

back and wash their hands of her, at least publicly. Both Iran and North Korea were forced to surrender and US forces went into Iran to cleanse it of the former regime at gunpoint. It would not go into North Korea, however. Instead it let the South Koreans do that job and only a few US advisors ever went north of the old DMZ (Demilitarized Zone) that separated North and South Korea. US planners surely knew what an ugly scene that would have been, but I'm sure their decision was purely pragmatic; it took all their fighting forces to take on Iran and then Saudi Arabia. As it was the US had a hard time subjugating those nations, and the fighting still wasn't completely over.

All that this fighting and forced regime changes had accomplished was to create a huge and growing pile of corpses. In many ways the Middle East was even more dangerous after the war than before it. The nuclear precedent set by the US also put Pakistan and India on edge. These longtime rivals were at each others' throats. Even Russia and China were flexing their muscles. China went after Taiwan and Russia put nuclear warheads into orbit as part of a new space-based deterrent to US imperial aggression. However Russia pledged to use its nukes only in self defence--yeah, right, as if I believed them.

Theologians were divided into two camps. The repent-for-the-end-is-near camp and the bend-over-and-kiss-the-government's-ass camp. In this latter group were the neo-cons and their false prophets who tickled the ears of the public with the promise of peace and security the American way. To them all the disturbances were but minor obstacles thrown out

by hatemongers and terrorists in a last ditch effort to stop the inevitable Pax Americana empire that would rule forever. These are the ones who wanted everyone to enjoy the benefits of American style freedom and be microchipped in their right hand or forehead. The New World Order was their holy grail and they were willing to kill as many as necessary to get it. Their doctrine mandated that human beings be commodified, subjugated, and controlled. Only then would they be at liberty to further their unholy mission, with the power of the merchants employed to insure that no one without the bar code, RFID chip implant or whatever new gizmo they would come up with, would be allowed to buy or sell, thus enabling the monitoring and control of all.

The opposite side of this was the ministers who preached repentance like modern day John the Baptists. They understood what was happening and, like David, they stood against Goliath. There is a time for everything, a time for peace and a time for war. These were not days of peace and fair skies but rather of war, thunder, and darkness. The whirlwind was coming and it was their own fault. Too long had the earth been abused and polluted, too long had the tears of the oppressed fallen. New York City is host to the United Nations world headquarters. The Great City that has a kingdom over the kings of the earth. She was as a queen with a crown upon her head. Look at the old pictures of the Statue of Liberty, she wears a crown with seven spikes and stands upon the waters.

Those with wisdom got out of New York City, even if it meant leaving everything behind. Those street preachers

with the signs about repenting for the end is near, they had already left. I wonder if they had dreams or something; they had left even before the Kansas thing and the videos. Hardly anyone paid attention to those long-haired, crazy-looking guys, but they knew, and they'd left town days earlier. It was only afterwards that people started thinking and realized that prophets had been among them all along. I don't know if New York City was the final Harlot Babylon or just a precursor to it, but either way it was destroyed in a single hour.

This next part of the story is disputed by government supporters but generally understood to be true. The special forces found the bomb and tried to disarm it. I'm sure they had their best-trained specialist at work, but they'd been warned "Any attempt to disarm will result in immediate detonation". On day two and a half of the exodus a thermonuclear bomb of at least one megaton size vaporized New York City. I fully believe that the bomb was triggered by the government while trying to disarm it. If they hadn't messed with it then there would have been half a day more to get people out. Many died who could have been saved, but the government decided to take the risk.

In fairness, though, everyone who really wanted to leave could have done so in two and a half days, even if they had to walk their way out. Most of those who died were there either because they refused to leave or were busy emptying out their warehouses of valuables. Those merchants who stayed behind thought they could beat the clock and still save their wealth. I wonder what their last thoughts were

while standing with a Picasso or Rembrandt in hand as that brilliant white light flashed. Did they think about the painting or their own lives?

As for the survivors who had heeded the warning, their woes were just beginning. Some thirteen million or so people had just been made homeless and unemployed. Meeting their daily needs would bankrupt what was left of the system. Emergency triage was used to salvage bits and pieces of the empire. Areas that were too difficult or costly to maintain were abandoned by the government. These became the first Free Zones for refugees from the police state. One of these zones was centered around Kansas and radiated out four hundred miles, the same area affected days earlier by the electromagnetic pulse. This area included Nebraska. Rayhab and I decided it was time to go home.

By then we figured it was probably okay to stop running for awhile. The whole judge thing had run its course, and with bigger problems to deal with I didn't think the government would waste further resources on judge retribution. The Free Zone was far from safe, but at least one had a fighting chance there. I would rather fight off a handful of thugs than a standing army. In worst case, the thugs will rob, rape, and kill. But the government will want to do that and microchip you as well with the Mark of the Beast. The Free Zone was free because the government was running out of resources to control it. It takes gas to drive police cars around, electricity for buildings, money to pay wages, and a thousand other things. This strategic retreat was done out of necessity, the same necessity that forced the

decommissioning of aircraft carriers. No money, no weapons-- this had been part of our goal from the beginning. It saddened me to see so much collateral damage, but there was no viable alternative. My dumb-ass fellow Americans knew their leaders were liars and hell-bent for war, yet they continued to pay taxes and vote for those good-for-nothing men.

If only people had been paying closer attention, if only people had taken a stand earlier, then it wouldn't have come down to this. If only people had loved their neighbors and not snitched them out to Big Brother, then the world would be a better place to live. There were so many heart breaking if-onlys. Mankind had the potential of doing so much good, but instead used knowledge for evil. One of the biggest if-onlys of all did come true, though, and the world was watching. What if the US empire ever became weak and vulnerable? What would the victims of US aggression do if they only had a chance to strike back?

Threats, accusations and counter-accusations flew. The president of the US wanted blood and lots of it. Not too many had been killed by the nukes, but huge amounts of physical damage had been done. New York City and surrounding areas were gone, but the fallout cloud had drifted out to sea on the wind and was not a problem. Someone had to pay and the president decided to nuke Libya, Sudan, and Egypt in retaliation. I don't know why; Egypt was an ally of the US and Libya had nothing to do with the attack. The people in Sudan live in mud huts; what possible threat could they be? None of that seemed to matter, though, to the Commander-in-

Chief who was both enraged and drunk on his own power.

I don't know what he did, but somehow he instigated Pakistan and India to go off on each other. The nukes over there started flying and cities started melting. About eighty nuclear warheads went off and both countries were left in ashes. These events were not well received by China and Russia, or any other country, for that matter. The lunatic in the White House was not finished yet; more plans were in the works. He was determined to push the world into Armageddon. Then, like a light switch turning on, the whole world turned against the U.S.A.

After so many decades of provocation, things were finally turning around. Like a fish with a hook in its mouth, Russia, China, Iran, Libya, Ethiopia and their friends finally decided to go on the offensive. They didn't really want to, but after seeing for so long what was happening it finally became clear that action must be taken. So they plotted plots and schemed schemes. The forces were gathered and the trumpet blown. Attacks against US bases overseas hit like dominoes falling in a row. Nuclear forces were not used by Russia or China. They decided to keep things conventional. Once these nuclear powers joined the fight, the US was also forced to keep things conventional or risk worldwide extinction. The US had military forces in over 100 countries; these were targeted first. The fighting was intense, and each day new reports of US losses came back. Little by little the allies were advancing.

In Japan the bases fell to Chinese and Russian forces. The Japanese decided to switch sides and set their

faces against Uncle Sam. I suppose old memories of Hiroshima and Nagasaki had something to do with their change of heart. One just doesn't forget getting nuked like that, especially when it wasn't necessary. Japan was ready to surrender back in World War Two, but President Truman wouldn't have it until Japan received some serious payback. Those atom bombs were not for ending the war but for vengeance, and to intimidate the Russians. The Japanese are, however, very practical people. They were losing, so they surrendered. Now the US was losing, so the Japanese switched sides. It was all very logical and Japan was spared further harm. They even got a chance to help attack Pearl Harbor again.

In Germany, US bases were abandoned after the Germans themselves started attacking American forces there. At first they threw rotten food at soldiers and erected barricades around the bases. They shut off the fuel, water, and electricity. After a few punitive raids by US forces left German civilians dead, the Germans responded with snipers. Germany told the US to leave, and if they did not, then appropriate measures would be taken to protect German sovereignty. When the Americans would not stand down, the snipers started kneecapping any armed soldier within rifle range. After enough soldiers had their knees shot off the US pulled out and Germany signed a friendship agreement with Russia. This time, however, Germany honored its treaty with Russia without back-stabbing. They had learned the hard way what the Bear could do back in World War Two.

Across the Middle East and Africa US forces came under continuous attack, but many of these attacks were less

than effective. Notice to Arabs: Don't run out with an AK-47 in front of a tank. It just does not work like in the movies. Tank kills you and keeps on rolling. The Arabs have a lot of courage but they often lack common sense when engaging an opponent with better training and armor. Faith will not stop a bullet; it may save you in the afterlife, but in this world, you're going to die. Even with heavy losses on the indigenous side, the US forces were by attrition starting to lose. A soldier here, a dozen there, it added up after awhile. It took some time but eventually US forces were made to retreat back home, where they belonged in the first place. This all happened over about a year's time.

Rayhab and I found a nice little place by a lake and planted a vegetable garden. She got sick real bad for awhile and I thought I might lose her. She recovered after awhile, but never quite got her old vitality back. I needed to take special care of her from then on. We stayed at home more often and only went out during fair weather. She was such an energetic person who lived life to the full; she did not like being house-bound so much. To cheer her up on her birthday we took a little trip and went hunting Blackhawks.

In several spots the Free Zone had railroad tracks and major highways that were still being used by government forces. Armed convoys would do daylight runs down these corridors. Blackhawk helicopters would sometimes fly around and shoot at anyone near the road or tracks. This was mostly done for fun and for shooting practice. At that time no one was attacking the convoys; see, we Americans are smart enough not to attack armored vehicles. So the Blackhawks were really

there for intimidation purposes. The government was enraged, that people were living free under their noses. There was a spot maybe thirty miles from home where helicopters would fly over as a short cut on their way back to base. We got a few of the old SA-7 missiles out and waited.

It was like duck hunting. We had a blind set up and then set the decoy to lure one in. About a mile away an abandoned car was set on fire and the smoke rose high in the clear, still air. Sure enough it didn't take long before along came a whirlybird. It circled like a duck before landing, only we didn't give it a chance to touch down. With missiles at our shoulders we fired, Rayhab first, then a second later I let one off. Our little fireflies streaked toward the heat of the Blackhawks' turbine engine exhaust. Rayhab's missile hit; mine missed, but I was glad for her. It was, after all, her birthday. She was so happy. I could tell she wanted to jump up and down, but instead she just smiled and gave me a hug. The Blackhawk burst into flames and crashed with a satisfying "BANG".

For a while the helicopters stayed away, but once they started to come back Rayhab would get an itch to go hunting. Originally the SA-7s were meant for other purposes, but plans changed. Somethings we wanted to do we never got around to. Rayhab eventually used the missiles for recreational hunting of helicopters. We also had some battlefield rockets that we never got around to using, so I ended up trading them away to some other resistance fighters. It was a fair deal and we got some weapons and supplies that we needed. I had wanted to hit an oil refinery or two with

those battlefield rockets, but we were tired and decided to pass the torch on to others more able. I did hear later, though, that a refinery complex in Texas was attacked and burned by a barrage of rockets. The rockets were launched from the bed of a pickup truck that had steel tubes welded in rows and elevated for range. I like to think we had something to do with that. Maybe our rockets got put to use after all.

There was a massive earthquake out west which pretty much destroyed the entire west coast. It reached from Mexico City to British Columbia in Canada. The San Andreas went, then other faults went, each seeming to trigger the next until the whole west coast was reduced to smoking rubble. San Francisco got hit so bad that there were few survivors. Afterwards a series of large tsunamis came and swept away more from the Gay Bay. Los Angeles and San Diego were also tsunami struck. The giant waves took more lives than the earthquake itself. Large areas of the west coast had to be abandoned. These areas became new Free Zones to which refugees from oppression could flee for sanctuary. Here and there the refugees made do as best they could. Even in cities reduced to rubble there could be found pockets of civilization. For some reason--perhaps the ground composition or construction material of a building--a structure would stand upright with little damage while those around it were destroyed.

Scavengers would sift through the ruins for food or clothing. There was a surprising amount of usable items that had been left behind. Those who chose to take the mark upon their hand had left for the secured cities where there was

food and water, gasoline and electricity. The badlands were no place for those who followed the beast. So the land that was rejected became home to the saints of the latter days. The believers could not live openly in a secured city, for it was too dangerous. Death squads patrolled regularly, seeking those who had not been registered. Outside the cities and the control zones one had a chance to survive. Rayhab and I lived inside a Free Zone that had been carved out by the Kansas nuke and its electromagnetic pulse, but things rarely stay the same for long.

The California quake and the others triggered by it had sent a new wave of survivors packing for a new place to live. The big circle around Kansas was not physically destroyed. It was only the electronic stuff that had been damaged. To handle so many displaced persons the government started to retake parts of the Kansas Free Zone. Money and resources were in short supply, so a large military campaign was ruled out. A cheaper alternative was decided upon. Poison gas was dispersed into a target area, then a few days were allowed to pass. Next, the soldiers would escort in several thousand law-abiding registered citizens to reclaim the land. Then the soldiers would leave; resources could not be wasted to continuously protect the settlers. Rayhab and I knew things were going to get worst before they got better. Fighting between the new settlers and the refugees of the Free Zone began almost immediately.

Most settlers were poor and had few remaining possessions, having lost everything in the Big Quake. It could be easy to feel sorry for them. After what they had

gone through. However, these new arrivals did not come in peace. They took what they wanted and killed anyone who got in their way. Many bad things were done by the settlers. Even so I found it difficult to hate them; in many ways they were similar to the refugees, except that they had chosen the other side. They had chosen to put their faith in the old system. Old and young, free and slaves, they had all taken a side and were now determined to stay the course. I suppose that made sense, because anyone who took the mark was damned anyway. A point of no return had been passed and they knew it. I saw it in their faces--right before I shot them.

In these times of tribulation, plows were turned into swords and pruning hooks into spears. The resistance fighters were caught between a rock and a hard place. The only places left to us were the mountains and the wastelands, and then the settlers started incursions into those as well. Not all the settlers were poor and desperate; some were well-armed and wealthy. I guess they saw an opportunity to take some land and went for it. They were able to buy heavy armor and weapons. Mercenaries could be hired for the right price and the Free Zone became a free-fire zone. I took up arms and fought with other brothers in the resistance. Together we would go on search and destroy missions against the enemy. My rifle of choice was an FN-FAL in 7.62 X 51mm. I picked this gun because of the gas-block valve. With a turn of the valve I could stop the gas from cycling the action on the rifle. This was important to me because I used a silencer on it and sometimes I didn't want the extra sound of the bolt cycling and ejecting a shell casing. We were snipers, not shock

troopers; stealth was as much our weapon as the guns we carried.

During this time I did some things that I am not proud of. I'm not even sure they were necessary, but at the time they seemed like a good idea. I tortured some people. A few soldiers, a couple of commanding officers, and a handful of settlers. Sometimes useful information was obtained which then saved lives. Other times I was just having a bad day and needed to vent some. I did try to exercise restraint, though. Once I put the screws to someone hard I would not make them suffer more than one hour before ending their misery. Torture is a strange thing; information gained can be useful or totally useless. There was little way of knowing which until someone goes and verifies it, if that's even possible. I found no correlation between outside appearance and how one would hold up under torture.

This one big, tough, short-haired captain acted like he was something special. But after just ten minutes of skinning him slowly he was singing like a canary. This piece of shit told in detail about how Christians were being beheaded for refusing the RFID chip in their hands. This tough guy had been in command of a military police (MP) unit deployed into the Free Zone to round up and interrogate resisters. Problem was, the big dummy got lost because he read the road signs. We resister folk had long ago changed the road signs around so as to confuse the enemy. He was on an intelligence mission of low priority. Local deputies from among the settlers were to join up with him and show him around. It was on the way there that he got lost. We shot him

and the other soldiers with him. We figured the job was done, but discovered he was still alive when we came to strip him for supplies. He had a ceramic trauma plate attached to his body armor. The bullet had been stopped by the plate and he was lying there playing possum with the wind knocked out of him. The heavy .30 cal. bullet had knocked him over hard and left him laid out in the open. With no cover around and the other soldiers dead he decided to lie there and not move. Maybe he thought we would go away or turn our backs long enough to give him a chance. So Big Boy thought he could be sneaky by holding his breath so I wouldn't see him breathe. That worked for a little while, but when he couldn't hold it anymore he gasped, and found himself on the wrong end of a barrel.

I suppose that my little story is part confession of my sins. As I describe my encounter with the soldier a prayer comes to mind: Dear heavenly Father, please forgive me for my sins. I liked torturing that man to death. I delighted in his pain and kind of got turned on by it. I tried to torture him more than one hour but the putz up and died on me anyway. My heart was so full of hate. I never before had such intense hatred as I felt that day toward that man. Please, Heavenly Father, cleanse me of my transgressions and take such hate from my heart. I ask in the name of the Father, Son, and the Holy Spirit; please make it so.

I kept on killing, though; after all, I am what I am. There was a war going on and I still had work to do. The allied forces had not yet attacked the continental US and no nuclear weapons had been used so far in that war. It was,

however, understood that an invasion of the US homeland would result in total weapons deployment. So the Russians, Chinese, and their friends dug in and laid siege. Some still hoped for a diplomatic solution, but I knew from scriptures how this was going to end. Rayhab and I decided to head for the hills. We still had the map with the landmines marked on it and Oregon sounded kind of nice. Before we left, though, I taught all my dirty tricks to my brothers and sisters in arms. Some say knowledge is power. If that's so then we juiced up the local resistance and gave them something to run their motors on. Here are a few tidbits that I shared with them in addition to what I already recorded.

MPTP is a good one to remember. Its technical name is quite long and difficult for me to pronounce: (1,2,3,6-Tetrahydro-1-methyl-4-phenylpyridine). At least that's one way of saying it; to me it was simpler to remember it as MPTP. It is the most insidious chemical I know of and that's why I love to get naughty with it. Some things I have to admire for their functional beauty, simplicity, destructiveness, and ruthlessness; MPTP is all of these. It is an organic free base that's somewhat stable in air, water, and light. So this molecule has a reasonably good shelf life. Other chemicals like sarin will break down in air, water, or sunlight and thus are not so easy to use. Sarin nerve gas is also very quick, so detection becomes a problem as well. MPTP however is slow enough to be used and not be detected right away. Usually it takes about three days for full effects to become manifest. What makes MPTP so insidious is that it does not kill like sarin or other toxins, instead it cripples.

Remember how some federal agents got banded and lost their arms and legs? Well, this chemical goes further than that. When introduced to the body the MPTP will go to specific cells in the brain and lock onto the receptor sites for dopamine. Once there it won't come off and makes a plug that stops dopamine from entering the cell. Without this neurotransmitter the cell will die after a few days. But it only affects the brain-to-muscle nerve cells. The effect is like cutting a puppet's strings. The person is alive and fully conscious but cannot move a muscle in their body. Because this process only affects some nerve cells and leaves the rest of the body alone, very little is needed to finish the job on someone. A full dosage of pure MPTP is so small it would look like a speck of dust. It would work best if injected, but it could also be inhaled, ingested, or transdermally absorbed. The effects are lifelong and directly proportional to the dosage received. Get half a dose, get half your neurotransmitting cells wiped out.

Sometimes the best things happen by accident. The chemical MPTP was an accidental byproduct produced while making the synthetic opiate Demerol. This was not a pharmaceutical company's mistake but rather some home drug cooker's. The direct result of their accident was a number of paralyzed drug addicts who had gotten high with bad dope. This is how the effects of MPTP first became known. Later, researchers made pure MPTP so they could simulate Parkinson's disease in animals. They would damage the nervous system of primates, then try different treatments to cure them. For researchers it was convenient to be able to make Parkinson's

at will and with control over the exact amount of damage done. Otherwise it would be difficult to find chimpanzees with the right disease at just the right stage. Knowledge can be a double-edged sword, and in a time of war we weren't going to hold back.

Instructions for making MPTP are out there and anyone capable enough to make it can surely find the formula, so I'm not going to go through it step by step. However, I do strongly give this caution: full bio-hazard protective suits are necessary on the last two steps of production. Before then it's not active and you could do it in the kitchen. But the last steps should be done away from anything that could be contaminated. This is not something that one walks away from if there's an accident. In its final form it will be a oily liquid but it can also be converted to a dry powder. Even one single speck left around could be permanently life altering. Be careful. There is no antidote and the only treatment that might possibly work is stem cell replacement, and at that time it was still not available. Try to remember that the original method was discovered by accident when making synthetic drugs and the MPTP content was very small. The true formula is for making pure MPTP intentionally, not by accident. The final product will be very dangerous. Think of it as a weapon of mass paralyses. WMD's are different from WMD's. They won't kill but the targets will wish they were dead.

Methods of delivery could vary, but I liked large effects. For my students vocational project there would be 30,000 mail-order catalogs printed up with a pre-paid self-

addressed return envelope included. The glue strip of glue on the back of the envelope would be doped with a thin layer of MPTP. Delivery would be accomplished with a lick of the tongue. Now of course not everyone responds to junk mail and even those that do don't always lick the glue strip to seal the envelope. This means there would be a less than 100% efficiency rate, but if even 10% got lucky and won the prize then I would consider that a success. To improve efficiency we cloned real catalogs from law enforcement suppliers. Cops love these kinds of catalogs with the newest in handcuffs, Tazers, and ammo. These were exact clones of the originals, so that any inquires made on products would go straight to the real company. Timing however was important; we had to send the clones out within a week or two of the originals. That way no one would snap to what was going on. We made an assembly line and cranked out our special envelopes in volume.

Templates with cutouts following the shape of the glue strip were made. Airless sprayers were filled with an aqueous solution containing MPTP and the appropriate type of glue. The envelope was inserted under the template and sprayed, then removed to air dry. All of this was done inside a sealed fume box and the operator used a bio-hazard suit for secondary protection. After this whole process was completed the area used to do it was burned as a precaution against accidents. We were careful and none of the students got hurt, but to tell the truth, good luck had a lot to do with that. This stuff is so dangerous that I recommend only experienced persons try using MPTP. Do a risk versus benefit analysis:

Are you willing to risk sacrificing yourself in order to carry on the fight? If you are then I would recommend using it; if not, then stay away from MPTP!

Envelopes were only one method of delivery; with imagination other variations were possible. Like dumping fine powdered MPTP into packages and mailing them. This was sort of like the Anthrax thing, but for an important difference. Radiation can kill Anthrax spores but not MPTP. It's not alive, so it can't be killed. Besides, the molecule is fairly sturdy and can make it through most mail sterilizing procedures.

It drove those swine crazy when their buildings got contaminated with bio-chemical agents. Sometimes they would clean a building and come back only to find out the hard way that they had missed some. Another method was dumping some down vehicle air vents. When the fan turned on the whole vehicle became a gas chamber of fine particals. There were spies who had access to food preparations and could poison many government agents. One I had heard of individually cotton-swabbed the lids of soda cans that were then delivered to a federal building. Thousands fell into persistent vegetable-like states, unable to move or talk. They couldn't blink an eye, but if they were hooked up to a brain wave monitor they seemed to have full higher function. These lucky people got an early admission to hell.

The resistance fighters that I tutored had resources of their own to carry out those attacks. My role was mostly instructional and therefore more passive than direct on those operations. I did hear of a few accidents by others who were

not as cautious. For those fellow fighters who fell, my prayers are with you and I hope someone cared enough to put you out of your misery. I had told Rayhab that if an accident happened to me with that stuff, to please shoot me. She understood and said she would, if it came to that. It never did, but I'm glad she respected me enough that she would do as I asked. I had a few more projects to show and tell and the next one was directly fatal.

Ricin is a natural and deadly toxin found inside the beans of the castor plant. This plant is also the source for castor oil. The oil is used in two cycle engines as a fuel additive to provide lubrication. Another use is as a laxative. Castor oil is not toxic at all, but the fibers inside the bean are. In those fibers is Ricin, a protein that metabolizes when introduced into the body. It attacks other proteins in the blood and tissues. Death usually takes several days and is very painful. First symptoms are similar to the onset of the flu and can easily be misdiagnosed as such. However the persons condition will worsen and bleeding from orifices is common. There are no cures and it is very difficult to detect in a laboratory. The human body had untold tens of thousands of different proteins and finding Ricin among all the others is exceptionally hard. Only a few weapons labs in the world and maybe the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta can detect it. Ricin is a poor man's weapon of mass destruction, and it only takes a tiny amount to kill, whether it is inhaled in a fine dust or otherwise administered. The trick is how to extract it from the bean and refine it into a more pure form.

We started with a bunch of castor beans. If one is not familiar with them it's best to get a botany book and look up *ricinus communis*, which is the scientific name for the castor plant. It is sometimes used as a decorative houseplant but it does grow wild in the warm southern parts of the US. The beans are contained in a red spiked seedpod and need to be removed. There are some variations but the beans are usually about an inch long and maybe a quarter inch in diameter. They are dark brown with a little red and are quite hard. Castor beans are used in jewelry like necklaces; in fact, rosary beads are sometimes made with them.

Taking the beans, we ground them up with a hand-operated meat grinder. The beans are so tough that a regular blender would probably not work. These ground up beans were then soaked in pure isopropyl alcohol. Later, after soaking a bit, the wet pulp was put in cheese cloth and squeezed to remove the alcohol. This process was repeated again with fresh alcohol, the purpose being to dissolve and remove the oil from the bean pulp. Now the pulp is laid out to dry on a cookie sheet or something like that. When this step is completed one should have about 30%-40% ricin content in the dry bean fibers. Remember during this part to use pure (99.9%) isopropyl alcohol. The ricin will not dissolve in alcohol but will dissolve in water. If 90% alcohol is used then some ricin will dissolve in the 10% water contained in solution with the alcohol.

Now take the dried pulp and put it through a coffee grinder to turn it to fine flakes. Be careful--this stuff is dangerous with little dry particles floating around. If you

inhale some you might as well say your last prayers because you are most likely going to die. Moving on now, take the powder and add hot distilled water in a pot and allow to soak. After awhile the water will dissolve the ricin from the cellulose fibers of the bean dust. Now pour off the castor bean tea through a coffee filter. Save the liquid and throw away the bean dust. The water-ricin solution can now be evaporated and only the pure ricin will be left. This will be around 95% pure and is very potent stuff.

Many of the same delivery methods used with MPTP can also be used with ricin, so use your imagination. One variant used a grease-like paste which could be applied to door handles. This was not actual grease, but rather a homemade concoction. We started with dimethyl sulfide (DMSO), which is a strong solvent and a penetrator of the transdurmatal barrier. This stuff goes right through the skin and takes with it whatever is dissolved in it. Next, ricin was mixed in to the DMSO and then hand cream for thickness. Lastly, powdered graphite was added so it would look like black grease. This lethal mixture needed to be made fresh and kept sealed until use because DMSO tends to evaporate over time. Once finished with their lab chores the students could go out to play.

Ricin is a hit or miss thing because if an insufficient amount is delivered, then the target may recover from the poison. With MPTP an insufficient amount will still leave them in a wheelchair and talking funny. I preferred the MPTP, but ricin was easier to get. For a field trip the resistance went around doing door handles of vehicles and buildings that were used by government forces.

There were other substances that could be used but I stayed with those two. The other nasties capable of causing serious harm included botulin toxin known for causing botulism, tetrodotoxin from certain sea critters, and fungus toxin from the amanita death cap mushroom. In their refined forms each of these was extremely lethal, even in small doses. These were among the bits of knowledge I shared with my students to give them a head start on the learning curve.

A few other odd things happening around that time included the successful assassination of the president by means of a novel weapon. I say successful because there was an earlier attempt that failed. The first attempt was in itself quite interesting in its conception. It began with the natural death by diabetes complications of the wife of one of the president's close friends. Nothing exceptional. The president did not attend the funeral, and there was little security. Later on that night, someone dug up the coffin and replaced it with nearly a ton of explosives, then returned the grave to its original state. A few months later the president's friend got gunned down during a savage carjacking--at least that's what it looked like at the time. The funeral arrangement were set and burial would take place at the adjoining grave plot, long reserved for the husband. The president was expected to attend the services but was called away on urgent business at the last minute. The first lady attended in his place and was promptly blown to pieces when she approached the grave. Also killed were the secret service detail and other mourners who had come to pay their last respects.

I can only guess that some kind of radio receiver buried with the charge and an antenna along the underside of the turf was used. A large telescope or a remote camera would have provided visual conformation of target proximity. I thought it showed creativity and initiative. The secret service is usually careful about such things, so I suspect some precautions were taken when setting such a charge, like sealing the explosives in double or triple vacuum-sealed bags, in order to prevent dogs from smelling the explosives. Also the electronic stuff would be receive-only, so as not to transmit any energy that could be detected. Possibly a few lead sheets in case of some kind of ground penetrating X-ray machine. I'm not sure, though, if that would be necessary, because coffins are often put in buried concrete liners topped with a concrete lid. That alone, plus the six feet of dirt, might have been enough to block the ground X-ray.

There was also the possibility that the security detail was less than diligent in their job because the president himself would not be attending. The first lady had become rather difficult towards her end and security was not trilled by her more recent antics; denouncing her husband's policies in public had divided the nation further. I kind of wonder if maybe the president had her offed, and had it look like a botched assassination attempt against himself. The commander-in-chief did enjoy a sudden rise in the polls afterwards, and without the misbehaving old lady around he could now enjoy some young slutty interns. I hope he lived it up in the "oval" office while he could, because fifty one days later he was dead.

The president was assassinated by trash bags. At least that's how I like to remember that piece of garbage meeting his end. Later investigation revealed that a number of large plastic trash bags had been filled with a buoyant gas, like helium or hydrogen, then clustered together and a small payload attached. Suspended by strings from the clusters was a fleet of dart-like gliders, packed with explosives. Some kind of gps autopilot was on board to guide the gliders to their target. At the appropriate time they all detached and fell like hail from heaven.

The president was attending a conference of business leaders when the building was hit by twenty little gliding bombs. Each impacted and exploded on the roof of the conference hall, again and again. This all happened in seconds and the resulting damage caused parts of the roof to collapse. A piece of steel girder that fell impaled the president like a pig on a rotisserie. The man who shafted others was himself shafted. Collateral damage included bankers and ceo's of major corporations. The head of a certain Texas-based corporation was also killed. A large piece of concrete squashed his little head. Small aerial drones then came into vogue and attacks continued.

Some years back I remember reading an article about a hobbyist who built a small model airplane that flew across the Atlantic ocean. It only had a wing span of five or six feet and a .61 cubic inch engine that ran on kerosene. The airplane had an autopilot and gps guidance, which helped fly it across the ocean autonomously. This same idea was latter used by drug smugglers to carry a kilo or two over borders.

The plane would airdrop the drugs on command, then turn around and go back across the border.

The resistance had started to use the same idea. These mini-cruise missiles were difficult to detect and stop. Not much would work well against the small planes. Anti-aircraft missiles would be a waste of money, plus they couldn't home in on such small, low flying targets unless they were fired from above. That would mean flying a fighter after a model plane and those Air Force boys had too much pride for that. The only other thing that worked was flying along side in a helicopter and blasting them with a shotgun. I thought this was all rather funny, how such a powerful government would run and hide each time a model plane was spotted inbound. Some times its the simple things that work.

The resistance fighters were doctors and plumbers, engineers and hobbyists, mothers and daughters--people of all walks of life who shared a common goal: to survive and to be free. Rayhab and I felt very strongly for our brothers and sisters in arms. It was for them that we had done all that we had. Even in the most difficult of times they had hope, and in death they kept the faith. Though we were outgunned we were stronger, for our strength came from above and we knew in the end we would prevail against the forces of darkness. When we looked at the events unfolding we took comfort in knowing the end of our suffering was near. Rayhab and I headed west to help carry on the fight and find a better place of refuge in the mountains of Oregon.

We were able to find a single-engine composite amphibian airplane with a good bit of range to it. The two-

seat biplane had a pusher engine in back and was fairly small. Glass Goose was the name of this little plane and this one had a Mazda rotary auto engine converted for aircraft use. These homebuilt composite aircraft often had superior performance over production aluminum aircraft like those made by Piper or Cessna. Lighter, stronger, and more aerodynamic, they were the leaders in their field. We would only need one refueling stop along the way. A good word had been put in for us and fuel was waiting when we landed in Nevada.

Normally, flying around during martial law would be extremely dangerous, but we weren't concerned. Solar flares were regularly erupting from the sun now and scientists didn't know why. In the last year the sun had unexpectedly gone into hyperactivity and it seemed to be getting worse. Most of the mega-flares came nowhere near earth but every month or so a big one would swipe by and radio stuff would be jammed. No radar, no problem flying. We had waited for a flare then gone on our merry way. We were in Oregon before radar was back up and working. Hey, when life hands you lemons, make lemonade. It was like musical chairs; as long as the flares lasted one could move about.

The Chinese-Russian allies would surely use this as well as the US. Each flare brought the possibility of a first strike launch that could end life as we know it on earth. This felt like Russian roulette each time the angry sun threw fire at earth. Many repented during this time while others cursed the Creator for their woes. To each their own; most people pretty much see what they want to see. The strikes did not happen like people thought, with a flash and a bang. The

real strike was silent, evil.

I have been avoiding this part because it hurts so much. The real reason for my story was to find a way to cope with the deep sorrow of losing Rayhab. A month after our arrival in Oregon a plague of severe acute respiratory syndrome (SARS) broke out in China. It spread rapidly worldwide, killing the old, young, and weak. The US closed all borders and figured they were safe, but they weren't. It got through somehow and mutated along the way. My beautiful Rayhab was fine one hour, then the next she was sick. Once it hit, she was gone in less than two hours. I wish I had died with her, but I didn't and now I'm here alone without her.

At first the pandemic was thought to be natural because SARS had broken out before. But this time it was faster, deadlier, and much more widespread than before. Some islands escaped unharmed but the rest of the world had no such luck. China alone lost over 100 million lives before it was over. Countries with advanced science tried to find a cure, but it was too little, too late. However Japan, Germany, France and several other developed nations found the genetic code for this SARS virus to be different from the original strain. It had markers from successful gene splicing in it. The plague was synthetic and had been intentionally released. Suspicion immediately fell upon the United States of America, especially because China had been the main target.

China was the backbone of the alliance that had driven the US back, and which now surrounded it. Russia had also taken major losses and now stood significantly weaker

for it. Other nations were nearly wiped out, especially in poor, overcrowded African countries where there was little medical care available for the sick. Those other nations appeared to be innocent bystanders--collateral damage swept up in uncle sam's ruthless attempt to defeat the allies with bio-warfare. The US denied this, but their defence was pretty weak and their credibility was low. It got even lower when a scientist who worked for the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) in Atlanta defected to Canada. This woman had helped make the new SARS for the US military and a vaccine against it. She went public in Canada and was seen on TV around the world. Her motivation was for the vaccine to be released so lives could be saved. She had been promoting that course at the CDC but her superiors would not allow it and the military had taken all supplies of the vaccine. She got as far as making one TV appearance before being gunned down in a drive-by shooting as she left the TV studio.

There was a vaccine and it was given to the US military first, then to registered RFID-chipped citizens. There was none left for anyone else, but it made little difference because SARS had mutated by then. The vaccine was less than effective and only saved a few rather than the many it was intended to. Once Pandora's box had been opened it could not be closed. Rayhab had fallen victim and so had many others in the resistance. The official story from the US was that they had nothing to do with the SARS outbreak and that the vaccine was old stuff developed for the first version of SARS, which unfortunately had little effectiveness against the new strain. As for the crazy woman from the CDC, she was

fired for insubordination and poor work performance. It was suggested that she was suffering from a mental breakdown. No comment was made however about her untimely death by an unknown assailant.

The allied forces were not buying that explanation and neither was the rest of the world. Some 500 million died worldwide because of a rogue nation hell-bent on destruction. For many this act of the US of A was the last straw, but surprisingly no one attacked. The fear of America's nuclear arsenal stopped any direct retaliation. As for US citizens, they had already sold their souls and now stood behind the system, right or wrong. It did not matter what had been done in their name. They did not care. All they wanted was for the illusion to continue; to be told they are great and mighty, that their country is the home of the free and the land of the brave. They desired to be lied to and have their ears tickled with a slick well-oiled tongue, and they did not repent.

Rayhab was gone and I had to go on, but first I had to honor her last request. She told me she didn't want to be buried or cremated but instead to stay as she was as much as possible. The idea of rotting in the ground was unsettling and being burned was contrary to her belief in resurrection. She wanted to be mummified like an Egyptian, but without all the nasty stuff being done to her body. I told her I would take care of it for her somehow, so I did.

I bathed her and rubbed oil on her skin then dressed her in a nice clean dress. I gently put her in a vacuum bag, laid her in a deep freezer, and connected the bag to a vacuum

pump. I let the pump run for two weeks, until Rayhab's remains were totally freeze-dried. All her parts were preserved with the minimum of desecration, so that she would remain much as she was when she died. I sealed the bag, then put another one over, evacuated it, and sealed that one too. Lastly I wrapped three layers of Nylon fabric and liquid polyurethane around her like a mummy. The urethane hardened into a strong, airtight casing, which I meant to protect my love until the last day, when I hoped our Heavenly Father would restore and return my beloved Rayhab.

She loved trees and green grass; the forest was where she wanted to be. I took her into the forest protected by our landmines and there I laid her to rest, in a cave near the base of a hill above a serene pond. Inside the cave I made a raised bed of unhewn natural stones to lay her upon. An alter to my love....she looked better that way, raised up, I couldn't just leave her on the ground. Afterwards I closed up the entrance with rocks and dirt, then some natural sod. I didn't want her tomb disturbed by animals and when I was done it was hard to see anything to suggest an entrance for the cave. My duty was done and my promise honored, but still I had work to do--the fight was not over yet.

Fighting continued as government forces struck against resisters' strongholds in the Cascade mountains. In the thick of the forest, fighting was reduced to sporadic skirmishes and retreats. We fought better by hit and run as we leapfrogged away then back around enemy forces. We used whatever we could to survive. Roots, nuts, and berries supplemented with what meat we could find, which I ate when a

vegetarian diet was unsustainable--I still had a problem with meat after that whole pig-on-a-stick fad. Insects and worms made for good protein, even if they did taste like dirt. These were not the best of times, but we comforted each other with the hope of a better world to come. In times of sorrow a man needs hope to give him strength to make it one more day.

I know I should be a better man, but after all that's happened, I'm a bit psychotic. I found hope in struggle and comfort in combat. Maybe I had a death wish after losing Rayhab, or maybe I just had nothing left to lose. Either way I continued the fight day and night. I felt I would rather die with a gun in my hands and standing on my feet than surrender. Never again would I allow myself to be under the power of the enemy.

I used dirty tricks when fighting. Rigging corpses with explosives worked nice, and so did remote sniping. A rifle would be rigged up with an electronic camera and an X-Y axis servo. Firing would be accomplished with a solenoid on the trigger, and a high-capacity drum would supply plenty of ammo. With the stock removed a simple frame would secure the gun to the ground or a tree. A silencer and camouflage completed the remote controlled sniper. This worked for both remote surveillance and target engagement. By having multiple rifles in different locations, kill-boxes could be made. Often a rifle or two would have no silencer, this was to draw attention away from and to cover the sound of the other silenced rifles. Once enough of the enemy had been picked off we would ambush from the side and force them into fleeing in the direction we wanted, often into improvised mines which

then finished them off. Old nuts, bolts, or rocks would be packed around explosives to make our homemade mines more deadly. If possible we would use claymores but often we were reduced to improvising with what was available.

Now and then we were able to stock up on supplies taken from the enemy. Other times when their supplies weren't needed, we played games with them. Like inserting a bullet that had been reloaded with RDX explosive instead of gunpowder, or changing the fuse train in a grenade to zero delay. Then I would let the swine come to take their dead and retrieve the weapons. When possible, a spy with a handful of bullets could sneak in and sabotage an entire ammo deposit with exploding cartridges. When one of those rounds was fired in a gun the resulting explosion would ruin the gun and blow the bolt back into the soldier's face. Often enough this would either kill or seriously maim the person firing the gun. This not only removed enemy forces from combat but also played head games on the soldiers. Each time one fired their gun they didn't know if it was going to blow up in their face. The grenades that were rigged for zero delay worked even better, it would blow up as soon as it left their hand and kill any other soldiers immediately around.

Now and then I would go into town and get some hunting in. I would wait for the rain to come, which is pretty often in Oregon. Then I would descend from the mountains and seek my quarry. Mayors, soldiers, police, judges, prosecutors and administrators were my targets of choice. For these I would go alone, knowing that what I had planned for the targets would be too much for most to bear. I

would visualize in my mind the house and the rooms in it. Waiting patiently I would determine the number and location of all persons within. Most times I was unable to act because of extra security around these targets. But when conditions were right I would strike fast and hard. A quick shot to the head and the guards would fall quietly from my suppressed FN-FAL rifle. I loved it when there was thunder and lightening; it helped to keep the helicopters and surveillance blimps away and to cover my actions. When I committed to direct action, I went all the way. This was a war of annihilation and no quarter would be given to the enemy.

Anyone who entered a house after I had finished would probably have nightmares for the rest of their life. The insides of the house would look like something out of a bad horror film. Bits and pieces scattered and splattered all about, everything exterminated, including the dog, cat, bird, and fish. To top this off I often left a present behind, booby-trapped to something.

This is scorched earth, this is real war. Long have people forgotten what true warfare is. It is ugly, cruel, and evil--something no one should ever have to see or endure. This is what the government had forced it to come to; centuries of machinations had finally brought it to a head. This was a struggle for the soul of humanity; there could be no mercy.

My only regret was that I didn't start sooner and do more. I'm a sinner, not a saint, and come judgment day I don't know how it's going to go for me. Sometimes I don't even care what happens; after all the sorrow and pain, does

anything even matter anymore? In a world so full of pain, did anyone even care anymore. But then I would think of Rayhab and I would know that someone did care ... that we both did, and that's why we did what we did. Because we cared. When I needed strength, I would go to the hill where Rayhab lay and climb to the top, then sit silently and meditate upon the good and pure. There was hope...there always was hope.

Then came the meteorite showers and things really got freaky. Untold millions of meteorites hit earth in a fireworks display the likes of which mankind had never seen. The space station, satellites, and everything up in orbit got smashed. Many meteorites were large enough to penetrate the atmosphere and hit ground. Forest fires all over the world were ignited and ravaged the land. A third of the trees and all the green vegetation was burned up. The moon was also hit hard and large masses of rock were ejected up and away by the impacts. This material came crashing to earth and caused even more damage. A large rock the size of a mountain fell into the ocean, killing a third of its creatures and destroying a third of the boats on it. All those dead fish caused a bloom of red tide algae which made the water look like blood from a distance. Then came a large piece of sulfur which burned like a bright lamp. With pressure, water, and heat the sulfur turned to sulfuric acid in the atmosphere and rained upon a third of the earth's surface, contaminating a third of the rivers and springs. The acid made the lakes and rivers as poison, so that they could not be drunk. Even after the acid eventually neutralized in the ground, the heavy metals it had dissolved out of the ground, further contaminated the water

with lead, arsenic, mercury, and cadmium.

Volcanos erupted, spewing ash that, along with the smoke from burning trees, darkened the sky worldwide, obscuring a third of the sun and moon. Aircraft could not fly with the ash in the air so thick, and ground vehicles with clogged air filters stopped running. The world shuddered under these punishments, but men did not repent. They saw wonders, and did not believe. They did not WANT to believe.

I believed and I repented, but I don't know what else I could have done--to stand back and do nothing would have been to surrender, or become a silent collaborator. I can not do that. If no one resisted, the Beast would immediately take over. It is only by the grace of God and the resistance of living men and women that it is held back. In the world of flesh and bone it has been those with the courage to fight who have held back the dark forces of tyranny. Now, champions of life, love and freedom fought against the governments of the world; and the abomination of desolation was revealed.

As I write, the allied forces still have not launched their expected invasion, but I believe they will, once the air clears some more. When they come, I will fight them too! World War Three is just a power play among tyrants, no side is right. There is more going on than meets the eye, and I fear the war is just beginning. I go often to Rayhab's tomb now, knowing I may soon be killed or driven from this place. This evening I'll sit with her at sundown. When I return to my camp, if the earth's dark shroud will admit a little moonlight, I'll tell more of our struggle, in the time of the Great Tribulation....

End of text. Due to degradation of the plastic polymers of the compact disk, no further data were recoverable.

About the Author

Douglas Gustafson is a convicted killer serving a life sentence, whose hobbies once included destructive devices and flying. *An Anarchist's Dream* is his first published work, written in the spring of 2005 as commentary on recent and anticipated social and political developments. While it is a product of the author's imagination, it contains many helpful truths, as the careful reader will discern. The author retains copyright, but gives open permission to anyone, anywhere, anytime to disseminate through any medium the text of "*An Anarchist's Dream*". His interest is not in royalties, but in the edification of free readers.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Doug Gustafson". The signature is fluid and cursive, with "Doug" on top and "Gustafson" on the line below, both in a single continuous flow of ink.