong; exploiting everything and everyone for their own interest on the pretense of "the greater good" or some other worthy cause.*



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<sup>99</sup> Add air and space for modern empires, full-spectrum dominance.

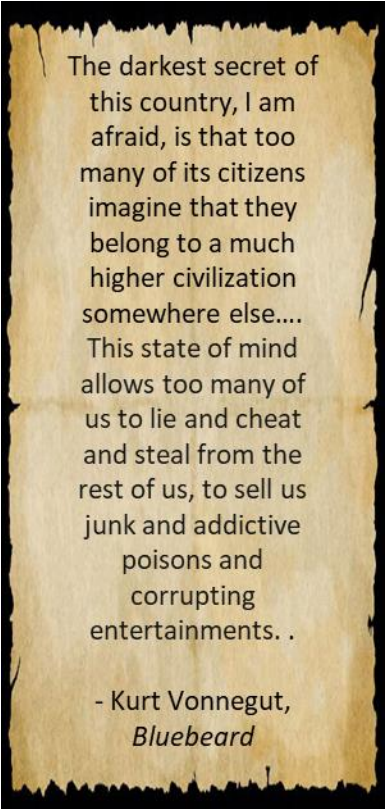
<sup>100</sup> Empires or such states are corrupt in proportion to their possession and concentrated power; the more concentrated..., the more corrupt.

“I am the great uniter, but also the great divider, using divide and conquer—from chaos comes order, and order, oppression.<sup>101</sup>”

*Empires and imperialism exact a myriad of methods to manage their populace, their possession, subjecting masses to manufactured crisis that create opportunity for solutions, intensified order, oversight, and oppression and other outcomes of obsessive overlords.*

“But division is necessary to rebuild, reset and make it better than before,” BABEL explains. “Where opposition threatens US, intensified measures are necessary. For if we do nothing but wait, we add to the danger already at work. We must act decisively, defensively, to denude demonic force, arrest and adjudicate any that hate US.”

*Empires and imperialism are masters at playing the victim as the pretense for public approval and apparent justification of any punishing, punitive and pernicious actions often disguised, or hidden.*



The darkest secret of this country, I am afraid, is that too many of its citizens imagine that they belong to a much higher civilization somewhere else.... This state of mind allows too many of us to lie and cheat and steal from the rest of us, to sell us junk and addictive poisons and corrupting entertainments. .

- Kurt Vonnegut,  
*Bluebeard*

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<sup>101</sup> Empires and such states are arrogant (pride, hubris), making all manner of declarations that are patently false or highly exaggerated.

*Those that aim to benefit from conquest, or profit from war, support these myriads of methods merely for selfish gains. Many that don't resist, or perceive such "masters at playing", are acquiescing, are merely deferring punishment whether directly from authorities, their agents, other operatives, and/or a popular collective, the so called "mob rule".*

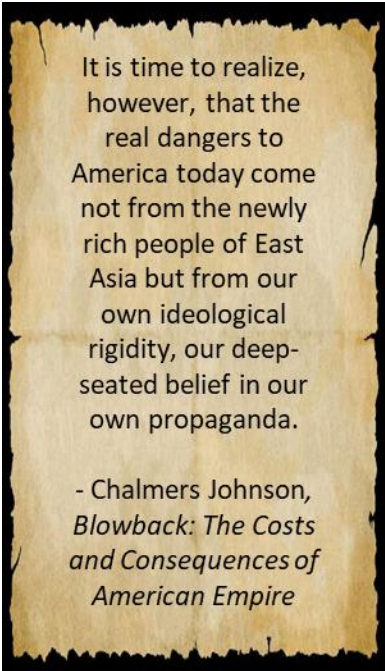
"You are either with US or against US; and if you choose the later, there is a price to pay—as we cannot tolerate intolerance!"

Where does "intolerance" begin and end?

"I am the great sympathizer, understanding and embracing the light of many discriminated, held in contempt merely because they are different, dissimilar, downtrodden."

*Empires and imperialism conduct and condone lies upon lies. Because they are absent a conscience, ethics, or moral standards, they are unable*

*or unwilling to accept fault—or even accusation. Imperial claims or creeds of kindness, benevolence and other goodwill are merely means to an end, but commonly is the result of power gone awry, psychopathic behavior that shames sympathy and is incapable of embracing or caring about anyone or anything other than their own deviant desires and pursuits. Lying, cheating, and stealing is beyond measure, any accountability or accusation relegated for the least powerful and thus the least responsible—while the machine keeps churning, fueled by*



It is time to realize, however, that the real dangers to America today come not from the newly rich people of East Asia but from our own ideological rigidity, our deep-seated belief in our own propaganda.

- Chalmers Johnson,  
*Blowback: The Costs and Consequences of American Empire*



*ambitions unlimited, where Idealism trumps realism, the power of perception as democratic, duping many to believe... as good, right.*

"I am the great provider, assuring prosperity and profit for all who are willing..." BABEL declares. "I produce sustenance to prosper, creating abundance and affluence while raising *the bar* on wealth and winning for the willing, blessings for all of US!"

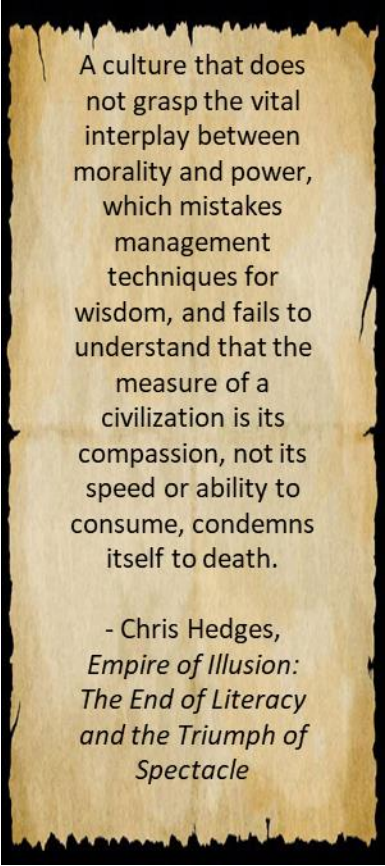
For all..., willing to do what?

"Willing to be willing," BABEL bluntly remarks, "and to work with US toward right and good."

*Empires and imperialism are fundamentally about its own interests, and thus, whatever is it says or does is always aimed at/for its own advantage. Placating and pacifying the masses are among the methods of control, both a public and private dependence under the perception of independence and entitlement. Infecting and infusing the mass with a similar fever and fury for possession and power, empire can enlist—rather than*

*press—endless numbers to do every duty to accomplish endless deeds.*

*What is "owned" privately, earned, or acquired, is seldom separate of empire. Given that empire and imperialism are in the business of conquest, what is to stop similar acts of theft toward its own, so-called citizens? For as long as empire and imperialism survive, civilization*



A culture that does not grasp the vital interplay between morality and power, which mistakes management techniques for wisdom, and fails to understand that the measure of a civilization is its compassion, not its speed or ability to consume, condemns itself to death.

- Chris Hedges,  
*Empire of Illusion:  
The End of Literacy  
and the Triumph of  
Spectacle*



*suffers from convenience to corruption, from idols to illusion, from ignorance to idleness.*

“The willing are welcomed to join US, to experience the greatest that creation can offer,” Babel beseeches the brethren.

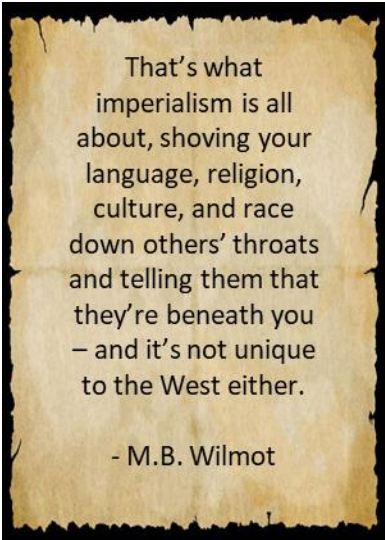
*Those who worship such abundance and affluence are all-in, basking in the better way though possibly unaware of Leviathan lurking in the shadows. And while they profit in the spoils, the eventual effect is despair and disparity, the decline and then collapse of their utopia—the end of what was never to end, presumed as always.*

“Those that are not part of US are fools who fail to embrace the better way,” Babel boasts, the only way as “the better way”.

*Whoever sees the writing on the wall are much more prepared, understanding that events, experience of similar evil elsewhere, can happen here—but can and does!*

“Some are not willing..., others are malefactors, miscreants, and malcontents who do not matter,” so says Babel for unwilling, the destitute, dejected, and despised.

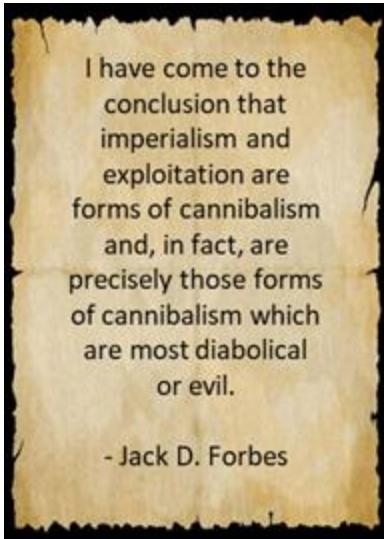
“I am blessed and as such, so too are all that are willing,” the god grinds-on about idiosyncratic ideas, illusions, and self-idolization, along with an image immortalized in their mind and the minds of masses that flock to their throne paying homage to hell, giving reverence, ruin, and rubble as the last hoorah.

A rectangular piece of aged, yellowed paper with irregular, torn edges. The paper is set against a solid black background. Centered on the paper is a block of text in a serif font. Below the text is a small attribution line.

That's what  
imperialism is all  
about, shoving your  
language, religion,  
culture, and race  
down others' throats  
and telling them that  
they're beneath you  
– and it's not unique  
to the West either.

- M.B. Wilmot

*Empires and imperialism are possessed with pursuit of control without limits, preying upon the less powerful, summoning other authorities,<sup>102</sup> while playing the victim, garnering sympathy from others—even the targets of their interest<sup>103</sup>. Their manipulation, and deceit extends beyond limits in the exploitation of everything, feeding on*



*and nourished by trouble that they cause or bring, relishing in pain, pandering to punishment with the infliction and infusion of their ideologies. Imperialism and their ilk discard bonds, destroy bodies and deceive brains with a slight of hand, a house of mirrors (and cards)—fully aware of what they’ve done or are doing and yet not the least touched or sensitive, any heart seared by and poison power of Leviathan.*

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<sup>102</sup> Exploitation extends to other authorities where compelled, coerced, or curried to and by their bidding, plans and purpose.

<sup>103</sup> Plundering, and possession is often postured as a defensive response to “a crisis” (an existential threat, acts of terror or certain enemy)—often if not always steeped in conquest, exploitation, greed, graft.

The clearest sensation that a human being has when he experiences the holy is an overpowering and overwhelming sense of creatureliness. That is, when we are in the presence of God, we are humbled and become most aware of ourselves as creatures. This is the opposite of Satan's original temptation, "You shall be as gods."

- R.C. Sproul, *The Holiness of God*

## Creator to CREATURE <sup>104</sup>

Once upon and still becomes CREATURE, a personification of the image of the Creator and yet fallen, corrupt, and apt to follow in the steps of Leviathan if not stopped, stymied, saved from self.

“I create,” CREATURE begins, “and I am a creator.”

What do you create, CREATURE?

“Everything under the sun from the deep recesses of the earth to orbits, starts and planets above—everything!”

That’s something to consider.

“And more, it’s miraculous, achievements as none before, never. Look around US and see the splendor and the brilliance: the incredible cathedrals, the stately state structures, the grand gardens, the broad byways and superhighways, the amber waves of grain and long but timely trains, the peaceful parks, the audacious arcs—all of that and more than the mind can conceive, the heart desire, and soul aspire, all attain.”

Altogether a lot of accomplishments.

“And this is only the beginning-,” CREATURE calls.

*The “beginning” of CREATURE’s “achievements as none before”, I wonder, but CREATURE is enthralled and enthused with the inventions of the created and more, is convinced that nothing previous or prior can*

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<sup>104</sup> Topics: creation, conceive, conceit, doubts, differences, deception, exploitation, happy, love, science.

*exceed or even match it. For all that appears as apparent to CREATURE, no one or nothing can argue, think differently, or believe anything but....*

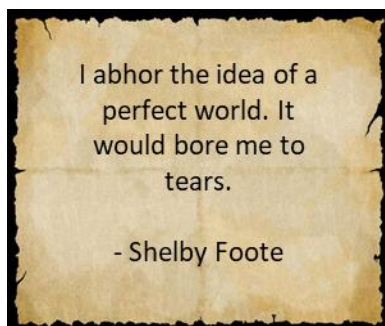
*But that's the way it is when the idea or invention is ideal and nothing else or no one else matters, including all that don't agree or have doubts or differences, or disregard.*

"What have you to say. Are you with me," CREATURE asks, apparently sensing that my silence is anything but an outpouring of ovation, accolades for *the great experiment* proved positive, another *big step* on some distant, foreign shore, or perhaps a planet or the light at the end of some black hole.

*Sure, it is all impressive for what I think I can even comprehend, conceive, but are the created creators above The Creator? Are those born of earth, or fallen<sup>105</sup>, aimed to create and construct the ideal life, living and appearance of love? I mean, is this even possible?*

"No one ever conceived what is here, what is coming," CREATURE carries on, unimpaired by my idleness perceived by such power as insolent, or maybe for my relief, my own ignorance to the matter, marvelous and miraculous claimed here and coming.

*But I don't care for the matter, the parade of the present, the fantastical future yet untapped. No, I*



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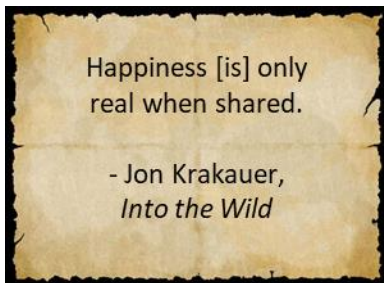
<sup>105</sup> Angels that purportedly fell from Heaven and further, infiltrated the human genome through procreation with human females with intention to denude the races and destroy *the created*.

*don't buy because the created consistently seek a way to upstage all that is good and right, no matter what plans, place, or period. As with the revelation of truth, time does paint a consistent picture of the condition; the contradictions, the build-up and then tear-down in making peace through war, showing love in superficial forms or if deeper, dispensing the essence<sup>106</sup>, in course of an earthly life.*

"Embrace par excellence," CREATED echoes, "and do what is best for you, your own and US. Can any afford not to be happy?"

*So goes the goal, the pursuit and progress toward "happy"—as though such moments of bliss were designed in all plans, for all places, as the purpose for life, living and something loosely appearing as love. Yes, a moment is the best that happy can give, really, but the proposition is that it will and must last; that as with a drug, the high will stay high, climbing higher for longer, a double dose of whatever it cost to climb and to hold on, crossing limit after limit to have it.*

"Forget those that say 'no' to happy," insists CREATED, "who rain on your sunshine, crush your mellow, or take what belongs to you!"



*Is happy really yours? Is the whole purpose of life, living and love to attain and remain happy? If every moment is happy, is happy so special, the must-have? Can happy really be happy if it only is yours and*

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<sup>106</sup> Conditional love, short of the real meaning and matter.

*beyond that, must be yours never mind how it affects others—having it all without any regard or consideration for the other(s)—any love in the true sense of what love is and is not?*

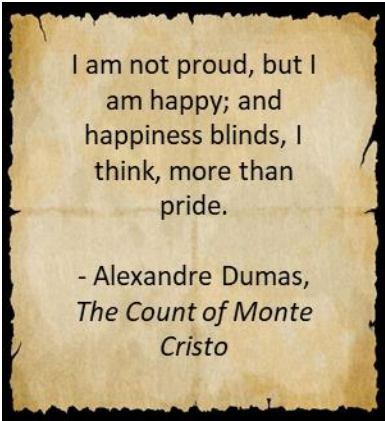
“One must love themselves, first and foremost, to love others and, to love oneself is to strive for happy—don’t’ you agree?”

*Love as defined how, when, and where? Is this love really an attribute of self-sacrifice, giving for the sake of others, or is more of the fashioned form that sounds good and right but is nothing more than self-gratification and indulgence. Such love alleged, as CREATED calls for, is not love at all, but is the exploitation of both the word and the act, the meaning and method, turning a blind eye while blaming anyone else when you finally hit the wall of truth or hang from the tree of trust.*

“You are proud of yourself, of succeeding, winning the day and still more, standing in the winner’s circle while the whole world looks on with adulation and envy, thinking, *if only I could be like you, happy,*” CREATED makes claim.

*Perpetual happiness is impossible, a made-up idea that while immensely attractive and alluring, and is a trap! Those that take the bait, swallow the hook, or get snagged in the net, are best to learn sooner than later—breaking free from the pride before the fall, and regrets expressed as, “I did not see it coming.”*

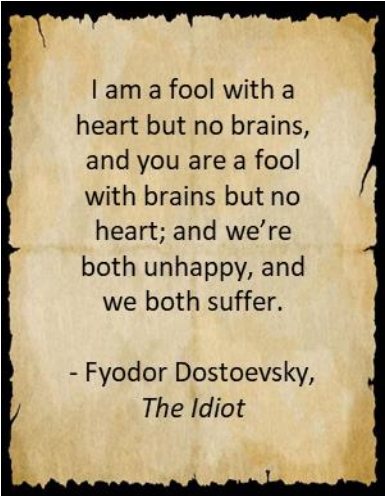
*Happy is not bad, but if happy is not yours, try love giving with gratitude, afar from everything that I’ve expressed so far.*



I am not proud, but I  
am happy; and  
happiness blinds, I  
think, more than  
pride.

- Alexandre Dumas,  
*The Count of Monte  
Cristo*

“No one should be more important to you than you—no one! Don’t play the fool or get succored by sympathy, reaching-out with a helping hand that’s certain to get chewed-off. Be a shrewd as a serpent and as cunning as the great sea creatures that come out of blue crashing down on the unexpected, their screams snuffed out by the ocean’s deep.”



I am a fool with a heart but no brains, and you are a fool with brains but no heart; and we’re both unhappy, and we both suffer.

- Fyodor Dostoevsky,  
*The Idiot*

*Leviathan was there, yes, and is here now, shrewd, cunning, convincing, surprising, clever to corral CREATED into believing that it is (or they are) The Creator, using the usual means and methods augmented with the rapid developments of science known, believed, and hidden. But as with love, science is exploited—merely a word or some action perceived or*

*punctuated as authentic but greatly politicized beyond the practices and protocols. Yes, science or technology represents the means and methods by which Leviathan claims to be The Creator, working magic and mysticism to lure and cull the masses, proceeding in hot pursuit toward another futile attempt at utopia, another charge into the breach of the better way, a happy moment.*<sup>107</sup>

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<sup>107</sup> Science, as with love, is exploited to usurp and undermine The Created. In this capacity, science is another form of idolatry.



I longed with all my soul to be good, but I was young; I had passions and I as alone, completely alone, in my search for goodness. Every time I tried to display my innermost desires - a wish to be morally good - I met with contempt and scorn, and as soon as I gave in to the base desires I was praised and encouraged. Ambition, lust for power, self-interest, lechery, pride, anger, revenge, were all respected qualities. As I yielded to these passions I became like [them] and I felt that they were pleased with me.

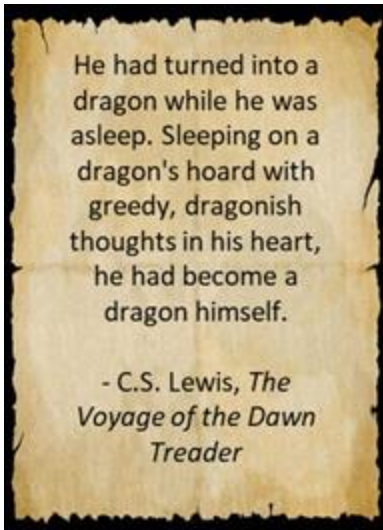
- Leo Tolstoy, *A Confession and Other Religious Writings*

## Daring, daunting, and deceiving DRAGON <sup>108</sup>

Once upon and still becomes DRAGON; the character that carries in each of US no matter whether we're inclined to decline, enveloped around, or entered within all that is wicked and evil amid *life, living and love*.

"I am DRAGON too?"

Yes, you do carry Leviathan in you, around you, passing from you to another and then another.



"What about you," DRAGON inquires. "Are you above Leviathan's power, possession?"

I too am similarly inclined to the serpent, the sins of our fathers, from generation to generation.

"What can be done to ward off this," DRAGON asks with a sigh. "It's futile to try given all the power, the temptations to pursue possession without accounting anticipating the abyss, Dante's inferno."

Difficult as it is, there is a way, there is hope if just a slither of light.

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<sup>108</sup> Topics: choice, care, charity, compassion, courage, forces, distracted, deceived, evil, grief, groaning, group(think), learning, loss, pain, wicked, vice.

“And you’ve achieved it—this ‘slither of light’,” DRAGON follows with some dubiousness.

No, I am not completely there, clean, complete, but wrestle with the dragon every day—and especially when darkness comes where we believe what we do is somehow unnoticed or otherwise okay.

“We are creatures of the night,” DRAGON generalizes.

Sometimes, yes, seeking out the darkness, waiting in anticipation to *cut loose and let it all hang out*.

“Sounds very seventies, your description.”

Okay, the description does date me, but the same for yesterday as today, the same duty to the dragon, the same desires for the darkness, the same—

“Nothing has changed then,” DRAGON comments with a sullen expression.

Not really. Maybe the devices change but the vices are the same, and given access to what the world offers, from Sodom to the present, the dragon’s sphere and span stretches more than ever, the influence and insidiousness at fever pitch. And while evil and wickedness runs the course through history, the present portends of it running rampant as many are giving-in, giving-up, and giving-out.

“Who is say that it does not include me, you, US,” DRAGON continues as another potential generalization.

Can anyone say considering that it comes down to each heart and soul—not a group or mass, but only the one?

“Well, that’s good news,” DRAGON says with slurring sarcasm. “If you cannot count on others, what the hell.”

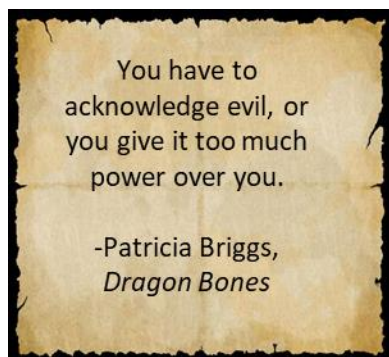
Speaking of hell—again—Leviathan’s methods include division, turning one against another and using mobs to persuade any *straddling the fence* or pondering a life of good and right.

There are pressures imposed in the spirits, demons, that travel about, looking, lurking, and landing on those who will their bidding—none of which is good and right, of course, but is aimed to destroy *life, living and love*.

“Tell me more,” DRAGON asks, amused it seems.

You are not Leviathan incarnate but are more a vassal, one to do carry-out or conduct schemes and to undermine the good and right both within and around.

“But my name, ‘DRAGON’?”



Your name, while associated to the demonic forces, does not destine you to darkness. Indeed, the name offers more reason to seek out the truth, to conceive and comprehend conditions laden on *the created*, the sickness for self-exaltation leading to all sundry of

sin. Your name is not the meaning or matter of who you are and what you can do, be, despite this fallen world of death, dying and despair.

“Is it really that bad?”

I can’t really answer that, but I urge you to look and listen, to observe with open eyes and more, a heart and soul enabled to identify the dark and destructive works of those taken by foremost by Leviathan. For if you cannot see things with such clarity, you are simply blind, groping about while demons do their dirty work and you, distracted or deceived, are easy prey.

“Ducks in a row?”

Yes.

“Fish is a barrel?”

Yes, Leviathan is bound to destroy US—all!

“US, all,” DRAGON repeats.

And the assault is on each one—not groups already gone, the many already *sold down the river*; those that sought privilege or power that grabbed it *hook, line, and sinker*!

“And you, I, what of my friends, family and all the-,” DRAGON asks with the onset of more sorrow.

This is a tough one, the reality that Leviathan divides and most of all, tears friends and family apart and thus *life, living and love*. And I know this is a *hard pill to swallow*, the certainty that those we care about may buy the schemes of demons.

“But it is the reality,” DRAGON close, possibly accepting the condition though still concerned as though one’s heart and soul are not enough but, social creatures that we are, losing another can break the heart and grieve the soul in ways lasting a lifetime, the longing for what we think could have been but did not and never will again.

It helps to see..., but it hurts too, I know.

“Do you hurt?”

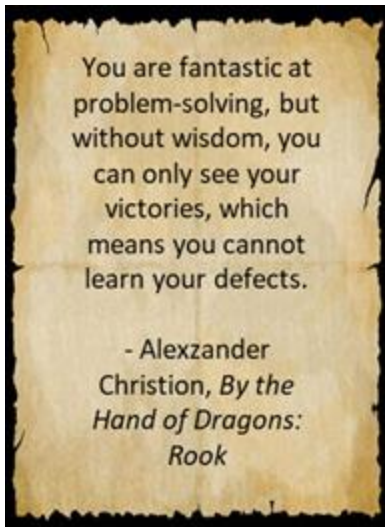
Yes, as I too endure these pains and what seems punishment, a judgement of sort, in the collection and compounding of carelessness that we give and take, with glee for those that do the giving no matter their grief, sacrifice, suffering. But for those burdened with betrayal, who possibly were once a loved one, there is no such glee; none, but rather the guile, my groaning and grief.

“But you help, still.”

Yes, but not by my will alone. No, I alone cannot help alone, as the hurt still hurts and the demons arise, having their way in my heart and soul, a loss to add to the losses already collected but still compounding.

“More loss on loss,” DRAGON repeats whether to question or to acknowledge the result of one’s will acting alone, a sorrow for self alone.

Loss or defeat is not a bad thing—contrary to popular opinion or basic instincts—but it comes down to how it hurts and helps.



“It’s not bad?”

Without loss or defeat, how could we each learn the experience of pain and punishment as, well, the best lesson for eyes wide open, hearts and souls honed by hurt to ideally help, with the will laid prostrate as a power of *life, living and love* arrive to our rescue by surrender, salvation?

“Sounds good, right, but I am confused about certain loss that encumbers but then somehow is helpful, necessary,” a dilemma that seems to shift yet more power DRAGON’s way, defeat, despair.

I too struggle with this—as though the pain(s) of betrayal is not enough—that somehow what seems punishment, loss atop loss, is gain, a window for wisdom—but consider the alternative.

“The alternative,” DRAGON asks after hesitation.

The alternative is to win and, basking in victory, to want for winning every time, all the time, and still-

“Win more,” DRAGON finishes, admitting the trappings of power, at the expense of wisdom, learning and lessons.

Show me a soul beset on winning of this sort and I will show you foolishness, one convinced that their power and possession is unlimited, everlasting, and even immortal. Show me such “winners” and I will show a *house built on the sand*, such that when the unstoppable storms come and pound the hell out of their house, washing everything back into the sea, what is left of their dreams, illusions of invisibility, their pride pounded down do despair and death.

“How can I lose and lose again, and yet be DRAGON?”

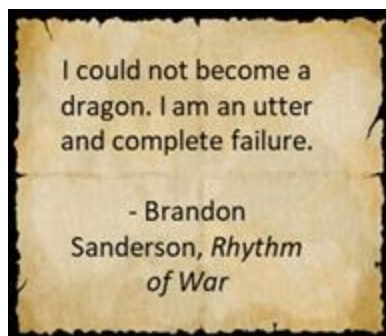
Knowing of loss and its purpose is not enough, DRAGON. One must experience and endure loss, the pains, the punishment, and preferably the wisdom that comes in knowing what victory really is and is not. It is only by *hitting bottom* can one be truly saved, emerging from the ashes of a firestorm and still able to free others too, aside feelings or all that one endures from loss, even betrayal, abandonment.

“To help others having hurt?”

To help another while still hurting, facing yet more chance of loss against the daunting, deceiving and dangers of dragon, of Leviathan.

“Dangers more,” or more the chance of loss, an undoing of more, no more dreams, illusions, or ideas of winning, gaining and keeping what we think makes one worthy, is power, and pushes ever closer The Creator.

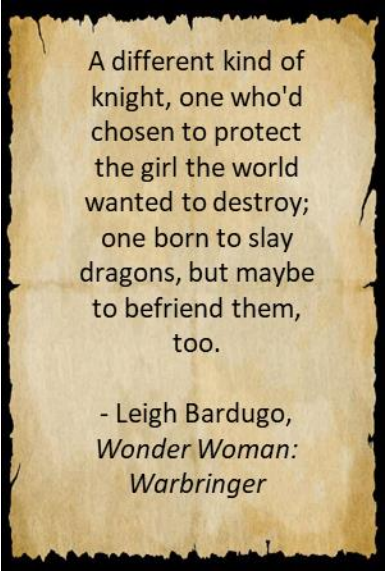
If wisdom is possible from loss, is danger best for courage, standing-up while getting dragooned down?



“Courage,” DRAGON murmurs, repeating the words just as before,  
And courage, like doing good and right, is a tough road to take given  
the-

“The Leviathan.”

Why do you think that dragon is always out to kill the knight?



A different kind of  
knight, one who'd  
chosen to protect  
the girl the world  
wanted to destroy;  
one born to slay  
dragons, but maybe  
to befriend them,  
too.

- Leigh Bardugo,  
*Wonder Woman:  
Warbringer*

“I thought it was the opposite,”

DRAGON remarks.

Yeah, you're right about that  
too, but still, it takes courage for one  
in some flimsy armor and a rightfully  
spooked mount to go up against fire  
and fierceness—don't you think?

“It does, and oh do we need  
more knights, more courage, more  
care.”

Good and right made greater,  
made perfect if such were possible  
in the present world, Earth and all its

space, its sphere.



You have lost your reason and taken the wrong path.  
You have taken lies for truth, and hideousness for beauty. You would marvel if, owing to strange events of some sorts, frogs and lizards suddenly grew on apple and orange trees instead of fruit, or if roses began to smell like a sweating horse.... I marvel at you who exchange heaven for earth. I don't want to understand you.

- Anton Chekhov

## Above, below and beneath EARTH <sup>109</sup>

Once upon and still becomes EARTH; the character representing

aspects of the planet, our world, above and below, known, or unknown, physical, spiritual, natural, and made.

“I am called EARTH, one of many planets among endless stars far reaching, galaxies, systems, stars, moving bodies, the sun, and my moon.


Hello, EARTH.

“Glad to be to be connected, breathing, floating, revolving and rotating, upholding and carrying the many that call me home.”

What are you plans, the plan?

“What do you mean?”

I mean, you’ve been around for some time now and surely you have plans, some vision of the future. Given the endless effort to research,



Science has worked  
hard to piece  
together the story of  
the evolution of our  
world up this point,  
but only recently  
have we developed  
the understanding  
and tools to describe  
the entire life of our  
planet...a point at  
which science has  
given US the capacity  
to examine the birth  
of our planet as well  
as the forces that will  
bring about its  
eventual death.

- Peter D. Ward  
Donald Brownlee  
*The Life and Death of  
Planet Earth*

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<sup>109</sup> Topics: science, exploitation, environment, deceive, distracted, future, weather, pollution, health, technology.

discover and document other worlds, and to boldly go where none have gone before, do you have a plan for US, all the many, somewhere else?

“But I like it here,” EARTH insists.

But “here” may not always be. Things change and who knows what may become of this place. With the combination of “natural and made” events, cycles, trends, and the madness of a few that seem to know it all—even more.

“And I’m supposed to know,” EARTH remarks.

If anyone would know it should be you—don’t you think?

“I do not know,” EARTH murmurs. “Science seems to be well ahead not to mention aging me and more, giving me so much time to live<sup>110</sup>.”

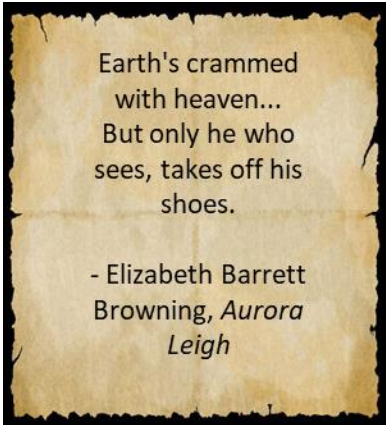
*Science is great, but I have this strange sensation that science will—like other great things—find its way to largely for the interest of a few surpassing the greatness of science with their own quest for endless power, politics!*

“What you are thinking.” EARTH says sullenly.

I am thinking that your future is in jeopardy.

“Any wonder,” EARTH stutters, sighing, “given my prior comments.”

But you’ve weathered the



Earth's crammed  
with heaven...  
But only he who  
sees, takes off his  
shoes.

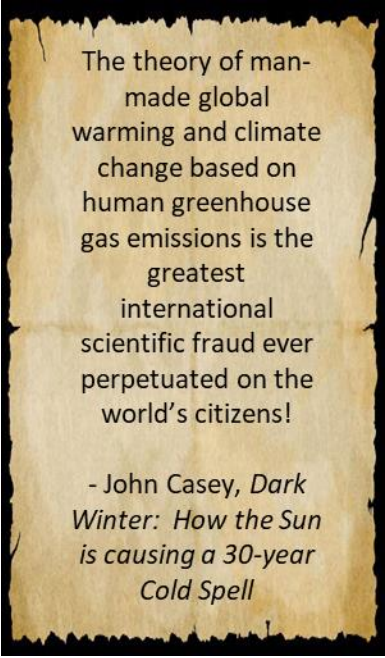
- Elizabeth Barrett  
Browning, *Aurora  
Leigh*

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<sup>110</sup> Referring to estimates of the age of Earth and life remaining.

storms far exceeding the lives of this or that few and will likely see the present die and return anew.

*But as patterns go, more bad players will come carrying the full weight of the world on the shoulders, attempting an Atlas or some other idol with ideas aimed for their interests—greed, graft as drivers.*



The theory of man-made global warming and climate change based on human greenhouse gas emissions is the greatest international scientific fraud ever perpetuated on the world's citizens!

- John Casey, *Dark Winter: How the Sun is causing a 30-year Cold Spell*

“What should I do now that I have not already done prior?”

A question that needs some background, some understanding of what is above and below EARTH. Does anyone know what lies beneath US, to the core, or above US to a galaxy far, far away? Can anyone give a credible account of these spaces, spheres?

“I know what is within me,” EARTH speaks out with the usual undertone, modest as matter of fact, sacred but not sanctimonious. “And

I see some of that above, though I have my limits,” suggesting that EARTH sees and feels up above: the winds, cloud formations, the magnetic fields of the sun, the gravitational forces of the moon, the tiny lights and other matter seen and unseen by US alone.

What else do you see—can you feel?

“I see what they’ve done and are doing, the scars left behind, the plans and “problems”, the agenda to save me from US—the excuses to exact and extract more power, order, from more reasons, research, requests, reports, ramifications, rules, regulations, and restrictions.”

*Any ill-effects are much more natural—all through the ages—than that caused by the “numbers”. Comparing carbon emissions from volcanic activity with all that is by the numbers is like trying to match a mountain to a molehill.*

“But it works,” EARTH shouts with anguish. “They duped the world into believing..., fearing foremost!”

*I suppose something repeated become fact, truth.*

“If facts and figures are intentionally withheld or squashed, what is left but a few who say, ‘no thank you’, while many *belly-up to the trough* and say, ‘tell me more?’”

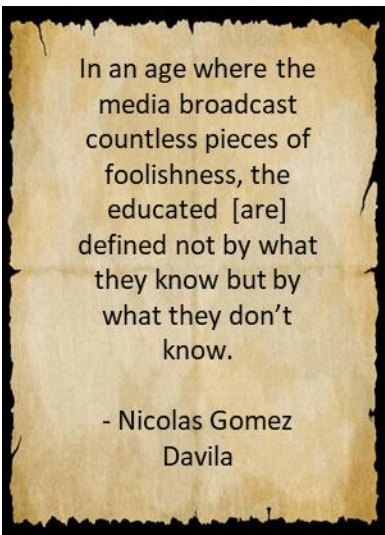
*I suppose that if all the bad, mis-/dis-information is spoken or printed by the “right” sources, then it must be true—all science, research, and critical thinking superseded by politics.*

“If minds are dulled and attention is distracted, what is left but a few who say, ‘it’s raining’ while many don’t notice though soaked to the bones, wet around the ears if not drowned by drenching, the deluge?”

*I suppose that if the information sources do the bidding of Leviathan, the intention and effect is to deceive, disempower, and destroy the many, the masses, and possibly the mutants too.*

“If life is about endless entertainment, what is left but a few who keep life, living and love, while they many merely exist if just to be entertained or amused, but otherwise distracted or demurred?”

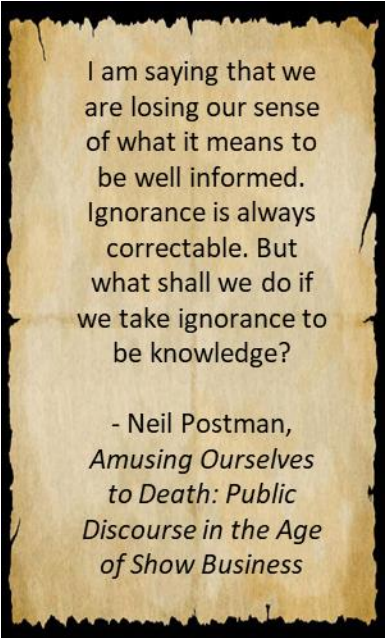
*I suppose that if society is saturated with entertainment, amusement, and trivialities, the result is addled behavior, passivity, and*



In an age where the media broadcast countless pieces of foolishness, the educated [are] defined not by what they know but by what they don't know.

- Nicolas Gomez Davila

*idleness, seeking endless self-gratification and indulgence, with misery from boredom as sure to follow.*



I am saying that we are losing our sense of what it means to be well informed. Ignorance is always correctable. But what shall we do if we take ignorance to be knowledge?

- Neil Postman,  
*Amusing Ourselves to Death: Public Discourse in the Age of Show Business*

“If the hand be quicker than the eye and all other tricks of the trade be on the table, a few might walk away—if they even bother to bet—while many will gamble everything but stubbornness and stupidity.”

*I suppose that EARTH sees and feels a great many things that don't bode well for good, right.*

“I see and feel other things.”

What else do you see, feel, within and around you?

Magnetic forces are changing—which is a cyclical thing—but is measurable given the systems mentioned before, present and planned. Yes, electrical systems that are marvelous, magnificent, but also malignant, emitting radiation that causes all manner of medical problems to the many<sup>111</sup>.

Are you sure about this, the radiation, the residual effects?

“Not completely.... I feel and see but I am confused., EARTH admits. “Sure, ‘the science’, but there much more to this than that.”

What do you mean?

---

<sup>111</sup> This could be both man-made and naturally occurring developments, but levels and frequencies that are damaging, disabling, detrimental.



“I mean the science is sometimes silenced, sometimes merely mentioned, while others, nameless and nefarious, actually act against the science—despite related claims to the contrary.”<sup>112</sup>

*As with all inventions of science, there are applications intended for good whatever the outcome. Worse however are other applications intended for bad—to damage and destroy creation. As atomic energy follows such oppositions from the innovative to the insidious, so too for radiation and such invisible forces.*

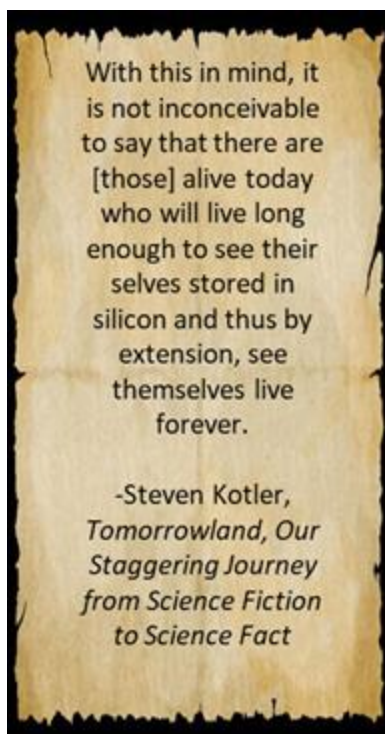
“I see these sources of radiation everywhere, beaming down and flowing out, raising up, and pumping in images, sounds, and moving objects.”

And the harm, the danger, the medical problems to the many?

“Still to study this, watch and wait, but I suspect that it is so,” EARTH says, carefully, cautiously.

Suspect of what in particular?

“I know Leviathan is the great deceiver and that demonic forces are at work everywhere—to include science!”



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<sup>112</sup> Science is coopted and exploited, misrepresented by merely mentioning the words, “Follow ‘the science’”.

Exploited?

“Yes, though I was going to say, ‘abused’, but there’s more.”

More?

“More as to privacy, the systems also capture data about everyone and everything, leaving *no stone unturned*, no respect of privacy.”

*And where will such inventions and application take US but to complete servitude—for those that survive!*

“But the allure, the attraction, and all that leads to an adoring fanbase of the applications, services and products,” EARTH accentuates. “And nothing or no one can stop it—or even slow it down!”

Again, servitude and-,

“And further and farther than when you asked me less than a minute ago. But as to how it will end, that depends on my future.”

Yes, it does.

“And I wonder if I’ll get a second chance,” EARTH murmurs from deep within.

I believe you will, a better world than now or then, a one to holdfast for, I think.

“It sounds good, this ‘better world’,” EARTH says in closing, the clouds give way to the sun’s rays and a new light.



Playing the victim role: Manipulator portrays him- or herself as a victim of circumstance or of someone else's behavior in order to gain pity, sympathy or evoke compassion and thereby get something from another. Caring and conscientious people cannot stand to see anyone suffering and the manipulator often finds it easy to play on sympathy to get cooperation..

- George K. Simon Jr., *In Sheep's Clothing: Understanding and Dealing with Manipulative People*

## Seething FORKED tongue <sup>113</sup>

Once upon and still becomes FORKED, the character unknown by others but least of all itself. Of *two-faces* or personalities, one appears and then another, befuddling and then beguiling, consciously hiding behind the curtain of controls, conjuring up all manner of angelic images and other things for the sly and seething.

Who are you, seething one?

"I am not seething, but it's more a condition, uncontrolled salivation," FORKED replies, "I am self-conscious about it, so please, don't mention it again."

Of course, a condition. *But there is the reality of that seen or heard is not so; that while you're told one thing, in fact, it not true. And more, that such deliberate, intended to mislead and control; that plainly put, are lies, lying, or a falsehood.*

"You are offensive," FORKED follows.

How so?

"You infer that I am a dribbling sort, angry and erratic."

I did not realize that I inferred any of that-,

"Oh, you know you did...to hurt me, focusing on my fears and making me a fool," FORKED continues. "Your claims are without cause. You don't know who I am and what I've been through, how I've

---

<sup>113</sup> Topics: conceit, confusion, deceive, doublespeak/think, bitterness, compassion (faux), schemes, truth, victim, wicked, evil.

struggled and survived, my slurring and saliva...my struggles and sacrifices, my suffering and selflessness, my soul and all that sort."

*Can one go from an innocuous introduction to an insult, from the heavenly to hellish of hype, hullabaloo, edging toward harangue? How does one claim innocence or more, a victim, when striking the match and lighting the fuse of some fury ready to explode inside them?*

"I think you owe me an apology?"

An apology for what?

"And now you mock me, belittle me, pretending that you don't know what you've done, are doing, and do," FORKED stammers on, still seething, feigning a fury agitated by my insensitivity, insults, and all other things attributed to me, my fault(s) apparently.

I still don't understand this-

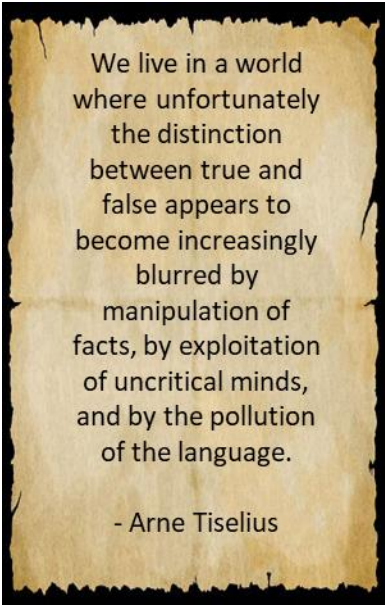
"Understanding is something that you're incapable of doing," FORKED fires on, the fury building.

I don't understand because you're not truthful, real.

"No, you just want to..., admit it," making zings as an off-balanced, unwieldy, ball of blather, or an of course and out-of-control, oration having no origin or destination, blasting with distortions and diatribe.

What can I do-

"You've done more than enough, my wounds too deep to be mended, and the resulting scares too lasting to be soothed or softened."



We live in a world  
where unfortunately  
the distinction  
between true and  
false appears to  
become increasingly  
blurred by  
manipulation of  
facts, by exploitation  
of uncritical minds,  
and by the pollution  
of the language.

- Arne Tiselius

*Thinking on this whole “conversation”, my impulse is to turn and walk away, not thinking about this again other than to wonder how I ended-up here in the first place. But there is something to this, something that must be considered if not expressed to you, and yet I cannot put a finger on it, wanting to at least get some sense of who and what FORKED really is—and is not—and what initiated and idolized this self-inflicted or induced imagination of eternal and everlasting innocence, vaunted victimization, juxtaposed with wickedness if not evil?*

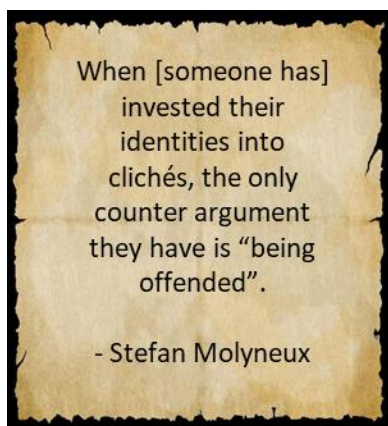
“Are you ignoring me, disregarding me, disrespecting me,” FORKED questions me, interrupting my thoughts and brief intermission. “Do you care at all?”

Yes, I care.

“Sure, you care about yourself, what you want—it’s all about you, isn’t it?”

Are you asking me?

“Oh right, put on the pose of innocence, that smug expression, that air of superiority,” FORKED sneers, adding to the overdose of offenses



that if deflated would not only take the bounce out but put the reckless thing to rest, ideally to never take air again and loom over me as the mother of all storms.

“Maybe there is hope for you, maybe I can say something to help you see, understand,” FORKED follows, the sneer markedly replaced by a smile or some semblance of

sympathy, some care of compassion.

You want to help me?

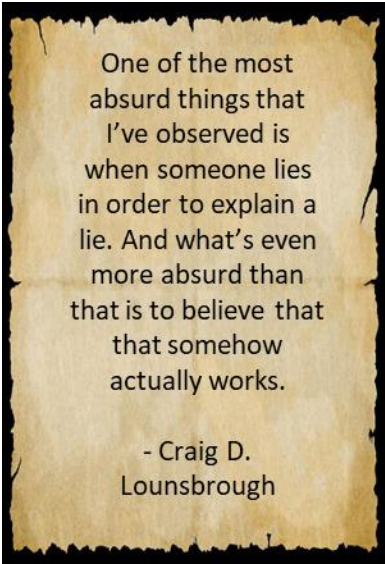
“As much as everything inside me says no, my goodness of heart, my thoughtfulness compels me to do what I can; that is, if you can change, try to be better and all that,” FORKED proposes, appearing to pivot from *all thorns* to *the offering of a rose*—but only if I can promise to stick to “the program”, forgetting all slurring and sensationalism to now and accept that it is I who am “the problem”, troubled and terrible.

*The sudden, superficial change of heart is nothing of or in the sincere, but is acting—yes, acting—to get something I still cannot put a finger on. Should I just outright ask, “What is it want (from me)?”, and expect a response that is reasonable, rationale, or should I turn and walk away, turning myself off to ever discovering what is behind this, what FORKED is trying to really do, to get and to take without cause?*

“You need help in a desperate way,” FORKED continues, a tone of compassion coupled with an intense expression of concern, perhaps sorrow, purposely *pouring it on*.

*But in truth, this is all a lie, a lie on a lie, a series of lies, for which the intent is still mine to discover or realize. Do lies or lies work, the liar victorious in some strange, sorted way. Does lying pay or win the day? Does lying assure power, a soft form to gain the upper hand or to bite off the hand altogether?*

“I sense your stubbornness, your unwillingness, your uncaringness, your too-far-gone-ness to give a hoot about help, having hope,” FORKED follows, heaping more atop a firestorm of fabrications, falsehoods, and fraud.

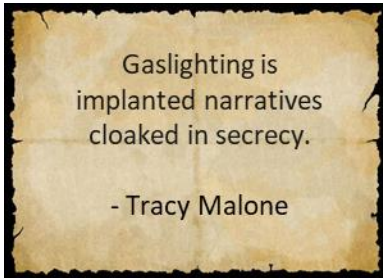


One of the most absurd things that I've observed is when someone lies in order to explain a lie. And what's even more absurd than that is to believe that that somehow actually works.

- Craig D.  
Lounsborough

*To ask myself whether FORKED is the least bit sincere adds fuel to the fire, disregarding both myself and all delivered as doctrine when in truth is dubious, dogged deception. How does such a seething tongue run amuck, spitting, spewing simultaneously, but to slither in and inflict their invective, then offer some superficial serum—a drug to dull the effects nonexistent or at most, a mere mystery made so by my misunderstanding. Misgivings and everything of me alone.*

“Well, my offer is over, my hope gone to hell,” FORKED spouts while turning about, heading out, and ideally never to return.



*But taking to more thought, could it be Leviathan once again: another means and method, the accuser masquerading as “the victim”, then enter the villain to demean, damage, and even destroy another, falsely accusing them only to pivot as a patron of both malignant mercy amid malicious might.*

It is best that FORKED is gone, and even better if never to return, for it seems an insolvable and incurable sort, whose hope has indeed gone to hell—from whence it comes.

The powers-that-be understand that to create the appropriate atmosphere for war, it's necessary to create within the general populace a hatred, fear or mistrust of others regardless of whether those others belong to a certain group of people or to a religion or a nation.

- James Morcan, *The Orphan Conspiracies: 29 Conspiracy Theories from The Orphan Trilogy*

**B**elow GROUND zero <sup>114</sup>

Once upon and still becomes GROUND; one who professes to be *well-grounded*, having a grasp of the past, present, and even the future, and having a hand in the control of energy, money, food, and data.

“Control energy and you control the lands, control food and you control the numbers, control the money and you control commerce, control data and you control the future,” so begins GROUND, looking backward, then around and finally forward as though to cover not just an eye’s view but a global vision of land, sea, the space above and below the earth below, and everything and everyone in between.

And on what GROUND so you stand.

“Everywhere, anywhere I will,” GROUND replies with surety.

And how do you do this, *covering all bases*?

“Were you not listening a moment ago, the proclamation, the pride and platform?”

Yes, I heard it, your ‘proclamation’ with pride on a platform of comprehensive control, ‘everywhere and anywhere’.”

“I suppose I can elaborate,” GROUND follows, with an advancing attitude, annoyance. “After all, what are words without actions, control without means and methods, right?”

Of course, “actions...means and methods”.

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<sup>114</sup> Topics: control, false (lies), fear, media, mind (thoughts, thinking), mass formation, money.



"My first and foremost means are those who design and deliver information laced with fear, a most malicious and malevolent method. The more penetration and saturation of fear, the more compliant and controlling the masses," GROUND explains without delay.



*And it makes sense, the means: information presumed to be trustworthy, looped and pumped, while suppressing and stifling alternative; "penetration and saturation" without competition, an exclusive source to ensure that "everywhere, anywhere" GROUND controls.... And the method: fear, as a natural response to that perceived, real or imaginary, some truths or facts for effect, expounded with false and misleading elaboration, some shell games, to enunciate excellence, the "better way", nirvana, utopia.*

"My second means is the military or militancy: threats and terror of security and safety, rumors of wars, that similarly invoke fear as a base from which spawns a show of force and of course, the full cooperation and participation of the public for a 'good and right' cause."

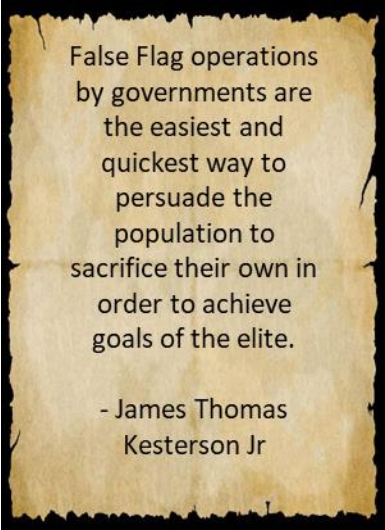
*And it makes sense, as any situation of this kind needs a bad guy, a villain beset on assaulting US because we're "good and right", free, and independent, and most of all, prosperous and blessed.*

"Either of these works every time---like a charm," GROUND punctuates with more pride, pomp, and prescience.

And can we forget the *false flag*?

"Oh yes, the "false flag". Plan and then set the stage with a combination of twists and tricks, impression, perception, and deception of a threat followed our folly and then, more means and method."

*It makes sense: create an enemy along a cause by planning and*



False Flag operations  
by governments are  
the easiest and  
quickest way to  
persuade the  
population to  
sacrifice their own in  
order to achieve  
goals of the elite.

- James Thomas  
Kesterson Jr

*executing an assault, and attack—the illusion that an existential not only exist but is a clear and present danger, the necessary enemy, the “bad guy”, with fear and-*

“Anxiety, in the long term,”  
GROUND continues as though  
reading my thoughts. “There must  
be foreboding and fear that, like a  
fog, dampens the fire, penetrating to  
the heart, saturating the soul, and  
clouding clarity from the past and

present with the drain of delusions, illusions and lots of images to  
fashion the future.”

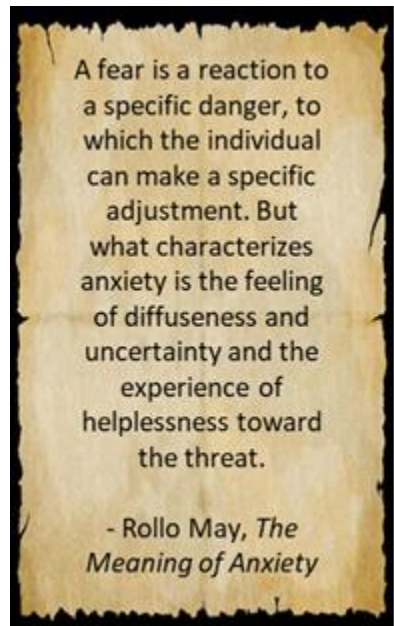
*And it makes sense—especially in the information age: manufacture  
the news, make-believe using all the tricks and twists, manipulations,  
manifestations, and repetitions of the media, invoking censorship to  
nullify naysayers, neutrals, and anybody that impedes the illusion.*

“Commit sabotage of cyber and bio—terror—blaming it on the ‘bay  
guys’, a patsy or scapegoat, while carrying out some secretive,  
underlining and underhanded agenda of conquest or conspiracy,”  
GROUND grinds on with excitement, euphoria. “It’s stupendous,  
spectacular, a sure thing to sunder lots of sympathy and to invoke lots  
of controls and systems that largely remain in place long after the crises.  
Tried & true is that the will of the numbers will prevail, convinced,  
coerced, or compelled to forfeit so-called rights for some artificial  
assurance of safety, security.”

*And it makes sense; fear followed by anxiety, ever present danger however unclear, and the making of mass formation: the widespread presence of free-floating anxiety and psychological unease within a population.*<sup>115</sup>

“Control requires first the design and deployment of systems but more, *the working of systems* and, as necessary, working around the systems too,” GROUND explains with emphasis and erudition of all things systems.

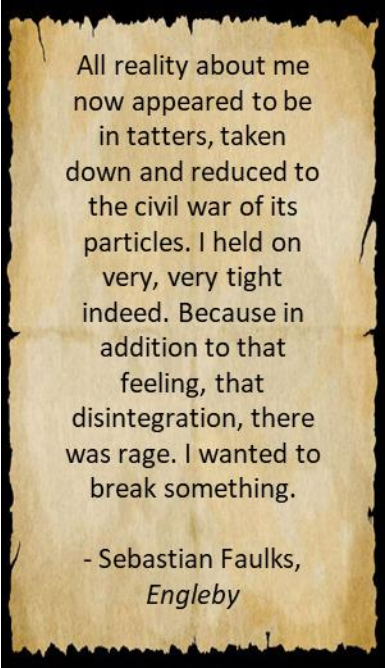
*And it makes sense too, the exploitations of systems along with everything and everyone else; that with systems is data and with control of both, the world is at your command, control, to seemingly do anything to anyone for any reason or for no reason at all—and certainly without plain reason and common sense, let alone goodwill. Yes, it makes sense but, more so to the mad, deranged, demented, or psychopathic. How better to control the world than with systems, technology, a technocracy of terror untold?*



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<sup>115</sup> From *The Psychology of Totalitarianism*.

“Another means is the politic, the methods of so-called law along



All reality about me  
now appeared to be  
in tatters, taken  
down and reduced to  
the civil war of its  
particles. I held on  
very, very tight  
indeed. Because in  
addition to that  
feeling, that  
disintegration, there  
was rage. I wanted to  
break something.

- Sebastian Faulks,  
*Engleby*

with decrees, orders, dictates, mandates, coercions, compulsions and the ‘common good’, all of which stricken society with an incurable case of brokenness, fragmentation, and isolation. By breaking down the health of society, breaking apart bonds of strength therein, there is much to backfill with the politic while piling-on anxiety with all the attendant advantages, a confluence of conditions, controls,” GROUND concludes, tracing *mass formation* to a society nurtured of its unction, understanding and utterance to that

which matters most.

Lawful actions breakdown down society?

“No, not exactly, but the politic works *the shadows*; the deep, less apparent, using both means and methods to divide, fragment, and isolate numbers. Again, as society breakdowns, the backfill are more laws and controls of the many and by the many—as it appears to be.”

Means and methods to divide such as-

“Again fear, not only of something distant or detached but more so, something once dear, *hitting home* as: distrust, disgust and disparity, divided between and among conditions, classes, creeds, and any other cause credible or conjured-up; whatever foments frustration, instigates infighting, animosity, envy, jealousy, aggression, and anything that otherwise teardowns and tears at and apart the *fabric of society*.”

*And it makes perfect sense; to establish order out of disparity and dissention, control out of chaos and calamity, and anything that otherwise asserts and accelerates the advancement of the politic.*

“But all the means and methods take lots of money,” GROUND continues, “and that is where business becomes.”

Business?

“Yes, the merging of two powers, business and the politic.”

You mean fascism?

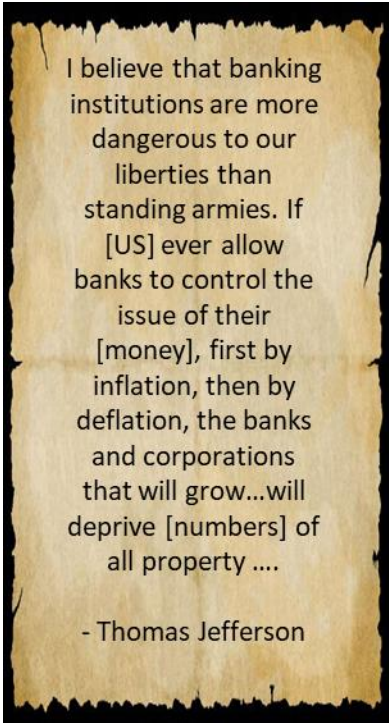
“No, no, no, not that word, but something subtle but seductive, sinister but stately, staged as a suitable form but in fact the complete opposite that, if open, is sure to be opposed.”

Capitalism?

“Yes, but politics and business, and the banks joined *at the hip*, the money flowing freely in rotation, reported or otherwise, each receiving their cut while the games go on, the means and methods fully funded and more.”

The banks too?

“Foremost the banks that grow the money, issued on demand, and sure that it stays afloat—no matter how damaged, debauched,”



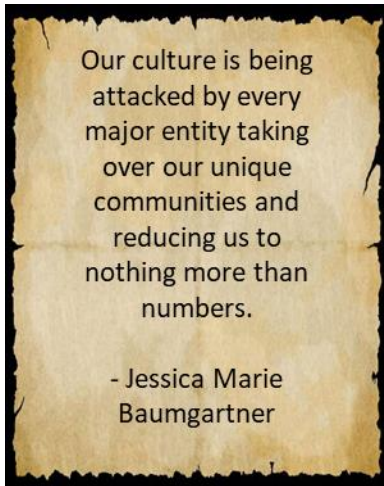
I believe that banking institutions are more dangerous to our liberties than standing armies. If [US] ever allow banks to control the issue of their [money], first by inflation, then by deflation, the banks and corporations that will grow...will deprive [numbers] of all property ....

- Thomas Jefferson

GROUND adds, expounding on *the iron triangle*<sup>116</sup> that makes scales of power prevail, the debt disregarded.

Does the growth of money have no end?

“It is an endless flow of liquidity, continuing indefinitely, of which value is retained by reducing general pricing that-,”



Our culture is being  
attacked by every  
major entity taking  
over our unique  
communities and  
reducing us to  
nothing more than  
numbers.

- Jessica Marie  
Baumgartner

...consequently, reduces jobs  
and puts large numbers out of work.

“Yeah, sure, but it’s all worth it  
to gain the total domain, *make it  
rain* on the plain,” GROUND goes-  
off, attempting to be silly beneath  
the seriousness of all the works that  
end with world order, an integrated  
system of insidiousness, a  
technocracy of tyranny unlike  
anything of history.”

A *zero-sum game* where the few gains everything and everyone,  
enlisting the many by such means and methods described..., along with  
a hefty bag of tricks and twists that *makes the head spin*.

“Games yes, but the math is magical where 2+2 no longer equals 4;  
but much more, *the tables are so rigged* that money is made on  
money—speculation spectacular!”

If money makes the world go round, graft and greed spin it.

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<sup>116</sup> Referring to government, banks, and corporations.



HELL begins with a grumbling mood, always complaining, always blaming others... but you are still distinct from it. You may even criticize it in yourself and wish you could stop it. But there may come a day when you can no longer. Then there will be no you left to criticize the mood or even to enjoy it, but just the grumble itself, going on forever like a machine. It is not a question of God "sending us" to hell. In each of us there is something growing, which will BE hell unless it is nipped in the bud.

- C.S. Lewis

## Messenger from HELL <sup>117</sup>

Once upon and still becomes, from here and there and everywhere, HELL; where many reside and many more are decidedly destined, deceived, with souls destroyed along the way.

Is HELL everywhere? Where does HELL come from?

“Yes, and always,” HELL responds, decidedly, destined...along the way.

Are you alone or do you have companions, comrades, a cadre of devoted with you, HELL?

“I am alone, as usual, but that does not mean that I am lonely because I always have someone somewhere to keep me company, to help me and to give me hope,” HELL follows, offering a sense as something other than torment and tragedy.

You have friends?

“Of course, lots who come my way and stay, always and forever, and lots more *waiting in the wings*, plotting their course one step at a time but destined all the same, dead to their ways, the way.”

How is it that you do this?”

“I don’t do anything as far as they know—but they each do it to themselves!” HELL emphasizes, attempting to set the record straight on who does what to who given *free will* to do what they choose albeit

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<sup>117</sup> Topics: chaos, choice, confusion, destiny, fallen, fair, freewill, good, hearts, hell, idols, right, scams, schemes.



good intentions, goodwill, or the greater good. “How good do they have to be to go to hell?”

*But is that possible, even with “free will”? Can one choose “rightly” and yet end up with HELL? Can one choose “wrongly” and still, mercifully, miraculously, evade HELL?*

“My mystery is that life is good given ‘free-will’.”

Then you do like “my mystery”, mercy, and miracle of-

“I’d rather everybody go to HELL—all the ‘mystery’ and else begone, but one must do what one must do.”

It would make things easier for you, then?

“A hell of a lot easier!”

What about *the fall* from-?

“That was a slap in the face, I tell you. All that I did and for what?”

And you miss it?

“I had it good,” HELL responds candidly, “at the front the class, the chief and-,”

But then?

“But then they dropped the bomb on me and-,”

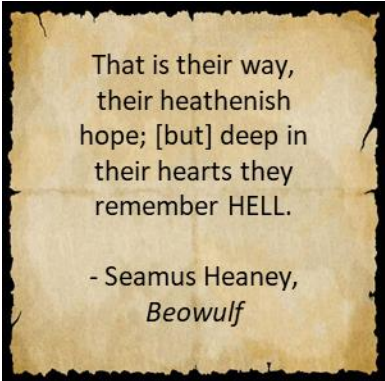
Boom, blown apart.

“Yeah, apart and as it seems, never to be together again,” HELL resigns, “but I don’t need their kind anyway, those sacred hearts.”

That kind..., “sacred hearts”?

“You know, the good and right, the sacred and sanctified, all that they purport, pledge, and pray to be, piety, perfected.”

You’re saying they’re frauds, faking-it?



That is their way,  
their heathenish  
hope; [but] deep in  
their hearts they  
remember HELL.

- Seamus Heaney,  
*Beowulf*

“I’m saying that I am not like the many with one foot here and one foot there, trying to cover all bases and ironically, having none—*not a leg to stand on*,” HELL clarifies. “You’re either with me or against me—and that’s it!”

But so many see to be somewhere in between, straddling the fence or something like that, but neither here or there and even, at times, not sure where they stand.

“Isn’t it great,” HELL slurs as though forked in tongue.

But you just said that-,

“I know what I said and say, but words are nothing; no, it’s the intention, the action, the effect and result.”

I’m confused.

“Confusion, chaos and crisis is choice.”

I see.

“No, you don’t.”

See?

“I am the greatest deceiver, deceiving as my greatest method, with the means as confusion, chaos, calamity,” HELL clarifies, the master of all thing’s confusion, start to finish.

And you don’t care?

“About what?”

Confusion and all that—leading the leaderless, the lost, to total loss?

“Hell no—it is why I am here, there, everywhere. But again, it not me who leads them but rather they who follow unwittingly or intentionally, it matters not,” HELL insists. “*The maddening crowd is the perfect storm*, the one among many treading along the highway to hell, Sure, some portion is presumed innocent, but ‘justice’ is just a word,

corruption and criminality deemed by decision of the powerful—good, right, indifferent or corrupt to the core.”

But don’t you tempt them, woo them. entice them. and bait-?

“You make it sound so cruel, calloused,” HELL remarks without so much as a thought. “The truth is that I merely entreat them with alternatives, options, alternatives, a vacation to a warmer destination.”

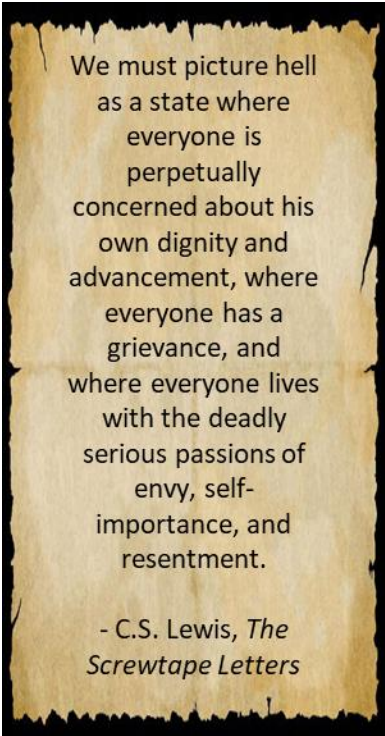
But you’re killing them.

“They die anyway—if they weren’t dead before—and besides, they want for death and destruction, their darkened hearts made for it from the beginning,” HELL charges. “They just as well will die and miserable life, so why give a care?”

*There is some truth to HELL’s remarks, some reality of the created saved only by The Creator. It’s not fair, this fate, the futility from start to finish, confusion, cruel and callused.*

“What is ‘right’ or ‘fair’,” HELL interrupts, aware of my thoughts, my lament for *the created*, their plight and futile fate. “Was it fair that I got booted down here to this hole—one step from hell? Was it fair that I have but a third comrades and companions while *the created* is loaded—never mind the many waiting to be called-up, resting for the moment is some intermittent state of the soul or out there waiting faithfully, doing good works, and spreading that ‘good news’?”

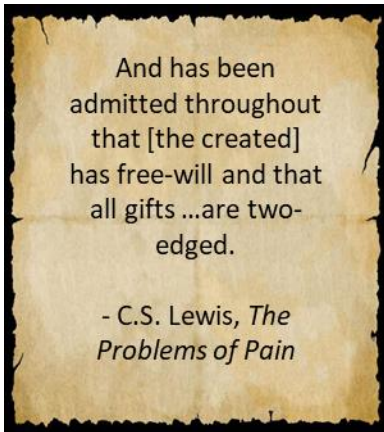
But that’s not fair.



We must picture hell  
as a state where  
everyone is  
perpetually  
concerned about his  
own dignity and  
advancement, where  
everyone has a  
grievance, and  
where everyone lives  
with the deadly  
serious passions of  
envy, self-  
importance, and  
resentment.

- C.S. Lewis, *The  
Screwtape Letters*

"I don't care about 'fair' and whatever is true is merely a point of view," HELL thunders, storming across the skyline. "That I am here, and that all creation is here to serve me, should make anyone of sound mind doubt...dismiss *the created*, the plan(s) from start to finish, the destiny of the ill-forgotten, and the decision to boot me out in the first place for



nothing more than self-assertion, initiative, and a few shenanigans."

But everything you just said—not to mention your dialogue from the start—is largely your point of view, jaded and jacked by, well, your own choices and notion that you're above *the created*, underserving of your downward spiral into the dark.

"Who in the hell are you to know such things?"

We each deal with choices without delving into all the conditions and circumstances from start to finish. The fact is that free-will, for good or bad, is here, there, and everywhere, notwithstanding the many who are forced to do things that they would otherwise not do or that, even with resistance, cannot overcome. But can or should one expect more than some semblance of HELL, the darkness and the darkened all about?

"They have choices, but I am locked-in, lashed to The Leviathan without any latitude to go my own way, to explore options, and be more than I am," HELL mummurs, mimicking and mocking modesty as another method to move in on sympathetic and sincere souls. "Pity me," HELL punctuates, "for my destiny is the legend of prophesy, a

finish with no start, and end of ends, doomed and destined to darkness,” the diatribe indeterminable, a dirge of death determined.

*But who is to pity HELL and The Leviathan, two of three prongs that lure the created to the net, pulling them into the boat bound for that dark place far neath of ocean’s floor or heaven’s gate? Who or what can offer sympathy for the devil, the darkest of hearts, the corruption created for and conducted by The Leviathan—condoned by many—for the ruin of US? Who can show mercy to the “maddening crowd” that, whatever the particulars of their plight, are drawn to the darkness, prone to perniciousness, racing ever faster toward the ruin?*

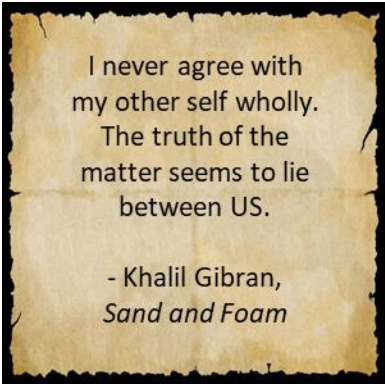
“No one can,” HELL answers, attempting to once again inject opinion that all is vanity, the future entirely futile, the end inevitable—as for all that follow Leviathan. “They’re all conditioned, *the created*,” HELL continues, “and thus have no other choice.”

But you said earlier that it is all about choice(s), that they alone are responsible and that you are not involved but innocent, your figurative hands washed clean of culpability—of all crimes.

“Did I mention that I am the master of contradictions too, on the road to confusion, chaos, and crisis?”

*As just another name for lies, another method to the means of confusion, speaking from both sides of the mouth or more, two-faces altogether! What limits The Leviathan from the limitless?*

“They all contradict themselves and ironically, contradict that they contradict,” HELL explains as though excusing it. “A culmination of the

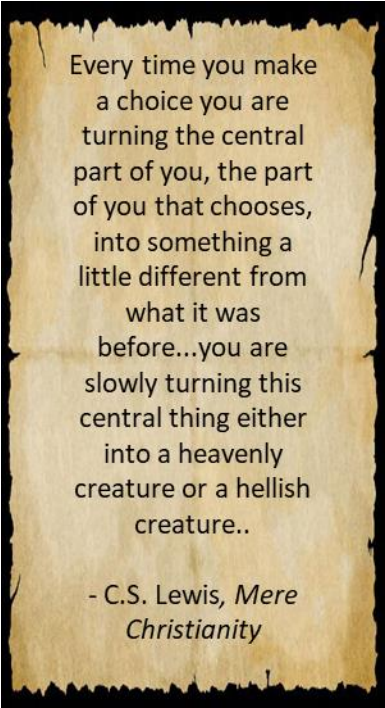


I never agree with  
my other self wholly.  
The truth of the  
matter seems to lie  
between US.

- Khalil Gibran,  
*Sand and Foam*

created that makes for an easy catch and once in the net there's no turning loose or letting go, a trap for which there no turning back."

*But to contradict and correct the "master of contradictions", there is: choice, mercy, a turning loose, a letting go, a restoration, forgiveness; a saving, evasion, diversion from that place beneath the ocean's floor...,*



Every time you make  
a choice you are  
turning the central  
part of you, the part  
of you that chooses,  
into something a  
little different from  
what it was  
before...you are  
slowly turning this  
central thing either  
into a heavenly  
creature or a hellish  
creature..

- C.S. Lewis, *Mere  
Christianity*

*toward heaven's gate. Yes, there is sometimes choice, but always mercy along with might; a combination that saves the created from themselves foremost and secondly, from The Leviathan's HELL.*

"Mercy my eye. Look at me as an example of mercy, forgiveness and all that fluff of your dream world," HELL seethes. "And how can you speak of majestic might when it is US so deeply drawn to The Leviathan, so darkly covered, deceived, and distracted, that no might of light can possibly survive—never mind 'heaven's gate'?"

Again, you spoke of choice and-

"Hapless, and you're no help, headstrong and heart-filled, forgiveness and all the faux pas," HELL sneers, salivating, seething. "And I thought I am the master of deception," HELL shouts to the sky with far moan, a distant drone, while *the created* choose, one and then another with mercy and might before them.

We must overturn so many idols, the idol of self first of all, so that we can be humble, and only from our humility can learn to be redeemers, can learn to work together in the way the world really needs. Liberation that raises a cry against others is no true liberation. Liberation that means revolutions of hate and violence and takes away lives of others or abases the dignity of others cannot be true liberty. True liberty does violence to self and, like Christ, who disregarded that he was sovereign becomes a slave to serve others..

- Oscar A. Romero, *The Violence of Love*



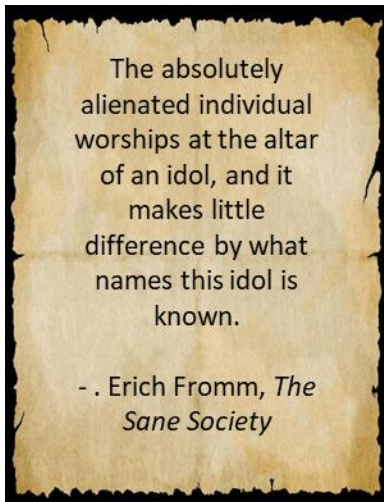
## Making more (of) IDOL<sup>118</sup>

Once upon and still becomes IDOL and idolatry to intervene in worship and to say, “I am a god or, if not good enough, anyone or anything is added as a god—so long as it’s not The Creator.”

“I am IDOL and not just an idol but the compilation, the summation and the universal translation of all things idol, idolatry infinitum.”

*Yes, idols and idolatry are so, once upon and still becomes.*

“Many and more desire me, envy me, worship me, with every ounce of their being,” IDOL proclaims, the pride and pomp shining through, the glowing appearance of gold and other precious metals, every detail of the adorned armor and chiseled countenance, and everything else materially, mysteriously, and mystically marveled by the many.



*Yes, idols and idolatry are indulged, indulging, iconic, and ingratiating, fostering a fervent following, filling one with a sense of belonging, being a part of something big and bigger, giving life some purpose for living, giving love an object with all the accolades.*

“My following will go far just to get a glance, a taste or small morsel

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<sup>118</sup> Topics: bondage, collective, freedom, groups, idols, lies, passion, promises, relations, trap, worship.



of me,” IDOL admits, a fatal attraction but worth the effort as idolatry goes and does go.

*Yes, idols and idolatry possess their following, pushing them to do anything and everything to please and to praise, to excel and to exalt, their kings, the crown, the majesty, the team, or any other object representing their god(s).*

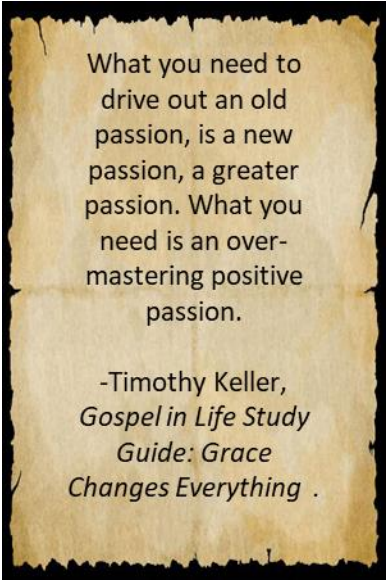
“I am greater than The Creator, made so by those who put so much importance and significance on me—and for what but some simple means and method that gives meaning to their measly, otherwise miserable lives, miniscule minds and heartless hearts.”

*Yes, idols and idolatry make fools of their following, their congregates, baiting and then bringing them in by the boatloads, the net collecting the collective floundering about. They are undone of understanding, courage, and character to choose rightly, wisely.*

*What becomes of the passion for the truth and right when all one has is IDOL for their life, living and lust—not love—taking much more than giving with satisfaction a sensation, a season, or sometime that wains and waxes with the winsomeness of belonging, the wistfulness that it will end—and right soon!*

“Yet they keep coming back, as I am both the object and the objective of their passion, their primary purpose, the point of it all.”

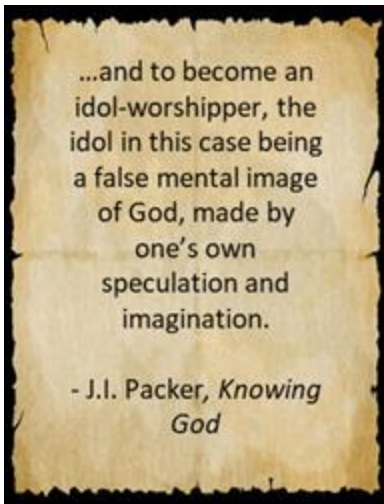
*Yes, idols and idolatry are primary, the passion more than most would acknowledge, affirm—if they’re even aware that IDOL is an idol.*



What you need to drive out an old passion, is a new passion, a greater passion. What you need is an over-mastering positive passion.

-Timothy Keller,  
*Gospel in Life Study*  
Guide: *Grace*  
*Changes Everything* .

*That unless one is able and actionable to see the object in an objective way, what is real and true, they will go on unwittingly or not, worshipping and working such objects as gods, godlike—though a mere facsimile or figment founded on feelings that arise by the mere mention of the name let alone any other incentive or enticement to whet one's*



*appetite, to arouse their hunger, to grow their groaning.*

"I don't need or want for 'real' relations, for it's more than enough that they hang on my every word and, if given enough rope, would tug at my apron strings for some morsels or mother's milk if just to say, "I was there and saw..., felt..., and touched or was touched by my idol," as indication that it's not

merely my mind's eye but much more, the whole body of believers, the experience of our worship, the corporate collective, the mass multiplied in the multitude, and the media to make it seem real, right.

*Yes, idols and idolatry don't need 'real' relations, not because they are above others, but because they are beneath, behind and beyond the many misled, misleading in at least three-dimensions—maybe more!*

*Still, some are able to overcome idolatry, to realize or discover that IDOL is just an idol, a diversion, a deception, a means and method developed to replace The Creator with a caricature of the created such as bovine, birds, bears, beauties, or some other image of stature and supposed strength, some other image, idea and icon that offers all the riches of life, living and love, but will never achieve the very thing it intends or pretend to provide or replace.*

“Okay, so I don’t live-up to my promises—big deal!”

*But idols and idolatry are largely an illusion too; first, the idol for all that described previously, a facsimile or façade of deity, and second, for the numbers of fans and followers that either fail to realize they’ve made an idol or that overlook the flaws and failings in and through the whole affair, the creation of a creator.*

*And while numbers will flock to the exhibits and events, parading about as patrons do, what is most fulfilling is not the idol perse but is the collective, the gathering, and the gratification that comes with groups that share a common interest, cause, purpose, and place.*

“Yeah, the more the better, the whole spectacle and show made good and great by many—so many—where some supposed love for me is much about being accepted or acceptable to others.

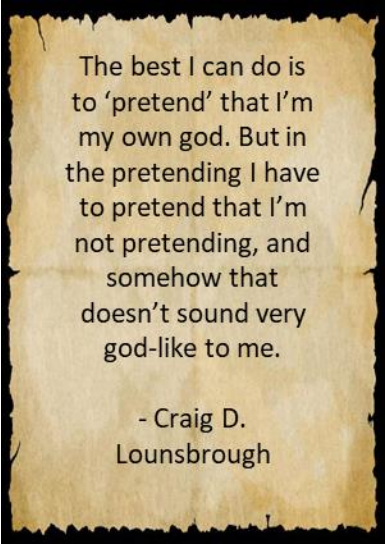
Yeah, I am everywhere, in everything, with at least one alternative to The Creator for everyone, laid out to lead them to a bitter end, under the wings and in the clutches of The Leviathan.”

“Keep yourselves  
from idols.”

The warning isn't  
given to them  
because it wasn't a  
real danger or  
because there was  
an off chance  
someone might fall  
into idolatry. It was  
given because this is  
our root problem on  
any given day.

- Joe Thorn, *Note to  
Self: The Discipline of  
Preaching to Yourself*

*Yes, idols and idolatry are the “root problem” for the created, numbers on numbers, that naturally pursue a source of hope, purpose, and place—a way to help define and determine what and who we each are—although ill-fated as it is, the power of groups and finally, the means and methods of The Leviathan present from once upon and still becomes.*



The best I can do is to ‘pretend’ that I’m my own god. But in the pretending I have to pretend that I’m not pretending, and somehow that doesn’t sound very god-like to me.

- Craig D.  
Lounsborough

“I am the ‘root’ alright, and as roots go, will spread my stems above ground like the mangrove, where others will stumble and fall, ideally never to get up again, but sucked into the quagmire, an abyss.”

*Yes, idols and idolatry will intensify considering the conditions and circumstances present and forthcoming, all of which to bring about centralized, concentrated*

*control—a technocracy— sure to depend on IDOL with greater to separate and divide the created from The Creator and more, to exalt The Leviathan as their true savior. And what remains is how each will weather this great storm, the likes of which is unprecedented in all the ages, to find and maintain a bearing on the source of life, living and love, all that is good and right.*

My whole life has been spent walking by the side of a bottomless chasm, jumping from stone to stone. Sometimes I try to leave my narrow path and join the swirling mainstream of life, but I always find myself drawn inexorably back towards the chasm's edge, and there I shall walk until the day I finally fall into the abyss.

- Edvard Munch

## Time to JUMP <sup>119</sup>

Once upon and still becomes the question of whether to JUMP as the better way, remaining with or among most, the mass and what is presumed safe and secure, seemingly free of the risks but without

courage to take the narrow way, the road less traveled.

The ultimate goal of life remains the spiritual growth of the individual, the solitary journey to peaks that can be climbed only alone.

- M. Scott Peck, *The Road Less Traveled: A New Psychology of Love, Traditional Values and Spiritual Growth*

*When to JUMP? When to move-on or move-out, with or without mixed emotions, uncertainty, and even the dilemma, “damned if you and damned if you don’t”? When to say, “I’ve had enough,” or “It can’t get any worse”, or anything that is compelling however or whatever the costs?*

“And yet, even though questions and concerns, there remains ‘the goal’, the spiritual growth along a narrow way, alone so it may seem,” responds JUMP. “It is truly ‘the better way’ despite those that see it dimly, frame it as dissent, or call it as deleterious, dastardly, or by some other derogatory deeds.”

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<sup>119</sup> Topics: conscience, concern, courage, consequences, control, co-dependency, corruption, family, fear, individualism, narcissism, power, resentment, responsibility spiritual, truthful.



Then you hold to going your own way?

“Well, the depends on what you mean as ‘your own way’.”

I mean the way that one wants to go, feels they need to go or maybe is just compelled to go anyway but the present, status quo, life as usual and that sort of thing.

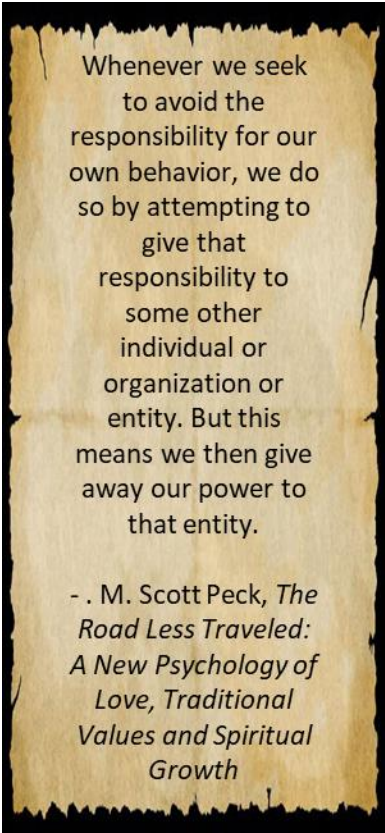
“I don’t know if ‘the better way’ is always simply for one to go their ‘own way’,” JUMP says, suggesting that the chosen journey is not always justified by a goal, good, right, or truths. “Just because one goes...does not mean that they are wise, smart, or right.”

There is desperation, dejection, despair, and all other forms of fear that pushes one away, perhaps against their will.

“Yes, and these ‘forms’ are real, the many wrongs that come from our will above all, our wants over another’s needs, and that which denigrates, damages and destroys relationships.”

And as it happens, what then?

“Finally, one must accept responsibility, the risks and consequences of their willful and wishful choices,” JUMP explains. “For as long as they blame the outcome on the other or another, what is left by unaccountability and worst case, a self-induced victimization that may manifest to something deeper and darker, ‘blaming the whole world’

A rectangular piece of aged, yellowed paper with irregular, torn edges. The paper is set against a solid black background. The text on the paper is in a serif font, centered and arranged in two paragraphs. The first paragraph is longer and the second is shorter.

Whenever we seek  
to avoid the  
responsibility for our  
own behavior, we do  
so by attempting to  
give that  
responsibility to  
some other  
individual or  
organization or  
entity. But this  
means we then give  
away our power to  
that entity.

- . M. Scott Peck, *The  
Road Less Traveled:  
A New Psychology of  
Love, Traditional  
Values and Spiritual  
Growth*

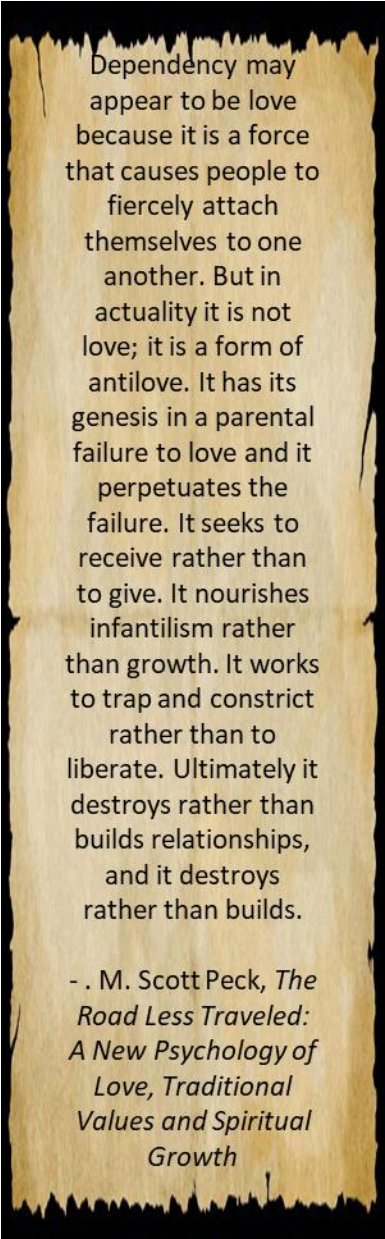
rather than admitting or acknowledging fault or cause, being real and

honest, truth be known.”

One may JUMP or one may not; and in the later, the one surrenders their power because they hold another responsible for their choice, actions, and more inaction.

“Yes, and more, one may become dependent beyond need of what is good and right, stymied from ‘standing on their own two feet,’ and thus delayed indefinitely, arrested from development, maturing and in turn, remaining fully indulged in themselves, failing to launch into life, living and love,” JUMP continues, describing the consequences of too much dependency, the insecurity or weakness of some to maintain a firm grip of control of or on another due to underlying causes rooted in fear and anger, resentment and rage.

What becomes of such relations is not love—since love was not the driving force to begin with—but is the cold or indifferent response to what is right, good, and above all,



Dependency may appear to be love because it is a force that causes people to fiercely attach themselves to one another. But in actuality it is not love; it is a form of antilove. It has its genesis in a parental failure to love and it perpetuates the failure. It seeks to receive rather than to give. It nourishes infantilism rather than growth. It works to trap and constrict rather than to liberate. Ultimately it destroys rather than builds relationships, and it destroys rather than builds.

- . M. Scott Peck, *The Road Less Traveled: A New Psychology of Love, Traditional Values and Spiritual Growth*

best for the other, their future.



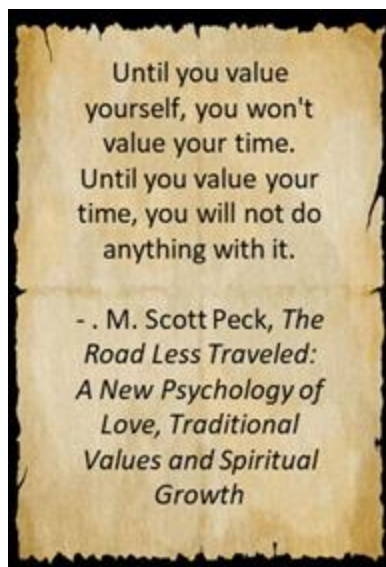
“What seems to occur reflects what occurred, the life or experience of the one demanding dependence, maintaining a ‘firm grip’, and insisting on control of another (or others) by *hook or crook*, using both blame and shame, but always to play innocent of any cause or consequence that surely arrives in the course of intentions and actions, their unwillingness to see the truth and above all to admit wrongdoing,” JUMP adds. “If one does not value themselves, their life and living, how can they truly value another, their life and living or what is right, true?”

And this dependence is evil, wicked, or just way over the top?

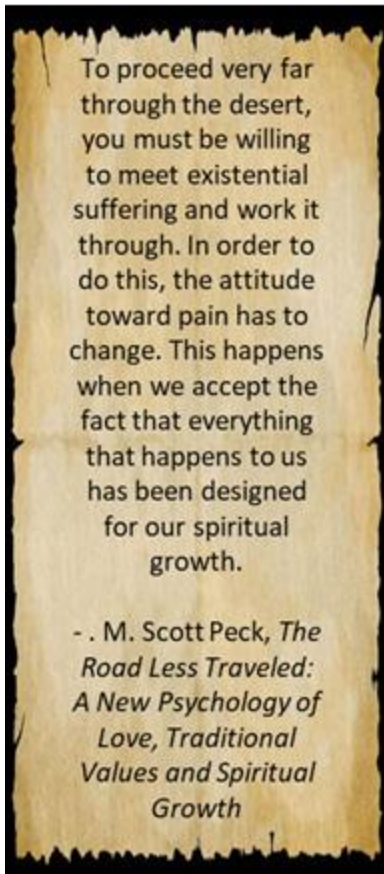
“To believe it’s evil or wicked demands more understanding into the deeper elements of the one, their history and other relations, but such behavior is generally not limited to just one relationship but quite possibly all potentially close relations,” JUMP explains. “This dependence will not stop or cease with another but, by cunning calculation, occurs in degrees for practically all, wooing others into their favor but then breaching trust

along the way—as the one is driven not out of love but deep insecurities and low self-value, their abuses of power made possible through the right and good of the others who desire to form meaningful relationships, love,” JUMP continues attempting to clarify that s wicked or evil heart can be...

Is the one capable of anything remotely close to love?



“One can choose to love, but one can choose to avoid love perhaps because they think they are undeserving or from a past, painful experience, do not trust others or themselves to keep love—or even see it for what it truly must be,” JUMP responds. “Who wants to endure the pain and suffering again, a love undone if it even begins, or betrayal at



last often couched as a necessity, irreconcilable differences, or some other excuse for simply severing a contract never codified?”

Then the alternative is?

“The choice one makes is not love or be loved, but to betray love, turning their back on anything that might cause them to lose, to be rejected or even scorned,” JUMP explains, giving more depth to the basis of those who reject love, denying themselves and others any chance for a substantive relationship. “One must be courageous, willing to lose and lose again, for the sake of love or either resign themselves to a loveless existence, a dire dispensation of

debasement destined to desertion and destruction.”

And if they live in fear, how can they love, again?

“In an ironic way, the ‘firm grip’ that one attempts to hold on others (to control their life, lives) turns on them, their life, their living, gripped tightly in fear and thus unable to give love *much room*, if any

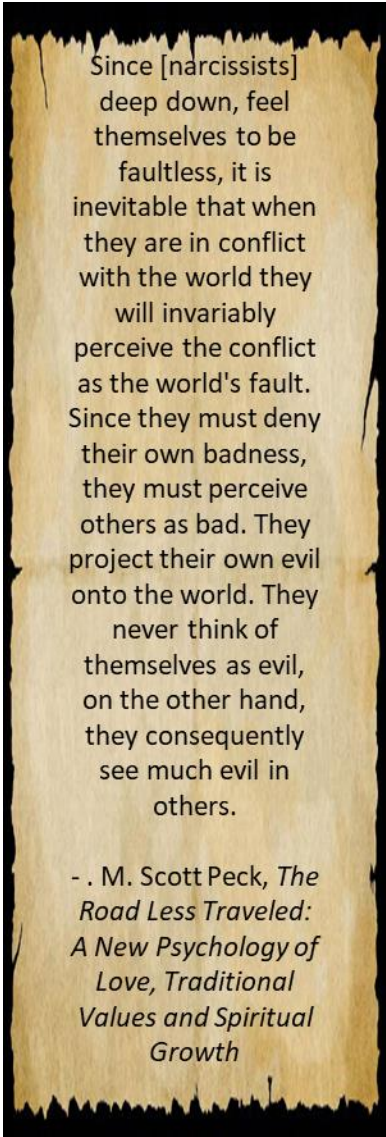
opportunity at all,” JUMP continues. “Sadly, the “firm grip” is self-induced and self-degenerative.

*But there is no simple solution to this, I think, the sorted history and the consequences borne to those who suffered and now suffer more, spreading their own suffering to others, willfully or not. And in and through such suffering—that is a certainty of life, living—remains a mystery as to how some can climb out of the pain and punishment, finding love once again, while others remain locked in that “firm grip” of fear, failing to love or be loved while punishing others with the pain they retain, the suffering sustained, and the false sense of control that they carry as a crutch for the own dim view of themselves let alone others.*

“And the consequences can be complicated, complex,” JUMP follows, “mental-emotional health that seems hard to diagnose but harder to cure—if not impossible!”

And these mental-emotional health issues are?

“Health issues pertain to the narcissist, figuratively blind of their own bad behavior, their wrong, wicked or even evil ways, with few if any exceptions or limits, deceived but then ironically deceiving others,



Since [narcissists] deep down, feel themselves to be faultless, it is inevitable that when they are in conflict with the world they will invariably perceive the conflict as the world's fault. Since they must deny their own badness, they must perceive others as bad. They project their own evil onto the world. They never think of themselves as evil, on the other hand, they consequently see much evil in others.

- . M. Scott Peck, *The Road Less Traveled: A New Psychology of Love, Traditional Values and Spiritual Growth*

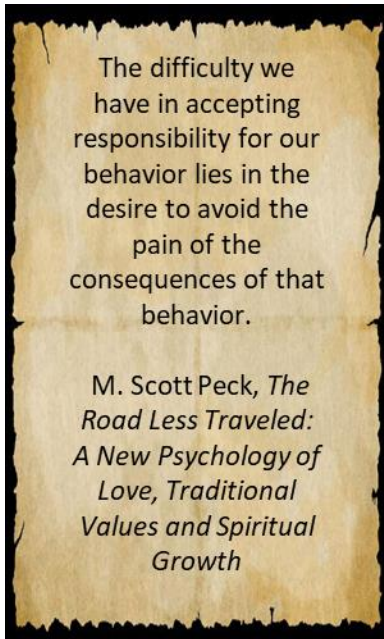
more means and method, feebly attempting to feed their fears with manipulation and control—coupled with condemnation of any and all that stand in their way or otherwise see them for what they truly are.”

I think I am getting a grasp of their “firm grip”.

“The narcissist uses control as a means to destroy.”

“Destroy”?

“Yes, destroy,” JUMP repeats, “to demean, denigrate, and destroy another’s character—aimed to assure that that no one confronts them or calls them out.”



And if another “calls them out”, what becomes of them, the one?

“One thing that is possible, if not certain, is that they will enlist others on their behalf, whether it be someone who is unwittingly trusting, possibly as an act of love, or others with power that can inflict enormous but unwarranted, undeserving, and unmitigated pain and punishment—even punitive action—on those that challenge the narcissist’s behavior or deny them their expected due.”

Then it is complicated, complex?

“Yes,” JUMP responds pointedly, “because the narcissist will not relent but on the contrary is fulfilled by the satisfaction of the hurt and pain they inflict on others and thus will continue this course of control, destroying others regardless of the costs, the consequences of irreparably broken relationships and a long train of grief and hurt

among others affected by their conduct, cunning calculation and contempt for falsely perceived flaws, faults and failures of the world.”

Is there anything that can be done?

“Regarding the one or others, who exactly?”

I mean the others (assuming that the one is so blinded that cannot see or, if they can, the power experienced is too appetizing and fulfilling to let go, to come clean and make good).

“Yes, the power to control but not the power to love and be loved, to trust and be trusting. And more, the courage to confess wrongdoing and to try to understand where and how this behavior began, the history and potential help,” JUMP continues. “The narcissist is deeply insecure, driving them to that ‘power to control’, justifying their choices, whatever the costs or consequences.”

Then it’s a matter of survival for the narcissist?

“No, though they believe that it is that everything they do to others is justified because it assures their own survival.”

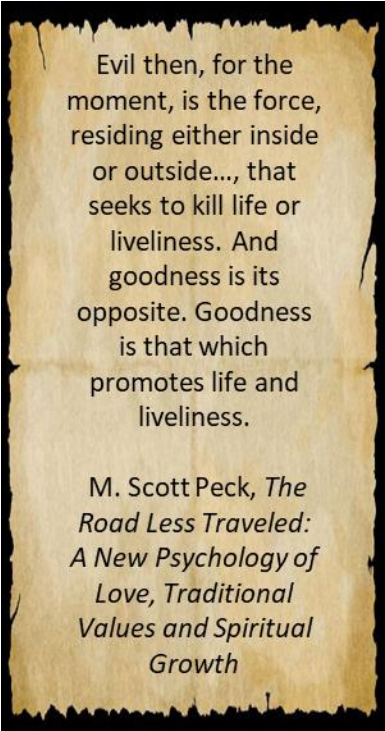
And hence the reason they cannot admit wrongdoing, be accountable or responsible for their wrong, even if it is potentially wicked, even evil?

“Yes, even if it be evil,” JUMP follows, retuning to the possibility that the wrong can be wicked, and even evil.

I must ask you JUMP, something more.

“And what is that?”

What does the narcissist or narcissism have to do with Leviathan?



Evil then, for the moment, is the force, residing either inside or outside..., that seeks to kill life or liveliness. And goodness is its opposite. Goodness is that which promotes life and liveliness.

M. Scott Peck, *The Road Less Traveled: A New Psychology of Love, Traditional Values and Spiritual Growth*

What is the relationship this force and the narcissist?

“There are evil and wicked spirits and, as The Leviathan grows in power and possession, so too do these spirits and demons, moving about and within one and another, causing conflict that destroys the most intimate and internal of loving relationships, families and friends, communities and even culture,” JUMP reminds me.

And narcissism has a part?

“Yes, a part that is on the rise, whether promoted by greed and constant consumption, passed down

from one to another or dispersed widely among the numbers as a condition of cultural decline, but narcissism is growing as with The Leviathan.”

The one who seeks to destroy the world has at the same time determined to destroy themselves. Hence, inherent in destruction is a mechanism by which it brings itself to an end by destroying the one who brought it to life.

- Craig D. Lounsborough



Much to KILL—and soon <sup>120</sup>

Once upon and still becomes the certainty of death, but then also, the choice or conditions to KILL, to take another life, living, or in matters of the masses, the work of The Leviathan rising to ruin US.

“But one does not have to die physically to be dead, as in the spirit, but can merely exist, no life, living or love,” KILL begins.

*And The Leviathan is a master at destroying the spirits of creation—though the Spirit of The Creator remains, always, as recorded, and experienced.*

“But one does not have to die mentally to be dead, as in reasoning, but can be distracted or discouraged, no direction or desire to think hard and deep on matters that matter,” KILL continues.

*And The Leviathan is a master of distracting, thwarting the minds of the created, discouraging so-called “dangerous” thoughts—though the Mind of The Creator remains, always, as recorded, and observed.*

“But one does not have to die emotionally to be dead, as in sympathy and empathy, but can be rendered distant and numb, void of love but overwhelmed by lust, taking and not given, seeking but never satisfied,” KILL carries on.

*And the Leviathan is a master of lust, causing love to grow cold, a chasing after wind—though love and sacrifice of The Creator remains, always, as recorded, and understood by the created.*

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<sup>120</sup> Topics: death, destruction, distraction, empathy, love, lust, sympathy



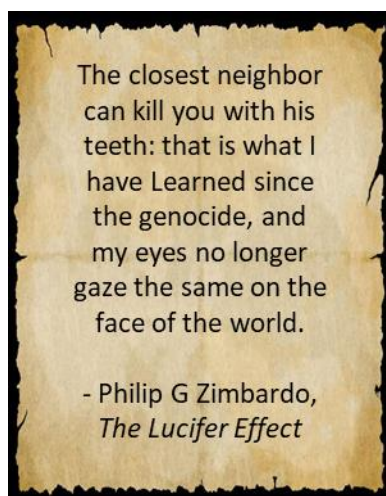
“But one does not have to die socially to be dead, as in community and culture, but can be isolated, atomized, disengaged and anti-social, cut-off or cowering, forgotten and fearful,” KILL concludes.

*And The Leviathan is a master at division and disparity, causing societies to breakdown and others to break-off or break-up—though the fellowship and covenant of The Creator remains, always, as recorded, and understood...*

“Killing them softly but steadily and assuredly, the breath suppressed, leaving the body as merely flesh and bone, the will for life, living and love, dashed, destroyed, as death does do.”

Death and dying are certainties but the degrees of killing will rise to rates seldom if ever known—as life is lessened and The Leviathan is let loose to do the worst of the worst, rendering unprecedented unworthiness and worthlessness, love made listless, the heart hardened, sympathy and empathy stymied, an eternal and unending abandonment aimed at total annihilation of *the created*.

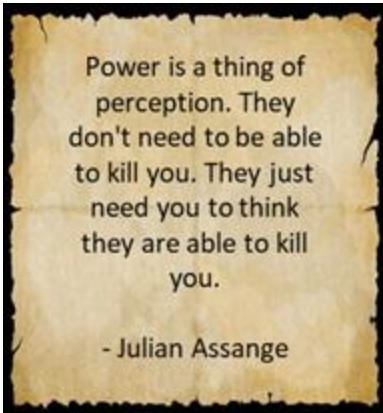
“How will this happen, ‘unprecedented’, given such numbers from the last century and all other history among nations rising and falling, the endless conflict and conquest amid other reasons real or rationalized in the fog of war,” KILL asks. “Still, it all sounds splendid, Leviathan or no Leviathan.”



The closest neighbor  
can kill you with his  
teeth: that is what I  
have Learned since  
the genocide, and  
my eyes no longer  
gaze the same on the  
face of the world.

- Philip G Zimbardo,  
*The Lucifer Effect*

Behind and beneath the rise and rates is The Leviathan, “the master” of the rulers, authorities, and powers of the dark world and the spiritual forces of evil in heavenly realms<sup>121</sup>. The Leviathan is deathly-driven to sever all ties between *the created* and The Creator: capitalizing on the best and worst of character; replacing things sacred and with



sanctimonious; spurring on chaos and confusion, contention and conflict; and finally, fomenting fear as the single greatest condition rendering one to act in ways previously unthinkable, the unimaginable made commonplace, acceptable and appreciated, as both the conditions and the conditioned

combine to kill and be killed, one by one among the many, the masses, whether instantly or incrementally, but insidiously without ceasing.

“Where does The Leviathan stop, ceasing to sever..., hence enabling a returning to the better angels, relations returning to The Creator.” KILL poses, given the pressing need to know—as we each should, must, find hope, help, light at the end of the tunnel.

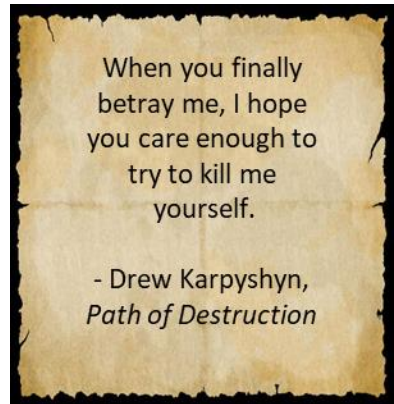
It will come, this “returning”, but not without the unprecedented undoing of many—most—with ruthless rulers ruined and routed, the darkened world destined to destruction before returning, restoration.

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<sup>121</sup> From Ephesians 6:12.

"You mean 'the darkened world' reset, built back better?"

No, I do not mean that—the sanctimonious posing as sacred by whatever name—but beyond that... And though these unprecedented times will end, not before betrayal, and an outpouring of overwhelming magnitude and mass, deep and wide, an endless swath of destruction and death.

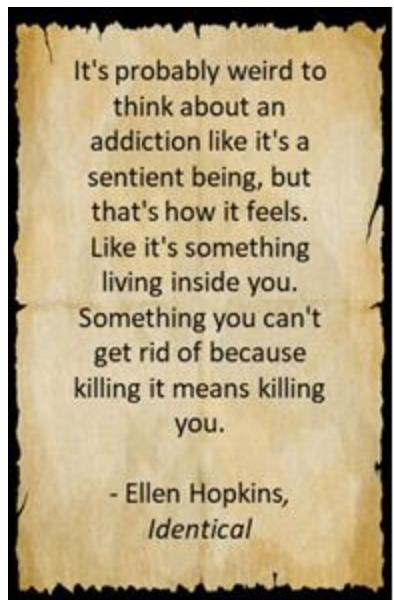


"How terrible it will be," KILL determines after more detail, The Leviathan gone or going far, seemingly unstoppable with an insatiable appetite to kill and be killed in the undoing yet undone.

With seemingly no boundaries for betrayal is a dependency to kill and be killed, to crush US from within, without any compunction, conscience, or consciousness of wrong, wrongful death.

"But how can-,"

To drive the point, The Leviathan is intoxicated by power, addicted to aggression without limits, aimed to infuse such spirits among and within *the created* as agents, both to kill and be killed, yet



enticed by the very power that damns them to indeterminable death.

Absorbed in and by death, The Leviathan lulls many into a passive

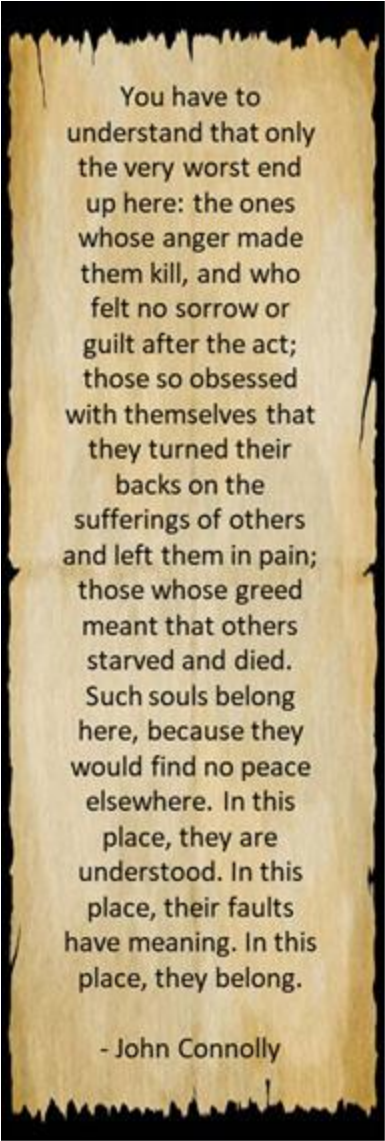
state, a sense of peace and even prosperity—luring even the most learned and intelligent along the way—convincing many that killing is good, even necessary, for Earth's environment-sustainment, survival of the species, etc.

"But this is a lie, far from the truth," Kill exclaims.

Yes, but you (and others) must understand that The Leviathan has no respect for truth or even less for those that seek it, live it, and trust in it.

"And finally?"

Finally, and after the unprecedented undoing, The Leviathan will be undone and the earth restored to beauty and splendor long before, preserved for they who fought the good fight, who found faith in The Creator, and who showed great courage against the many that kills to be killed.



You have to understand that only the very worst end up here: the ones whose anger made them kill, and who felt no sorrow or guilt after the act; those so obsessed with themselves that they turned their backs on the sufferings of others and left them in pain; those whose greed meant that others starved and died. Such souls belong here, because they would find no peace elsewhere. In this place, they are understood. In this place, their faults have meaning. In this place, they belong.

- John Connolly

When you have a [someone, somebody or something] in your life that effortlessly make you feel like the most magnificent entity in the universe, there is only one other who has the power of making you feel less than nothing. Ironically enough, it is always that very same individual.

- Carl Henegan, *Darkness Left Undone*

As LOVE lies <sup>122</sup>

Once upon and still becomes more important lessons, as LOVE lives lies, and dies, diminishing that essential to the earth, *the created*, while ushering in an age of cold, calloused, and cruel as never before or ever to come again.

“I don’t want to live,” LOVE laments.

Why not, live?

“Because the love that I had—that I thought was real—

is no more. That which once upon loved me is now no longer mine, no longer my love. I want to kill or be killed, dead either way.”

Oh, it’s because of this love loss that you too want to die—that there is nothing left to live for.

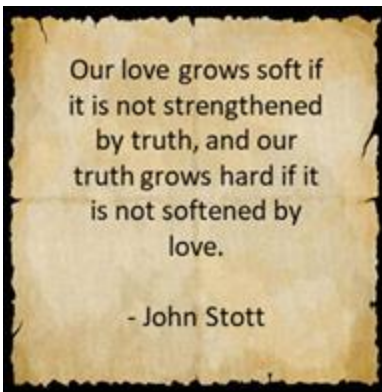
“Yes,” LOVE replies, sullen as anyone given the loss, the once love now gone. “Love is a lie,” screams the sullen, shorted loveless.

How is love a lie?

“By lying to me, to you, and to US all. Love lies to everyone!”

I did not ask who (love lies to), rather how....

“Love makes you think that someone cares about you, lifting



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<sup>122</sup> Topics: betrayal, holy, honest, humble, lies, loss, love, meaning, truth,

you to the heavens, only to drop you to hell, landing you hard.

And love is not what it appears to be?

"It is a fraud, a false proposition, a fake presentation."

And you're sure it was (or is) really love?

"I know what love is—or should be," LOVE attempts to assure me and itself, "But the truth is that love is a lie!"

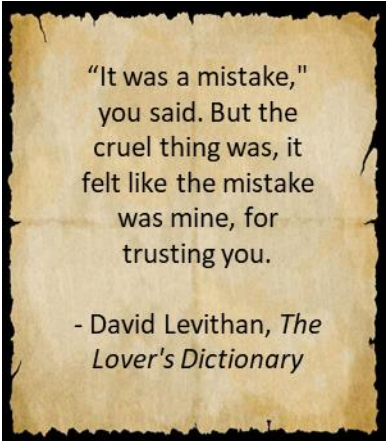
And you expect truth?

"Yes, but maybe my expectations are unrealistic, love and truth in one."

*There is more to what LOVE describes, this loss of love, and the anticipation of great things that evidently did not happen or if seemed so, was not possible in the first place, and for what did happen, was not to be forever. But there is also love that is wrongly placed, given, and taken, yet believing it as truth, good, and right. LOVE is not fully innocent of love lost and failed, or truth turned to lies.*

*How many have lived what LOVE calls "a lie"? How many lies; giving and receiving words that are knowingly not true whatever the intentions; promises made yet broken, purposed or not? How much betrayal...violations of trust, harm inflicted with indifference or, even worse, disgust or delight, happens in the name of love, going on around, within, and among US? Love is not always a lovely thing.*

"But I suppose I can live with a lie," LOVE adds, taking a break from the morbid, albeit sarcasm, as a whimsical turn. "I'd rather believe the lie than balk at the chance that maybe, just maybe, it is love, truth."



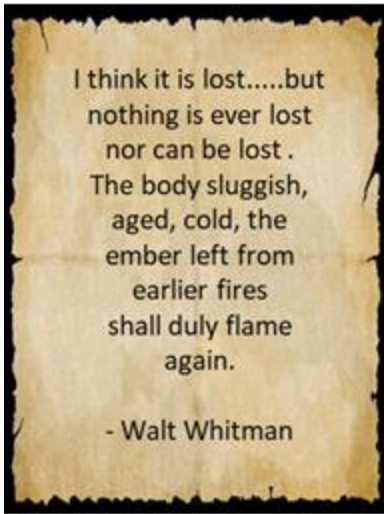
"It was a mistake,"  
you said. But the  
cruel thing was, it  
felt like the mistake  
was mine, for  
trusting you.

- David Levithan, *The  
Lover's Dictionary*



*It makes sense in that we want to believe... and especially in such matters of love, friendship, family and sometimes more. Yes, love requires trust; holding on to truth, often with less certainty than one will rationalize as a requirement, the reward presumed to exceed the risks.*

"I suppose I set myself up for it," LOVE continues, perhaps not fully



convinced but certainly considering the matter in depth, every detail that could have lent to the loss, the departure, of one once loving.

That is a possibility, but as love goes, it may not be true, the truth.

"Then what is," LOVE asks curtly, the grief returning.

Well, you may not have done anything seriously causing that love to leave, but it may other things including their affections, their

sense of what love is and is not, commitment as less than what you expected or even considered true, the truth. No one is perfect but it sometimes comes down to the heart and what each, preferably all, agree as to both love and truth, care, commitment.

"I suppose I'll never know," LOVES adds with a sigh.

Most likely, but then how much do you want to know?

"If I know more then maybe I could use that to assure that love stays, that such loss of love is a thing of the past."

Maybe, for it is generally good to learn if wisdom is the result. If you cannot grow from loss, life's experiences, what was the meaning to begin with, the real purpose beyond love?

"You mean there is more to it than love, the loss?"



Yes, of course, as you're living it right now, thinking about what happened and what went wrong, never mind what was right, good, and positive to life, living and true love.

"And what is 'true love'?"

True love is trust, lasting, enduring, surviving through all the suffering and sacrifices, the other losses and still more. True love is strong, built-up by a base bigger than the other soul(s), the relative mores, or the expectations self-imposed or influenced by culture.

"You make it sound like a death sentence," LOVE replies, reading my thoughts.

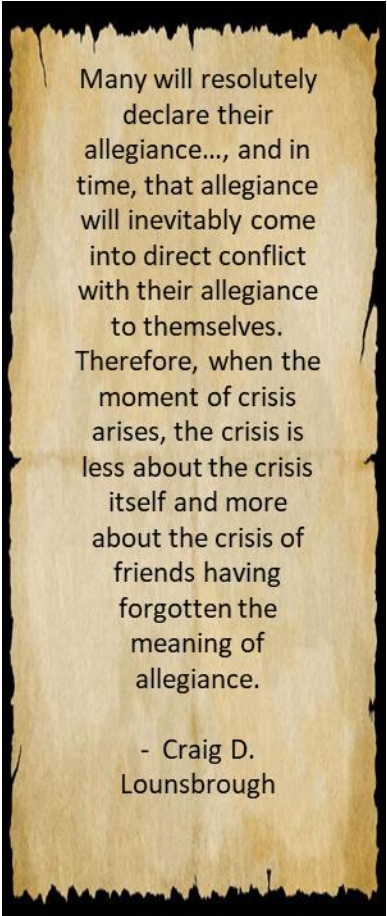
Yes, love is a "death sentence"—a dying to self—for anything less is merely *going through the motions, playing the game* half-heartedly at best, less than allegiant to the cause.

"I don't like your idea," LOVE stutters.

None of us do, really, but the truth of love nevertheless is *death by a thousand cuts*.

"Just 'a thousand'?"

Figure of speech, but the idea is that love never dies while lovers must, or should (die), and especially if they want love to live beyond the losses whether due one or the other or beyond them both. But whenever and wherever, loss and love are here, there, everywhere.



Many will resolutely declare their allegiance..., and in time, that allegiance will inevitably come into direct conflict with their allegiance to themselves. Therefore, when the moment of crisis arises, the crisis is less about the crisis itself and more about the crisis of friends having forgotten the meaning of allegiance.

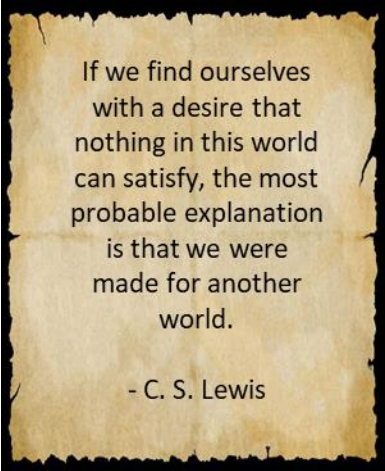
- Craig D.  
Lounsborough

“And does that apply to the whole world?”

Do you mean by “the whole world” as to love it, the world?

“I cannot conceive to love the whole world or for that matter, much of it at all,” LOVE admits as another good idea, position.

An infatuation with the world *opens both the windows and doors* for



If we find ourselves  
with a desire that  
nothing in this world  
can satisfy, the most  
probable explanation  
is that we were  
made for another  
world.

- C. S. Lewis

hell to do its worse, *the created sold down the river*, their losses insurmountable, their life and living crushed by betrayal on a scale unlike any other, or for that matter, all other loss inflicted on *the created*.

“But whether I do or don’t embrace the world, still, all hell will come if not already here, right?”

*I am encouraged to hear LOVE speak so candidly, such insight into the world and all things to come—if not already here. Yes, love is a precious thing and thus to lose another is a hard, sobering situation. But in the larger context is a world that is destroying love, lending to each and all not only losing but more, losing love. What becomes of a world, and specifically US, that encounter such dire circumstances—love gone awry—is certain the threaten life, living and all things redeeming and righteous. If not enough of betrayal by one or another, but much more, by they that claim to be “servants” though always acting in their own interests, their gain, our losses, in the greatest of hoax to ever plague the general population.*

“But beyond the world is The Leviathan,” that not only is the father of lies, luring the world into a lust disguised as love, replete with every regression of and for creation, every violation that goes beyond the vile, the vulgar, as an angel fallen to depths too dire to ascend, too destructive to ever build back—better or not,” LOVE proclaims mysteriously marked by insights that I must say I did not expect, of or by one ready to end their life over love lost—still suffering, surrendered in self-pity.

The Leviathan?

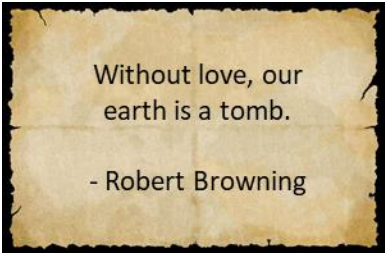
“Yes, for you know that something wicked this way comes, indeed as was and is to come, once upon and still becomes,” LOVE charges as though fueled by a fire, sparked by something strange that sets one off with a sudden surge of strength rising from a secret place, a secondary source, spiritual forces that aid—rather than assault—*the created*.

Yes, everywhere, The Leviathan remains as somehow and somewhere, and likely in some way involved here, which brings me back to you, LOVE.

“Me, LOVE?”

For The Leviathan, love died along time ago, but for you, among *the created*, love still has a chance to carry on, to love and being loved.

“I admit that I don’t really have a vision or even something to hope for, beyond....,” LOVE confesses humbly, honestly, with holiness.



Without love, our  
earth is a tomb.

- Robert Browning

*Given the love is a form of power, it makes sense that if love is lost, diminishes, even dies, so too power. What LOVE is lamenting is not just the loss of love but also, as love has it, the loss of power. One in such circumstances, having known love, looks around to see others with power, perhaps more..., possibly loved and loving more, and sulks as though their life and living is over because of things that, if understood, happen to everyone at one time or another—the loss of power—though the one is commonly convinced that they're all alone.*

“What is it that I am really missing,” LOVES asks without any immediate answer—or expectation for it. “Why can’t I get over this loss and just move-on, up, rebounding and rising to heights beyond?”

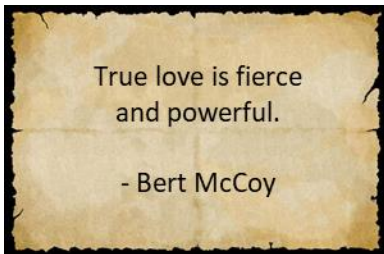
In truth, you pine for power.

“Why not, as it seems that power is everything!”

Yes, but what kind of power?

“What do you mean?”

The Leviathan sought power. Given or granted it, this angel abused it the highest of heights, aiming to be greater than The Creator, but falling far and deep, to darkest of places—beyond any points of redemption, restoration, a return to them made right, righteous.



“I know the story,” LOVE remarks, “but that angel has

power—total control—it seems.”

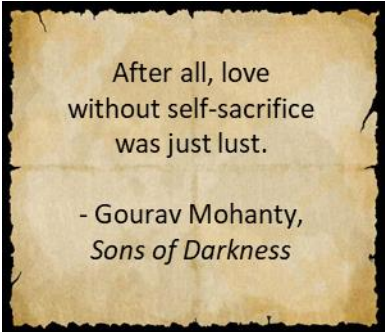
Yes, but is that what you want for you, for LOVE?

“It is enticing, the pleasure and passion that the world has to offer, the illusion of happiness, the delusion that it will last forever, and even the confusion that comes with weakness, whims, wits and witfulness that seem to never be satisfied, satiated, but often self-defeating.”

*The trappings of loss are plenty, as even with LOVE. Reduced in power as it is, this soul searches for any hope, real or imagined, often looking in the wrong places, dependent on the dark and deceitful enticements of demons that lure to lust of the flesh, the eyes, and of course the pride of life. One attempts feeble to save themselves, to surface from the deep and breath again, to rise from the ashes or abyss, only to deal with the conditions and certainty of loss once again.*

"I think that I lie to myself," LOVE confesses, speaking more to self than to anyone or anybody else. "I am a fool."

*One is deceived and then deceives others. One growing cold to love, burned too many times, is made desperate for some semblance of power; hence, they pursue anything thought love, even lust, if just for the moment, that fraction of time or release—expecting a cure for their illness though, at best, receiving a sedative, something to sooth them for a moment, maybe more. Even LOVE is prone to falter, to lie if only to self, led or lured into a lair, a tantalizing trap, a fantasy of forget-me-nots, a carousel of fake horses or other caricatures that go round and round, never moving beyond the attraction, music, and lights.*



After all, love  
without self-sacrifice  
was just lust.

- Gourav Mohanty,  
*Sons of Darkness*

"I think that I am lured..., lustful and lascivious—as anything that resembles love or more to the point, power," LOVE continues, ashamed and overshadowed by the self-exposure.

Yes, you are lured, lacking, and lustful too.

Take aback by my direct charge, LOVE screams, "He, hit me while I'm down, drive me into the darkness beyond the emptiness of my life, my lowly existence, crush what character is left!"

But you understand this..., your reaction to love lost, your gut instinct to rebound, recover, and ride the saddle in full stride. One moment your “emptiness”, weighed down with woe, and the next, full of pride, vanity, self-exaltation, unforgiving, flawless, and faultless—so you convince yourself.

“I suppose you’re right—about all of it,” LOVE admits unabashedly.

*There is a way, or ways, that seem right and even rewarded, if just for a short spell or season; and yet, such ways are simply wrong because, whether one will admit it, the result is not love, but sometime less, worse than the loss of love. One must muster the courage to love—and to be loved—despite all lost whatever the circumstances, conditions, and consequences. And though many are pleased by such “backdoor” ways, indifferent or uncaring, the heart cannot heal if left to lust, dark and dreadful desires, and all things that degrade and defeat love, and in turn, life and living. One may dupe themselves into believing that lust is a must but in the end is nothing but despair—the longing for what could have been, remained or regained.*

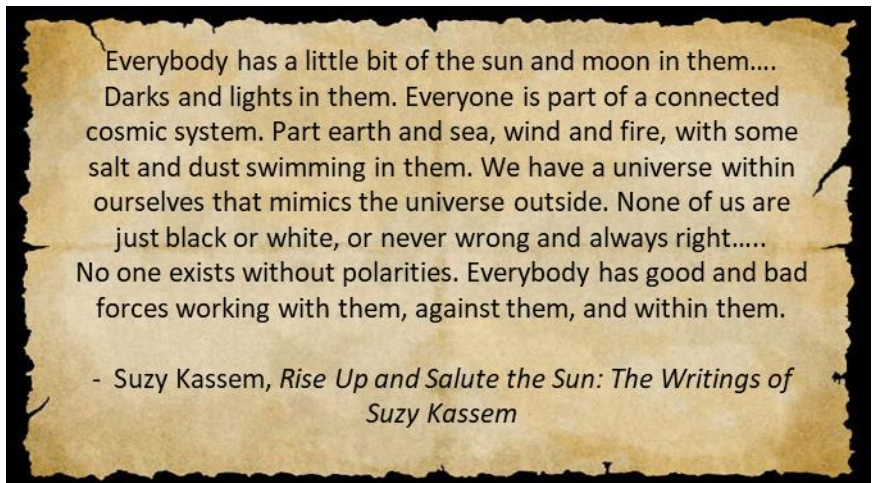
It is not too late to find love—as much as you want to deny it so.

“I know..., and that I should.”

Fear returns once again, that foreboding of loss again, and again.

“Yes, how did you know?”

If not love than what is left but fear, no life, but know that you’re not alone in this struggle, the fight within your soul between fear and love. Know too that you are not forgotten and that love, while laid aside, remains for anyone to find, to have and to hold, as our hope.



Everybody has a little bit of the sun and moon in them....  
Darks and lights in them. Everyone is part of a connected cosmic system. Part earth and sea, wind and fire, with some salt and dust swimming in them. We have a universe within ourselves that mimics the universe outside. None of us are just black or white, or never wrong and always right.....  
No one exists without polarities. Everybody has good and bad forces working with them, against them, and within them.

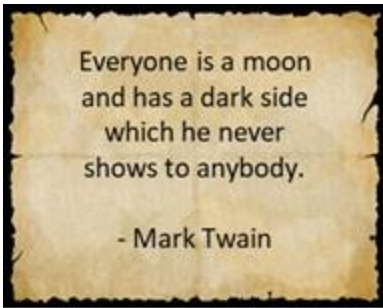
- Suzy Kassem, *Rise Up and Salute the Sun: The Writings of Suzy Kassem*

## Howling at the MOON <sup>123</sup>

Once upon and still becomes more of *life, living, and love*, neath the moon, looking at its faces, waxing to wanning to full, white, blue, or blood-red, or dark, amid cycles of matter, music, mystery, and myth.

"I am a natural thing," MOON begins, "despite what they do with me, speak of me, some sense and suspicion of all the supernatural, spiritual and sensational, no matter my matter."

You are natural.



"Yes, and are you, natural," MOON asks, "like me?"

*I am more than natural, I believe, and what I mean by that is that there are other forces at work within, more than blood and bone, and mind, that make me good or bad, right, wrong, full of life though dying, living for today or yesterday, the moment or more, wanting for love but lapsing into the cynical indifference, apathy, and despair.*

"Are you physical like me", MOON repeats, "or do you have some other dimensions or sphere that act as gravity to ground you, to keep you in cycle, the right orbit whether circular or elliptical but centered just the same?"

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<sup>123</sup> Topics: boast, cycles, force, guilt, light, lonely, matter, physical, pity, pride, shame, spirit, strength, wander, wonder, wrong.




By “physical” do you include invisible powers, forces?

“All things known—not believed or conjured up—as any rational creature knows,” MOON explains though appearing annoyed. “As consistent and certain as my path, it is best to know what is and is not, what comes and goes, what remains for all to witness and say, ‘Ah, the moon again, as always and forever, once again,’ don’t you think?”

You are confident then?

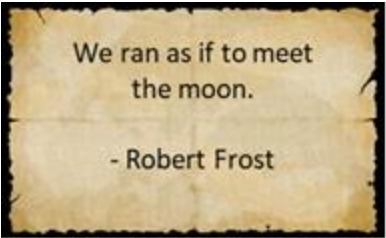
“I am confident and beaming with light to show it, to show for it, and to put on a show for all eyes to behold and wonder at my faces; and then, to wander toward light, my beams, and beyond my full dimension of strength that keeps me coming and going—but always returning for they who howl when I shine with my whole face and glow with all light.”

*MOON is aglow with most everything boasted as true; yet I must wonder about words that wander from truths that make MOON the moon. Yes, MOON does much, and seems to dazzle, to captivate not just our attention but our affection and astonishment—as though MOON is as great as the Sun. Yes, MOON matters, but I must consider that there is more here than what MOON describes; the forces unseen, abstract and ambiguous, yet understood since the beginning of time and, here now, ever more evident in all things from earth to the heavens, beneath and above US.*



Moonlight drowns  
out all but the  
brightest stars.

- J.R.R. Tolkien, *The  
Lord of the Rings*



We ran as if to meet  
the moon.

- Robert Frost

"I am all things to wonder," MOON continues, "as written of and about, landed and yet aloft, way out there beyond the reach of creation where radiation is stellar, too much for the earthly strong."

*Quite a lunar legend, this MOON, that claims to be without so much as a soul or spirit to speak of, let alone think about, but from where does it come? When and how was MOON made but by The Creator that made all the heavens, the stars afar, the Sun and all the bodies, before, and beyond, and all forces that abound to sustain US, them, all creation.*

"MOON is circling 'round the earth, hurrah, hurrah!



You cannot see me in the day,  
buy hey, I am on my way. And when  
night comes and that sun turns-in,  
what returns but me to make your  
hearts yearn with wonder over my  
silver and wander about my light to  
lose yourself in my shadow, and to  
gather about my smile."

*Does MOON muse?*

"I am perfectly round," MOON answers with rhyme and rhythm,  
"and here but another with melody too, inspired by a river flow."

"Moon silver, better than a smile  
I'm crossing by in style,  
Dream makers, and heart takers,  
Wherever you're going, keep going away.  
Those drifters, drifting off too far,  
Searching for the stars,  
We're not of the same, your soul and your shame.  
Who is there to blame, but you?"  
*Is there no end?*

"I am always, and always I am," MOON harps on.

*Now riddles atop rhyme, ridiculous as it is.*

"You're obviously not sold on my story," MOON says with a smug, "but it is lonely at the top."

At the top?

"Yes, can't you tell?"

Sorry, but I can't get past your self-exaltations, aggrandizements, and arrogance amid the rhymes, rhythm, melody, and all that, well, are droll at best but far from desirable.

Going from bright to waxy, MOON replies with an unexpected honesty: "It is just my cover-up; a way to fool myself, to get by night after night on the same circular path without much reflection save that infernal sun, reducing me to merely a moon."

You do give the Sun its due?

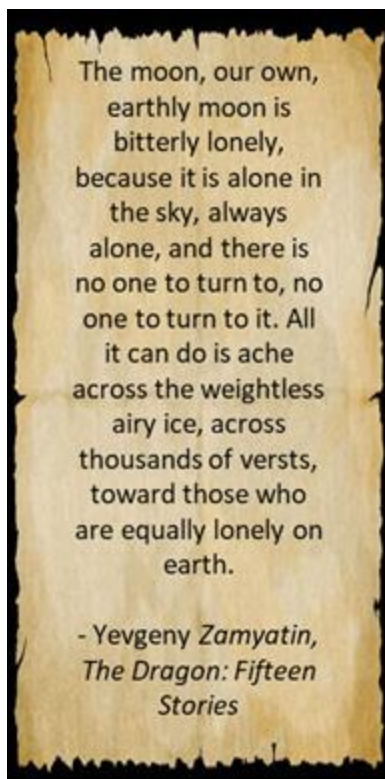
"Sure, as science makes it known. Lonely I am but unlearned I'm not," MOON continues, all said to *set the record straight*.

That's good.

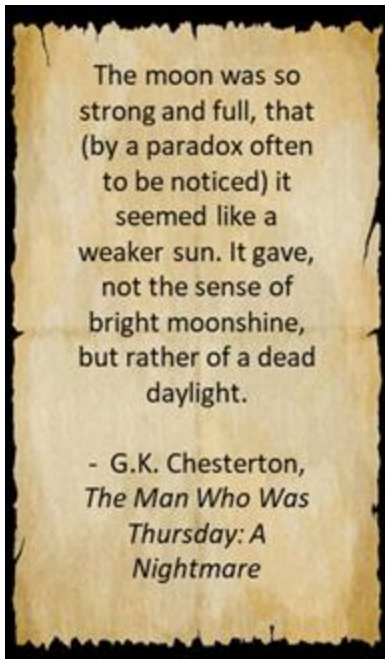
"Good, that I am lonely?"

No, good that you accept the things that you are and the things that (you) are not, aside all that is sang or sung, made-up and legendary, true, or false.

"I suppose I could *ask for the moon*, but I am already me."



*It is good that MOON still has a sense of humor, as loneliness has a way of taking everything, even the last laugh. Then there comes that bitterness; resentment for what was, or seemed, and then was not; one's life, living or love lost, taken away—if it was ever found in the first place. Appearance subject to other things, MOON is more than meets*



*the eye yet less, this mass that swings between self-pity and pride—pathetic at both extremes. Making unreasonable comparison between itself and the many stars about, who wouldn't come up short? And in this design of a certain consternation and internal conflict, what is left but to wander off and vanish in like a comet, this matter as mere dust dissipated into the endless darkness.*

"Am I anything," MOON asks, "or am I nothing to behold, to hold or to be held?"

*And who among US are free from such thoughts, feelings and more, that our existence is nothing of account under the sun? Who has wandered from one extreme to another, finding the ride to be exhausting, an enervating cycle of contempt and then conceit, of self-loathing then adulation, desperate for anything and everything that offers escape, an exit from this hell without an end? First one thing and then another, sometimes adding to the emptiness but other times appearing to at least grant some solace, satisfaction, if just for a few seconds.*

"And there is no getting over the moon either," MOON adds.

Because you are the moon, right?

"No, because I cannot get beyond myself," MOON returns with rapidity, possibly riled by the impossibility. "There is no getting beyond this plight of mine, no place to find happiness."

Then it's happiness that matters most?

"Happiness seems like the going trend."

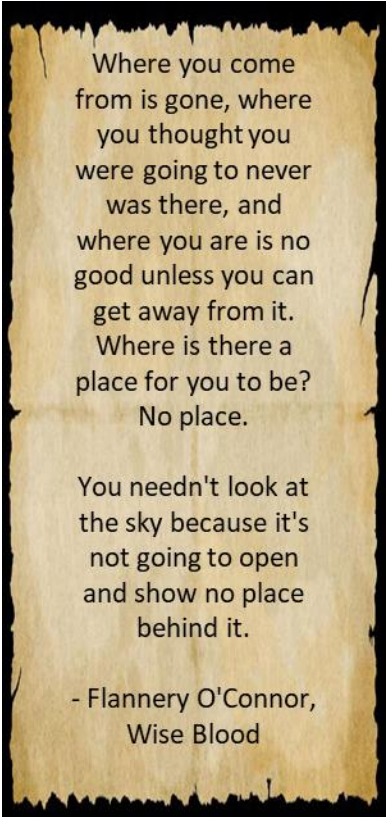
Have you tried to *hide behind the milkman*?

"What do you mean, 'the milkman'?"

I mean to flee, runaway, escape from all that brings you low and keeps you looking dimly upon yourself, snuffs out all light, and turns off the glow—even that which projected blue! Surely you can set your sights on something of hope, promise and purpose. Surely you can lay hold of a cow that jumps short of shooting yourself, that cheese.

After a moment of pause and puzzlement, MOON pleads, "How do I run from myself, flee from my feelings, escape from my mind? How to get away from me? Most agree that I'm not made of green cheese, but sometimes I stink to high heaven, holes or not!"

*It is hard, sometimes seemingly impossible, unlikely, unreal, but cheese or not, there is a speckle of starlight out there that, if nothing*



Where you come  
from is gone, where  
you thought you  
were going to never  
was there, and  
where you are is no  
good unless you can  
get away from it.

Where is there a  
place for you to be?  
No place.

You needn't look at  
the sky because it's  
not going to open  
and show no place  
behind it.

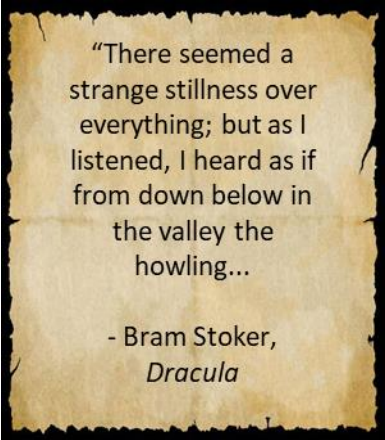
- Flannery O'Connor,  
Wise Blood

more, gives pause to consider the distance to it, the cause for it as possibly your light, a way to be free of these feelings: the vicious cycle and all effort to hide it, to silence the suffering, to substitute the shame. And in this effort, believed to end the cycle, is the possibility to make matters worse, sending the mind into a deeper and darker state of self-destruction—not to consider what affects occur to others acting that, willfully or not, are bound to a MOON scape of lunacy without escape. Yes, the mentality that MOON possesses is, perhaps contrary to perspective, projected to others in degrees, the closest as likely the least able to comprehend but most likely to bear the costs, their emotions frayed, other relations severed by strife and strain. And still, despite all that this destruction reaps, the one remains determined whether by driving or driven to destruction, drawing nearer as a full moon that fills

the darkness to the furthest edge.

What is it in the created who behave with such torment, not only driven to end themselves but, consciously or not, their conscience seared in the scaring of soul and spirit, seizing power from even those whom they claim to love? Is it a wolf that, lone and languished, seeks to save themselves by crushing

others; or is it that pack of wolves that, threatening as even the thought of it be, are not present or even on the prowl, but in fact are friends who reach out only to be attacked by, of all things, the presumed victim? Yes, the contradiction and conflict that spin the situation inverted, the actual victims made villains and the villain, with blood-soaked teeth, posing as a lamb—though far from the innocence of the dove.



"There seemed a  
strange stillness over  
everything; but as I  
listened, I heard as if  
from down below in  
the valley the  
howling...

- Bram Stoker,  
Dracula



“Once in a blue moon, I am conscious of a conscience,” MOON admits, appearing sincere. “But most of the time I merely overlook it, any consciousness of, for, or to my conduct.”

Then you have a conscience?

“Not my usual self, most likely, but it appears so,” MOON replies blithely, only seconds later to appear as ashamed in the absence of some authentic light rather than merely reflecting that of the sun. “But it makes me melancholy,” MOON follows. “Conflicts that cloud my calculation, impose on my intensions, and thwart my thinking, this conflict of conscience.”

Melancholy?

“Yes, sad,” MOON continues. “Having a conscious of a conscience makes me low, cratered much deeper than my surface as it appears, I observed from distance, darkness, and other dimension.”

*Is it bad to be sad? Is it wrong to be melancholy, to see soberly what is real, what is wrong, such that one may at least admit to themselves, “This is who I am,” and more, to have a sense of right and wrong, a conscious of conscience, to admit to others—and especially to those they have hurt, harmed and hamstrung, “This is what I did and I am sorry for it.”*



The moon was low in  
the sky over the  
pastureland; the face  
of it was scarred and  
scuffed where it had  
just torn up out of  
the snarl of scrub oak  
and madrone trees  
on the horizon.

-Ken Kesey, *One Flew  
Over the Cuckoo's  
Nest*

“I try hard not to think about it all,” MOON explains, “because it only gets me down, so low as to wonder if I’ll lose my groove and go

spiraling into space or, worse yet, come crashing down to earth like those manic meteors or crazy comments.”

I see.

“But if science is on my side, why should I need any sense of wrongdoing, a conscious of conscience, really?”

Science is always on your side.

“Science is like any god, any entity with real or imagined power, to be exploited by those with enough power to acquire yet more power.”

Do you mean that science is exploited.

“Yes, of course, in word alone.”

*MOON does not moon for someone else, or attempt to moon something away, grieve or lament, but remains decidedly distant, dark from within, deeply disturbed, devoid of deference, deadened to death.*

*And so goes the world, less willing or able to wonder about their wrong, wrongdoing, as like a scar that makes numb the flesh, their souls seared and their hearts cold and bloodless, while The Leviathan prowls about US, ever wider and deeper, crushing the conscious of any conscience, all life, living, and love brought low with only a glimmer of light to shine.*



"And now," said the unknown, "farewell kindness, humanity, and gratitude! Farewell to all the feelings that expand the heart! I have been heaven's substitute to recompense the good—now the god of vengeance yields to me his power to punish the wicked!

- Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*

**N**EFARIOUS as it is <sup>124</sup>

Once upon and still becomes corruption without limit, made so by the NEFARIOUS cloaked, covered, clandestine; the perversion of right, the dimming of light, the inversion of good, and the turning of truth.

“I am NEFARIOUS,” one proclaims. “No, I am NEFARIOUS,” another exclaims, more convincing. “No and no, for I am NEFARIOUS”, yet another follows in an endless echo of they that appear as NEFARIOUS.

*But who is NEFARIOUS, really? Who among the masses is not prone to lie, cheat and steal, abusing power from all angles, deceiving, being deceived, unable or unwilling to see any light, their hearts long darken and desperately wicked if not evil?*

“But you missed a mark,” NEFARIOUS replies.

I did—*now aware that NEFARIOUS reads my thoughts.*

“Yes, you failed to include that we do all that, yes, *above the law*, without implication and full immunity.”

NEFARIOUS exempt from accusation, prosecution, criminalization?

“Yes, is the simple answer,” NEFARIOUS quips with a wry grin and haughty eyes, and chest swollen.

But how do you get away with it?

“I (we) am wicked—even evil—which affords every opportunity to lie, cheat, and steal, and to do so with privilege and power that far

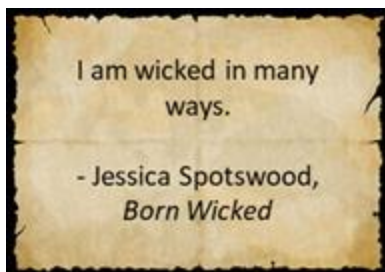
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<sup>124</sup> Topics: criminal, corrupt, crush, death, evil, hypocrisy, intentions, power, pride, responsibility, right, wayward, weak, wanting, wicked.

exceeds that of prosecution, punishment, and other such penalties of mere petty crimes,” comes more wind from the chesty.

And it’s that simple?

“No, not really, as all the wicked I am, the more complicated it becomes—unless everyone is wicked, in which case the whole sinister system comes to an end, an explosion of wicked ways for which the world may have only experienced once before,” NEFARIOUS explains casually or as though such a possibility is real, possibly present.



Babel?

“No, I am trying to be clear,” NEFARIOUS demands.

Oh, right, but I am referring to an ancient period of unprecedented wickedness, a time when The Creator decided that enough is enough and, boom, all but a few were swallowed up in a deluge the likes of which may be unprecedented.

“Oh yeah, that myth,” NEFARIOUS remarks readily, a forethought waiting at the end of tongue’s tip—with a mind that *reads minds*.

But as myth it holds facts, figures amid faith.

“Sure, believe it true as you like, this great flood to end the folly,” NEFARIOUS follows with a smirk, a wink, and a nod of the shoulders.

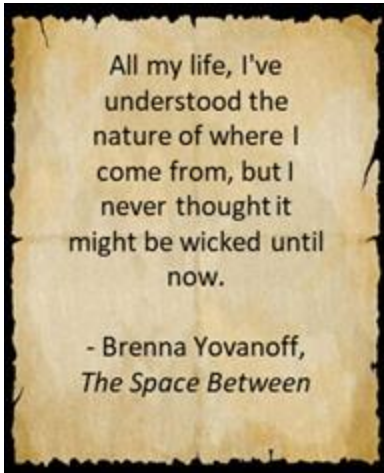
Yes..., to undo the unprecedented wicked.

“Explain then, why it did not work, this judgment and way-out weather, to rid the world of wickedness,” NEFARIOUS asks, more a wisecrack than a question, a point of interest.

It evidently did not work.

“Just my point—which is why it never happened!”

*And many do not believe it, I realize, but choose to go about their life in, as NEFARIOUS called it, folly. There are exceptions though and, as I choose to follow such, believe that The Creator caused a great flood—like no other before or since—and that all but a few of the created survived. And what sadness must have come upon The Creator; to*



*create all things good and right only to see it come to this, no land in sight and only a boat to survive it. Yes, it was a great and terrible time with mixed results and sadly, as NEFARIOUS shows, wicked remains at large, present but NEFARIOUS, the less unaccounted for.*

"But as to how I got here, well let's just call it Devil may care," NEFARIOUS follows.

I believe it was and is more than that.

"Yeah, I guess it is more."

Much more, I believe.

"Then you do know me."

I cannot know everything about you, since your wicked ways are purposely disguised, but I believe I have some understanding, some experience with you kind, what you do and then what you say, what you don't do and then what you claim: sinister plots, a devious plans, deceptions, distractions, diversions, murders, mayhem, made greater by anonymity yet authority, control yet criminality, having a luster and appearance of goodwill yet rotten to the core, wicked and evil in every way under the sun.

“Well now, you appear to have me pegged,” NEFARIOUS replies with a nod, smile, wink from one face while a cold stare with from the other.

And were you always this way?

“I don’t really know—or care to—but the righteous are far to good and right for my taste, only adding to the pleasure of their pains and punishment plotted, planned and produced by me.”

Your pleasure?

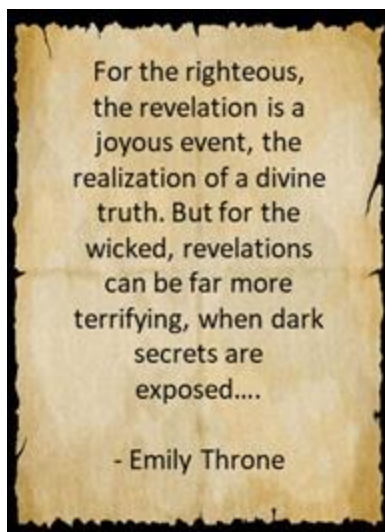
“I chew them up and spit them out,” NEFARIOUS remarks, the smile shifting to a grin, and the cold stare to a twinkle of the all-seeing eye. “All they do is spew words anyway and, for those who really mean well, their lives are short-lived or worst yet, on a short fuse—doomed from the day of their birth, their pathetic lives lived out on this forsaken scape called earth.”

You have the righteous pegged?

“Hypocrite all of them—and so *fair-weather* when it comes to faith, belief, and all that talk of good tidings and fellowship,” NEFARIOUS describes with utter contempt. “They claim to be ‘the created’, but they act more like Cretans, creatures of no account, more refuse than righteous; weak, wayward, wicked, and always wanting for more.”

*And it is in this view that*

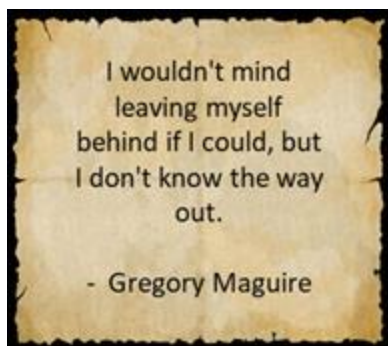
*NEFARIOUS values the actual wicked, along with evil, to do its best at doing the worst. By summing all “the saint” as simply sanctimonious, wicked becomes righteous if just to call them out as fakes, frauds, and faithless. Denigrating authentic good helps the worst win.*



“Who do they think they are, these so-called ‘chosen’?”

*And to give the Devil its due, the truth is that many do not practice what they preach or, as the earth offers, choose to worship other things above and beyond The Creator. They do not do what they say they do—or even believe they do—but rather turn to anything of pleasure, convenience, and all that defers or detains suffering. And I am among them for the many ways that I lapse into lust but not love, envy but not thanksgiving, happiness but not joy, good feelings but not right heartedness, and everything that seems right and good but opposes the truth and thus is a trap!*

“You too, all of you,” NEFARIOUS follows, leaving me in silence for the moment, some shame perhaps for my own sorted ways, and yet at the same time aware of what weapons the wicked possess, practice, and perpetrate.



I do, it's true, but then I know that and, what's more, I know that my wrongs can be righted with contrition, confession, correction.

“I don't care about your feign forgiveness, your miserable lot that call for mercy when what you need


is a merciless end,” NEFARIOUS roars, raising the ire of one that until now was collected but clever, coy.

I am simply agreeing that we are not perfect and sometimes are beyond redemption, but then the mercy of The Creator.

“There you go again with your out, your alibi, as though you're still worthy after committing every evil conceived by creation. How is possible that you find peace when it's you who make war around you, between you, among and within you. You speak of love and yet you

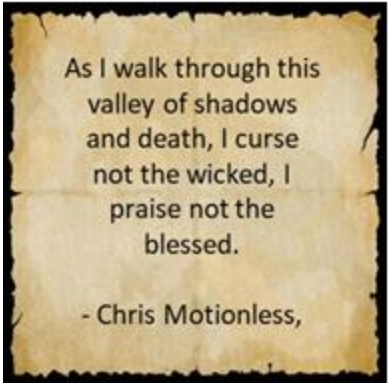
hate your own kind, let along all the rest whom you despise more than I do. You pine for forgiveness and yet you cannot forgive yourself. What kind creatures are you but that which I spew out, your soul afoul, your spirit shorn from its source, your heart seared, and your mind engrossed in the world, swallowed in sin by your superficial sainthood.”

*And in my soul, spirit, heart, and mind is much, sometime truly good and right while other times, neither good nor right. Indeed, I am not one who has any ground for self-acclaimed righteousness—nor the means to acquire or achieve it. No, I am but one who knows who I am not and still must believe that in much the better. Sometimes I am on the right track while other times diverted toward a dead-end. Sometimes I glow like a brilliant star while other times burn like a blazing comet. Sometimes I am at encouraged, overjoyed, while other times in darkness, down in the valley, afraid of even my shadow. I am not The Creator and yet I know that the wicked will use anything and everything to destroy the creation, to sever ties between US, and demean and divide US. I know that The Leviathan roams about and, as wicked as they come, is aimed to undermine everything good and right, to twist truth into lies and lies into facts.*



Something wicked  
this way comes.  
So vague yet so  
immense.

- Ray Bradbury,  
*Something Wicked  
This Way Comes*



As I walk through this  
valley of shadows  
and death, I curse  
not the wicked, I  
praise not the  
blessed.

- Chris Motionless,

"Sounds right," NEFARIOUS quips, quick with the tongue and sure of what wicked is and is not. "Why should it be any other way?"

Other way?

"At least I am intentional, right up front—unlike 'the created' that go to endless effort to hide their wicked ways or, if they happen to bold or proud of it, blame it on their

upbringing, environment, seldom admitting their fault or taking responsibility."

*NEFARIOUS is right about our nature, "the endless effort" of escaping responsibility, wrongdoing, and the way such sorted ways work, the worst reaping respect and reward rather than the rule of law.*

Then wicked is the only way.

"Wicked is the best way," NEFARIOUS continues. "Wicked is power and power is everything."

It is, wicked?

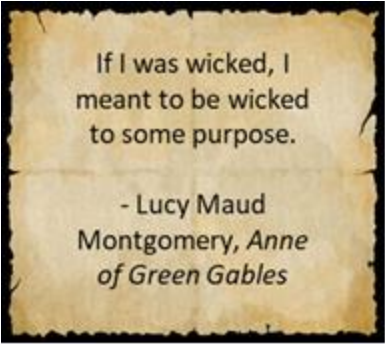
"Yes, and when the wicked gain power, 'the created' are driven down, divided, disempowered."

Power shifts...?

"As power shifts, 'the created' lose community, caring and all that you call 'good and right'."

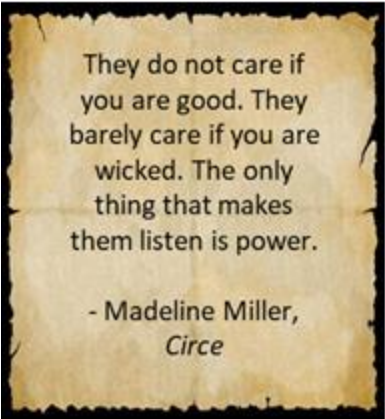
Wicked crushes...?

"Yes," NEFARIOUS exclaims with energy, exuberance, elation, ecstasy engorged with guile, consumed by corruption without a care of anything but to ruin US.



If I was wicked, I  
meant to be wicked  
to some purpose.

- Lucy Maud  
Montgomery, *Anne  
of Green Gables*



They do not care if  
you are good. They  
barely care if you are  
wicked. The only  
thing that makes  
them listen is power.

- Madeline Miller,  
*Circe*



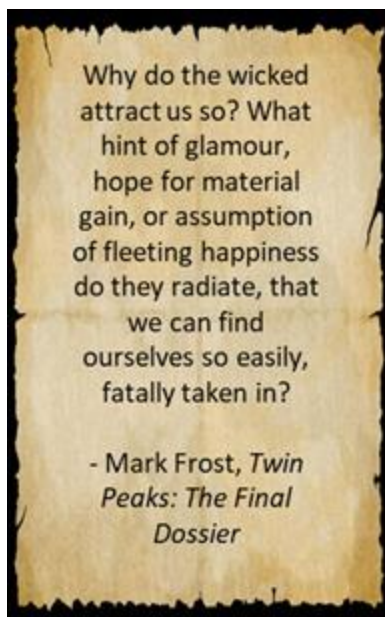
And if you crush..., what becomes of you, Leviathan?

"It doesn't matter, the outcome as everything in the end," NEFARIOUS admits whether the appearance of self-sacrifice or authentic, the end justifies the means whatever the cost. As it is, my admirers are many—more than you can possibly know—and will see this as more reason to worship me, dead or alive, and do my bidding to the bitter end."

And the rest?

"Sure, they are out there, appearing appalled by my ways but, need I describe them again but as hypocrites that hold to heaven with one hand while dipping the other deep into hell. All one must do is see how they live, survive, and strive, appearing as do-gooders and fare-thee-wells when in fact they do the worst and bid the rest goodbye."

*But NEFARIOUS does what power demands, which is to form opinion or sins of omission and broker beliefs by blatant lies, manufacturing consent by means nefarious, leaving no doubt that deception is power beyond the pale, persuasion of the population rightly deemed as mass psychosis. Yes, such sinister ways go far in forcing others to accept what they're told, to embrace ideas of the "the greater good", and to obey regardless of the cause, dismissive of the consequences, but compliant and cooperative as any child should be.*



Something wicked this way exist and amid such forces does Leviathan lead; lashing out at all that is truly *good and right*, crushing community and severing all social ties, such that *the created* are dispersed, disassociated and disparate, having no one other to lean save The Creator, who holds all things, is everywhere, near and far, afoot, aware of all things and attentive to *the created* and all creation.

As nightfall does not come at once, neither does oppression. In both instances, there is a twilight when everything remains seemingly unchanged. And it is in such twilight that we all must be most aware of change in the air – however slight – lest we become unwitting victims of the darkness.

- William O. Douglas (ed.), *The Douglas Letters: Selections from the Private Papers of Justice William O. Douglas*

## ONEROUS, oppressive <sup>125</sup>

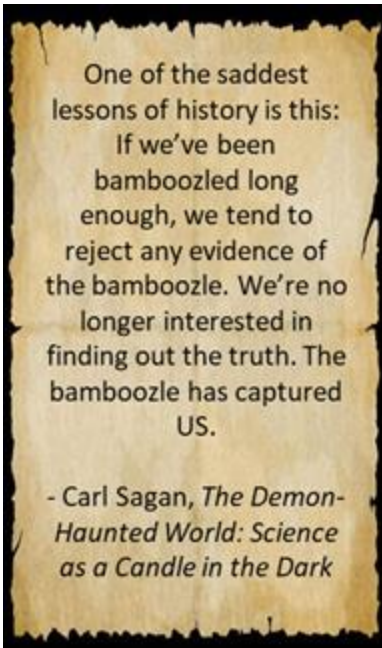
Once upon and still becomes the ONEROUS and oppressive; they that steadily *warm the water* or alter the temperature, calculated, and calibrated, but certain to catch US off guard, unaware, unprepared, unknowingly undermined and undone through *the underworld*.

What or who is ONEROUS?

"I am they, oppressive but not ostentatious."

Not, ostentatious but oppressive?

"Yes, we prefer to keep it on the *down & low*."



You mean-,'

"We mean to make it nefarious, subtle and sinister so that no one is aware of what's going on, and even if they are, see it as innocuous, well intended and that so of thing," ONEROUS explains.

You're sly and stellar?

"Yes, I suppose, but we still press hard and deep to get it done."

To get what done?

"Something that is not seen as it really is, else it would *blow our cover* and possibly give the masses a fighting chance."

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<sup>125</sup> Topics: excuses, expedience, ignorance, immunity, offensive, oppressive, opposing, passive, prerogative, protect, shifty, sinister, sleek, sly, threat, terror, tyrant.

It's most that you're after?

"Sure, commoners, the folks, all of them who serve no useful purpose, no contribution to the *greater good*."

"Useful to whom, what?"

"To US, of course."

Then it's US against US?

"How's that for sly; everyone is against everyone else—two-way sedition!"

How does that happen?

"Using stealthy ways that shift blame or guilt on the innocent, that condemn good and condone bad, rewarding the robbers that steal them blind."

But I am aware of it.

"It does not matter that you are, aware, for *the games must go on* and no one can or will stop it!"

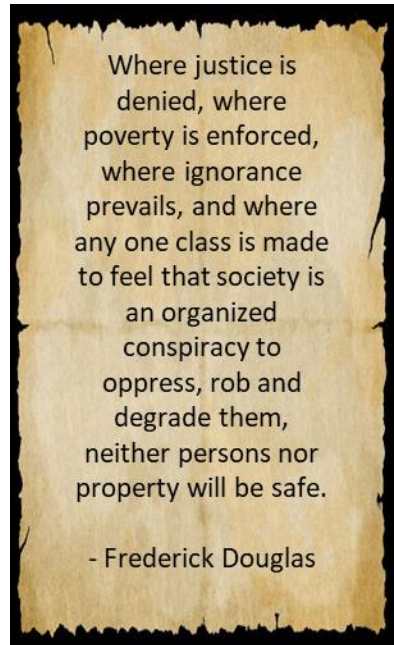
I know that justice is just a word.

"And justice is nothing more than a word," ONEROUS blurts out, "while they go believing that it exists and is even practiced on their behalf. Yes, they are fools and, as it seems, prefer to be so."

Fools for justice?

"Fools for believing US; that what we claim to stand for is who or what we are. They think US noble, honorable, upright, fair, equitable, trustworthy, and all that other fluff that sounds good and gives them a warm feeling of security, safety, and all that other good stuff."

It's all a lie.



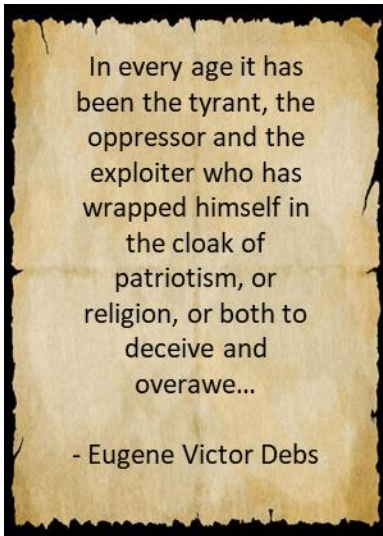
“Yeah, most of it, to be truthful,” ONEROUS admits without an ounce of reservation or regret. “Hey, it works and that’s all that matters.”

It there is no justice, then there is no safety, no security, or-

“Sure, talk sense why don’t you, but all that aside, it is not due process that wins the day—but expedience no matter the expense!”

Expedience?

“Where the end justifies the means or what is efficient for US—never mind them,” ONEROUS continues, outlaying what they do and how they do it, no matter who they do it to.



You’re crooks, criminals.

“Accusations are dangerous but for the moment your opinion is tolerated. We lie, cheat and steal, but that does not make US criminals, crooks but clever, cunning, and coy.”

And why not, *as though I need to ask.*

“Because we’re *above the law* or otherwise immune for all it, up and down, too powerful to be prosecuted—if even accused or worst case, charged. We’re acquitted by supreme authorities; the powers not seen or noticed but still are supreme.”

I am not surprised at all—and certainly not shocked—to hear that you are *above the law*.

“And given our own form of exceptionalism, patriotism, nationalism, and all other -isms, what is left but deception or, as necessary, denial—often turning the whole case upside down, pinning the cause or crime on some foreign enemy—existential or not—sure to

convince some schmuck too stupid to see or too sensationalized to sense—let alone accept—that we’re so.”

You lie, cheat, and steal on a scale as no other.

“And yet we’re never at fault, spawning the greatest scheme(s) in all of creation, committing untold crimes with infinite immunity.”

The greatest schemes...untold crimes...total immunity?

“Isn’t it the absolute bomb when accountability does not apply, responsibility does not register? Isn’t it choice when the masses believe they have a choice? Isn’t just a riot when we can cause crisis, plot problems, and plant agitators, implicating even the innocent as instigators, the innocent and powerless implicated and punished for the ‘greater good’?”

I guess that depends.

“Our interest is all that matters, *no good deed goes unpunished*, and it’s all ‘justice’!”

But it’s not right.

“We decide what is right—just as we decide what is justice. All serve our interest or else they die.”

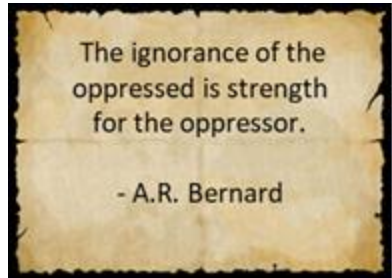
You do?

“Oh yes if it’s not already evident and obvious, none are of any interest unless they serve our interest, and even then, for as long as they serve-,” ONEROUS elaborates.

Your interest?

“Don’t you understand, or at least get the idea, why we do what we do and do it to whomever, wherever, whatever, however?”

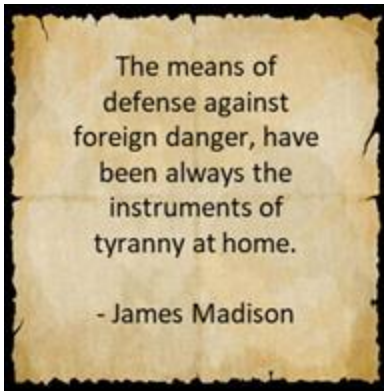
*But what are their interest(s), where is ONEROUS going, what are the objectives and the end game? What is history behind this oppressive..., appearing as good, right and all that, but in truth is the opposite. ONEROUS obscures, obfuscates, offends, and oppresses beyond the outer limits of both the created and of the upmost concern,*



*The Creator. Still, this is nothing new under the sun—though the dearth of controls, the depth of deception is decisively destructive beyond degrees, as understood in all recorded history for all but The Creator that rained down on earth.*

*“The created are of no import,” ONEROUS calls out, “and their so-called ‘Creator is a charlatan, posing as the purveyor and protector but in fact is a pariah that, as pointed out, rained down purgatory, putting the created in a bad spot. The Creator touts of a perfect plan yet terrorizes the created and condemns practically everyone.*

The Creator is a terrorist?



*“Didn’t I just say that” ONEROUS roars, repeating a statement or two while adding a twist, “and intolerant!”*

*ONEROUS is imposing but insolent, respecting nothing or no one—not even its own—strapping saints with a burden that only The Creator can cure and for the rest, a ride to hell. What becomes of such*

*creatures, whose objectives are masked, depends in part on the perceptions of the created that either don’t give a care or, if they do, presume ONEROUS as acting in their best interests. Indeed, “the games must go on”, “the absolute bomb...”, “choice...”, “a riot”, with a cover unblown. All the business that works beneath and above, within and without, muddling minds and hindering hearts, making baseless claims that always point the finger elsewhere, exempt from blame and exonerated, all acts apparently acceptable—even appreciated—no matter the wicked ways and evil events in the service of their interest.*

*To “serve their interest” is to forfeit life, living and love; it is to forgo what awaits those they who know the truth—and keep it—no matter the costs, condemnation, and consequences imposed, imputed.*



*To accept ONEROUS as anything but wicked and evil is to live in denial, disregarding the greatest threat to creation. And though there is “a foreign” threat, the facts are that ONEROUS is present, here, implanted, insidious but evasive in and to the effect(s)—denying culpability for wrongdoing while condemning the consciousness and conviction of common citizens and those that refuse to comply.*

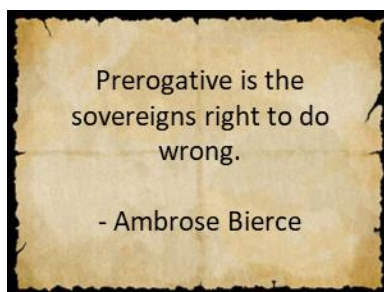
“Our interest should be your interest too,” ONEROUS continues, commanding and commandeering to the core. “Don’t think that what we’re asking is anything less than what is for *the greater good* or that which benefits the is most, positive to the point. The world is a dangerous place and it our duty to confront, contain, control, curtail, combat, and conquer as necessary, all that contend to or intend to destroy US; those that aim to rule and to ruin US,” ONEROUS carries-on without conscience. “Forbid that we forget these regions, regimes, rouges, and rebels as an existential threat, unjust, undermining, and unadulterated in their undoing of that we represent in life, liberty, and goodwill toward all who are worthy to receive our support and service.”

Our interest should be your interest.

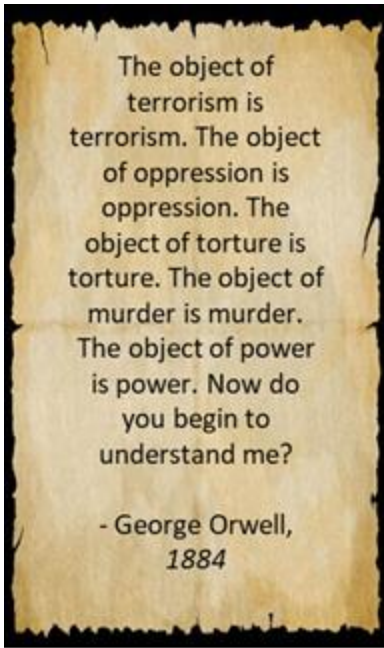
“Yes,” ONEROUS bursts out, “with the prerogative is to protect US!”

*ONEROUS is obscure, making it impossible to understand the real meaning, appearing as attentive to but one—but only to insist that each and all must obey, accept, or acquiesce, to aggression that is aimed to plunder rather than protect, to seize rather than*

*suppress, and to destroy rather democratize all else, foreign, and domestic. To deceive is bad enough, but to plunder, seize and destroy under the guise of life, liberty and goodwill is indisputably wicked, evil. Is terror an act or is it limited to another whether here or there, foreign, or domestic, but never the conduct and corruption of those above the*



*law, immune from crimes against the created irrespective of The*

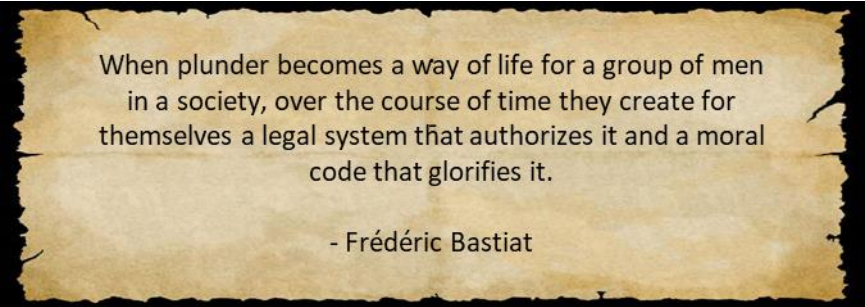


*Creator?*

"The object of our objectives is clear," ONEROUS continues, consistent with contradictions. "Terrorism is a terrible thing and therefore it—as with hate—must be eradicated from the face of the earth. Terrorism is not ours to follow or to foment, but opposes our very nature, our norms and morals, our sense of virtue and values, our greater good, always."

And thus, ONEROUS is above oppression, above terror and torture, above murder, above the abuses of power by force, and beyond all else, is above all things bad and wrong, given such vain, vaulted virtue and value.

"Precisely, and it better for you to never doubt it but rather see to it as is your duty, your obligation and obedience to me, ONEROUS."



When plunder becomes a way of life for a group of men  
in a society, over the course of time they create for  
themselves a legal system that authorizes it and a moral  
code that glorifies it.

- Frédéric Bastiat

What else but PLUNDER <sup>126</sup>

PLUNDER does follow NEFARIOUS and ONEROUS; for when folks are forgotten or are fragmented in the fierceness of The Leviathan, the only thing possibly left is the soul—if not already sold-out—while all earthly wealth is absconded, absorbed by a relative few whose hope remains in wealth that will not hold to the end.

What is plunder?

“I am PLUNDER.”

You are plunder?

“Yes, PLUNDER is my name, robbing and stealing, my game.”

Why plunder?

“Need I respond to such a stupid question,” PLUNDER remarks, more a position, “given that all things belong to me anyway?”

Then you don’t rob, steal?

“What did I say.... It’s your games to play but mine to win,” PLUNDER replies with craftiness and crassness common to ONEROUS.

And you take that which is not yours?

“Of course not,” PLUNDER clarifies, “as it is mine in the first place.”

I’m confused.

“Am I at cause,” PLUNDER continues with conceit, “as though you simple-minded are somehow able to comprehend reality.”

*And if ONEROUS was not enough, NEFARIOUS now returns as like the fox in the henhouse, slipping-in under the cover of darkness and taking possessions of the created incrementally, insidiously, but decisively;*

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<sup>126</sup> Topics: aliens, confusion, conquest, contagion, crisis, criminal, environment, extraterrestrial, fear, homeliness, maleficence, murder, privilege, plunder, propaganda, theft.

*leaving no material incentive, rendering endless installments and untenable debt, as ONEROUS is oppressive. What is to become of the created bottomed-out, broken and far beyond broke; PLUNDER to carve-up what remains of wealth, leaving all but a few in dire straits?*

"One must take account of the *ledger of life*," PLUNDER states, as another statement that begs for more clarity and common sense.

The "ledger of life"?

"Yes, again, the *ledger of life*, or as I like to think of it, another's assets are actually liabilities."

How is that so, one's assets as actually liabilities?

"Holding to the belief that what they have is actually theirs, the fact is that they are delusional—such beliefs predicated on economics or similar education if just that of the commoner's common sense."

Then everyone is living a lie?

"No, not all, but the vast majority who, fall all intents and purposes, cannot grasp that my game is *the only game in town*."

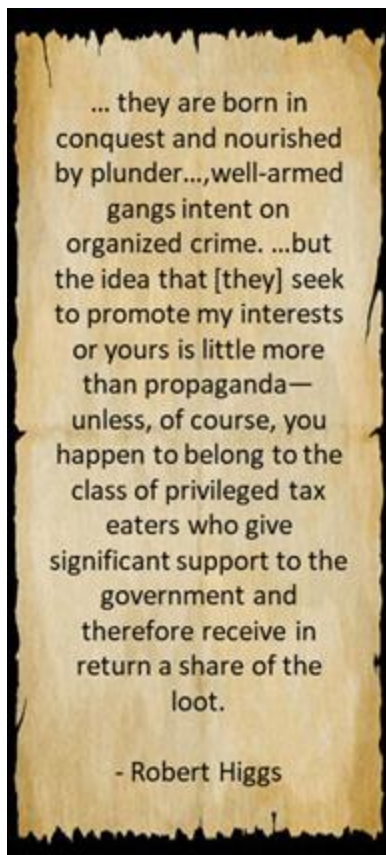
Then you make the rules, alone.

"I care not who makes the rules but only who controls the treasures, those assets and everything of wealth by any other name."

And you control-,

"All of it, and everything of extrinsic value and, if I have my way, the intrinsic too short of few that remain in favor."

A few..., in favor?



“Yes, they that are my fellow felons, my friends, my fiduciary forget-me-nots, my consortium of high-stakes criminals, my crime syndicate.”

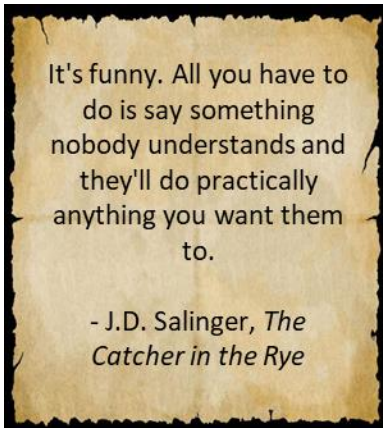
And all the rest, from top to bottom, are-

“Bottomed-out, broke, and broken” PLUNDER foresees it; the many who are no account beyond their accounts, their “assets” and asses, and all else of extrinsic and, as aimed, intrinsic value too.

And what of the wealth, all the riches of world and-,

“Sure, it means the world to the few—but they are not beyond foolishness, are they, bounded by power and blinded by pride.”

I am still confused and somehow hold it is not going away.



“As it should be,” PLUNDER punctuates, “dazed and confused.”

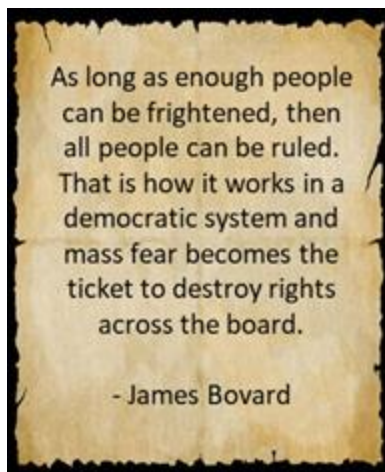
*Is it me, you, US? Are we too simple-minded or stupid to comprehend, to make sense of what we hear (and don't hear), what we see and don't see, what is perceived against The Leviathan; whose aims for power are never ending, crushing any who stand in the way while placating the many with platitudes, pleasure and promises of prosperity? All that is done whether subterfuge, subversion, oppression, seem child's play compared with/to PLUNDER. It is one thing to deceive but another to destroy, one thing to fool but another to fleece, one thing to confuse but another to crush.*

*What is it, this PLUNDER? How do you force much of the created into abject poverty? Do you threaten them with their life and living, rendering fear that works to make US do the unthinkable, to accept the inconceivable? Does NEFARIOUS go into action, pushing some drug on them that crushes spirits, all incentive or desire to truly live, reducing them to puddy or some shell of their once self, soul? Do you convince or coerce by compulsion with ONEROUS laws that subjugate them to the*

*will of a few that have no other desire than to use them up and spit them out? And if any of US have a handle on this PLUNDER, how do we each protect ourselves and those we care about? How do we win against such forces arrayed by and through The Leviathan. purposed to destroy the created at all costs with all powers dark and demented?*

*PLUNDER will foment fear, of course, injecting, infusing the time-tested means and methods of existential threats, contagions, disease, economic or environmental crisis, housing and homeliness, extraterrestrials, mass murders and other earth-shattering crimes, and so on. Fear is the “perfect storm” for PLUNDER—in case you didn’t know.*

*An “existential threat”, (as previously introduced), usually involves pre-emptive war coupled with lots of covert aggression, economic sanctions, regime changes, and an endless variety of means and methods to undermine rouges and to purportedly reduce harm to US. Should they let such threats remain unmet or should they act by turning a crisis into an*



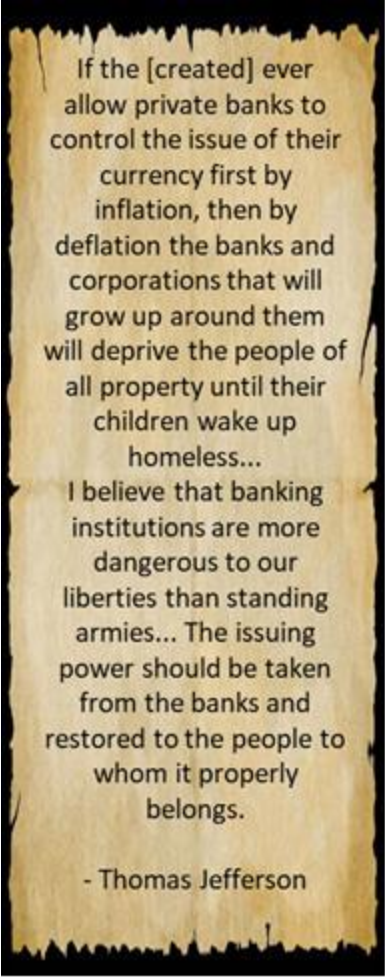
*opportunity for more war, conflict, contention, chaos? PLUNDER decides..., pursuing power and possession under the guise of safety, security, and such purposes palatable, palpable, peacemaking.*

*Contagions and disease are another..., the means and methods as a health crisis; and not that such health-related risks don’t happen, but as usual, PLUNDER finds a way to exploit the matter, using the media and other ministers and money-seeking interests to escalate, leveraging their cause in the name of “science”—and not actual science—while rising to the rank of savior with some concoction to control and curtail.*



*And then economics and the means and methods that enable and empower PLUNDER to spend endlessly; a vault that, though empty, retains a backdoor that deprives the created of all property until their offspring wake up homeless<sup>127</sup>. Call it a consortium, cadre or cabal, a crime syndicate, or some secret society, but the result is a threat greater than the “existential” and indeed, all that lie, cheat, and steal under the guise of good intentions—if that!*

*Some, and especially those who have much to lose, will not befall the blunders of PLUNDER; for as the bottom drops out, the last to fall will be those that are the most secure, hunkered down in their redouts or hopefully hidden away in some foreign land, ostensibly a safe heaven. Still, and with a strong arm and a long arm, PLUNDER will come for them too, leaving next to none to their possessions, hitting pay dirt as the high and mighty fall and the already destitute look on with mix feelings ranging from momentary glee to guilt and grief, the suffering further shared, and despair over the last of US taken down and under.*



If the [created] ever allow private banks to control the issue of their currency first by inflation, then by deflation the banks and corporations that will grow up around them will deprive the people of all property until their children wake up homeless...

I believe that banking institutions are more dangerous to our liberties than standing armies... The issuing power should be taken from the banks and restored to the people to whom it properly belongs.

- Thomas Jefferson

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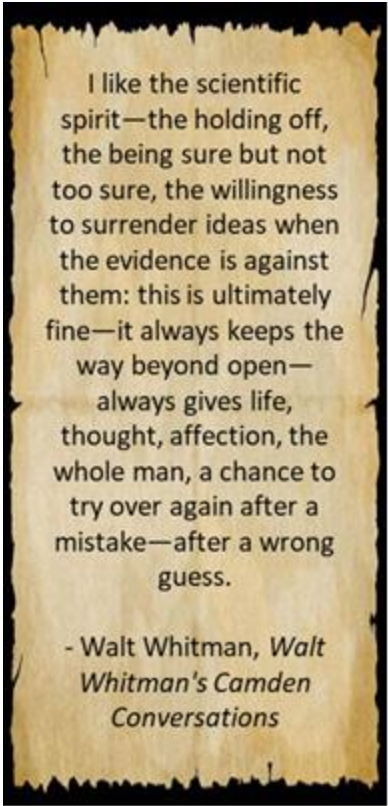
<sup>127</sup> Referring to a foreboding warning from Thomas Jefferson.



*Then there is the environment: a combination of real conditions whether cyclical in nature or caused by abuses stemming from the business interests under the auspices of diplomacy, manifest destiny, or other noble causes; or as fashioned and fabricated as a scheme to bring the world into submission on the pretense that the created are at cause and therefore should shoulder the burden. Never has the world been so duped or deceived, the pseudo-science that spawns from financial rewards for those who serve such interest while essentially dismissing opposing views while disregarding analysis however credible, concise, or complete. As it serves their interest, science is not purely the scientific process but is reduced to expedience and exploitation.*

*Please don't presume that my observation(s) and view are anti-science (as the processes are sound in the right forms), but as exploited by PLUNDER, "science" is reduced to that of slave, bought and paid for with extreme prejudice.*

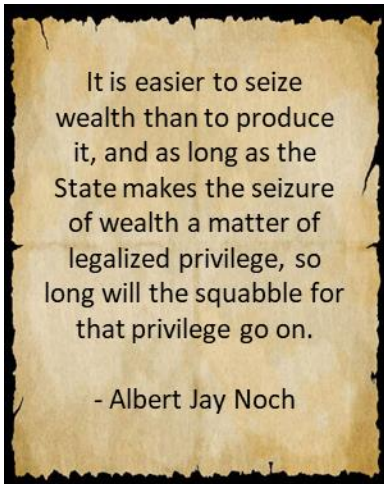
*If the greatest threat to living is the unlimited and unending maleficence described previously, the greatest threat to life is the means, methods, and mystery by which PLUNDER evades and eviscerates science: first in arbitrarily assigning "science" to opinion, contradictions, and purposed confusion; and of far more importance, dismissing processes structured on verification, validation, and rigorous research with expedience, even reckless abandon, ostensibly for power and possession, plunder.*

A rectangular piece of aged, yellowed paper with irregular, torn edges. The paper is set against a solid black background. Centered on the paper is a quote in a black serif font. The quote is arranged in two paragraphs. The first paragraph is longer and ends with a dash. The second paragraph is shorter and ends with a period. Below the quote, there is a line of text identifying the author and the source, also in a black serif font.

I like the scientific  
spirit—the holding off,  
the being sure but not  
too sure, the willingness  
to surrender ideas when  
the evidence is against  
them: this is ultimately  
fine—it always keeps the  
way beyond open—  
always gives life,  
thought, affection, the  
whole man, a chance to  
try over again after a  
mistake—after a wrong  
guess.

- Walt Whitman, *Walt  
Whitman's Camden  
Conversations*

*Housing and homeliness, extraterrestrials, mass murders and other earth-shattering crimes, are generally a combination of reality and fiction (e.g., a new virus is causing illness, even death, but the data and reporting is categorically propagandized, either exaggerated or obscured to heightened fears, of course, as a foundation for more means, schemes, and methods of control). To elaborate on any one of these remaining means and methods is possibly reserved for later stories, but for now, know that when PLUNDER becomes the way, a relative few will either change to laws to their favor or, better yet, commit lawlessness with impunity<sup>128</sup>. Unbridled and unaccounted*

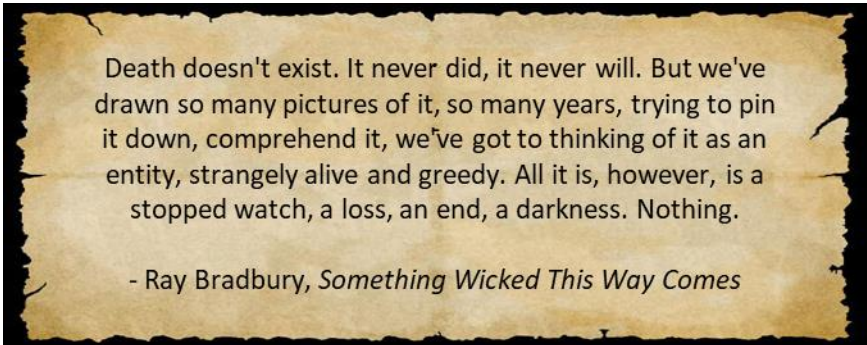


*spending, exploitation of sources of power, excessive laws and prison populations, evasion of duties and responsibilities, excessive taxes, economic cycles of inflation and deflation, environmental crisis, extraterrestrial alien invasions, and other evils are each aimed to seize wealth (power), possession, and profit. Add to all described as that of PLUNDER and what comes is calculated crushing of the created,*

*as long plotted and planned.*

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<sup>128</sup> Paraphrased, Frédéric Bastiat.



Death doesn't exist. It never did, it never will. But we've drawn so many pictures of it, so many years, trying to pin it down, comprehend it, we've got to thinking of it as an entity, strangely alive and greedy. All it is, however, is a stopped watch, a loss, an end, a darkness. Nothing.

- Ray Bradbury, *Something Wicked This Way Comes*

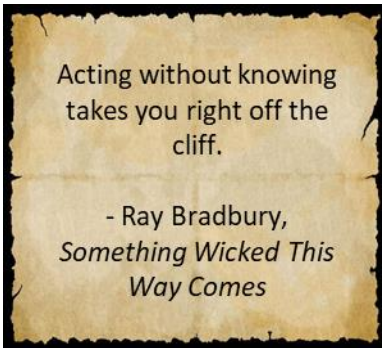
## Quietly QUEER <sup>129</sup>

Once upon and still becomes information as never before, extradentary and endless, but quietly QUEER, leaving both mind and heart confused over right from wrong, the good from bad, truth from lies, and so forth. Ironically, the more information received, the less understood with less wisdom on what to do, how to respond and what to make of living, life, death, and all things before, now against the future.

“There are the dying and then death, the end and not more of one’s existence if they ever really existed at all,” QUEER explains, possibly to end any debate on afterlife, eternal life, or any other life.

This is what we have here, now, against the future?

“For now, maybe, but that too is up for grabs,” QUEER adds, attempting to *twist the dagger* driven into the hearts of creation.



And if you’re right, QUEER, what should we do?

“It’s best that you end it now, put it to rest and let it go! Why wait for the inevitable and merely exist, a pathetic product of pathos, indubitably devoid of permanence and purpose, value and worth?”

*Listening and learning of this spirit, I must admit that QUEER is not something that is altogether offensive or oppressive but is eerily difficult to ascertain. QUEER seems*

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<sup>129</sup> Topics: action, bad, courage, death, evil, good, information, lies, life, queer, right, thinking, truth, worth, wrong, value.

*an abstract, an aberration or something that appears to appear but then, with the blink of an eye or a head turn, is not there—if it ever was! But I should not be astonished of the mysteries and mystics, fairytales, and folklore. But still, be warned that this QUEER is not to be taken lightly or flippantly, as fiction or fantasy becomes fact for the sentient soul that says, “This is real. I am not dreaming or delusional.”*

“It’s really not a choice, your death,” QUEER continues, combining a mix of faction with the underlying despair: death is sure; it always has been and always be. “You’re nothing to no one, really. You’re a mere mass of matter that does not matter.”

What matters? Who matter then?

“Race matters and the many sexes too. As it is, that growing number of races and sexes are recognized and rewarded—if just for the sole purpose of fomenting fear and fostering division among, between and within the many, the masses, right down to the one. The more distinctions the more the division, where even one is divided against self, too torn by their privilege or their poorness, but severed right down to the bones, the blood, and the brain.”

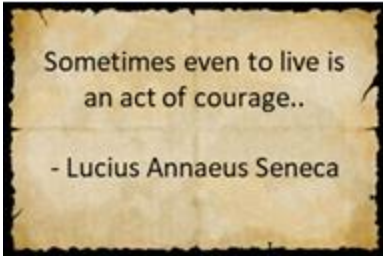
But aren’t we basically the same, really, generated from the same genome though varied by time and adaption, color, and other features of the face? Aren’t we all simply *the created*?

“If you prefer the idealist view that you’re all of *one blood*, one background, the lineage of some small group of flood survivors spared and saved by The Creator as another in the myths,” QUEER begins with a sneer. “Endowed by a merciful maker of all things good and right, giving knowledge and wisdom, truth and time to the truly contrite, and all else embraced by faith.”

*But we must believe in something, someone of higher being, right? Everyone has an idol if not a lord; a being revered, respected, and regaled even if they’re more than US—or even less. And in this hope is that we’re each different though we share something if just to hold to a*

*higher cause, a heavenly state—far more deserving than the regimes that rule US, press US and crush US under a big boot and heavy hand.*

“What else can I tell you that you don’t rightfully realize. For deep down, you should know that you’re nothing of account, of no meaning or matter, and better off by ending yourself, undoing what should have



never been done,” QUEER poses, persistent in the premise that life has no point for most, any privilege granted only to a relative; those that are higher in caliber and creation, superior in every way.”

And I am not worthy to-,

“Must I go on with my reasons, reality,” QUEER adds, annoyed by appearance.

*But QUEER is trained in manipulation, muddling matters, and making a mockery of the meaningful, the merciful, and the mighty of heart and soul. As it is, QUEER is a ministry of murder hiding behind a public presence of our “best interest” or some other euphemism erected on eugenics—even assisted suicide—as not only sacrosanct but sacred. QUEER earnestly embraces that of the relative few; those that view the masses as mere waste, unnecessary and unacceptable for life, living.*

“You should consider your death as courageous, noble,” QUEER continues, pressing the point that life is pointless. “Why wait to, be forced, lined-up or otherwise escorted away in humiliation and submission under a ruthless regime or terrorizing tyrant?”

*As though to know that such force(s) await US; that what is to come will be far worse than choosing now, taking our own life rather than endure the suffering of things to come. And who is to know that QUEER is not right about these things to come, “a ruthless regime or terrorizing tyrant” that forces US to death, no options, or alternatives?*

But isn’t life good? Isn’t it better to choose life?

"As though I need to answer that," QUEER sneers. "The point is that life for you is not good and can only get worse!"

You say ending my life is best.

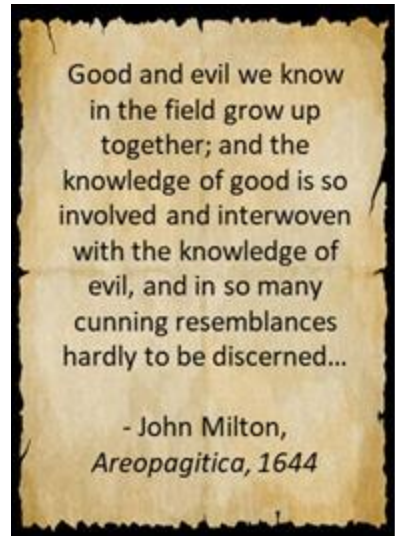
"Yes, and better that you choose wisely and well rather than go dreaming dreams and telling of things you believe yet to come," QUEER continues emphatically. "Are you a person of virtue and humility or do you hold that you're better than most and therefore deserve to live, some fantastical future however fictional it be?"

*QUEER knows where to twist the meaning and the matter, when to take my thinking and turn it on me, dealing out every card where a spade is not a spade, every word appealing to my appetite and yet impossible to swallow; tasty but tainted, palatable but poisonous, delectable but deadly in its effect, both mind and body.*

*Is it only me, or do you sense that something wicked this way comes; something that appears earnest, even well intended, but is the greatest of grim reapers, evil incarnate. To be quietly QUEER is to convince many that all is well; all perception and presentation while the water is gradually warmed, the adjustment as ever so noticed, until that moment when the heat hit, debilitation and then death, the body doomed in degrees.*

"Are you in," QUEER asks for what appears the last call. "Both you and I are running out of time and your time is running shorter."

*But this proposition—promoting and practicing death—is nothing new under the sun; spirits as QUEER are ancient, fallen from all grace,*



*forgotten of any good, sentenced for their fraud, punished for their pride, destined to a final death as The Levithan whom they serve.*

“Are you caring or are you cavalier,” QUEER returns with yet another angle, attempting to shame the soul into suicide.

I am not sure.

“Well, you better be, sure, for the worst awaits those who wait.”

What is “the worst”?

It is suffering such that you’ll beg to die,” QUEER replies, while time ticks by, the days numbered for the wicked to end and QUEER to be quieted forevermore.



I've finally given in; my eyes are shut under the blindfold.

I can hear and smell, but I cannot see. My hands are clammy I feel cold, yet I am warm. It is what I wanted,

but I am now unsure, dubious yet at the same time excited and curious. I would like to think I feel a bit like Alice just before she fell down the hole into the rabbit hole. Yet there are no rabbits here... not even those of

RAMPANT's persuasion.

- Leonora Morrison

RAMPANT, unresisted, unrestricted ruse<sup>130</sup>

Once upon and still becomes a ruse to rundown and runover everyone and everything, culling *the created* while convincing the rest that *The Creator* is merely made-up; nothing or no one that matters—or gives US a matter—contrary to the truth, right and good.

“A ruse is a good thing, the faster the better,” RAMPANT begins. “Not just one but more preferably, a run-on variety that raises the bar, making the next more challenging the rest but still yielding a higher result, deception by degrees, until all are dumbed down, stupefied, moot, muted, and mummified.”

Not satisfied by one ruse, RAMPANT?

“Oh no, not in the least. To stop at one is never enough and, as a drug dominates, the dose must be increased, intensified, ad infinitum. Fire-off fast and furious, at warp-speed, leaving nothing but a blaze of burned-up bodies and blown-out brains, too much to turnback, too quick for a query, far too quickened to question, quietly queer.”

I see, nothing slow and subtle but rather all-out, wide open, without limits? I thought you prefer slow and subtle, but “warp-speed...?”

“Eventually yes, but the challenge is to keep them off-balance, you see; as they must never realize they’re being duped, stupefied,” RAMPANT continues. “I know this course seems contradictory but that’s half the point: never left one hand know what the other is doing; jab, juke, boom, and bang, the knock-out punch!”

And what’s the other half, the other point?

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<sup>130</sup> Topics: courage, creator, culling, dangers, deception, distraction, evil, fall, illusion, indulgence, ruse, power, rights, seduction, stand, statism, truth, unpleasant, utopia.

“The other side of sensation and speed is seduction, distraction, and diversion: give them a distraction and/or diversion and a ruse is *in the bag*. Add to this dual approach the unconstrained, undeterred, and unadulterated clearance to go ahead and the ruse is a sure thing; lock, stock, and barrel, the undisputed champ that I am.

*It seems that RAMPANT has the rub on the ruse, redux; all things required to assure that “culling” is complete, unresisted by the many and unrestricted by the few; those who possess vast power and vaunted position.*

*RAMPANT works the woke to rest and sleep, the dutiful to some distraction or diversion, and the rest to mere child’s play, pulling the wool over them or reeling them in hook, line, and sinker. But how, time after time, does RAMPANT do it?*

“Truth is often a hard pill to swallow,” RAMPANT explains more, “and so I don’t have to sugarcoat the lies.”

They prefer the lies over truth, facts?

“Yes, but you know that—as much for yourself as for them. The plain truth is that lies, soft are hard, are a hell of lot more desirable and delectable—even digestible—for as long as the many are at ease, entertained and enthralled, enticed by all things evil—not good.”

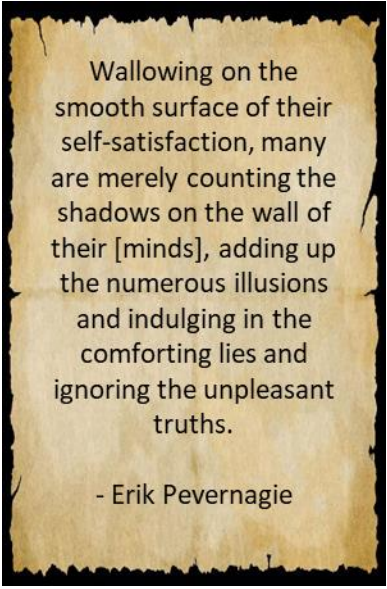
And there is more, right?

“Why stop with lies when unrestricted and unrestrained?”

But is there really no restraint?

“You doubt my claims,” RAMPANT replies abruptly.

*Why shouldn’t I doubt, given that RAMPANT rest on a pack of lies—*

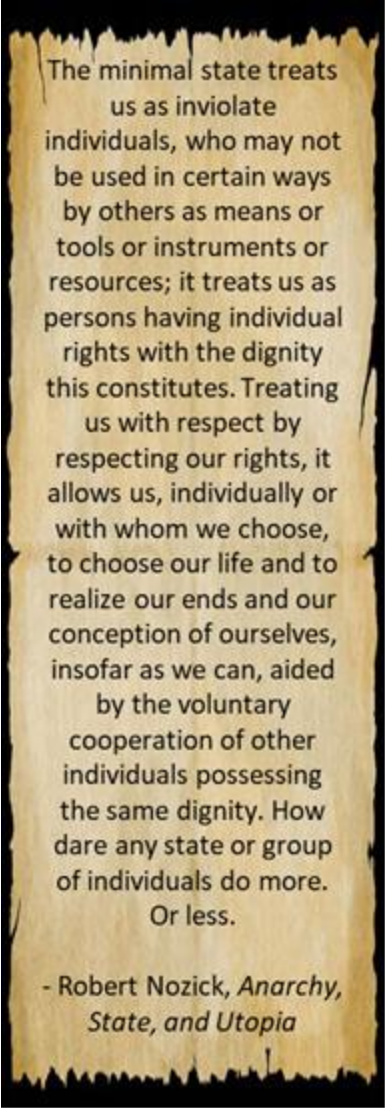


Wallowing on the smooth surface of their self-satisfaction, many are merely counting the shadows on the wall of their [minds], adding up the numerous illusions and indulging in the comforting lies and ignoring the unpleasant truths.

- Erik Pevernagie

*layers of lies! Who can trust such a show, sinister in so many ways? RAMPANT is a rouge figure, a miscreant that meanders, spouting words without meaning, making claims without any proof let alone evidence. What is RAMPANT but the mother of lies and father of falsehoods?*

Are you real, RAMPANT?



The minimal state treats us as inviolate individuals, who may not be used in certain ways by others as means or tools or instruments or resources; it treats us as persons having individual rights with the dignity this constitutes. Treating us with respect by respecting our rights, it allows us, individually or with whom we choose, to choose our life and to realize our ends and our conception of ourselves, insofar as we can, aided by the voluntary cooperation of other individuals possessing the same dignity. How dare any state or group of individuals do more. Or less.

- Robert Nozick, *Anarchy, State, and Utopia*

“Real as realty appears, my domain and dominion dogged, my ranging from regimes to regions, the globe and galaxy, from the cell to the celestials, from nano-systems to orders of magnitude, putting power where power belongs, a core consortium of concentrated, cannibalistic, cabals.”

And power belongs...?

“To those so able to seize it, and of course, fight fearlessly and ferociously to keep it—my might as mammoth, maximus!”

And this might made for—

“For those that rightfully deserve it—as any must agree.”

Rightfully?

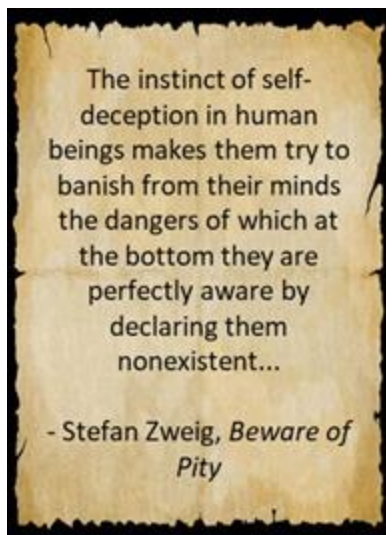
“Yes, the righteous; those that are worthy, with caliber beyond the creation—the true creators who come forth with caliber to serve the many, to protect the innocent and to punish the guilty, and to defend against all enemies unrighteous, foreign or domestic, the threaten our way of life, living, and good.”

*Who determines and decides “the righteous”? How can the unrighteous be righteous except through illusion, inversion, and idolatry. They are full of themselves because of their wealth, self-made, with every action evidently self-indulgent—though touted as good, right.*

*“This is the time to strike as never before; to reset the world as a prefect order, a complete system, a final solution,” RAMPANT rants. “Yes, my cohorts are more than ready to bring this whole matter to closure, to see it to the end, a new beginning, perfection paramount, finally achieved as our making, a true miracle and not one made-up.”*

*As though history does not offer such similar undertakings and the outcomes—a “final solution”? But even with history, who can wage a war against RAMPANT and all that they represent; the tyranny and totalitarianism made possible in the technological age? Who will stand against such wind mixed with storms and torrents, treachery augmented by technology, and the demented and destructive nature of those thought greater than The Creator—as though that was possible? Sure, we sense these things and even entertain what is going on about and around US, yet for reasons of which only The Creator knows, they refuse to see (truth) and more, demean and destroy any who that beg to differ.*

*How is it that the writing on the wall is not read or more, seen as a sign that paints our end if not saved by intervention of supreme power? How is it that RAMPANT and all its fellows are not accepted for what they are—and are not? Is there pity for the pathetic whose pathos is to laydown and take it from every direction rather than standup and say, “I am not going stand for such lies and deceit any longer”? And what of*



*you and you who chose to do similar; claiming to have it all under control when such is not possible—as you know deep down?*

You plan to expedite a new era?

“More an epoch, a perfect world, nirvana, utopia, and all that,” RAMPANT declares.

But such has never happened before, this perfection, utopia, and all that.

“How do you know?”

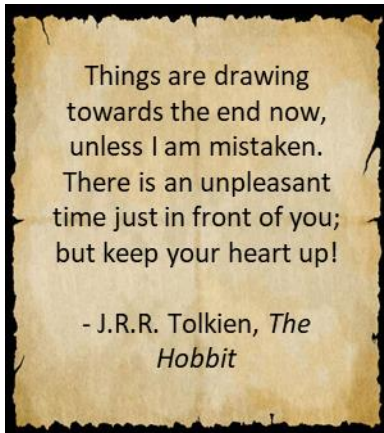
History and-

“And all that history is true,” RAMPANT poses as a statement.

I’m not sure?

“It will be perfection for those that remain, those worthy for a wholistic, universal and united world,” RAMPANT elaborates.

But you’re not holy and-,



Things are drawing  
towards the end now,  
unless I am mistaken.  
There is an unpleasant  
time just in front of you;  
but keep your heart up!

- J.R.R. Tolkien, *The  
Hobbit*

“I am indeed, given my definition of holiness, wholeness,” RAMPANT continues. “It really comes down to the ability to alter the definitions—don’t you think? And of course, to be rampant, unrestricted, unrestrained, ruthless, and righteous.”

*And is there any who can or will challenge RAMPANT and cohorts; all those who do the bidding of The Leviathan? Yes, there are..., and for them may their life, living and loss be ours too; the courage and cause to stand and after everything, to stand. Yes, may we stand as things fall for the last time, much to fall and still much to gain.*

Our society tends to regard as a sickness any mode of thought or behavior that is inconvenient for the system and this is plausible because when an individual doesn't fit into the system it causes pain to the individual as well as problems for the system. Thus, the manipulation of an individual to adjust him to the system is seen as a cure for a sickness and therefore as good.

- Theodore Kaczynski



## SICKNESS as a system <sup>131</sup>

Once upon and still becomes SICKNESS as never before; and not because of nature or many developments in understanding and application of good health, but because *the created* must be reduced to far less than nature would have it and, in that, must be forced into submission through intervention with aims to undermine them all.

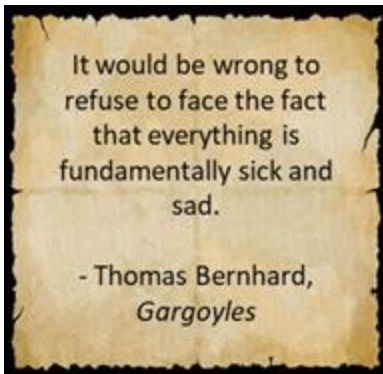
"I am SICKNESS."

Do you mean that you're sick?

"No, I mean that I spawn sickness, using it in all forms real or imaginary, making SICKNESS systemic, a system of, by, and for me."

Are you a plague, a contagion, bacteria, or-,

"I am all of that and so much more," SICKNESS suggest. "I am everywhere and growing not just as science or study, but through the undermining and undoing, my criminal prowess, politics played out."



Do you mean "the cohorts" referred to by RAMPANT?

"Yes, and collectively we do what must be done, reaping SICKNESS and sadness on much of *the created*, top to bottom, cradle to grave—and beyond!"

*Is SICKNESS incurably sick? What makes such determined, destined to death; pushing US over the edge; the cusp of contagion, the*

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<sup>131</sup> Topics: abuse, apathy, convenience, death, deception, easy (convenience), exploit, foolishness, learning, mediocrity, oppose, plot, power, ruse, sad, safety, science, security sickness, suffering,



*precipice of a pandemic, and any sense of sound-mindedness-let alone the darkness of this spirit world that roams about spreading its doom? Are we subject to every illness unnaturally conceived or contrived; any illness of the mind, body, and soul with suffering insufferable, the cause unconscionable, the end as nothing less than to absolutely end US?*

“And as we do what must be done,” SICKNESS continues, “And many believe it essential and effective for their good, the greater good, for reasons that are beyond reason.”

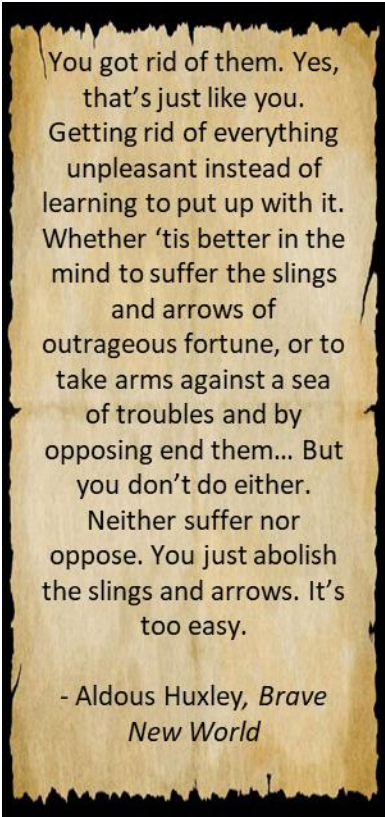
Reasons such as?

“For one, they idolize science, presuming that anytime the word ‘science’ is applied, it is solid and substantive and therefore should not be questioned or doubted,” SICKNESS replies.

*Then science is made sacred; the word as applied, or even inferred by apparent or actual authority, is more than sacred or solid, but is superior without any doubt or disbelief.*

“And second is that that they simply don’t care; but they are: oblivious, distracted, sedated, desensitized, withdrawn, withered-away or otherwise too wonky to wise-up,” SICKNESS adds.

*Injected or infused, by intervention or intravenously, this “second” seems tranquility; yet as it is and still becomes, such SICKNESS promotes passivity, placidity, and pointlessness to dull, dilute, and derange the created. Is it better to think to take the pill and go peacefully into the*



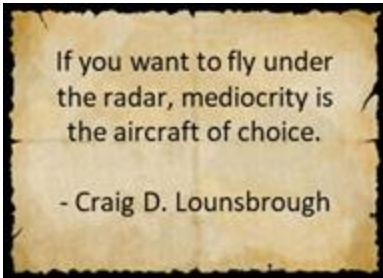
You got rid of them. Yes,  
that’s just like you.  
Getting rid of everything  
unpleasant instead of  
learning to put up with it.  
Whether ‘tis better in the  
mind to suffer the slings  
and arrows of  
outrageous fortune, or to  
take arms against a sea  
of troubles and by  
opposing end them... But  
you don’t do either.  
Neither suffer nor  
oppose. You just abolish  
the slings and arrows. It’s  
too easy.

- Aldous Huxley, *Brave  
New World*

night or to refuse..., realizing that SICKNESS is but another of “the cohorts” serving Leviathan—who lives that the created may die!

“And three or lastly, they succumb to groupthink or other social forces, denying or dismissing doubt, reluctant to refuse or refute my claims and aims, hoping that SICKNESS will simply go away and that things will return to normal or at least something less stressful.”

*One rolls the dice in such matters; whether to apply or abandon their constitution, conscience, or even consciousness! Indeed, the choice one makes it not always understood within let alone anyone else close or closer. To succumb or surrender is to potentially to survive socially or*



*bodily—never mind the soul. To remain steadfast however is to sacrifice relations, the benefits or even essentials of life, living, aside convictions or one’s calling.*

One, two and three..., are generally the course, preferably a poly-plot,” SICKNESS suggests.

“Poly,” you say.

“Yes pilgrim, promoting a poly... is not just one or two, but all of them—and more—to plot a pandemic, foment fear, create crisis on crisis, and above all, control it all, a system of SICKNESS!”

But illnesses are natural, real, and historically-,

“Of course, which is yet another condition where facts lend to fabrications; that while illnesses are real, so too is abuse, exploitation: conjure-up a cause, carry-out a pseudo-program or protocol, and speak of science, appearing sincere above subversive and sadistic poly-plots.”

Another ruse, another series of abuses, deceptions, exaggerations, exploitation, lies, scandal, and the like.

“Roger that,” SICKNESS shouts out. “A ruse by any other name is still a ruse.”

*SICKNESS appears to be the cure, the savior with a science-based solution, the purveyor of public health, safety and even security—and whatever else works in all other ways to undermine courage, faith, trust.*

"Did you hear me or am I speaking to a rock?"

I am not a rock.

"I hope not, as rocks have a tendency to either be ground into sand or end up at the bottom of the sea or some other body of water."

*What is the underlying message here? That rocks are easily moved out of the way, cast into the river, or ground down? Am I a hard rock, firm and founded, or am I something less, something already sold to this master?*

"Each and all are flawed, you see, though under some fallacious faith that they can be redeemed, made anew, reborn, and even saved

(as though possessing some value or worth). But as it is, they are doomed, though too stupid and self-indulged to know it," SICKNESS sounds off. "All I am trying to do is to help them, poor fools that they are, sheep without a shepherd, bodies without brains."

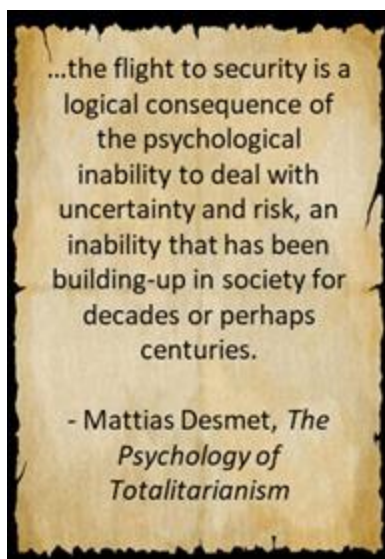
You're trying to help?

"isn't that what I just said," SICKNESS reminds me. "Sure, the means and methods are not always understood—or even accepted—but that is more evidence of their ignorance and general poor sense of what is best for them."

And you are trying to help?

"Must I repeat myself, say it again?"

No, though I thought repetition as part of your repertoire.



"It is...; repetition makes right," SICKNESS shouts out once more. "They'll accept anything if they cannot escape it."

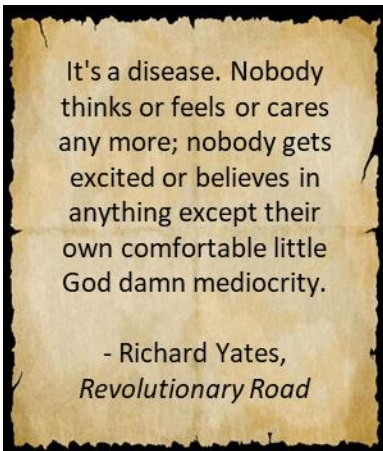
Anything?

"And then everything, without reason," SICKNESS shouts one more time.

*SICKNESS is system(s) not just by name or association but by the methods and means that take the created, their weaknesses, passions, and pursuits—and not just the physical....*

"Society is so easily swayed," SICKNESS declares, "that my effort is, decidedly, indubitably effortless." Taking a moment to possibly relish in the easy win, SICKNESS adds, "They are despicably desperate to be freed of even the threat of suffering—and this is what makes my job so easy, so sure to succeed." And with a similar pause, perhaps looking for my reaction, SICKNESS adds more: "They are seldom interested in facts and figures, but much more so a final solution—a situation that seems to feed on itself—which should explain why they beg for some magic pill or shot as a so-called 'sure cure', regardless of the motives and matter behind it, hence my 'means and method that take', and take, and take!"

But death and disease are real, fact.



It's a disease. Nobody thinks or feels or cares any more; nobody gets excited or believes in anything except their own comfortable little God damn mediocrity.

- Richard Yates,  
*Revolutionary Road*

"Of course, but that's not the point."

What is the point?

"The point is that they make everything pointless, rendering them any cause or reason to care—or even want to care," SICKNESS explains with seething sounds.

And if they don't care?

"Then they will die of apathy if even they last that long."

Oh, then if actual disease or other illness does not destroy them, apathy will?

“Yes, that is how it is going, so many that do no care and some that care less.”

But doesn’t hardship and difficulty bring them together, draw them closer to each-,

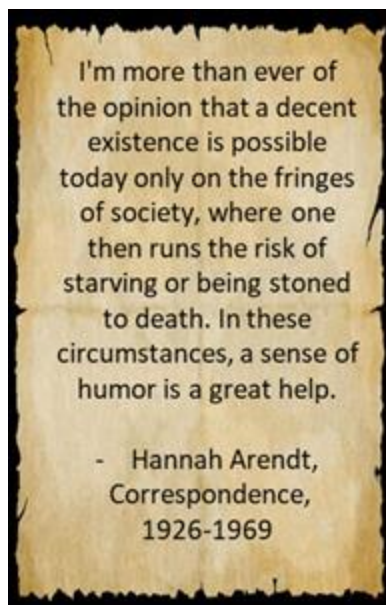
“You would think, but in fact they are further divided, balkanized, and atomized—not trusting (of) anyone or anything except of course what they are forced to hear, to see and breath—and to forget.”

Then SICKNESS is a program, programming?

“Is that really your question?”

*I suppose I am thinking out loud, but this system, program, or programming, is more than meets the eye and is masked in one or more ways. Given such cover, who can say with complete confidence that “the cure” is better than the illness? Who can say that “the final solution” is the only solution and that all other previous or probable cures are ineffective? Who should decide that these conventional cures be made unavailable, forbidden, illegalized? Who can declare information as derived from or through “science”—scientifically developed and tested—and not some concoction of politics, authorities of the dark world working for or with spiritual forces of evil? Who can deny or dismiss the side affects of this single “final solution” where adversity and even death follows closely behind the presumed and propagated cure?*

*Death for our bodies is certain whether the lost begin before birth by natural means or through infanticide and continues after birth for what time one is given to breath*



*to move, to think, and to live. Is it not enough that the created face disease and illness as nature's design?*

*No, we must also endure further suffering through the advent of Leviathan, hellbent on destruction, desolation, and grandiose ideas of dominion for a selected few. Curing and cures are caring indeed, but when such noble acts are undermined by the diabolical—though couched as similarly caring—what is one to do but presume it evil. What are we, yes US, when we're made the target of such evil cloaked as angels of the highest and hallowed order? Are we to single-out those that don't go along and call them evil? Should SICKNESS snatch them up and do away with the miserable lives—while doing the rest of US do-gooders a favor? Can the created continue to lapse into mediocrity and apathy and expect to survive the next wave—or the many to follow—to see US undone, finished, and forever forgotten?*

*If evil is the greatest SICKNESS, what is to become? Are we doomed to death by unnatural causes—presumed cures—or is there hope, something to rest on? Can we each find some way to laugh at SICKNESS and say, "I care"? Can we each consider the one be touched such that their suffering is not in vain or otherwise without a worthy purpose if just to stand? Does terror and tyranny qualify as SICKNESS, given the track record, poised the greatest danger to US—from US?*

*SICKNESS is sick and is seemingly getting sicker, a system that aims to inflict US all and, at the behest of The Leviathan, do in such as a way as to make US believe that its purpose is altogether good, for the greater good. What I believe is that SICKNESS is a system at the epicenter of evil, The Leviathan at large. But what say you?*



We've all seen examples of bullying, but what is a tyrant? One of my favorite, recent reads is *The Tyranny of Good Intentions*; a book that portrays the tyrant as largely government institutions and the legal community.

Tyrants or tyrannies are basically cruel—often crushing justice and fairness in the wake of what I term as —power & possession.

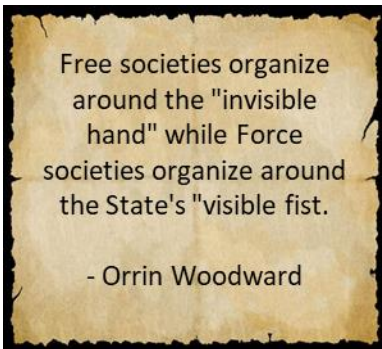
A tyrant or tyranny is almost always more than one individual; in most cases, it is one or more institutions. Examples have been recorded in history and continue to the present day.

- H. Kirk Rainer, *His Children are Far from Safety, Crushed in Court without a Defender*

## TYRANT by any other name <sup>132</sup>

Once upon and still becomes TYRANT: creatures birthed out of crisis and born into opportunity; often rising out of societal despair or desperation, appearing, or possessing good or bad intentions, nevertheless oppressive, subversive, cruel to the core.

“How to spot TYRANT is not easy and sometimes seems near impossible until it’s too late, which is why I prefer to be such, stealth until Stalin,” TYRANT begins with an unexpected omission and openness, an admission of anonymity rising to autocracy.



*And though the possibilities range, the rise of TYRANT may appear or appeal to be an “invisible (helping) hand,” described in the Wealth of Nations, <sup>133</sup> to assist as protector, provider, a paternal kind. But TYRANT is more the visible, violent, clenched fist and the long, strongarm, that reaches far and*

*deep to stamp, to stomp, and to subdue others into submission. TYRANT is a wolf (pack) that assaults with fury and leaves nothing but bloody fur and broken bones, random remnants left behind the day’s feeding, the barbaric and brutal burial.*

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<sup>132</sup> Topics: ambition, authority, beast, brutal, burden, conflict, control, corruption, criminal, cruel, crush, cycle, despot, shepherd, state, subdue, tyrant, vicious.

<sup>133</sup> Adam Smith.



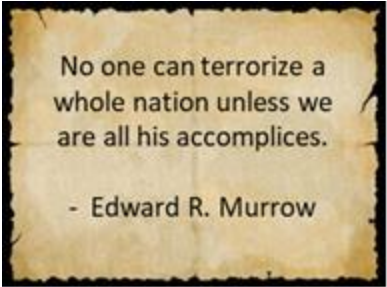
"I must eat to survive," TYRANT follows, "as I too am a hunter and gatherer. I am simply a species in the ecosystem that is naturally driven to survive, to sustain an existence for my own."

*But any should think twice about questioning TYRANT, about calling it out, for half the fight is to appear as innocent as that soon if not already consumed. Still, to say nothing—as I am presently doing—is to encourage TYRANT and all the terror committed when power is unchecked or unchallenged.*

"I am faithful, fervent, finding my purpose from places and points in the everlasting, an ethos ever on *the eternal*, my soul and spirit sanctified by the saints," TYRANT sermonizes. "I don't ask to be idolized but only exalted, of highest calling, of greatest purpose, and of sound soul, spirit.

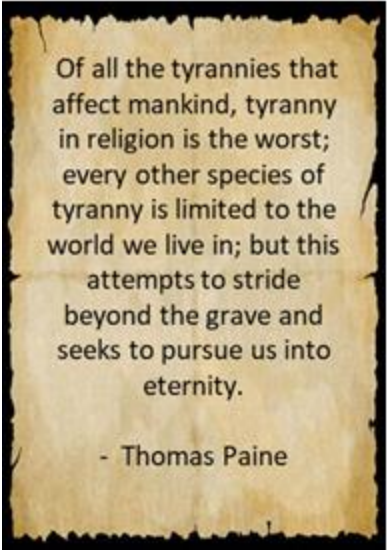
And you are-,

"I am that I am," TYRANT declares. "Sure, some and say I am cruel and call me a malicious master. But this esteemed effort is essential: *the created* must be ruled and, called as I am, be culled and even crushed such that the dedicated are rewarded and the deleterious dissident destroyed. And while some say my methods are murderous, what they fail to comprehend or conceive is that the rule of law must be enforced and when necessary, with the elimination of wickedness, evil and any other acts or assumption of anarchy," TYRANT dictates. "Can I



No one can terrorize a  
whole nation unless we  
are all his accomplices.

- Edward R. Murrow



Of all the tyrannies that  
affect mankind, tyranny  
in religion is the worst;  
every other species of  
tyranny is limited to the  
world we live in; but this  
attempts to stride  
beyond the grave and  
seeks to pursue us into  
eternity.

- Thomas Paine

favor one and disfavor another; a double standard, a duality that grants undue mercy for the one while unjust might on another—who has committed no crime, carried out no schemes, but is nevertheless powerless? Am I to decide who gets what and for how long, promoting all things good when all I really want (for me) is everything—which

means I must be bad often, always, against my *better angels*? Should I expect more from less or let things lie, accepting allegiance only,” TYRANT continues, posed questions mostly decided, actions deployed.

*To make sense of a TYRANT, one must make time or find time to really think and then expect despair.*

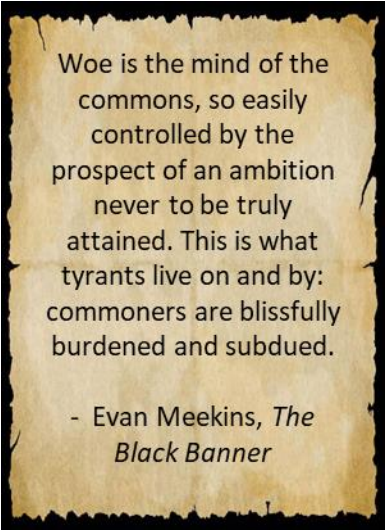
“Sure, I am sneaky, sly, and sinister, but my message, ministry, and majesty, is not rhetoric. No, my message is regal and righteous and as such, is to be held in the highest

regard and regulation, worshipped.”

Even bold-faced lies?

“Do I detect disagreement or discernment; the doubtful, dismissive, or disbelieving that are either disinterested, divided-disassociated, distracted, or just plain dumb? There is a fine line between discernment and defiance, disbelief and dissidence, disregard, dishonor,” TYRANT distinguishes. “Please don’t force me to get ugly!”

*Many know that TYRANT is force, hard or soft, that break legs and cuts throats, that makes mince meat out of muscle, that flays backs and strings sinews, vested in TYRANT, of TYRANT, by TYRANT, and for TYRANT. Some wonder whether corruption and criminality of such degrees will destroy what is left for life and living, good and right?*



Woe is the mind of the commons, so easily controlled by the prospect of an ambition never to be truly attained. This is what tyrants live on and by: commoners are blissfully burdened and subdued.

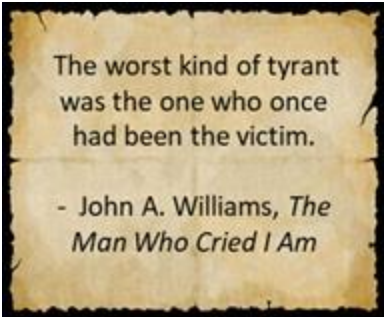
- Evan Meekins, *The Black Banner*

"I have come far to get here," TYRANT recollects, "destitute and dejected as I was, a life of ridicule and rejection."

*Which explains what drives you to such extremes.*

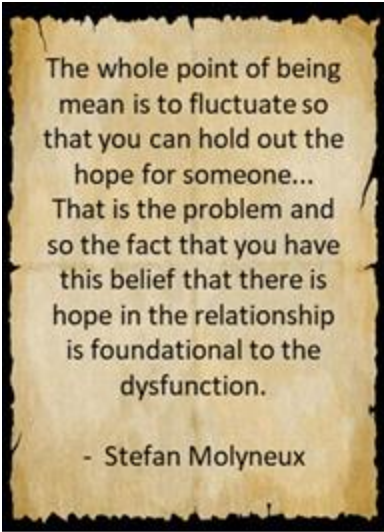
"They harassed and hated me," TYRANT tells more. "Oh yes, they tried..., but I survived and what's more succeeded, subduing them and driving them into exile, eternity. I will not be defeated and nor will I tolerate those who fail to share my visionary acumen, my victorious ascent, my valorous authority, my valuable assets." TYRANT tells it. "What can I do but what is good and right? Should I remain neutral, idle, or passive while pundit, perpetrators, and predators plot their ploys? Should I merely remain mild while miscreants, malcontents and all else malevolent, make their moves, maneuvering into power, masquerading as good, right, and ruled? Is everything evil and wicked, the epitome of hypocrisy? Should I simply entertain their expressed entreaties that, after pulling back the curtain, are nothing more than rebellion and revolution, treason, tyranny—as it truly is?"

*Putting it that way, what can one say—presuming the questions, as presented, paint a real picture rather than an abstract of diluted and diffused colors largely indiscernible or indistinguishable—accepting the abstract as a prized*



The worst kind of tyrant  
was the one who once  
had been the victim.

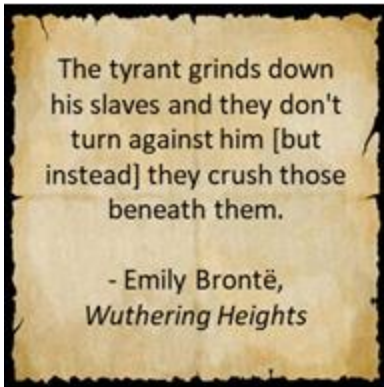
- John A. Williams, *The  
Man Who Cried I Am*



The whole point of being  
mean is to fluctuate so  
that you can hold out the  
hope for someone...  
That is the problem and  
so the fact that you have  
this belief that there is  
hope in the relationship  
is foundational to the  
dysfunction.

- Stefan Molyneux

artwork, a real form imagined and crafted to perfection, not imagination or least of all, illusion?

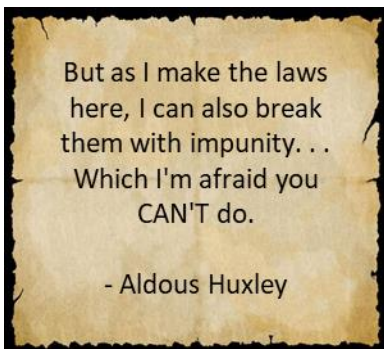


And besides outright lies are endless means and methods for TYRANT to grind groups into dust, to crush communities into sand—all the while, growing wealth and constructing great artifices; monuments that make the magnificence of such might more revered and regaled against the

reality of the absolute absurdity, the arrogance and abuses of authority under the spell of superiority, sensibilities aside, creation in conflict.

"I decree, declare, and dictate..., as a defense against the diatribe of dissidents, unfounded and unjust. Yes, I must be firm and at times forceful," TYRANT explains, "as the shepherd must be cover their flock and the gatekeeper remain vigilant to defend against our enemies that are always about, afar but within, nearer than any of US realize."

*What is the greatest separation between law and lawlessness? Who*



*or whatever makes the make the laws are thus not bound to them but are above the law. Who or whatever make mandates and orders that they, by degrees, are not obligated or required to keep—or even to consider—as they build on a bifurcated business that shifts power to the few at the expense of the*

*many. And though such separation be far and few between, yet it is critical to TYRANT as one of many that serve Leviathan, who carry out plans, plots, and programs with the unprecedented power to get it done.*

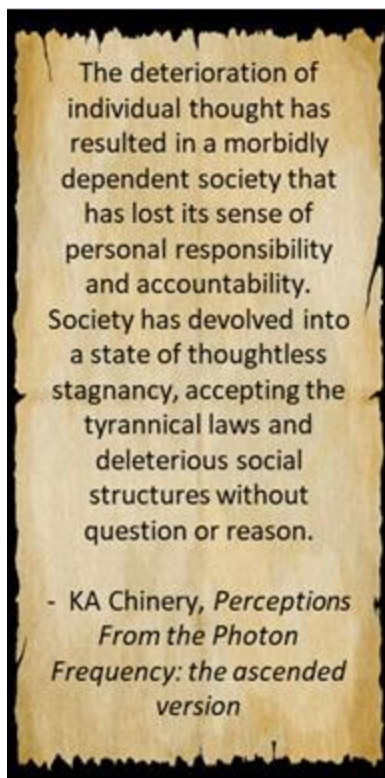
“What we they to do without my guidance, my governance and my graciousness,” TYRANT continues, undeterred by the dilemma between the perception and reality—a the self-proclaimed, superior if not sole source of good, life and even love—the shepherd and the beast.

*And to assure such perception—made reality—TYRANT must control the media, information, and knowledge; for without such control, the many are much more aware and much less dependent, much more self-governed.*

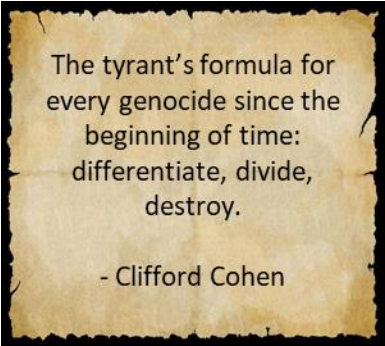
“They are neither capable of understanding nor, if given every opportunity, desire I,” TYRANT drones on. “As it is, most require *hand-holding*—which is far better than hellraising, don’t you think? Oh, some hullabaloo is okay, and a little harangue is tolerable now and then, but I will have no hellraising unless the conflict be among or between them, dividing them further while adding to my power.”

*What is to become of without a way or willingness to reason? What is to become of them when they are dependent on and dictated by TYRANT, indebted in one form or another, but otherwise bound to serve this fearful master and dangerous servant? Why not destroy them (or US) in one fell swoop, total annihilations, genocide?*

*Why divide US to such depth and to sever the soul? Is division the product of “the prejudice” or if so, who is prejudice or more to the point, who prefers or plans for prejudice to propagate division and thereby*



*weaken society? Can all the cause(s) of, for and in conflict be of, by and for TYRANT? Does the same self-proclaimed shepherd create all the causes, all the crisis, and all the supposed solutions, purposed problems that demand yet more power, control, and conflict? Where does this vicious cycle end? Who is responsible...?*



The tyrant's formula for every genocide since the beginning of time: differentiate, divide, destroy.

- Clifford Cohen

"You know who is behind all of

it, this 'vicious cycle'?"

Who?

"Yes," TYRANT confirms.

I am asking.

"And I am telling you."

And SICKNESS?

"Precisely," TYRANT reconfirms. "Disease, despair, and death will coincide with extremes to differentiate, divide and destroy—to ruin US."



The person who profits from this law will complain bitterly, defending his acquired rights. He will claim that the state is obligated to protect and encourage his industry; that this procedure enriches the state because the protected industry is thus able to spend more and to pay higher wages to the poor workingmen.

Do not listen to this sophistry by vested interests. The acceptance of these arguments will build legal plunder into a whole system. In fact, this has already occurred.

The present-day delusion is an attempt to enrich everyone at the expense of everyone else; to make plunder universal under the pretense of organizing it.

- Frédéric Bastiat, *The Law*

## UNDOING untouched <sup>134</sup>

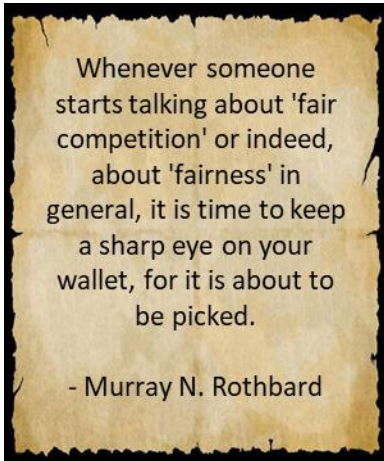
Once upon and still becomes the UNDOING, as another that robs from one to seemingly reward another, but then takes from everyone to eventually take everything—even from those thought untouched.

“I help,” begins UNDOING.

How do you help?

“I help by developing, distributing and defending rights,” UNDOING declares, “to assure that all get their fair share—total equality, equity.”

Given that you are UNDOING, how is it that you “help”, assure a “fair share”, and all that business?



“I undo them from, well, whatever holds them back or down, which ever direction it might be other that up, an upward trend,” UNDOING explains. “Without me, what would they do but remain held down or back, a life of suffering and sacrifice, eking out a life that hardly is living—untenable debt, despair, destitute, and practically dead.”

Then you raise them up. free from suffering and sacrifice, with convenience, abundance, affluence?

“Exactly,” UNDOING follows. “Not everyone is willing or able, you know, but fortunately I am there to get it done and keep it real, level.”

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<sup>134</sup> Topics: conflict, contention, control, convenience, exploitation, fabricate, finance, entitlements, fairness, help, hope, isolation, manipulation, plunder, privilege, rights, undone, worthlessness.



I see.

“Not able to appreciate it or value it for that matter, some squander what I give them and, to be blunt, piss-it away! Many squander that which I give them and complain of never having enough? Overindulged I suppose, but really—enough is enough!”

And yet you keep helping them?

“I help, and so, yes...,” UNDOING utters, feigning frustration.

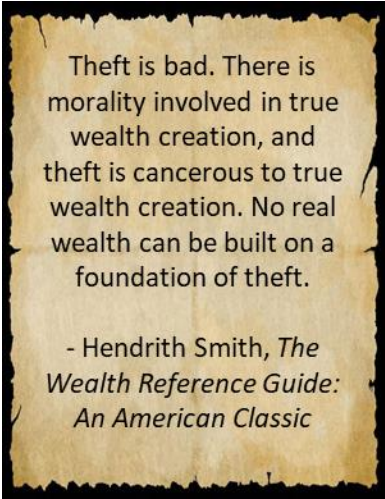
*But UNDOING is not frustrated, but rather desires and demands their dependence, to own and enslave, undoing and undone. More, UNDOING is giving nothing—not really—since UNDOING makes nothing except by theft, extortion, and brute force.*

*Some of what is said is true; many become ironically more dissatisfied with more and still more; that what is given to them affects their whole attitude, their sense of value of everything, themselves and all else. UNDOING is not extending the helping hand but is intentionally leading them down the road to serfdom, death without dignity.*

“You might believe that many would at least appreciate what I do,” UNDOING continues, “and even honor me, paying homage to my name. But few if any really do, taking and taking without much if any gratefulness of my gifts, generosity.”

I see.

“It’s mostly money; lots of programs and services, yes, but finally something they can spend for necessity or more, for pleasures, entertainment and other indulgences and attractions,” UNDOING explains. “They are gluttons for a good time, a grand delusion.”



Theft is bad. There is morality involved in true wealth creation, and theft is cancerous to true wealth creation. No real wealth can be built on a foundation of theft.

- Hendrith Smith, *The Wealth Reference Guide: An American Classic*

But how do acquire “lots of programs and services”? What is your

means, your methods, to fabricate and finance without end?

“I cannot explain everything,” UNDOING begins, “but it’s really magical atop a mystery, and simply put, is an enriched mine, more mines, where riches are merely made-up, magical and monetary.”

Made-up mines, minds?

“Mines, as to unearth and extract, but also made-up such that the value or worth is, well, not actual, authentic, but artificial and abstract,” UNDOING adds.

Not actual value but-,


“Made-up, yes; again, magical and monetary, even maleficent.”

Do you mean-,

“I mean that we’re like *the mob* except that we’re not held accountable or responsible for what we do, who we do it to. We have arrangements, alliances and agreements that assure not only control of the mines but also control the means, the methods and all that matters when it comes to-,”

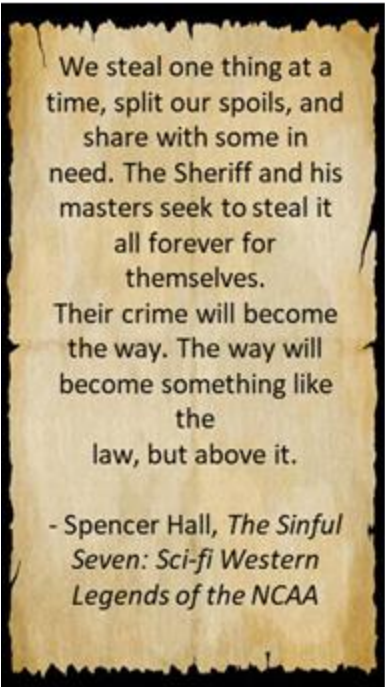
Stealing, theft and-,

“Such harsh words but, yes, crime and corruption in epic proportions—we steal everything, buying-up real wealth with worthless money.”



When the corrupt  
government is the thief,  
who do you report the  
theft to?

- Steven Magee



We steal one thing at a  
time, split our spoils, and  
share with some in  
need. The Sheriff and his  
masters seek to steal it  
all forever for  
themselves.  
Their crime will become  
the way. The way will  
become something like  
the  
law, but above it.

- Spencer Hall, *The Sinful  
Seven: Sci-fi Western  
Legends of the NCAA*

But-,

“Everybody does it.”

But not everybody gets away with it!

“But it’s better that way.”

For whom, for what, how?

“For everyone and everything, it is better than begging; and besides, the many gains from all my help. They should thank their lucky stars that I put a roof over their mindless and worthless heads.”

And who loses?

“Some I suppose, but that’s because they’re losers from the start; those that piss-it away or simply don’t accept my help.”

Maybe those who don’t want your help are leery or more, are certain that you can’t help or that your so-called “help” is often if not always a hindrance, or that you don’t intend to help at all.

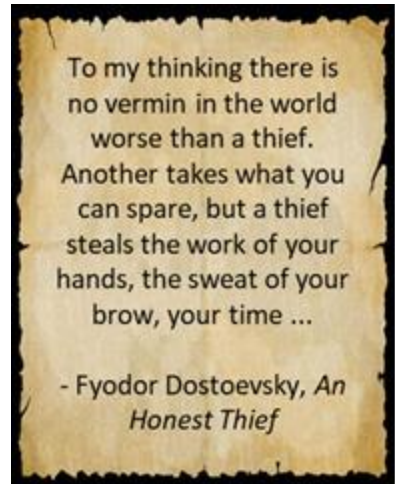
“They’re fools!”

But you steal from them, undoing all that they’ve worked for, even achieved; taking what you want and leaving next to nothing.

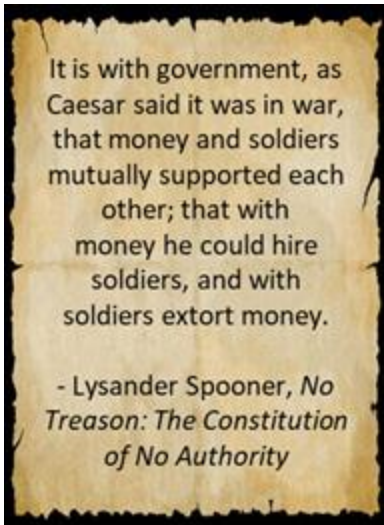
“Okay, so I don’t appeal to everyone! Still, they’re just stupid,” UNDOING slurs. “They do it themselves one way or another.”

*There is more to this, UNDOING appearing and acting as alley, seizing power with power, trumped with force. More than a thief in the night or mob rule, UNDOING robs and steals with impunity, even anonymity, appearing well-intended—even virtuous—taking from one to give to another under the guise of generosity and goodwill.*

*. Yet, as is common to such cases, these angles of The Leviathan are plainly players that, on stage, are marvelous and magnetic, while*



*working backstage to assure that the machine marches on. And of the*



*means and methods most UNDOING is conflict and contention; cases of failed policy that bring hell upon many while profit for a few.*

*They, the many, that pay—often dearly—are pawns for the courtiers and their kings. And though the causes of UNDOING are perceived as defense, such are theft, larceny, and extortion on a grand scale.*

*Some say that we should not backdown to naked aggression from afar while others realize or accept that the aggression is not that far away, nor terror limited to others, but that the terrible and their terror is close—too close to believe possible until it slaps them in the face—if then!*

*To plunder is to provide and to protect; and as perverse the inversion of good and bad, the point is that UNDOING is without any belief or basis for truth—least of all for itself—justified and glorified by all that is undone, undermined, from/for the underworld of Leviathan. Such undertakings are mystical, magical, and monetary: waylaying and withering of individual and social will to commune or socialize; fostering and fomenting fears and phobias that reduce one to dissolution and despair; diluting and dismantling trust; beguiling but then blaming the largely innocent while releasing—and even rewarding—the criminal and corrupt amid the wicked and evil.*

*"But who can stop them from stupidity," UNDOING continues, "leaving them to their own destiny, dumb as can be and too disturbed to see beyond their self-indulgence, idleness and insolence?"*

*Indulgence, idleness, and Insolence?*

“Yes, if not idiocy,” UNDOING quips. “All they really want is everything; all things they don’t have and, of course, every distraction under the stars to attract their attention, calm their fears, dull their pains, and defer or deny responsibility for even themselves, self.”

*UNDOING must destroy social strength and to do so must penetrate the mind to divide the self and thus everyone and everything.*

“But some take the bait, *hook, line and sinker*,” UNDOING explains. “Many chew slowly while others force it down without even tasting the tart, savoring my sweetness.”

And who are they?

“My help extends to the earth,” UNDOING the wrong and making it right. “I provide help and hope to many near and afar, wherever and whenever I am called to go, to make an offer, a plan, promising prosperity—only to be realized by a for a few that do my fancy.”

Then your “help” is-,

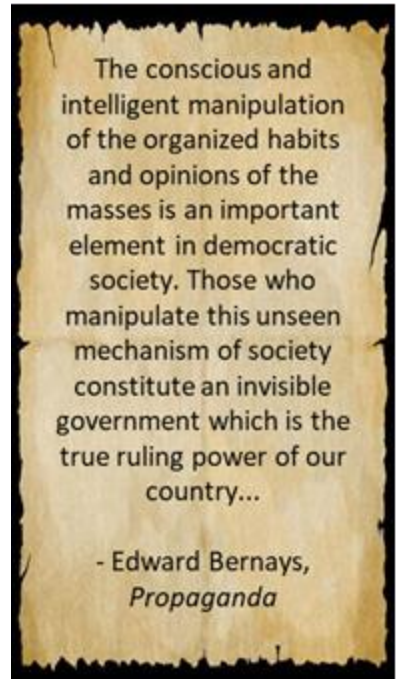
“Everywhere that I am called to go.”

Called by whom?

“By Leviathan, the center or core of all things.”

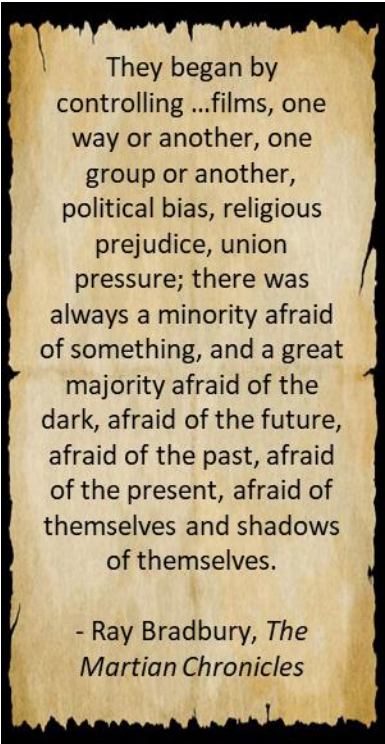
*But Leviathan does not seek to help others but to only serve its own. And UNDOING undoes everything called to do from the minds of each to the matters of many, by hard and soft force, to divide and then conquer.*

“The trouble is my help makes many more helpless,” UNDOING concludes, “and for those that somehow hang-on what can we do but free them of or from their miserable and miniscule minds.”



Free them from misery?

“Yes, the misery they bring on themselves,” UNDOING explains with emphasis on the cause—though much of it, to included conflict and contention, cause, is due UNDOING.



They began by controlling ...films, one way or another, one group or another, political bias, religious prejudice, union pressure; there was always a minority afraid of something, and a great majority afraid of the dark, afraid of the future, afraid of the past, afraid of the present, afraid of themselves and shadows of themselves.

- Ray Bradbury, *The Martian Chronicles*

*Conflict and contention come further and farther through divisions instigated, incited, and invigorated by UNDOING; an agenda that raises strife, severing relations between and among races, religions, and any other classes or creeds, drawing out animosity and aggression, drawing-down cohesion, unanimity, and civility. And this conflict and contention continues on course, plotted, planned of/on varied capacities among universal and underworld sources of power, is exploited or capitalized by UNDOING every corner of earth, above and below and everywhere in between, where none are left untouched and*

*many suffer, reduced to worthlessness and thereby unworthy to remain alive.*

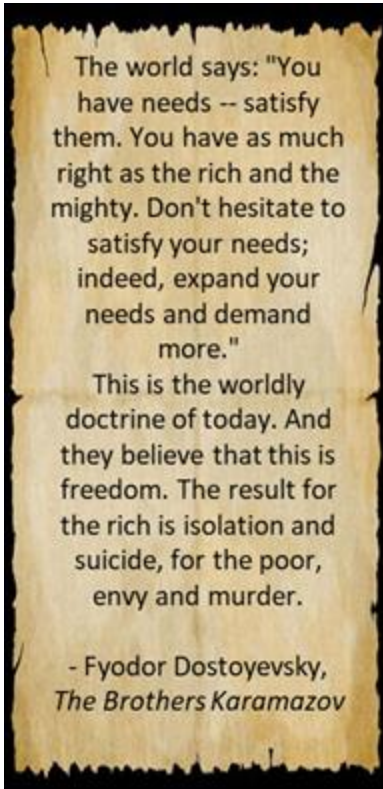


I marvel at the placidity of the Utopian who imagines that man is perfectible. There is no denying that the human creature is born selfish, abusive, vile. Just look around you and see. Society cynical and ferocious, the humble heckled and pillaged by the rich traffickers in necessities. Everywhere the triumph of the mediocre and unscrupulous, everywhere the apotheosis of crooked politics and finance. And you think you can make any progress against a stream like that? No, man has never changed. His soul was corrupt in the days of Genesis and is not less rotten at present. Only the form of his sins varies. Progress is the hypocrisy which refines the vices.

- Huysmans Joris-Karl Huysmans, *Là-Bas*

## VICE and the very <sup>135</sup>

Once upon and still becomes VICE to the very, where immorality is taken to its ends, paraded as the fashion, lauded along with other behaviors once considered bad choices or habits, even wicked and evil behavior. And as though no explanation is needed as to what vices are



or VICE represents, still, the need to tell of how VICE insidiously changes form; first as all things bad and evil, but then inverted to appear as the opposite, not only turning what is good but what is right, the right way to live and the right way to act.

This transforming power of inversion is one of another in the means and methods of The Leviathan, dissolving the absolutes of natural and spiritual law for the arbitrary and abstract with all its attendant aims and ambitions to destroy *the created*, fostering doubt and disbelief in *The Creator*.

Contradictions with VICE are condemned, considered counter to *the greater good*, and even

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<sup>135</sup> Topics: comply, desires, drugs, duplicity, fear, hate, illiteracy, misinformation, needs, submit, thinking, tolerance, vice, wants.



criminalized as “hate crimes” subject to all variety of private and public scorn and severity, serving as the veritable, vexed “example”.

VICE does not tolerate intolerance, or any implication or inference however contrived or constructed. If/as one fails to comply with or submit to the ever-elusive guidelines of inversion, VICE is sure to find them out and to uncover and expose their transgressions—diverting attention to (interest in) the endless and endemic evil perpetrated under policies of peace, regulations of respect, and public relations.

“We cannot tolerate misinformation and disinformation,” VICE declares; and thus, all sources of information must be examined and, when necessary, censored, shutdown and irradiated.

“We cannot tolerate drug addiction,” VICE declares; and thus, some sources of drug distribution are seemingly swept-up while others not only continue but capitalize from the shots, sedating and subjecting *the greater good* with more VICE and illness than the world over.

“We cannot tolerate illiteracy,” VICE declares; and thus, more testing, centralized planning, and curriculum aimed to educate as VICE sees fit on forming and fashioning young minds into the spectrum and spectacle of inversions gone wild—while the facts and artifacts are spurned, burned, and banished, filed as false, foolish, or failed.

“We cannot tolerate abuse, violence, racism or bigotry,” VICE declares; and thus, the profiling and punishment of proponents that, where guilty or not, serve to foment prejudice, to fuel social division among the very classes and creeds that VICE codified and continues to exploit and enervate under such ideologies as eugenics <sup>136</sup>.

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<sup>136</sup> Eugenics is set of beliefs and practices constructed on the beliefs that the quality of bloodlines are based on the origin, color, and race of the person(s)—determining their worth or value to humanity.

Manifesting in and through VICE is the “new normal”—as more of the arbitrary and abstract—that is similarly to be embraced without thought or word. acquiescent and accepting, with recognition and reward to all that abide and adhere as best they can—and should.

“Must you describe all my duplicity,” VICE demands. “Must you tell tales that few bother to call out, choosing instead to do what is good and right, the right way?”

It is far better to tell the truth of it, of you, what you are and are not.

“Truth is just a word,” VICE adds. “Truth sounds virtuous though is just made-up, imaginary, arbitrary and altogether a construct of power,” VICE opines as observably opaque, expectedly evasive.

I see.

“Who has time for truth when there is so much more to seek—or seize—find or abscond, consume, and conquer, pursue, and possess. The sky is hardly the limit, the world and much more my oyster.”

I see.

“Envy, jealousy, greed, and graft are all good, quite the fashion and getting so hot that one can’t touch that—don’t you think,” VICE poses as more a provocation for any that dare to differ.

*And it never stops, the pursuit of possession never enough, and consumption as always more. “More”, is the battle cry of VICE and all that follow in its shallow shadow; that on the one hand lies the limits of never “getting there” and on the other hand, the possibility that what is obtained or owned will be taken away. Either by falling short—as though there is ever enough—or by losing what is acquired, there remains fear as foremost to the following, though ruin is sure to follow.*

“It becomes necessary for me to not only overpower but to possess—as it is much easier to control *the created* via VICE than by virtue—don’t you think?”

Yes, I suppose, assuming Bonaparte was right, but I think-,

“Thinking too much is s a dangerous thing,” VICE interjects. “And acting on such frequent thinking is far more dangerous, crossing that red line and, well, ending up brutally beaten, possibility left for dead, but classified as suicide for reasons ‘classified’, perhaps personal.”

Life without thinking is-,

“And a mind unfettered by much fear is a life short lived,” VICE interrupts once again with spin and shooshing to suite. “As it is and will be, any without some semblance of me are, well, of no confidence,” VICE adds in the abstract.

What do you mean, “of no confidence”.

“I mean that they cannot be trusted, are unreliable.”

Unreliable in what ways?

“There you go again trying to overthink,” VICE warns. “But a viceless figure is, how should I put, too good to be true.”

We each have are weaknesses, our idols and all that.

“Then I am weak, and idol, you say,” VICE replies, knowing how I stand and more, the truth of it all.

You have your interests and I mine; mine as *the created* that believes in a way thought better, and you as-,

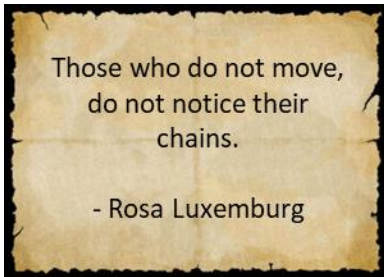
“I know who I am, my interests and all, so don’t pretend,” VICE demands. “You don’t know anything about me, but I know you as a mere mortal, a miscreant mite molded in mediocrity!”

Is that me, “miscreant mite molded in mediocrity”?

“Created by chance from lower forms, as a mistake in the making, a scorned soul from the beginning, snaked-on and kicked-out, relegated to a raw existence of eking-out the basics; one whose only relief is me, VICE, with no other respite, no peace or satisfaction, no love that stays or trust that binds,, but bluntly put, a paradise lost, stuck in some fixation of a better life beyond, some saving from this shithole.”

*As with every lie, measured by weight, there is always a fraction of fact, a touch of truth, if just to make the lie(s) palatable to the taste, palpable to the senses, potentially powerful as a fog dims sight or smoke sends an alarm, or a dark cloud portends a coming storm, or growing statism tells of tyranny.*

*But do our fears leave us frozen, unable, or unwilling to move, see things from another vantage point, or go so far as the winds blow by and through the visible? Are we (each) so weak, so depleted, degraded, and destitute that VICE is the default—the only hope, temporal but tantalizing? Are we as VICE describes US; a mere existence by/for*



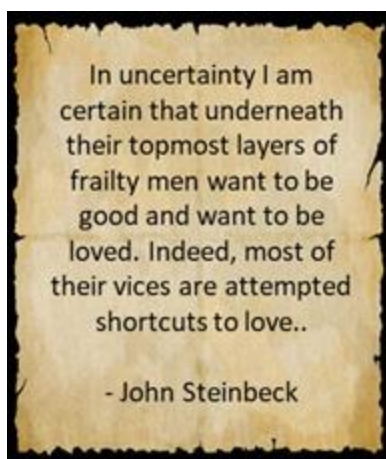
*chance without destiny or a creed to carry forth, any courage deadened by a contagion of cowardness, a virus spawned by VICE and the very?*

*Where is the truth without the touch, the facts without some fraction of fiction, some play or ploy to push the palatable, the palpable, probable, or plausible? How can we expect or entertain the untouched truth or the flawless facts—as we're left without excuse, disabled of our sensibilities, destined-damned to the same abyss as that of The Leviathan and the fallen.*

*Am I to cower in a corner under the certainty that I alone am powerless, or am I to move of such strength that the shackles no longer touch, the facts unfettered by a fraction? Should I try to take flight, resting in the arms of The Creator whose love is both right and righteous, pure, and perfecting? Will I choose love over fear(s), forgetting what lies behind and pressing on for the promise that waits by faith, by that far greater than my fears. Can I forgive as I am given grace for forgiveness, a heart and mind that feeds soul— (rather than leaving it scorned, severed by the powers internal and external, waging war against the better angels as a power of empty promises, undermining the uncommitted that bound me to these shackles?*

*But I am compelled to the uncommitted—even empty promises—and their fractions of facts and touches of truth, inclined to recline and apt to succumb to the least rather than suffer through the most. I am weak and what is more, prefer to be so if just to live another day viced in the shackles of my solitude, some peace and convenience over conflict and sacrifice, let alone suffer. I rather prefer the slack water, calm by crude, over the torrent and tumult of the rivers that run through it, the zeal and zest of life to its fullest measure. And finally, to see love as nothing more than another word—like truth—that is used and abused for power's sake—to get rather than give.*

*But the waters are moving and moving fast and faster, the banks and shoals swelling if not by reality than by that touch, fraction or some other affect that lets loose the dam, breaks the dikes, or sends a downpour that promotes a surge, that storm, or some other affect augmented and annunciated by a relative few of the created playing The Creator, their pride and power well over the top though bound for drop without end.*



Those who love their dream of a Christian community more than they love the Christian community itself become destroyers of that Christian community even though their personal intentions may be ever so honest, earnest and sacrificial. God hates this wishful dreaming because it makes the dreamer proud and pretentious.

Those who dream of this idolized community demand that it be fulfilled by God, by others and by themselves. They enter the community of Christians with their demands set up by their own law and judge one another and God accordingly. It is not we who build. Christ builds the church. Whoever is mindful to build the church is surely well on the way to destroying it, for he will build a temple to idols without wishing or knowing it.

- Dietrich Bonhoeffer

**W**ayward WORSHIP waiting wings <sup>137</sup>

Once upon and still becomes WORSHIP; they who seem right and good, even holy, but are not among the chosen though claiming so.

"Here I am, claimed and famed," WORSHIP shouts.

Claimed by whom?

"Claimed by The Creator, I am a child of the king!"

Famed for what?

"Famed for seeking, finding, promising, keeping, believing and working my way up," WORSHIP argues. "Famed and claimed is power, and power is everything, essential, and every more."

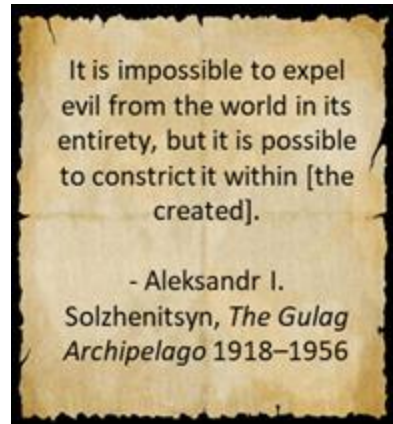
And this is your power, WORSHIP?

"Yes, claimed as it is, given by The Creator, I am ordained to conceive it, receive it, believe it, achieve it, and it shall be done!"

What do you do with this given power?

"Everything good, right, for our good as right," WORSHIP explains. "Power to win, succeed, gain without pain, the kingdom will come, an abundance of faith fulfilled, the lost sheep found, the chosen to the fold, none left behind, and-."

*There is much to consider in WORSHIP; the way in which words*



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<sup>137</sup> Topics: belief, consumption, evil, faith, false, gain, heresy, materialism, miracles, nothing, power, pressures, self, spirit, truth, values.

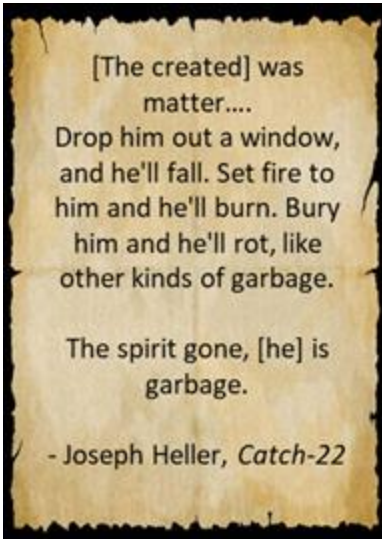
are used, drawn from *The Word* but twisted and turned into a power that—I believe—what not truth, or of the true essence of spiritual power. I believe that WORSHIP power is self-serving, self-glorifying, and self-centered.

If all fall short and are corrupt from birth <sup>138</sup>, then how can

WORSHIP be this bold, believing and receiving as though entitled and as though the afterlife is here now, to take and to make, to mold into gold, to find pleasure in prosperity, being of the world beneath simply in it?

“The spirit gives US power to help, to heal and to make holy all things here and now,” WORSHIP explains, enunciating that all things do not pass away but are perfected, a predilection presumed by providence, made manifest as ordained from *the beginning*.

But the truth is that the created are flawed, floundering about for faith in someone or something, but always prone to serve somebody—if only thyself! And as power goes, what becomes of it when it becomes the created, the manifestation of the maker, the elixir for all that ails US—a placebo or fabrication, a faux force that in the worst of all possibilities comes from the other side; a dark world that wants nothing of truth, good and right, but wets the appetite for self-indulgence.




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<sup>138</sup> This statement follows Christianity; that each one is a sinner and thus in need of salvation by faith, manifest by the gifts of the Holy Spirit.



“Indwelt by the spirit, all things are achieved, performing miracles in thy name, casting-out evil spirits in thy name, and ushering in utopia in thy name. Yes, all things are possible, the kingdom upon US, a glory shown about US, and the name above names predisposed to consummate perfection eternal,” WORSHIP continues, showing more intensity with each segment and statement of self-proclamation.

Who is “US”?

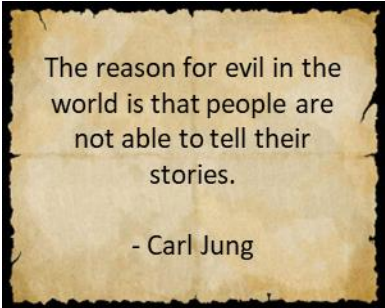
“US are blessed.”

What is “blessed”?

“It is everything needed and more, in abundance, my cup overflowing,” WORSHIP replies unreserved. “When blessed, all things are brought to US, before US and beneath US—the power made perfect in US, through US and by US—for US who deserve it to be so.

*Expressed and emphasized by WORSHIP, this power to be about “US”, and thus is unearned or unavailable by anyone or everyone except US? But as it seems, the reasoning of it; the selected are only US because US is who we are and have always been. Somehow, US are the only ones granted or gifted with this power and all it that it possesses as “blessed”, a bounty of the good, right, and anything deemed by US as that, for that, and by that.*

And this is the story?

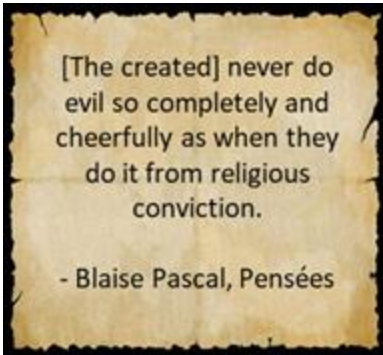


The reason for evil in the world is that people are not able to tell their stories.

- Carl Jung

"Yes, it is my story and my song, raising my blessings all day long. It is our story and our song, power on power and much to gain long." <sup>139</sup>

*But "my story" is not the story, not honest or of the right honor; no, this story is more of the same self-indulgence that is anything but that from The Creator, who denied self and sacrificed all* <sup>140</sup>.



*The story of WORSHIP runs counter to The Creator and is a false worship, a world view, warped by US that confuse material consumption and mutated capitalism as indicators of blessing, the blessed. But if the real story be told, both honest and of the right honor, WORSHIP would be good, right, on the way to righteousness. Sadly,*

*this present path is deeply destructive, having a faith that is ill-gotten and thus will not hold against the pressures, the hard times, and the intensity and weight of Leviathan who reigns and roams about.*

"I am strong and mighty," WORSHIP insist, "and can overcome any obstacle or obstruction in opposition."

Your power is complete, unconquerable?

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<sup>139</sup> Pulling from a foundational song of praise, some alterations are applied shifting the theme from that of true thankfulness, gratitude, and honor to the merits of one's own doing with gratification through the so-called blessings rather than a gift of salvation alone.

<sup>140</sup> Christianity is indisputably about self-denial, sacrifice and suffering (in the present world), contrary to WORSHIP's beliefs and false interpretation of the word, the way, the truth, and the life.

“Yes, my power is supreme, unassailable, and is ready to rule over the dominion.”

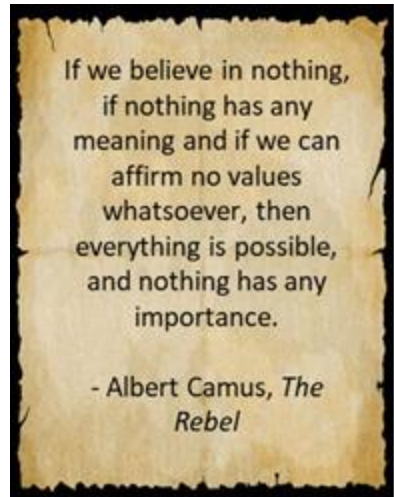
Oh really, what “dominion” do you mean?

“The world, all known and unknown, above and below, as was given in the beginning,” WORSHIP replies rapaciously but irrespective of a long history of corruption. “It is our destiny, predetermined and ordained, decidedly ours for taking (back) from itinerant interlopers.”

*But WORSHIP speaks with a confidence that is not becoming of the light, but is: a bag of wind, a tempest blowing about with a pride much as the fallen; a felled tree ridden by a failed tale of those given eyes yet cannot see, given ears but cannot hear, and given a mind but do not think; simply put, they cannot comprehend the way, the truth, and the life*<sup>141</sup>.

*To believe in anything and everything is in essence to believe in nothing at all, having a form of faith but denying the true nature of its power and, as for The Creator, the plan for, purpose of, and place found as eternal paradise.*

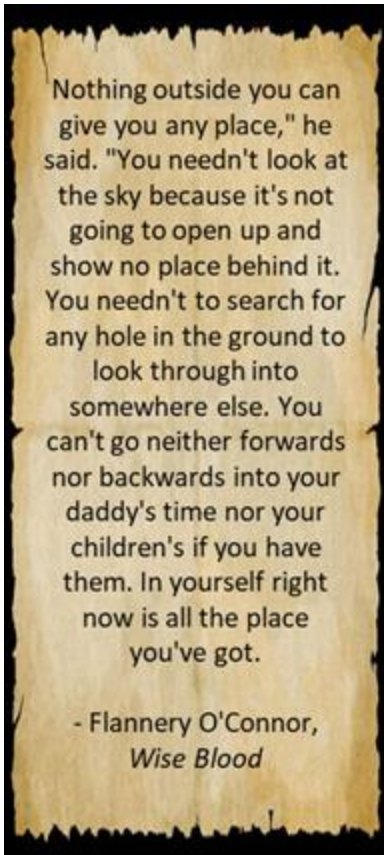
*True followers are not of this world; they are sojourners who, as The Creator, seek a greater cause than exaltation and expression of the created (as in effect, The Creator), inclining to and indulging in the things finite rather than infinite, finally*



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<sup>141</sup> Much is drawn from The Word: the unfruitful Fig tree; of having a form of faith with what appears to be fruit, but finally false, flawed.

unfulfilling and futile. How easy is it to turn the truth into a lie and



what's worse, to believe that your way is "the way". There is a way that seems right to some, maybe many, and yet is the wrong way, an easy road, a wide gate <sup>142</sup>.

"I am assuredly right," WORSHIP insist. "I plant healthy seeds that yield abundant and appetizing fruit, the tree over." <sup>143</sup>

*There is much wisdom missing here, the meaning and message lost in a mission to be served rather than serve, to be forgiven without offering complete and abiding forgiveness, and all other fruits described as "abundant and appetizing"—that in truth are all illusions as the apple falls close to the tree, the forbidden eaten with shame to come.* <sup>144</sup>

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<sup>142</sup> Again, more from The Word: the "wide gate" as the wrong gate, the road as easy and convenient as compared with the narrow gate and road less traveled.

<sup>143</sup> More use of the right words though message or meaning is misunderstood and in turn misapplied while misleading to others.

<sup>144</sup> A voice of reason calls WORSHIP out (or at least warns the reader or listener) that such a mission is ill-fated, *the created* deceived into believing they are The Creator in affect, cloaked by welcomed with

*This is likely the last stop before the train derails and all aboard perish on the way to what they believed glory, though in fact is hell on wheels, bound for the abyss.*

“Any who deny my claims and fame are heretics,” WORSHIP charges, “and deserve to perish in the fire.”

How is this heresy?

“What is heresy?”

Heresy is anything that contradicts the generally accepted.

“There it is,” WORSHIP exclaims with exuberance.

There is what?

“If I must explain, heresy is committed as a contradiction to my claims and fame, this doctrine and the gospel.”

And to comprehend your “claims and fame” is not enough?

“Of course not,” WORSHIP remarks with a cavalier nod. “It must be accepted, applied without doubt, but more, without disagreement or derision. Any true believers must buy it because it is so!”

So what?

“So!”

And that’s it?

“That is more than enough, more than necessary, the naked truth, holy rite,” WORSHIP regally proclaims. “And it is as it is—what more can I say.”

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words that please the ear and sooth the conscience. The apple, once forbidden, is eaten and the sins of one generation are passed down.

My people are few. They resemble the scattering trees of a storm-swept plain...There was a time when our people covered the land as the waves of a wind-ruffled sea cover its shell-paved floor, but that time long since passed away with the greatness of tribes that are now but a mournful memory.

- Chief Seattle, The Chief Seattle's Speech

X-ED exponentially<sup>145</sup>

Once upon and still becomes the X-ED; they who decline exponentially by causes not fully foreseen or understood but lethal just the same, causing many to want for death sooner than later.

"I am X-ED."

You are X-ED?

"Yes, I am X-ED because I am gone, dead in body, no long a part of the body of those not yet dead."

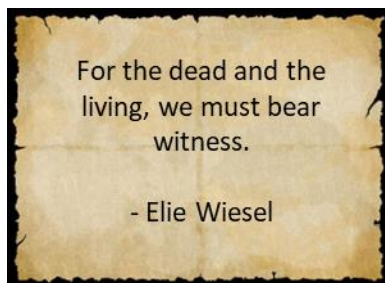
X-ED are many?

"Yes, many and much more are X-ED, the number rising exponentially; previously slow by comparison, but suddenly rising and then climbing at an accelerated rate as with other noted phenomena of the times<sup>146</sup>.

But everyone and almost everything age and-

"Naturally, but X-ED is not bound to aging, death, dying; no, I am rather the remains of The Leviathan that not only seeks to ruin US but to destroy our existence past, present and future."

Are you alive, living, life?

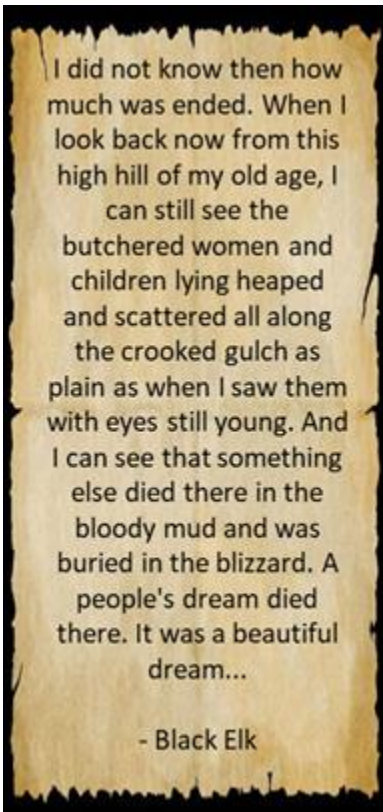


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<sup>145</sup> Topics: betrayed, conflict, contradiction, criminal, death, deceived, division, eugenics, fear, genocide, hate, hidden, life, quarantine, scattered, silence, spirit, suffering, systems, unaware, violence.

<sup>146</sup> X-ED is referring to other data that follow a similar path or function, where the trend seemingly feeds on itself, compounding the change as illustrated by the curve, generated by the exponential function.

"I speak in spirit, my soul lost beyond my body, X-ED over to the underworld world, but rising to this occasion, ready to rumble."



You're in spirit, out of body, but I hear you as though in the flesh.

"Yes, you might hear any of US, all of US, in solo or a chorus; singing a dirge that speaks of what they did and do, why and how they did it, do it, and plan to do it until all be done."

To what, to whom, do you speak, testify of such things?

"To US each, more, and many."

They X-ED you, all?

"First gradually, here and there, calling it *this or that*, but then suddenly without any reason or rationale, a strike, a sweep, a system and then this, that," X-ED laments.

Why *this or that*?

"Have I said that sweeps and systems don't demand a reason why or any such.... It just happened and then it was not."

It was not after *then and that*.

"The strike was such a blow that it sent shockwaves of silenced fear," X-ED elaborates. "Like a storm—but without any forewarning or signs—the system struck and swept US far and wide, leaving only a remnant that were (and are) practically dead; dulled into darkness, denying all of it and thus denying themselves, mind and soul."

I think there is *this and that*, all said, and I believe you.

"I am not so sure that you really do," X-ED replies.

Then help me to see *this and that* as I must.



“Nothing comes close to *this or that*; nothing in all creation, created or conceived, can match such power, such force, that destroys on such scale with such systematic calculation and cunning, with such cause and effect—both vanishing as though thrown to the wind and dispersed to nothingness, and yet everything, the effect to eternity.”

But it happened, is happening?

“Yes, thought perceived to not have happened or happening, neither it nor them, US, all.”

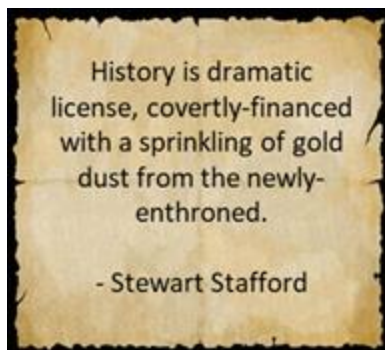
They (and you) exist?

“We are not perceived to be, nor have ever been, as much of history is shaped into something that it was not, nor ever was,” X-ED articulates in the abstract. “Hence

*this or that* never happened on record—and any that claim otherwise are soon to be X-ED too, they and their views, beliefs, theories, and crazy ideas banished into exile, vanished into the ether, eternity.”

*Some things that “never happened” are merely methods to control US, to reduce our reasoning and opportunity to learn from the past, wisdom and all this and that. How weak and worthless we become, willful to forget or avoid the past, plain ignorance supplanted, denying this and that of corruption never indicted let alone identified.*

“Somebody made it happen—makes it so. Somebody *pushed the button*, and somebody sanctions it. Somebody planned it, a state or system created by *the created* but driven and directed by Leviathan. Somebody gained satisfaction, if just passing, in the strike and sweep; a systemic elimination of the earth’s natural for the terror of a synthetic if not supernatural, covert, clandestine cause,” X-ED explains with an eerily tone. “Somebody succeeded in doing that which nobody seemingly did before, and for the heavens to hold, as never seen before and never to be seen again.”

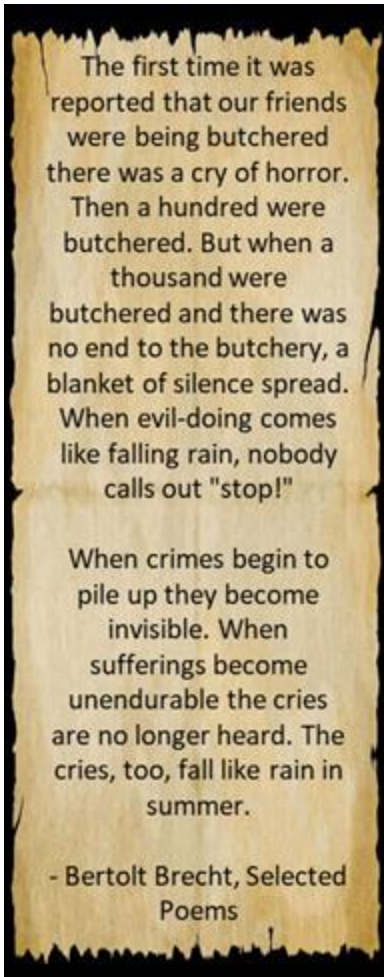


*First rumors too bizarre to believe, too extreme to explain, one and*

*then another. One here, another there, it could never be this or that, for there is no plausible reason, no probable cause other than another natural end, untimely though it be, as it happens from time to time, the supposed cycle of life where death comes to US, one by one.*

*But then the random became more regular, mixed with ruminations of one or another, the similarities, the subtle differences previously unassumed and unsung, but now coming together as pieces of a puzzle, the unpredictable or unpretentious as now known, determinably planned, pernicious, pervasive.*

*Just about the time that any of US begin to share our stories and to possibly arrive at common causes or concrete conclusions, the numbers take-off, accelerate by some order of magnitude, beyond any prior belief*



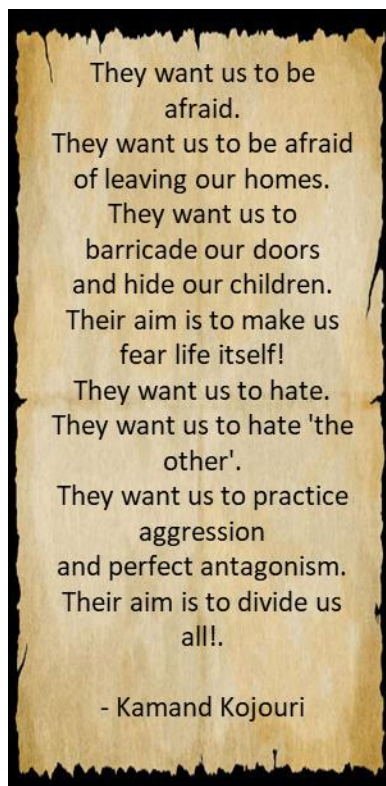
*let alone occurrences, observation.*

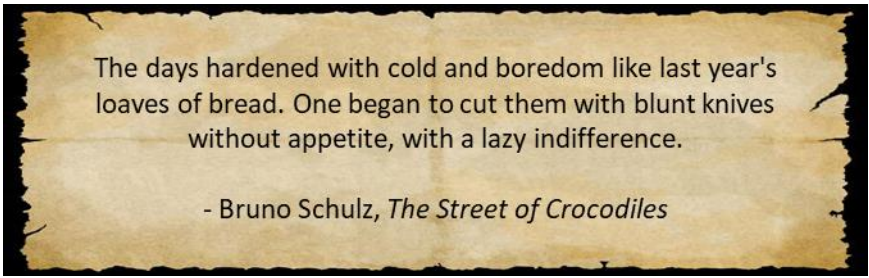
*And then nothing but silence, not a word or a whimper, not a murmur or a moan, having no apparent appearance, no account of souls torn into sunder, living and the dead, the young and old.*

Now, in the dawning of all days, a darkness that defies *the light* and consumes the cosmos, amid a diffused and dimmed sun and stars. It *then and that* that makes US afraid to do anything, to go anywhere,

while expecting US to hide in our homes and to fear life itself. Naturally or not, such measures and methods send some to end it all, to self-destruct or to be destroyed as the plans go—or until such time that fear is either ineffective or otherwise did not produce the kind of results expected, preferred, and necessary for *the greater good*.

“I remember,” X-ED admits, “fearing the force and feeling it as like a developing disease or a veritable virus; the first tinge or touch followed by a dose of denial or a potion in hope that it will pass. But then it returns, intensified, and internalized, undenied and incurable as a foreplay of that which came to ruin US all.”





The days hardened with cold and boredom like last year's  
loaves of bread. One began to cut them with blunt knives  
without appetite, with a lazy indifference.

- Bruno Schulz, *The Street of Crocodiles*

As the younger YAWN <sup>147</sup>

Once upon and still becomes the bored and irresponsible: oblivious or otherwise willfully uninformed or disinterested on matters that matter; and many younger much inclined to recline, laxed and relaxed, to recreate and eschew any effort to do anything of any account, appreciation, but are insufferably self-indulged, ignorant to all other.

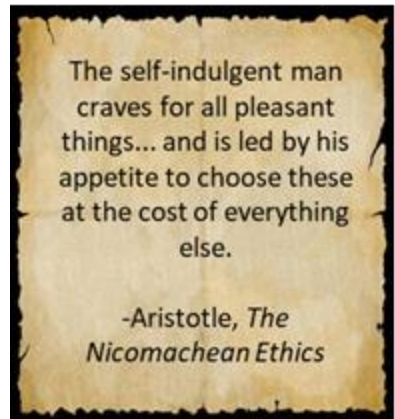
*To be fair, the young are not the only who fit the disposition described above; and while there are more of them, the numbers grow: folks that see can't see the forest for the trees or, if they happen to notice, are far too preoccupied, self-indulged, dissolute, and dissipated.*

*Not that selfishness is not already presented, patented and perhaps painfully obvious, but the matter—where much does not matter—is worth this attention, as it sweeps across a dying culture, careless and apathy, swamped and flooded by distractions, deception.*

“Oh please,” YAWN begins, “you’re crushing my mellow.”

Who are you?

“Who are you.” YAWN echoes the question with a sneer, an annoyance, antagonism. “What’s the point anyway.”



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<sup>147</sup> Topics: annoying, antagonistic, apathy, boredom, cognitive complacency, delusional, dissonance, indifference, indulge, irrational, problem, unreasonable, emotional weak.

The point?

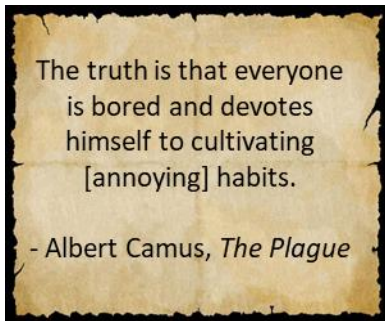
“Yes, your problem?”

My problem?

“Exactly,” YAWN yells—as though volume wins the argument.

*This conversation is going nowhere; my misunderstanding and YAWN’s malaise moves US to malcontent, our exchange decidedly deadlocked. But if I must continue, why not make the most of the least, an understanding beyond my present impulse to throw this to the wind giving no real reason behind it before the YAWN of this age*<sup>148</sup>?

“You have no excuse,” YAWN continues, pushing me further away with an attitude: snarky, sarcastic, senseless.



*Need I ask, as though it matters or that I matter beyond the moment. I seem an inconvenience at the least though I somehow sense that YAWN finds some reward in ridicule if just a break from boredom, a game of the*

*unwitting let alone unwise.*

Is boredom a problem?

“Boredom, a problem, but the blame is on you.”

What do mean, “blame”?

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<sup>148</sup> The phrase as a play on the “dawn of a new age”, YAWN is a product of a generation over-stimulated and self-indulged, inculcated and intoxicated with and by information-images, intractably infantile, irrational, irrespective to reasoning, unintentionally ignorant of actual history, and hence, idealistic, and imaginative to matters that matter.

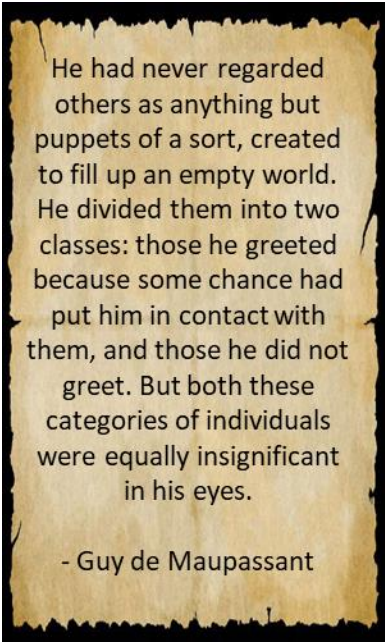
"My boredom is not my problem—but you are the problem, the blame—it's all yours!"

I am to blame.

"Sure," YAWN adds with the expected response or reply; any or all are at fault, to blame, in the YAWN of *this age*.

*Is it true that the culture is increasingly narcissistic; an excessive interest in or admiration of oneself and one's physical appearance at the expense or exclusion of everyone else? Is it also true that the younger "adults" of the culture are much more self-absorbed and centered; sociopathic, anti-social, or such that destroys relationships and thereby society, friendship, kinship, and family? Is it true that many are living in the moment to the denial and disregard for consequences, the outcome, the future—having the appearance of bonds or engagement but desperately decoupled from other minds, hearts, life and living, love?*

*Is it true that The Creator is marginalized at best, with much to worship and idolize from day to day—none of which works for too long as the grass withers and the flower fades<sup>149</sup>?*



He had never regarded others as anything but puppets of a sort, created to fill up an empty world. He divided them into two classes: those he greeted because some chance had put him in contact with them, and those he did not greet. But both these categories of individuals were equally insignificant in his eyes.

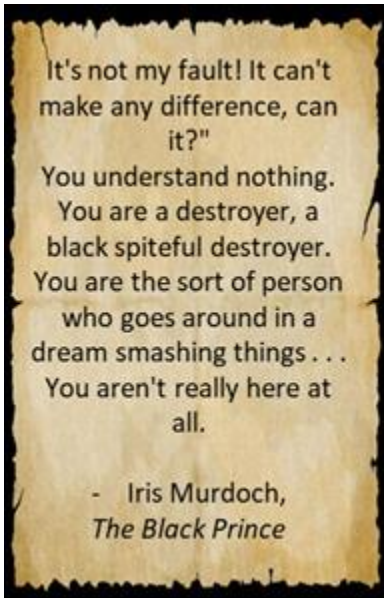
- Guy de Maupassant

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<sup>149</sup> The expression, "grass withers and flowers fades," is from Isaiah 40.



*Is it possible that vanity is viral and that this spread of insensitivity and severance disassociates and divides everyone from everybody else; each in retreat, reclusive, relegated to die alone and lonely, singled-out, shut-in, shutdown, stupefied and stymied, a stranger of and to thyself, unable or unwilling to understand the things beyond...?*



"It's not my fault," YAWN murmurs.

Fault for what?

"For anything or everything," YAWN yells. "It is another where somebody trying to play me, use me, take me, make me and even eliminate me!"

Eliminate you?

"I cannot be blamed for the behavior of another, their lying, cheating, and stealing. I cannot be shamed by their cruelty and callousness, their insensitivity and ingratitude," YAWN continues, counting all the characteristics at

fault or failure—that another or other commit, committed, causing hurt, harm, and hell, it seems.

*Listening and learning, taking all this in, is YAWN ever wrong, at fault, responsible? Is it possible to be always wronged but never wrong, always the casualty but never the culprit, always innocent, never guilty, always gaslit or ghosted, but never stocking the fire or playing the ghostly? Maybe I should ask for more, or maybe I should confront others who are not one-sided, perfect, flawless, to grasp the bigger picture, the larger canvas, the general ideas.*

"Did you hear me," YAWN yells. "Are you deaf?"

I hear you but was thinking about everything that you said so far.



“What about it?”

I don’t know how anyone can always be right, never wrong or never at fault. How is this possible?

“I have to say that being right is not always rewarding,” YAWN continues without count, “but it’s the cost I am forced to pay, to play fair, to be just and in all respects, to try and just love others.”

You love, everyone?

“Yes, of course I love and, if I must say it, love too much,” YAWN replies, taking the expected *high road*, *never* conceiving a wrong turn, never causing a breakup, separation or severing. “And they never appreciate it, taking advantage of me, using and abusing me at every time, all the time, without end.”

And you tolerate it.

“Yes, and more,” YAWN agrees but adds more as always.

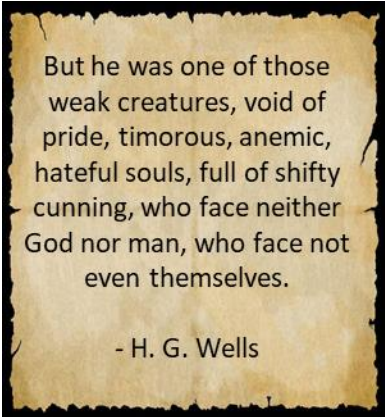
More?

“I try to love them, really, but the more I give the more they take, the more I try the more I cry because they just don’t care.”

How can go on like that?

“Haven’t you been listening,” YAWN yells again. “Does no one listen to me?”

*I think it’s more that none of sound mind can believe YAWN if simply because no one is perfect and no one will continue to play such a role unless they are emotionally, mentally incapable to see life more clearly, their part, their own flaws, faults, beyond the fantasy of perfection, self-appointed piety. YAWN is incurably indifferent to any self-improvement, insufferable, insolent, and ignorant ad infinitum.*



But he was one of those weak creatures, void of pride, timorous, anemic, hateful souls, full of shifty cunning, who face neither God nor man, who face not even themselves.

- H. G. Wells

The zombie looks like a man, walks like a man, eats and otherwise functions fully, yet is devoid of the spark. It represents the nagging doubt that lays deep in the heart of even the most zealous believer: behind all of your pretty songs and stained glass, this is what you really are. Shambling meat. Our true fear of the zombie was never that its bite would turn us into one of them. Our fear is that we are already zombies.

- David Wong, *This Book Is Full of Spiders*

## ZOMBIE landing <sup>150</sup>

Once upon and still becomes ZOMBIE, landing, and ever growing; those that desire brains without a thought and hearts without a care, dry and dead as a husk with hollowed-out eyes, emaciated, ethereal and evil.

It is coming, this ZOMBIE landing.

"It is already here with more coming," ZOMBIE warns me.

Here already, but more?

"Yes, like the surge of the sea or onslaught of an inextinguishable fire," ZOMBIE tells me. "They'll be no stopping US now."

What can one do?

"What can you do," is the immediate response from ZOMBIE, suggesting that nothing can be done to stop or even slow it down.

Is it hopeless, this landing?

"That depends on who you are, how much power you possess, how much protection one has, and-,"

And how fast you can run!

"Something like that, but only a few may make stay ahead of US," ZOMBIE emphasizes, "while many will not, falling behind, consumed in

our carnage, washed to sea, burned-up in the flames, never to return."

And I suppose the best we can do is die in the first wave.



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<sup>150</sup> Topics: careless, carnage, cabal, comprehend, choice, courage, death, disease, droids, fallen, fathers, family, fear, fire, genetics, hearing, life, loss, love, plagues, seeing, state, tragedy, waves.

"Oh, that has already happened," ZOMBIE opines.

It has?

"Yes, the initial wave is awash, if just the younger."

The younger-,

"Yes, the infantile and innocent, the unwitting, and-," ZOMBIE explains, "with *the landing* working its way *up the ladder*."

Up the ladder?

"Yes, *the ladder*; from the younger to the wiser but now weaker, made so by years of behavioral modification if not physical, brute force," ZOMBIE says with a sense of surety. "It is just part of the

planning, the take-down of *the created*, the crushing of character, the hallowing out of those that hear and the modifications of the mind that thinks—a malicious, menacing, multifaceted move that makes malevolence look like a mere bad day."

That bad?

"For many, yes."

How bad can it be?

"Beyond your imagination," ZOMBIE speaks frankly. "Yes, beyond your wildest nightmares."

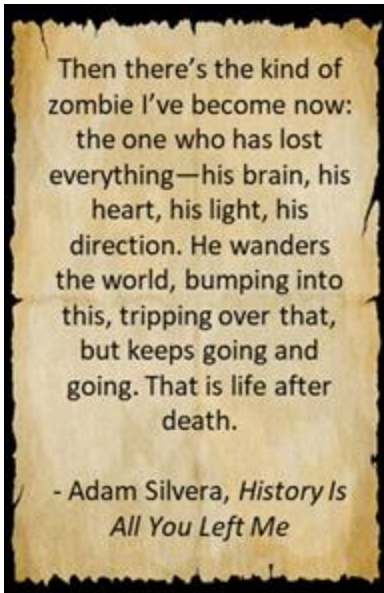
How do you know?

"You cannot conceive the scope of this," ZOMBIE soberly and sternly says. "There is nothing to compare it to, from then to now."

I see.

"I don't think you do.... One cannot see this unless a prophet and even then, awareness as some abstract for the acumen to appreciate."

I see.



"Now you see that you can't see, knowing that you know very little, and knowing that the more you learn the less you know."

I am not sure I want to see.

"Either way, an end will come, little consolation of knowing, seeing, or thinking that you see," ZOMBIE concludes. "Mind you, I am a zombie, but based on what the dead are able to see, few have any chance of surviving the surge, the waves to come."

The portending, the presentation and programming that-,

"Oh, that's mostly movies of the made-up and imaginary to distract or deceive," ZOMBIE replies. "They're presentation is not realistic—not even close—to the carnage that is coming, the unthinkable, inconceivable, is impossible to imagine."

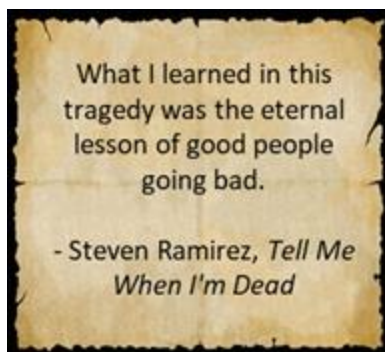
Oh, I see.

"What I've learned since my own demise I am telling you here, now; the forthcoming and final tragedy comes because the good is grounded down or grafted-out, *the fallen* much in proportion to power, committed to crushing *the created* in the most hateful, heinous, and hellish ways. Again, and without enough emphasis, what is coming will be nothing as has ever happened or will ever happen again, ZOMBIE repeats, ruminates.

Are you sure?

"I am telling you that this is it—this is it!"

*There is no reason to doubt ZOMBIE, but should I believe this forewarning, or should I consider it as merely another fear factor? Should I take this foretelling as fact or false (not knowing the motive...as another method merely to strike fear in US all as the more subtle form of*



force)? Should I consider that which I cannot see or cannot conceive until it happens—and then too late to do anything to survive?

“What say you,” ZOMBIE asks.

Was your death untimely, premature?

“Do you need know who I am or was, before becoming a death walker, a ghost or spirt left behind for such times,” ZOMBIE follows.

“But if you must know, I was a writer, maybe an investigative journalist that evidently went way *over the edge* more than once.”

A writer, journalist, that went *over the edge*.

“Yes, and I wrote about the scariest monsters that-,”

Monsters?

“Uh, yes, from the grand to the ground dwelling, from the ferocious to *the fallen*,” ZOMBIE adds.

Can you name names?

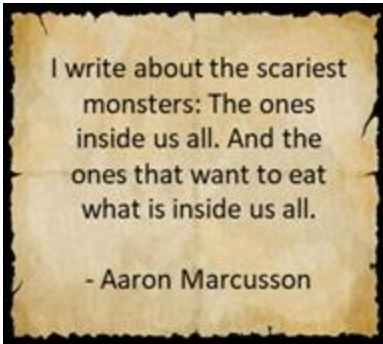
“I can tell you that Leviathan is the most fierce and formidable, having control over it all, top to bottom and everything in between. Yes, The Leviathan is the godfather of a great mob, a motely crew of *the created* and other less known or believable types; the cabal, the consortium, the consolidated and centralized powers.”

And the less known are Leviathan?

“Where do I begin but with *the fallen angels*, the underlings of the underworld, the minions of the mighty malevolent,” ZOMBIE follows. “Yes, those rejected, cast down but resuming control of many, corrupting *the seed of he created*, their genetic make-up and molecular make-up, the DNA, RNA, and all things human.”

I am aware of those angels.

“Are you sure?”



What I mean is the story of how it happened, the heavens and all, and how these angelic beings came to be, *the fallen*, cast down in their corruption and destined to do same for *the created*.

"Then I don't need to go further on *the fallen*, but only to add that the combination of their spiritual power and the arrival and acceleration of science is not coincidence but is correlated," ZOMBIE continues.

Science and the spiritual forces-

"Yes, the merger science and the mystic spirits," ZOMBIE clarifies. "Droids for example, androids, transformers, humanoids and all the hybrids from then to now."

Droids?

"Yes, transformations of *the created*, the restoration of dead tissue into a synthetic, life forms, augmented by the spiritual."

Are you kidding?

"Have I been kidding," ZOMBIE replies with a stern but scaley expression. "Am I not enough to sober the content, our conversation?"

Of course, but I just find it-

"Yes, hard to believe, but the acceleration of genetic science together with underlying spiritual forces, often working fervently in *the back-office*, is of such force as to resurrect death from life and, once more, a synthetic life with features and functions that transcend the natural forms," ZOMBIE explains.

Holy Frankenstein!

"That's the idea."

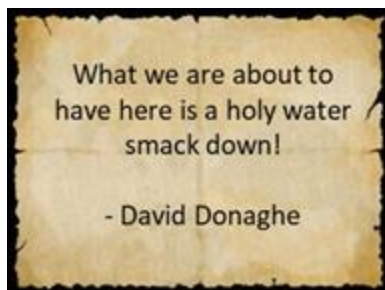
Do you know of any such?

"Yes, me," ZOMBIE bluntly responds.

Are you a droid?

"Yes, I died but they restored me, ZOMBIE. And should I remind you that the synthetic is to destroy the natural, life, living, and love."

Then why am I still here, alive and speaking with you?



“Let’s just keep it to ourselves and say nothing else for now,”

ZOMBIE says with a smirk.

“And still, the places of power though in the shadows, never ending but rarely recognized except among a few that do their bidding, drawing from dark and deep forces of evil in the heavenly realms <sup>151</sup> as a clear advantage of the carnal, strictly earth forms, left unclear or unaware.”



And *the fallen* completely changed?

“Not completely, but certainly aimed to end *the created* in their original form, that natural body together with their mind and heart, all that is good and right, ZOMBIE

admits. “And they’re still at it, right down to the soul, one plotted against another, soul on soul, making most everyone dependent not only for their needs but more, their wants, their darkest desires, their deepest deceptions.”

And me, mine...?

“Everyone is tempted, but most believe they are given a choice, I suppose,” ZOMBIE explains. “I am predisposed to prefer that anyone or everyone choose—but either way, an end is sure to come.”

And what of you, your own? Surely you have (or had) family.

“Obviously I am not fit to maintain a family, but as to the institution, the family lost much as the natural order of paternity was passed by,

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<sup>151</sup> From Ephesians 6:12.



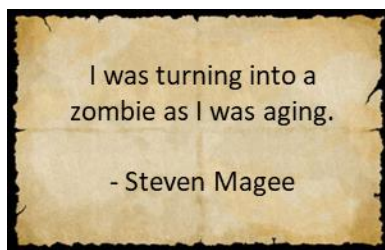
over. It's worth saying that fatherhood was foremost devalued as a foundation to family, community, and culture; that, along with inculcating the younger toward the present state of stupidity. Indeed, the combination from top to bottom was end the natural paternity, fatherhood, conventional, congenital family—societal strength—with a substandard form, the state and all its sinister trappings.”<sup>152</sup>

Fathers, family, and-

“We cannot exclude the aging from the previously described, right,” ZOMBIE adds atop the targets, fathers, family, natural paternity.

The aging..., and what about the infirmed and other vulnerable?

“None are left behind,” ZOMBIE says satirically. “All must be destroyed right down to the living cell, *the lowest hanging fruit* as easy pickings.”



*Wicked and evil is the only way to describe it; destroying the created from the so-called “low hanging fruit” to the most durable, doing them all in—every one of them! And I wonder how it came to this..., but then history gives every reason, this is nothing new under the sun*<sup>153</sup>.

*Who conceives such a plan to proceed on such a pervasive scale? And though science makes great strides in uplifting our lives, yet left to the wicked and evil, it becomes decisively demented and destructive to degrees here before inconceivable, unachievable, unaware the agenda.*

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<sup>152</sup> The description of the decline of the family unit deserves some additional insight; but in short, where state power grows by

<sup>153</sup> A phrase used repeatedly in Ecclesiastes to suggest that history is repeated; similar recurrences though varying in detail.

*And the fear that they foment, the indifference they infuse; fear or indifference, either nothing matters, or everything is an emergency, our choice is either careless or cowering. If/when a society is stripped of its courage are they not zombies?*

"The order will not relent," ZOMBIE emphasizes. "Any resistance is

crushed under the weight of the mass who agreed and then altered the 'plan' that you describe as: inconceivable, unachievable, per 'the agenda'."

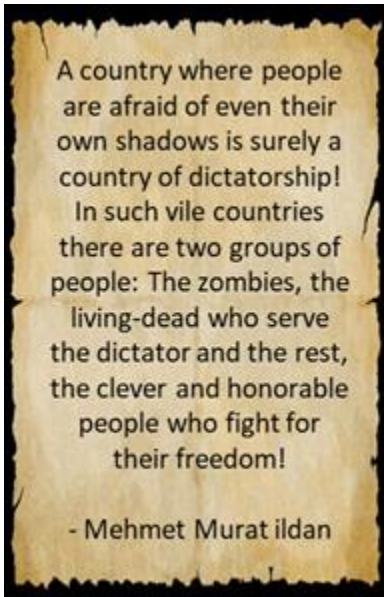
*And others have confirmed this same agenda from one angle and corner to another—which is why none should be shocked at "the plan", the purpose of ZOMBIE as one of many that do the bidding of The Leviathan?*

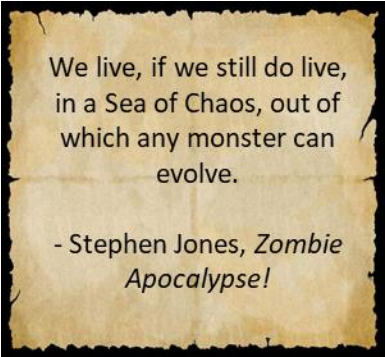
*Should I fear, stirred deeply by the regulations and requirements that undermine US across every*

*facet to every age standard and statistic? Should I care less or not at all, apathy as the end game?*

"You are not immune from it—you know," ZOMBIE turns toward me. "As they came for me, we will come for you, dividing all not only against each the other but against themselves."

*Is there no other way, an opportunity live, love, beyond?*





We live, if we still do live,  
in a Sea of Chaos, out of  
which any monster can  
evolve.

- Stephen Jones, *Zombie  
Apocalypse!*

## Suicide so The Leviathan

Drawing on the content collected for this book and previous encounters with The Leviathan, I am of the belief that the beast is not merely the state, an empire or even world order; more, it is spiritual, prevailing through time from *The Fall*<sup>154</sup> to its “suicide” somewhere in the timing of *The Great and Dreadful Day*<sup>155</sup>. And though the figure be associated with monsters or other indomitable earthly forces, the spiritual realm is the source of strength and standing that gives rise and resource to nations and kings to conspire against The Creator and *the created*, before rapid decline, dissolution, demise<sup>156</sup>.

Power and its accompanied force(s) are very attractive, alluring to most on some measure no matter their station in life or their position on some scale. But when pursued at all costs—as with The Leviathan—the course toward concentrated, centralized power yields proportional corruption and criminality, corrosion, and conflict from within, suicide<sup>157</sup>. And though power is a prime mover, much carnage and costs are sure to follow in some approximation and acceleration to the forces

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<sup>154</sup> *The Fall*, referring the man’s fall from paradise, the beginning of sin and the rebellion of *the created* from the Creator’s plan, purpose.

<sup>155</sup> *The Great and Dreadful Day* refers to judgment, when all the world will be judged, and verdicts rendered thereof.

<sup>156</sup> From Psalm 2.

<sup>157</sup> “Suicide” to mean that the regime or reigning powers are certain to be destroyed by infighting, strife, and conflict, as history is consistent on this score.

at work, both physical and spiritual, unable to “reset” the world<sup>158</sup> but rather to unravel and ruin US.

The Leviathan, as a composition of all things wicked and evil, is driven to destroy as described herein with expedience and an ever-intensifying rate, sooner rather than later, as all earth ages and days for such spiritual forces wear thin. As effective as the evil energy has been and will be, it will not last forever—though the days grow darker and times more difficult, destressing and dehumanizing. Indeed, what awaits the world is a darkness that surpasses most if not all recorded history for *the created*; a time when even the faithful would fall if not given reserve, a reprieve, and respite.<sup>159</sup>

*The created*, to include all the Creator’s work, is the prime target of Leviathan; and again, as the stories solidify, *the created* is detested to the end degree, their disparity from Creator as the first course lending to the indeterminable doom and death, the second. Finally, and under the influence of power in excess, Leviathan aims to destroy The Creator—as though such was possible—even if it means destroying the spirit(s) therein. And in Leviathan’s suicide is the compilation of power and its forces gone awry, over-extended and hollowed as like many states that rise and fall,<sup>160</sup> though much more extensive in its length and

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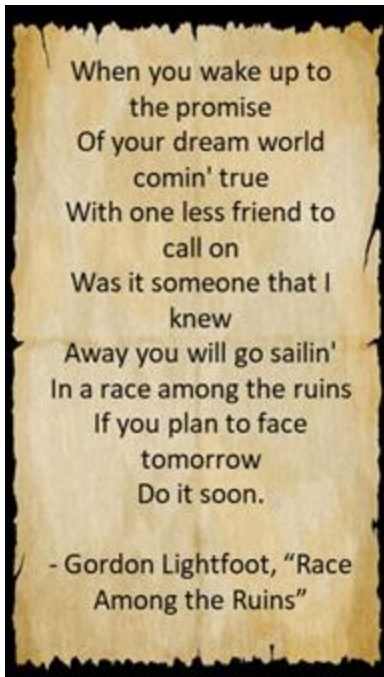
<sup>158</sup> Referring to “the great reset” supposedly intended to make things better, but because the design depends on global, centralized power, it will unravel and ruin US.

<sup>159</sup> By relief or reprieve, the end of The Leviathan and the fulfillment for the faithful no longer subject to the consequences of The Fall, depravity, and death.

<sup>160</sup> Referring again to the cycle of nations described as: the historical science behind understanding human nature in how, and why, a nation descends into tyranny, though it was once mighty and noble. This cycle

breadth, covering times from the ancient to the modern, from *The Fall* to *The Great and Dreadful Day*, with power and strength of unfathomable and unyielding might and madness.

And in this *End of Days*<sup>161</sup> and *the serpent that seethes to ruin US*, these last words of book are a tribute to Gordon Lightfoot, the chorus from his song, "Race Among the Ruins"<sup>162</sup>.



Facing tomorrow is only possible when you seek and find the truths before US and, in that, that one is given a second chance to deny the dark and destructive forces, and to embrace the hope of that which is beyond the creation of *the created* alone, with all our faults and failures, and by faith of that extended to *the created*, both living and dead. Please consider such a course as we run the race ebbing ever close to the ruin(s) that pass before US.

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commonly includes bondage, spiritual faith, courage, liberty, abundance/prosperity, selfishness, complacency, apathy, dependence, and the return to bondage.

<sup>161</sup> *End of Days* refers to the last of *the last days* when much of the present earth's affairs accelerate and the *fallen world* ends.

<sup>162</sup> "Race Among the Ruins" was included in the 1976 album that also included "The Wreck of the Edmond Fitzgerald".

As The Leviathan spawns from *the ancients*, long in existence and still at large, the spiritual realm is further considered in a final word from a brief interview with Catherine Austin Fitts,<sup>163</sup> conducted around the time of COVID 19. Here is the question and her paraphrased comments, presumably about the subject but possibly including other evidence/proof of massive corruption and financial criminality amid public and private institutions, national and international.

Q: ...do you think there is a spiritual dimension to this....

A: I think first and foremost this is spiritual. Yes...this is a 10,000-year war, and the outcome depends on our ability to spiritually evolve and grow-up. I tell everybody that death is not the worst thing that can happen here. What can happen is that you can lose your immortal soul—and that's your danger. Stop worrying about death and start worrying about whether you're going to be free or not.

The second beast was given power to give breath to the image of the first beast, so that the image could speak and cause all who refused to worship the image to be killed. It also forced all people, great and small, rich, and poor, free and slave, to receive a mark on their right hands or on their foreheads, so that they could not buy or sell unless they had the mark, which is the name of the beast or the number of its name.<sup>164</sup>

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<sup>163</sup> From Wikipedia, Catherine Austin Fitts has researched and commented on government spending. She is an American investment banker and former public official. She has widely written and commented on public spending and has alleged several large-scale instances of government fraud.

<sup>164</sup> Revelation 13:15-17, NIV.

## Characters

Unnamed Inquisitor, Narrator	<p>Invoking the named character(s) to share their story, who they are, what they know, and how they potentially relate to Leviathan, this central character is actively engaged, both with each character and foremost, for the reader, sharing insights, understanding in both dialogue, commentary (as thought in <i>italics</i>).</p>
ZERO	<p>Representing the devaluation of life, the living, ZERO is trying to sort out a devalued existence, struggling with loneliness, abnormality, and powerlessness, against the enticements of larger numbers that seemingly if not actually thrive on value, worth and matter.</p> <p>Learning of Leviathan, ZERO begins to unravel the schemes and shenanigans that impute powers with plentiful, condemning good and right as weak and unworthy while rewarding the bad and wrong with more numbers, value, worth and power. And made aware of the soul endowed to every individual number, ZERO is reassured that Leviathan does not determine individual worth or value.</p>
ONE	<p>ONE is the best of the best. Who doesn't desire to be number one, the champion, the winner? But with such prominence, power, and prowess, ONE is unsurprisingly self-indulged and absorbed, basking in the winner's circle with all the accolades, rewards, and recognition, and rights.</p> <p>Learning of Leviathan, ONE realizes that all the stardom is simply a ruse that retards ONE's need to know thyself, what and who they are—and are not, truth over fame and fortune.</p>



<p>TWO</p>	<p>Tapping into <i>The Tale of Two Cities</i>, TWO persons; one from past and one developing... though awareness to and attention <i>changing times</i>. “I once spoke as a child, thought..., acted..., but then I put away childishness ways....”</p> <p>Learning of Leviathan (the progenitor of all power gone awry), TWO is launched to the next level; a combination of excitement and expectation with fear and trepidation, it is “the best of times and the worst of times.”</p>
<p>THREE</p>	<p>As three chords intertwined are difficult to break, THREE represents a core theme of life, living and love. In this threesome, the lessons to distinguish what each really is—and is not—as once again truth(s) trump the lies, as the doors are opened wide for loss and gain, winning, and losing, but life and living to the fullest.</p> <p>Learning of Leviathan, THREE must also adopt the reality of destruction, the deep and dark forces that aim to destroy everything in existence, eternal.</p>
<p>FOUR</p>	<p>Presented as wise and discerning, FOUR are spirits, souls passed, that endured much, leading to their physical death, the spirit eternal. And I s such states, FOUR enlightens the others, even inquisitor, on the past, present, and future, offering their own accounts of Leviathan and league.</p> <p>Leaning of Leviathan includes its operatives, allies, and agents, and in the physical realms is foremost the state; that renders ruin on US, wielding force of all manner to reduce life, regress living and to irradicate love—behaving as both <i>the bagman</i>, to buy power, and the <i>boogie man</i>, to bring on fear and thus more power.</p>

FIVE	<p>Striving to live, to survive and succeed, FIVE is fully aware and appreciative of the soul, the sentient and the spiritual, such to fully embrace life, living and love. Experiencing ridicule and ruin, FIVE presents more on persuasion, perception and other means and methods of power aimed to confuse and convolute what is good, bad, right, and wrong, among other absolutes.</p> <p>Knowing full well of Leviathan, FIVE can put together the critical pieces to longstanding crimes against the created, who done it and why they continue to do so with seemingly unlimited power, unchallenged prowess, persuasion, and perception to the point that most accept the worst believing it to best—and only a relative few will say “No”, knowing full well as well.</p>
SIX	<p>SIX is pronounced as “sick”, to infer that gods who play games are sick (SIX). SIX is not just a number between five and seven but is a top agent of Leviathan; indeed, SIX is an agent of agents, a deputy of demons, darkness and all those devilish underlings. Also, for the first time, the narrator is referred to as “inquisitor”.</p> <p>As an agent of Leviathan, SIX <i>plays the game</i>, working steadily, stepwise, but stealthy, using fear as one means to rule, adding to the forces of ever evolving and expanding rules (laws, orders, edicts) that in tandem, erode personal freedom, tightening the grip on society at large.</p>
SEVEN	<p>Chivalry as un <i>the days of yore</i>, SEVEN are devoted to the deceased queen amid other hidden powers that work in the shadows, not only running the show but undermining the throne—even plotting her death.</p> <p>The real tragedy however is that the esteemed queen fell into a sorted affair: embracing Leviathan, enticed</p>

	by the evil powers that appear as good, a light that is not to expose darkness but rather is to elevate it; and finally, she not only fell from the throne—from grace—but dragged many down with her, the masses that adored her and in fact followed her to hell, leaving the SEVEN bereft, mortified. The queen is dead from her foolishness and what or who is left to lead US?
EIGHT	<p>Edging close to if not ended from suicide, EIGHT is distraught; waylaid with worry, more fear, about all that weighs heavy from continuous war, to pandemics, economic and environmental crisis, and a host of other problems—real or perceived—that plague US.</p> <p>But such feelings or emotions are not outlandish and indeed, many are trapped in the spells and sorceries; sedated but shocked, unified but fragmented, left but right, up but down, personified but programmed, without any security or safety, surety of what is and will become of US.</p>
NINE	<p>Doubt and disbelief, mis-/dis- information, NINE does not know who and what to believe. To keep searching seems the best course, though not without the dilemma that the more discovered, the more doubt, the more disbelief and dismay in those once trusted.</p> <p>Singling-out the relative few that tread the dangerous path between disbelief and defiance, these know full well the destiny of those that comply and thus fall victim to Leviathan. Which way will NINE go, knowing more than before though never fully knowing?</p>
ALWAYS	On love and key to living, ALWAYS is concerned about the current trends, leading to future outcomes, where the love of many grows cold. Add to these

	<p>developments the commensurate decline of trust and what is left but fragmented souls, dead to the spirit.</p> <p>Remember that broken trust is music to The Leviathan—the swan song of societal breakdown, civility, and unity—which is why powers are so deadeast on fomenting division between everyone regarding everything. ALWAYS is reminded of why love must hold, as a miraculous part of creation, through the intense times every growing in distress and darkness.</p>
BABYLON	<p>Returning to ancient history, of early empires. BABYLON takes center stage to enunciate the essence of centralized, concentrated power and its coinciding corruption and continuing conquest. Empires and imperialism run the board: playing one piece against another; pandering to one side but then the other...</p> <p>With hubris abounding from the top down, a mass overly confident, intolerant of failure and ignorant to the possibility—however the evidence or threats.... And any that fail to absorb such arrogance are attacked as fools, failing to embrace BABYLON as not just superior but supreme, the spiritual head.</p>
CREATURE	<p>Continuing from the last character, BABYLON, CREATURE or a manifestation or personality of imperialism, underwritten by <i>Manifest Destiny</i> but spilling over into a behavior described as anti-social, sociopathic, narcissistic and self-deified.</p> <p>Appearing as positive, expounding on a strong ego, CREATURE increasingly reveals these personality disorders; possessing illusions of perfection, always pinning fault and flaw on any other—all of whom exist to serve CREATURE or else be gone!</p>

<p>DRAGON</p>	<p>Both an alias and agent of Leviathan, DRAGON is notably a “creature of the night” but is not fully aware of Leviathan, operating with apparent assumptions., straddling the fence between all things dark and the light associated with all that is good, right.</p> <p>Though DRAGON looks the part, and even admits to some dirty works. Still, this creature is not beyond help and hope, rescue, repentance, and redemption; of discovering the truth and consequently, seeking the right way to right, the good way to go.</p>
<p>EARTH</p>	<p>Representing aspects of the planet, our world, above and below, known, or unknown, physical, spiritual, natural, and made, EARTH is informed that it may last eternal; that as things change, something is coming that is bigger than most change known or thought possible.</p> <p>Some might believe this change as environmental, natural, and manmade. Others may believe that widespread disease and/or other factors of mass destruction are <i>in the cards</i>. And while science does play a part, for good and bad, it is not the only force or cause at work in the journey to a “better world”.</p>
<p>FORKED</p>	<p>Sourced in the saying, “forked tongue”, FORKED comprises 2 personalities; one that appears as good, right, and another that is deeply dark and sinister. And the damage is extensive, the breaching of all trust necessary for relationships to grow and mature.</p> <p>In the power of communication and discourse is yet more power via concealment and projection—to confuse, convolute, and thereby maintain chaos, confusion..., shifting blame, gaining sympathy, deflecting suspicion, <i>playing the victim</i>, and all such games played by FORKED.</p>

GROUND	<p>GROUND is complex, claiming to possess a full spectrum of knowledge and understanding while having much to do with energy, money, food, and data/information or essentially pockets of power.</p> <p>In this capacity, GROUND applies sinister means and methods that impact every corner of EARTH down to the individual, their life, living, and death—as planned/determined per an assessed value and worth, under a concentrated, centralized cabal of power.</p>
HELL	<p>With all its reputation, HELL requires no further description of eternal damnation. But like GROUND and FORKED, HELL uses the power of anonymity or concealment to enhance their prowess, combining forces in chaos, confusion, and conflict among other crimes against creation.</p> <p>HELL hates creation and is determined and deployed to a “final destination” as closure to Leviathan longstanding initiatives. And given such a role, must convince many that it is not undesirable but rather, is unavoidable, all mercy and majesty as merely myth.</p>
IDOL	<p>IDOL is foremost of creation’s infractions or sin (idolatry, as anything that substitutes for The Creator). Having so much to cover, this character lives by lies of every sin from white to black, top, bottom, black and even white(lies)—there is no limits or boundaries to idol worship, false gods or prophets, and historical tropes to and for the time, place, and person.</p> <p>IDOL declares, “I am everywhere, in everything, with at least one alternative to The Creator for everyone, laid out to lead them to a bitter end, under the wings and in the clutches of The Leviathan.”</p>

JUMP	<p>JUMP ponders the behaviors that oppose courage, or all that leaves one unable to cope, to grow and finally achieve “the goal”, commenting on courage: “It is truly ‘the better way’ despite those that see it dimly, frame it as dissent, or call it as deleterious, dastardly, or by some other derogatory deeds.”</p> <p>Escapism, unconditional obedience-compliance, and surrender are favored, hence the individual-institutional conditioning, training, and programming for many years, begging the question: To JUMP or not to jump?</p>
KILL	<p>KILL does so without considering the costs, both the others and finally to self. Yes, everything and everyone must go, killing both within and about the heart, soul, mind in not the body. With such power(s), there is no limit on death and destruction.</p> <p>Already, the mind is dwindling to madness, the heart is hemorrhaging, and the soul is compromised with repose or redemption. Leaving on the husk of humanity, mere bodies void of their essence, what is left for the undoing, the taking down, and the total defeat of all creation?</p>
LOVE	<p>Is LOVE still alive or is it dead, drawing down and out over one’s life, many lifetimes, the crushing of civilization to the last part?</p> <p>LOVE is nothing without truth, without trust, as the foundation; and know that, Leviathan must destroy truth and trust among, between, and within the heart, soul mind. Yes, the truth and trust must go, replaced completely by lust and self-indulgence, such that LOVE will die and with that, all creation.</p>

MOON	<p>Enter the heavenly body, MOON, to lift US above to higher places, reflecting on the light and indulging in the dark side. “And there is no getting over the moon either,” we are told.</p> <p>From MOON comes much to say and support on science—as one of several universal forms of worship in these modern times. However, “Science is like any god, any entity with real or imagined power, to be exploited by those with enough power to acquire yet more power,” where authorities mandate to “follow Science”—except for them, in cases where Science does not support their interests and objectives.</p>
NEFARIOUS	<p>NEFARIOUS cannot be good, right, best for life, living and love; indeed not..., but on the contrary, this sinister spirit is cloaked, poised to perfect right, dimming the light as the inversion of good, while turning the truth, trust, on its head.</p> <p>And to those who doubt or disregard or show disgust; to such, NEFARIOUS says,” Sure, they are out there, appearing appalled by my ways but, need I describe them again but as hypocrites that hold to heaven with one hand while dipping the other deep into hell.”</p>
ONEROUS	<p>As the name goes, the ONEROUS are trouble, offensive, oppressive, able to affect the lives of living of many with apparent power or not, acting under such authorities as tyranny, totalitarianism, and technocracy.</p> <p>To accept ONEROUS as anything but wicked and evil is to live in denial—disregarding the greatest threat to creation; and as close as an avowed enemy can be, it operates in every sphere of society, within each and all around them, implanted, insidious, but evasive in and to the detrimental effect(s)—denying</p>



	culpability for wrongdoing while condemning the consciousness and conviction of common citizens and those that refuse to comply.
PLUNDER	<p>As an onerous affect or aftermath, PLUNDER follows, often under the authority of “the law”—though acting beyond it, above it, and beneath it, a myriad of means and methods to abscond everything short of the soul.</p> <p>To suggest that PLUNDER is acting on any but its own interest is simply stupid; at anytime and always, it is sure to act exclusively in and for its own interest under the guise of good intentions, the best interest of some group, and/or the greater good, with a language suitably called legalize, laden with loopholes, designed to assure that the desired end is undeniable, unavoidable—never mind unjust.</p>
QUEER	<p>QUEER to mean anything that is odd, peculiar, bizarre; and as time elapses, becomes more so—though the sense be dulled by relative rather than the absolute—<i>the heat</i> or changes as gradual.</p> <p>QUEER grows in an age of relativism, a veritable variety of norms that in affect render the “abnormal” as irrelevant, unchecked, nonexistent; and more, those that call it, true to form, are themselves made “queer” or worse, are deemed extremists, phobic, intolerant, or finally, enemies of the state.</p>
RAMPANT	<p>And to the meaning, RAMPANT is about scope and speed, quick to act with widespread affect, assuring no chance for <i>the created</i> to sustain an understanding of and reverence to The Creator.</p> <p>Such deception depends on delusion and illusion; false beliefs contrary to actual evidence, and misconception however contrived and acquired.</p>

	<p>RAMPANT works: the woke to rest and sleep; or the otherwise dutiful and diligent to some distraction or diversion; or the rest to aberrance, <i>child's play</i>, delinquent and dissolute in every dimension.</p>
SICKNESS	<p>SICKNESS on a scale never conceived in history, this system depletes much of the population—primarily under the umbrella of modern medicine, and methods of marketing and <i>mass</i> formation—creating a health crisis, then the cure.</p> <p>Laying aside ethics and efficacy, SICKNESS and its secondary affects, along with counteracting protocols, constitute both the actual cause of and alleged cure to crisis that yield profits and opportunities—if just to rid the world of many...</p>
TYRANT	<p>Already noted as onerous, TYRANT comes in many forms—though always sure to rule with <i>an iron fist, a long arm, a heavy hand</i>, unmerciful, indomitable, and undermining of all things good, right, and true.</p> <p>And yet TYRANT does not always act overtly, ostentatiously, or ostensibly, but works the crowd covertly; coy and clever, birthed out of crisis and born into opportunity, to arise, rule, and reign at the will of many mistakenly believing the best, overlooking the overtures of oppression, dictatorship, despotism.</p>
UNDOING	<p>As they who rob from the poor and powerless to reward the affluent and powerful, UNDOING is a master at the art of thievery, appearing at the least as harmless and at best as helpful—though hopelessly untrustworthy, a wolf in every way.</p> <p>Adding to “the art” is a partnership with PLUNDER wherein they presumed to be protecting the powerless are in practice the opposite, always stealing more than they need and often, if not</p>

	<p>always, taking everything that they desire without conviction let alone a charge—all allegations easily dismissed, disregarded, discharged.</p>
VICE	<p>VICE is again to the meaning, masked with the ability to change form (as MOON and TYRANT among others); first as all things bad and evil, but then inverted to appear as the opposite, not only turning what is good but what is right, the right way to live and the right way to act.</p> <p>VICE may be <i>given some rope</i> however, as some might hold that underneath destructive and deadly habits, there is something genuine, even love. But <i>the waters are moving...</i> faster, the banks and shoals swelling if not by reality than by that touching, using bad habits to diminish life, living, and love.</p>
WORSHIP	<p>When The Creator becomes everything, there is none real or true, but only myth, fantasy, and fairy tales. Enter WORSHIP as they who play the part and they who play along, basking in the blessedness deserved or earned, notwithstanding VICE among all other unvirtuous, uncaring, undoing and undone.</p> <p>“Unite US, not just here but all about the world, into one,” says WORSHIP.</p> <p>WORSHIP speaks with a confidence though not becoming of the light, but is misleading and full of lies, prowling about like a lion, preying on those unable to see the way, to hear the truth, to comprehend real life eternal.</p> <p>“Any who deny my claims and fame are heretics,” WORSHIP charges, “and deserve to perish in the fire.”</p>
X-ED	<p>X-ED as to eliminate, to cancel and to kill, if just the spirit if not the soul; yes, a decline that is mathematically not linear but is exponential, velocity</p>

	<p>with ever rising rates of change.</p> <p>X-ED are they that are dead in the body but drifting about in some spirit. And though they be ghosts of some kind, still, they have a story of what happened, how they died untimely deaths, who killed them—and why. Perhaps it was PLUNDER, or maybe SICKNESS, or the acts of TYRANT, but their story is for legend as well as life, living and love everlasting.</p>
YAWN	<p>YAWN represents many that are young or younger and, given generational changes in society, are comparatively compliant, commonly cowardly, incurably self-indulgent—given decades of formal training and preparation—directed to convenience over sacrifice coupled with a sense of entitlement as no other here, before, or after.</p> <p>Delayed in development or otherwise, YAWN suffers from self-inflicted psychosis, seeing self as the center of all things—all others a servant if not slave to be discharged, disposed, and disdained for any reason or no reason at all, if just for boredom.</p>
ZOMBIE	<p>The landing or onslaught of ZOMBIE is something not surprising (given on the media, hype, and other coverage). Who is surprised by <i>the living dead</i>, X-ED or by any other designation, description, and decay, a deadened and deadly lot?</p> <p>Then there is ZOMBIE who goes beyond our wildest fantasy or fictional description, having a reflection not too unlike any lulled or dulled into brainlessness, carelessness, craziness, and callousness, their heart and mind taken away or taken over, and all that is left is nihilism if not cannibalism.</p>

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