

THIS WRITING IS AVAILABLE FOR FREE READING AND/OR DOWNLOAD  
ON PAGE NINETY SIX OF [deanrichardkibbe.net](http://deanrichardkibbe.net) FOR NON-COMMERCIAL USE  
BY HUMANS OR OTHER DUMB ANIMALS...

HIS MOST VIRILE LAZINESS,  
DEAN R. KIBBE,  
KING OF PORT HURON

DEAN-THE LAST MAN ALIVE  
A NOVEL  
by Dean R. Kibbe

INTRODUCTION

This is the text of a short story I started writing several years ago. I have posted earlier versions of this story on blogs I had that are no longer active, as well as on one page of another website of mine, deanrichardkibbe.com, with the version on that site having a few occasional edits. I had planned to add more to the story someday; although, I have mostly just made a few edits, usually minor punctuation or similar corrections. After the latest edit, I decided to make this version Chapter One of a novel, which I might expand and add other chapters to from time to time. I am converting this into a .pdf file so anyone can read it online and/or download and save it for later. This writing may be shared and/or copied free of charge by anyone for non-commercial use.

CHAPTER ONE

It took us a long time to figure out the Earth Humans. They were definitely the strangest of all species we had encountered on the Planet Earth. When we first intercepted their electromagnetic ramblings, through automated reconstruction of difference frequency long waves secondarily produced by their intended electromagnetic transmissions, we couldn't figure out what was accurate and factual, and what was inaccurate and/or fictional. What a mess of information!

The descriptions stated below, of the Earth Humans, and other Earth species, will be written in what the Earth Humans would describe as a thinly veiled fiction story, with many of the actual facts replaced with "Hollywoodized" versions of situations which range from exactly the same, to nothing like the original, with the format being to display rhetorical and/or figurative expressions of the significance of various relevant parameters without being specific enough for the Earth Humans to prove beyond any reasonable doubt that we are indeed different life forms who have traveled to Earth from other parts of The Universe, if they reach such a conclusion...

Most of the masses the size of Earth or larger, with temperatures within the

ranges of those of Venus, Earth, Mars, and Jupiter, and even some not having similar parameter values, had some forms of what Earth Humans would classify as life. Planets similar to Earth were the most likely to have native life forms capable of consciously, (and/or by defensive mechanisms built into said life forms by natural selection), causing harm to individuals of our species, either upon individuals of our species visiting said planet, and/or by inter-universal travel by said life forms, especially when said planet was in the third ring from the nucleus of a solar system. But the Earth Humans were a breed apart...

We had determined the routine trajectory of the planet Earth. We couldn't determine the nature of the native species, because of the knack that Earth Humans had for communications diversions which they commonly referred to as bullshit. We had to check out their solar system in person.

We saddled up a recon and collection crew on a mothership designed especially for that purpose. Although many of the conflicting electromagnetic communications from the Earth Humans seemed to claim interstellar travel by a large variety of species, from a large variety of inter-universal positions and conditions, we eventually determined, from a complete scan analysis, that the only type of transportation devices traveling near any of the identifiably definable locations referred to by communications transmitted by the Earth Humans, (other than the very primitive transportation devices used within the Earth's atmosphere, such as planes, boats, and trains, and devices which carried some type of explosive device, or sometimes apparently nothing at all except the fuel needed to carry a big useless rocket for distances out of naked eye view of Earth Human observers on the ground, at what we would consider a relatively slow, clumsy speed, except perhaps as a large single rocket visual firework display) , were the standard cruiser craft of the Nomads, who were usually only communicating data to us. Every type of spacecraft and space program alleged by the Earth Humans, in their communications, even transmissions seemingly intended for other Earth Humans, had turned out to be a complete hoax. And, even one of the most cherished figureheads of the society built upon alleged honesty and similar ideals by the Earth Humans, turned out to be a complete fake. There was no Santa Claus! The Earth Humans seemed to have a genetic disposition for both deception and gullibility. We had decided on certain possibilities, from the first communications interceptions of the Earth Humans. We wanted to study the culture of the Borg cube. We had determined that the Earth Humans, as a type of third ring life form, were genetically similar to our species; and, they would probably be a genetic possibility for successful hybridization with our species. Unlike the Borg, we were a completely free and voluntary society. But, similar to the Borg Cube, we completely shared our resources. Although we treated everyone equally, we could possibly learn some useful resource management techniques from the Borg society. Perhaps they could learn something from us. The Earth Humans seemed

to have the worst of all worlds built into their society. Their society was totally unequal, with many materialistic and power hungry elements grouping together to conspire to have an unequal share of resources and decision making, at the expense of those who were more oriented towards the needs of their families and friends, without the need to exploit and/or oppress those Earth Humans they were not in a position to provide for. The Earth Humans' idea of freedom was: "You are free to do anything you want, as long as it meets our approval. Otherwise, we will kill you or put you in a cage. ". We had learned, through eavesdropping on their electromagnetic transmissions, that the Borg society was composed of numerous species assimilated involuntarily by the Borg. We had many volunteers for the list of potential breeders, for any arrangements for hybridization made with compatible species, such as Earth Humans.

The Earth humans couldn't even understand gravity, much less interstellar space travel. We thought it was hilarious when we found out they thought gravity was a pull, rather than a push. "Where do they think the handles are?", we laughed. Our entire space travel relied on, among other things, gravitational pilot waves, to keep our spacecraft from being ripped apart violently by the first decent size stone hitting our windshield. The Earth Humans couldn't find the unified field because they were too stupid to see what was right in front of them all the time. We knew we had to never forget that, even though the evidence indicates they could probably be trained, the Earth Humans could never be completely tamed; and, they would always still be wild animals. Could they understand our Gravitational Wave Theory?

I suppose if I was going to try to explain our Gravitational Wave Theory to an Earth Human, I would make an analogy with a balloon floating on a pond. If the water is still, and there is no wind, the shoreline could be lined with people armed with slingshots and small pebbles. Imagine pebbles being fired at the balloon, from every direction at once, from the shoreline around the pond. Some pebbles would miss the balloon and pass by to the opposite side of the pond,(firing horizontally rather than on an angle), or sink into the pond,(with an angled trajectory), and others would strike the balloon and push it in the direction the pebble was headed to. If the number of pebbles that struck the balloon was equal in all directions, the balloon would have a tendency to remain in the same position, but be compressed together more. This could be comparable to a planet in space being bombarded by electromagnetic waves and/or particles equally from all sides, to cause a gravitational push on its surface, and on its interior. Either wave and/or particle theories of the Earth Humans would work, since particles coming from all directions could interweave between each other and/or rebound off of each other in a manner that would balance out in equilibrium from all directions; and, waves could pass through each other like ripples on a pond, combining sum and difference frequencies to produce equilibrium pressure from all directions. If a

second balloon is set on the pond, the pebbles coming from the direction behind the second balloon, as seen from the first balloon, would apply force to the side of the second balloon opposite the side closest to the first, pushing the second balloon towards the first, since few or no pebbles would be coming from the direction of the first balloon. Likewise, the first balloon would be pushed towards the second, for the same reason. This would be the equivalence of two bodies in space being forced towards each other by gravitational waves, the matter of confusion among the Earth Humans seeming to be regarding gravity as a unidirectional pull between two bodies, rather than an omnidirectional push, in which the equilibrium state is changed by absorption of a larger magnitude of gravitational wave energy in one direction, creating a directional energy shadow, by a mass in that position in relationship to another given mass. It can be seen that the larger the mass of either body, the larger the absorption of gravitational wave energy, since less energy will pass through to the opposite side of the mass, whether by wave ripple and/or particle ricochet method of energy conduction. Also the object will shield more energy travel if it is closer to the second object, than it would if it is farther away. Thus, gravity should not be considered as a pull; but, rather, gravity should be recognized as a push. Consider, for a moment, a star and planet relationship between a proton and electron, where a proton is a heavier body surrounded by one or more lighter electrons orbiting around it. On an astronomical scale, gravitational wave orbital displacements would usually seem relatively slow to an Earth Human, because of the spatial magnitude. But, on an electronic scale, a brief spark could be the orbital displacement equivalence of many galactic explosions. Herein is the basis for an understanding of our Gravitational Wave Theory. Of course, that was a limited dimension oversimplification. We figured out one thing about the Earth Humans. If, even within the realm of the very limited range of electromagnetic radiation the Earth Humans were capable of comprehending, the Earth Humans believed the speed of light is a constant, they were intellectually very slow. Even an oversimplified explanation might be difficult for their feeble minds to comprehend. We would soon find out just how stupid the Earth Humans really were. In 127 milliseconds we would be sling-shooting our way to Earth's atmosphere. Let it be...

The flash was really cool. You could tell just by observing the measurements posted by the program that it would have a beautiful spill, as the wave resolution ended after atmospheric entry, placing the mothership into orbit around the planet which is called, by the Earth Humans, in one of their more commonly used languages: Earth. I sat watching the atmospheric orbit resolution through the windshield overlooking the bow of the mothership. The flash was brilliant in every direction. It looked like a big, bright, colorful slice of an Earth rainbow near the mountains around Honolulu. It resembled a lighted sheet of iridescent material glowing in changing color content. The initial burst was dynamic in retinal stimulation, with radiation in the blue, violet, and ultraviolet range being the most

noticeable to me. I loved it. Violet and ultraviolet were what the blue range was all about. It rapidly faded down towards the red, infrared, and far red range, creating a kind of melancholy effect, as it diminished into the darkness of the night on a very strange planet.

After we dropped off squads of rifewomen with the shuttle craft, we carried out a complete recon of the entire planet. We were qualified to perform every format of ground combat, from simple recon patrols, to search and destroy missions; oh, I mean sweep and clear. I was not significantly different from any of the other women in my squad, and/or any of the women in any other of our squads. But, even though we theoretically shared more than ninety per cent of our DNA with the Earth Humans; and, we looked close to identical, within the common range of natural variation, with our clothes on, the entire natural social structure of the Earth Humans, from both a nature and nurture aspect, was totally a threat to every species on the planet, even the Earth Humans themselves. Now it was time for all of our squads to begin debriefing to the program, back on the mothership.

We all agreed with the program's conclusion, as far as fitting our customary guidelines. We determined that potential damage of most of the species on the planet, (although they had a degree of safety risk to other living beings on the planet in many cases), was limited to a balanced natural containment within typical risk assessment parameters. The society of Earth Humans, however, was a total failure in caring for the food and shelter needs of all species, even their own, when the factors making determinations by the program were analyzed. They were an unacceptable risk. Typically, if the life forms on mass surfaces were an unacceptable risk, we would just blast the whole motherfuckin' planet right out of the sky, to state it in a common Earth vernacular format. It was about as significant to most of us as a game of marbles would be to Earth Humans. They would be the marbles. It was like breaking a long engagement because the stone in that ring turned out to be worthless. If they were that fucked up on the third ring, imagine what it could be like if, someday, they actually did have astronauts and spacecraft for real, instead of elaborate hoaxes by United Nations collaborations. But, there was one factor observed in our recon patrols that hadn't been expected: puppies...

We didn't have anything like the status of rank used by Earth Human military units. It didn't mean shit after we got out in the bush anyway. We used squad names that had some type of literal meaning which had relevance to our best feature applicable to our rifle squad. My squad name was woman who murders assassins. We first landed in a rural area near the Black Sea. We were sufficiently clothed to fit in with the locals, and keep thermal loss to a comfortable level. If they only knew how beautiful we looked without clothes! Usually we took turns walking point. I had the first turn. We were walking through an area which had heavy vegetation. If we ran across any Earth Humans, we could see them easier

than they could see us; because they would look to us like they were glowing in the dark. (You sure didn't think I'd get to the puppies this early in the story did you?). Well, let me cut to the chase. After more than a year of living on the planet Earth, and studying its natural happenings, we decided that the Earth Humans were the only species that were a substantial enough risk to our species to require immediate elimination of any living specimens of that dangerous species. This was a real paradox. The female Earth Humans were so different from the male Earth Humans, that it was as if they were two different species. We agreed with the program's conclusion that, for the purposes of risk elimination, we should classify female Earth Humans as a completely separate species from the male Earth Humans. However, realizing that the female Earth Humans would be in danger of extinction without having frequent sexual intercourse with a male Earth Human, it was decided that the best single specimen of male Earth Human would be spared to act as the servant performing fertilization and erotic pleasures for the female Earth Humans. We were amazed, once it got down to the wire, how fast the remaining holdouts among the female Earth Humans realized how great our plan was for them, and were willing to help out in any way possible. For every possible problem any of the Earth women could dream up as a possibility, we could explain that we figured things like that out perfectly a long time ago; and, they wouldn't have to worry about a thing, but just lay there and enjoy it. It was customary, where we only needed to eliminate the greediest species, rather than having the fun of making asteroid belts out of planets, to use the process of elimination which most fit a pattern which typically would be used by that species if they decided it was necessary to eliminate another species. It was finally decided, after smoke down, that a proper method would be to, by the process of elimination, select one male Earth Human for stud, and all of the rest of the male Earth Humans should be humanely euthanized and eaten. Most of us were repulsed by the idea of even touching a male Earth Human, let alone consuming them for food. They were the most repulsive species on the planet, both from their biological characteristics, and the insane actions they seemed to teach each other, which they were inclined to for some reason. It was reported they had biological mechanisms which caused them to excrete foul smelling gasses from their nether regions, while they simultaneously produced audible sounds from the same general area, which were described by the program as containing a wave spectrum similar to a very high pitched, lower amplitude thunder. The males sometimes seemed to find these noisy, foul smelling explosions as amusing; while the female Earth humans seemed to be much more sensible, in general, about everything. None of us wanted to get close enough to find out the exact location and mechanisms for this unpredictable pattern of outbursts. It was almost exclusively limited to males; and , it was thought possible this might be some sort of natural defense mechanism to repel predators. Many of them had very kinky habits, like expelling excess mucous from their nostrils into a piece of ceremonial cloth they carried in their pockets, and then conducting a ritual of folding the cloth back together to protect the sacred

mucous, and then placing the ceremonial cloth back into their pocket to save for later. Not only that, but, we were used to a diet of a multitude of various fruits, and the milk of the large female dogs who live in the hills, in our world, with recipes of every flavor and texture handed down for many, many generations. The thought of eating dead animals and/or chicken periods, like many of the Earth Humans admitted to, seemed like some insane ritual handed down by ignorant cannibalistic dumb animals, such as the Earth Humans and similar species. We didn't want to lower ourselves to their level just for custom. The females of our species loved to cook. The idea that we would ever have to wash dishes if there was a male around to do it was absurd to us. So, we decided on a more suitable alternative. We would select one male for stud, euthanize all other male Earth Humans, and then feed their remains, if there were any left, to other Earth species which would be glad to consume their rotting corpses. It was truly the American way. We asked one unknowing male Earth Human what he would choose as a humane way for him to be euthanized. He stated he would want to be the first person to die from an overdose of Marijuana, while being copulated to death on an acid trip, strapped to the nose of a jet fighter which was nose diving at full speed towards a fiery crash at the bottom of the Grand Canyon. We knew there were not enough jets; and, the male Earth Humans had too low of an intelligence level to give us anything but a dumb ass answer. So, the rest of our squad held him down, while the lawyer, the name given to the woman in our squad who was in charge of collecting biological samples for scientific study, from species to be eliminated, cut away his clothes, and then sliced off his penis and testicles, along with some tissue deeper in his crotch which his genitals had been connected to, in one quick, graceful movement. "Justice is served", said the lawyer with a smile on her face. We got tired of listening to his whining muffled screams; so, we blew his head off with an M-16. It was truly the American way. One down, a few billion more to go. He had been a member of the world's most hated terrorist group. A couple weeks earlier he had been with an armed group of them when they broke into a family home, for a kidnapping they had been planning for several weeks. They forced the front door open and charged inside, armed to the teeth. He was the first male Earth Human to enter the living room. A female Earth Human was sitting in a rocking chair holding what he identified as some kind of snub-nosed pistol in her right hand, with who knows what other kinds of weapons possibly hidden on the other side of the rocking chair. When she saw him, it startled her into swinging the pistol around so fast, toward him, that he in return was startled to the point that he felt he had to squeeze off a round before he had time to even aim consciously. The first round struck the female Earth Human's upper left arm, tearing her arm off at the shoulder. A small piece of hot lead splashed off the impact site, hitting the four month old baby female Earth Human she was holding, who had been sleeping facing to the side, in the corner of her left eye, causing the baby to shake violently, while giving off a loud blood curdling scream, from the severe unbearable pain she was feeling. He fired a second round, which went straight into the baby's head,



and into the woman's heart, killing both of them instantly. She would never have to use the remote control she was holding in her right hand, which he had mistaken for a pistol, to turn on SpongeBob for her baby to listen to again. A couple seconds later, the rest of the male Earth Humans with him rushed in, after hearing the shots, firing fully automatic in a wild desperate manner at the rocking chair. Although there was practically nothing left of the baby female Earth Human that was identifiable as a particular species, and most of the upper portion of the adult female Earth Human had been splattered all over the rocking chair and carpet, in a gory looking, bloody mess, it was declared to be a clean shoot by the official unbiased protect and serve referee, since they meant well; and, their stated intentions were to protect and serve the people's health, by preventing them from smoking pot, even though no evidence was found afterwards that any pot had ever been in the house, or that anybody in the house had ever used any type of outlawed controlled substance. They had done everything that was legal, according to the official unbiased protect and serve health protection guidelines of the Secret Headquarters Intelligence Team, and were just following orders. They received a medal of commendation for bravery in the face of unarmed civilians, and each was given a trophy for marksmanship. The only thing they did wrong was home invading the wrong apartment number, at the wrong street address, on the wrong street. When we scooped up his remains, to be taken to the desert in the back of the Hummer, to provide food for hungry buzzards, I noticed he still had the cut on his finger made by his wife's teeth when he backhanded her, later the same evening of the raid, after she called him a pig, when he told her what happened, and joked that the screaming baby sounded a lot like his wife did when she found out he had cheated on her with her best friend, another male Earth Human. Even most of his own relatives, acquaintances, and fellow pigs, didn't like him. The buzzards loved him though. I suppose we all have some similarities to other life forms, both those of our own species, even those we find the most disgusting, as well as other radically different species. And, in some ways, the buzzards are even like male Earth Humans. But, Earth Humans murder their own babies before they're even born; and, at least the buzzards wait 'til you're dead.

We decided to try out some of the Earth Humans' own primitive weapons systems and methodology, just to get an historical perspective on certain elements of a soon to be eliminated species. During our very long range recon patrols we had experimented with just about everything produced by the Earth Humans, even many of their weapon systems. But, until the decision was made to go into the process of elimination mode, we hadn't used any of their weapons on any of the Earth Humans, since our format at the moment was for a complete recon mission, although we did use some of our own weapons and/or methodology in a few cases where we couldn't avoid conflict with male Earth Humans, and needed to defend ourselves. It would have been easy to just eliminate all targets immediately. We could use simple long established methods where the incubation

period for all male Earth Humans would expire at the same time. They would all drop like flies before they even had time to come up with an hypothesis on the cause, let alone the cure. And the program had set up enough defensive peripherals, everything from audio/video/electromagnetic radiation recording device modules tinier than a grain of sand, which picked up information from every direction and forwarded it to relays through non-detectable micro-eddy currents, to extremely high-tech weapons systems which could, if necessary, eliminate any threat instantly, if they even pointed one of their weapons at us; although, we were well prepared to instantly neutralize any threat before the peripherals needed to kick in automatically. But, we wanted to also use this time as a training and research mission. So, sometimes we would use simple primitive methods, with the very low-tech weapons of the Earth Humans; and, other times we would just clear huge numbers of male Earth Humans in an area just to get rid of them. Although we decided to try to lean towards a general format which would be used by the Earth Humans to eliminate other species, namely humane euthanasia, out of tradition; we came to the realization that the term was just a meaningless way for the Earth Humans to try to make it sound like they were not murdering some life form, when they knew all along they really were. Our definition of humane euthanasia was based on what it was in practice, rather than the deceptive intent of Earth Humans trying to justify murder. We determined that the difference between murder and humane euthanasia was basically that, with humane euthanasia, the person(s) carrying out the murder would state a reason for carrying out said murder which might sound agreeable to other murderers who would be needed as accomplices and/or fans. When we discussed a choice of reasons, at a smoke down with the program, I suggested that a possible reason we could state for those we humanely euthanized was that we wanted them dead. "Works for me!", stated the lawyer. We all agreed; and, so it was. We decided to use a group known as the Humane Society for experiments, and humanely euthanize them with methods commonly referred to by the Earth Humans as torture, since they seem to be more influenced by the killing genes. We came to the conclusion that the only thing male Earth Humans were good for was target practice, and science experiments too cruel, painful, and deadly for other species of dumb animals. Even some female Earth Humans would have to be eliminated if they were too much like the male Earth Humans and/or too corrupted by them. We were a compassionate species. But, when it became necessary, for the efficiency of achieving our decided on objectives, we could control our emotions so that we were colder than the bottom of a Polar Bear's foot.

We could always find a ride to wherever our next task was to take place, either with devices made by the Earth Humans, and/or with our own shuttle craft, if needed. We set our plans according to efficiency subroutines established by the program. We made a game out of training, trying out new tasks, and new methods, while taking care of our primary objective of the process of elimination. One squad

would think up a stunt for another squad to achieve; and, that squad would then come up with a plan to carry it out. Our squad was set up in the desert areas of Texas, along with the rest of our company, which was well spread out and very well co-ordinated. Charlie Company had just taken a quick trip to Florida. When the decision was made that Arizona was to soon become the new Topanga Canyon, we knew we had to take care of any games we wanted to play in California immediately. The squad in Charlie Company that the specialist was in, was on call for our link. They blew up a couple small fishing boats near the shore with an M-79 grenade launcher left over from Viet Nam but never used since then, fed the Manatees, and then took a shuttle craft to an isolated spot in the Mojave desert, where we met them to begin planning. The secrets were buried deep in the sand on an abandoned Indian reservation located on the California side of Lake Havasu. If they only had known! None of the detection devices invented by the Earth Humans could ever even have a clue. It was beyond their comprehension. The only ones who could even possibly figure out the general pattern variation would be some of the oldest Indians who had originally left there, if that; and other Earth Humans would probably never believe them, especially if they attempted to describe it by knowledge Earth Humans were already familiar with. The specialist had a very strange sense of humor. But, I have to admit the challenges she thought up for our squad were very creative, and would obviously be very good training for our skill enhancement routines.

I remember tooting the very loud dissonant horn of the fire truck in an S.O.S. pattern in Morse code, as we passed by the federal building on Wilshire. We wanted to see if we could get the F.B.I. to look out the window from the top floors as we passed by. We had their phone lines tied up with fake phone calls where we used audio emulation, and Earth Human personality prints for high ranking Earth Humans they actually knew, to keep them from finding out what was really going on. The program made sure all communications by the Earth Humans was blocked and emulated, so they wouldn't have a clue. The secretary in the main office reception area, who had just been assigned to that job at approximately nine thirty-seven A.M. and twenty-four and thirteen one hundredths seconds on the previous Monday, peeked out for a brief moment, and then went back to her desk. I guess hardly anything could be considered strange in California. It started out as a simple sounding challenge. But, years of combat training and experience had taught me that nothing is ever simple when it's thought up by the specialist. There was always a twist. She first said: "We want your squad to drive a fire truck off the Santa Monica Pier...". It sounded simple enough at that point. Then she continued the sentence: "...from downtown Los Angeles...". I knew it would be a very loud bloody day for the Earth Humans in Lala land. "Oh, by the way...", she added. "Did I mention you have to stop off along the way and pick up some new clothes for the homeless women?". The twist was beginning to spin. Now I had to find Rodeo Drive on the map before our squad even headed downtown to pick up the fire

truck. I remember the first store where we shopped that day. We had the rest of our company blocking traffic, creating diversions, and doing whatever else was necessary, while the fire truck was stopped down the street from the stores, as the shoplifter and I went looking for clothes. You would have had to have been there to see the shocked look on the store clerk when, after he asked us: "Will that be cash or charge?", the shoplifter said: "Charge!", just before he slumped to the floor in a fetal position, after she pressed the trigger on our souped up stun gun. Then she smoothly walked behind the counter, pulled out a concealed, sharpened folding shovel, used it to sever his head between two vertebrae in the cervical spine, and then raised her skirt and pissed all over him. "Now the flowers will grow!", she said, in a soft sweet voice reminiscent of the lawyer. She had gotten the idea from a video game. It seemed like a nice way to humanely euthanize a male Earth Human store clerk. She was fond of tradition, even those belonging to other cultures. On our way out the door two fat security guards came toward us. We just shot them once in the crotch, once in the heart, and once in the head, with handguns we had confiscated from dead swat team members when we picked up the fire truck downtown. I walked ahead out the door with all the fancy high priced designer clothes, so the shoplifter wouldn't get urine on them, when she finished her tradition of the day. Then we got back to the fire truck and drove off...

We circled around the block and drove to a spot near the end of the stores on that side of the street. "Should we pick up some booze for Johnny can't read?", asked the lawyer. We all agreed now would be a good time. Johnny can't read was a slang term we used, to refer to one or more less developed male Earth Humans, or "little boys", as the Earth Humans often called them. We gave them that name because that's how other Earth Humans often described them. Their problem wasn't that they couldn't read. Their problem was that they couldn't think. They were total idiots. We went into the liquor store. We picked out a bottle of the highest rated type of Vodka from the former communist controlled free nation of Oblivia. Then the lawyer shot the liquor store clerk in the head, just to see what he'd do. As she was taking a specimen, with the shoplifter standing by with a shovel, I stuck the fifth of Vodka in a paper bag, and then started walking for the fire truck. "That asshole didn't even want to put our stuff in a bag, unless I gave him money first", I said. I wanted to stick the booze in the glove compartment before we went back for more clothes. We didn't even consider the first clothing store to be the start of clothes shopping. We were just trying on free samples. We had seen supermodels wearing clothes on TV. Some of them had faces almost as pretty as ours, they had legs which were longer than many other female Earth Humans, from the floor to the approximate area of their reproductive entrance, and they seemed to enjoy parading their genetic characteristics to other Earth Humans. This gave them a very high potential as bait for the male Earth Human we selected for stud, if we encountered a delay in the breeding program, while persuading the one surviving male Earth Human to select the first female for a

breeding session. So, we kept the clothes which would seem most likely to fit a supermodel on a separate pile, in case we needed to get to them right away. We would give clothes to all the homeless women; but, any we found who fit the desirable characteristics of supermodels would be invited to go on a free vacation, where we would make sure she had all her needs provided, while waiting for her first session. We weren't looking for supermodels. We were looking for women who looked like supermodels. We couldn't care less one way or the other if they actually were supermodels. After several trips, we finally cleaned out all the clothing stores completely. "All's well that shops well", said the shoplifter, "Good thing the specialist picked a fire truck instead of a go kart."

The rest of the trip was kind of boring. What could be more exciting than shopping for clothes? We decided to drop off the booze for Johnny can't read. There was a private all boys elementary school isolated in a wooded area. Several wealthy families had conspired together to establish a school where their kids could exercise their constitutional right to freedom from religion, and their freedom to worship the flag. They objected to the use of the term "under God", because they considered it to be blasphemy against the flag. How dare God try to take away their constitutional right to worship the flag? God had a lot of nerve trying to weasel into the schools without at least helping to straighten out the economy, and the terrible weather they'd put up with lately. Some students in public schools had even been caught trying to pray. Not in their school though. Their students would learn to be pillars of a prosperous economy, good for all business ventures. We pulled up in front of the curb, a half block from the school. "How would you like a free bottle of Vodka, and the rest of the day off school?", we asked a small group of Johnny can't reads. "Yeah, great!", said one. "What do we have to do?", asked another. Just wait twenty minutes and follow our instructions to the letter. "We'll be close enough to make sure you do it right.", said the lawyer; "If you don't, we'll have to come back for the Vodka.". We set them up completely, and made sure they had all the instructions correct. We drove down the road a bit, and then turned off onto a side road, until we were behind a bunch of trees, and out of site of the Johnny can't reads. Then a shuttle craft swooped in and took us to our designated waiting spot. Eighteen minutes and thirty-four and seventeen one hundredths seconds later, we heard a really loud explosion in the direction of the school. We were a little over three miles away. We heard through verified radio sources an hour later that experts from several different states were volunteering to help with the attempt to piece together the charred tooth fragments found in the area where the school had been, with the hope of identifying the remains of what were presumed to have been Johnny can't reads, and other Earth Humans. I guess the stupid little bastards must not have known that gasoline and storm drains have a higher chemical potential than nitroglycerin, if they thought a two foot fuse was long enough. Four hours, thirteen minutes later we heard a much louder explosive rumbling, and saw an entire gigantic mountain

range in the distance crumbling to dust. "Suzannah!", we all laughed, as all Hell broke loose...

Luckily, when we got back to the fire truck, which had been shuttled away temporarily until after the explosion, there was enough road left to get back on the route to the pier. Except for one flameout on the right side of the truck, where we completely disintegrated everything for several blocks in the direction of the flameout into a fiery vapor, we encountered little lingering resistance on our way to the Santa Monica Pier. We dropped the clothes off at a meeting point, where another squad whisked them away. At the last moment when we were driving the fire truck towards the end of the pier with the siren and horn going off, people were scattering very rapidly. Then we noticed an elderly male Earth Human standing directly in the path of the truck, like a deer caught in the headlights, shaking in fear, walking very slowly, but with a great effort. When the front bumper of the fire truck slammed his ugly old body to the ground, the few remaining people were scattering even faster. We went through the railing, and splashed into the Pacific Ocean. Just another day at the beach for us.

The Earth Humans always had individuals and groups who were trying to get as many turns for themselves in the various types of monopoly games that they could get by with. They were having a contest where the winner who came up with the best bullshit would get to be the National Hall Monitor. One candidate maintained he should be the new National Hall Monitor because, unlike all the other candidates, he was only partially insane. Although being insane was considered a desirable characteristic for a National Hall Monitor, the candidate insisted his only being partially insane would give him an advantage in fooling the civilians into believing he might try to do something for their benefit. Another candidate was known as the elimination of cannibalism candidate. He was asked why he was promising to put an end to cannibalism if he was elected as National Hall Monitor, when he had previously campaigned for passage of Parliamentary Joint Resolution 5735, which, if passed by the Parliamentary Peoples' Senators, and the House of Uncommon Representatives, and ratified by the current National Hall Monitor, would prohibit the broadcast of comedy and music, and promote and regulate the legalization of bare naked cannibalism. He stated he was hungry then; but, he could see things more clearly now, since they had run a wire through the arteries in his brain to poke a hole in his cholesterol. Another candidate said he would be good as a National Hall Monitor because nobody even knew who in Hell he was, which would make it easier for him to get by with doing terrible things to people in other countries before they figured out who did it. Another candidate became known as the "D. none of the above" candidate. Nobody was sure what his name was. He said it didn't matter; because, if he was nominated as the candidate for National Hall Monitor, he didn't plan to show up for work anyhow. Nobody knew for sure what the current National Hall Monitor was threatening to do if he was re-

elected as National Hall Monitor, because anytime he had anything to say, everybody would say: "He must be joking!"...

The inhabitants we had met in various parts of Mexico told us you could buy anything in the United States if you had money. Most Earth Humans in the U.S. were usually either trying to sell something, or buy something; either goods, services, ideas, and/or items falling into a similar category under a different name, to trick Earth Humans into believing it was something else. The main hardware equipment for selling things, especially ideas, was television. Once a year, sales pimps of various types, and their co-conspirators and enablers, would hold an award ceremony for the best jingles that were played on television to sell various goods, services, ideas, and similar things. The winners in various categories would be given a fancy looking brass-plated bell-shaped trophy nicknamed a "Jingle Bell". The Jingle Bells award ceremony for the year was about to begin shortly in the Pay Now Fly Later Civic Auditorium in Los Locos, California. Everybody who was anybody in Hollywood would have to either show up for the "Jingle Bells", or else pull off some elaborate publicity stunt to make a great big deal out of the alleged reason that they weren't showing up for the ceremony. The Photo Ops parade was the beginning of the ceremony. A female Earth Human wearing nothing but a thong bikini and a paper bag over her head stood on a balcony and played an E augmented 11th chord on an ancient accordion-like instrument whenever it was time for another "celebrity", as the materially wealthy and politically powerful Earth Humans, (also known as the "rich and famous"), who owned all the TV stations and other businesses responsible for the constant flow of jingles and other forms of brainwashing on television, preferred to be called, to walk down the beige brick path. Then, after being photographed and interviewed by all the promoters of information, and other pimps, while walking down the beige brick path, each celebrity would pause for a moment, do a 180 degree turn to face the promoters of information, and other pimps, smile for about ten seconds, then do another 180 degree turn, pick up the decorated trumpet resting on a podium at the end of the beige brick path, and then, each celebrity would, in turn, toot their own horn, to mark their successful completion of the stroll for the pimps, as the interviews and posing for photos came to be called.

It was decided the "Jingle Bells" needed more pizzazz, whatever that was, since most Earth Humans didn't pay much attention to the ceremony, (except for other "celebrities"), considering it to be just another farce to hand out a bunch of worthless trophies. So, they decided to begin with Hollywood's heaviest hitters first, as rated by the minister of propaganda and vanity.

First out of the gate was Gittleston. There were a lot of name droppers in Hollywood. Whenever anybody wanted to pick a name who would be thought of as representing the symbolic power structure in movie making, they would be most

likely to think of a name like Gittleson. If somebody wanted to state a negative opinion of the quality of the various aspects in the production of a movie largely credited to a particular Earth Human, they might say that said Earth Human's movie production indicated that they certainly were no Gittleson. It wasn't that Gittleson had any unique talents that many other Earth Humans didn't have in the movie making business, as far as actual creativity in making movies was concerned. It was just that, since Gittleson had finally gained controlling interest in Omega Landbastard Productions, the largest and most powerful movie making and weird sound production corporation in the world, almost anybody who ever wanted to have any chance at making it big in the movies would sooner or later have to admit that they would eventually probably end up having to kiss a lot of Gittleson ass. It hadn't always been a pod of Sea Muffins for Gittleson. At the lowest point, it seemed like every Earth Human in Hollywood was ready to banish Gittleson into obscurity, after she had confessed to murdering her husband, a big time Hollywood producer, in his sleep, with the chainsaw he had given her for their seventh anniversary. After she got off on a technicality, the courts ruled she was entitled to inherit her husband's stock in Omega Landbastard Productions, (since she hadn't been legally proven guilty, even though everybody knew she did it, and she was protected from further prosecution by double jeopardy). She used the money she made from selling the movie rights to her tell all book describing how she convinced her husband to be tied up for sex, and waited for him to doze off, to buy even more stock, until she had controlling interest in Omega Landbastard Productions. Then, every Earth Human in Hollywood who had hopes of making it big in the movies was ready to stand in a very long line to kiss a little Gittleson ass, and make sure their smile looked believable at the same time.

Every Earth Human at the Jingle Bells was shocked to see "the dress". "I thought it was disgusting; and, I don't know how anybody could lower themselves to wear anything like that in public, outside of the rain forest!", said Delilah Dingleberry, star of the new TV reality series "Strapped Naked to a Wart Hog", when asked her opinion of "the dress". "I thought it looked OK at first...", stated Valentine Eyesocket, the recently scandalized director, "...but then, after I got up close, and I examined the portion of her breasts which can hold up a pencil, off to the side, at about a forty-five degree angle, just to be absolutely sure, for scientific purposes only, I realized how terrible "the dress" was, when I noticed the glistening on the top of my hamper skin shoes, from the saliva which was dripping off the bottom of my chin!". "By the way, I would like to encourage everybody to see my upcoming future blockbuster movie: 'Kitty's Titties in the City; and, They Ain't Itty Bitty', starring the rising starlet Henrietta Shagworthy.", stated Mr. Eyesocket.

There were several different categories in which Jingle Bells were awarded to the winners in each category. Herds of mad cows expressed their anger by



marching back and forth in front of the people's free money collection booths outside the entrance to the Pay Now Fly Later Civic Auditorium, wearing cowbells and necklaces of dead chickens around their necks. They were protesting their repulsion by the constant bombardment of "homo promos", a type of public service announcement to encourage people to support every perverted and evil thing anybody could think of, on TV. The mad cows had remained silent long enough. They decided to organize a protest after one of them had reported seeing a sign in a store window which said: "homo milk". This is going too far, they all agreed! It's the straw that broke the camel's back.

The Jingle Bell for best jingle in the creative book keeping category went to Old Pal Mortgage Company for their jingle:

If you need a loan,

Call us on the phone,

If you don't pay up,

We'll just take your home.

The Jingle Bell for catchiest jingle went to the winner in the good taste promoter category, Eat Me or Beat Me Promotions, for the jingle they produced for a restaurant chain:

Ooooooh, spread your thighs and open your cracks,

And you can make money on your backs,

So you can pay some income tax,

And you can eat at Chili's.

To save money, California had decided to replace their prison system with one run by a private company, Nazi Work Camps Inc., who had begun a publicity campaign to encourage new business for themselves. Nazi Work Camps Inc. won the Jingle Bell in the crime does pay category for their jingle which tried to encourage people to commit crimes by glamorizing life in their privately run prison system. It was a simulated testimonial jingle:

Oh, I'm in prison and I feel free,

This is where everyone should want to be,

We got naked women and wide screen TV,

And the reefer grows like a Redwood tree;

Ain't nobody better give me no crap,

'Cause I got an electrical blasting cap,

I got a ton of C4, to blow out the door,

A brand new mattress an' a 50 dollar whore.

But, the most anticipated award, the Jingle Bell for sympathy, went to the organization correctly predicted by the critics to be the most likely winner in the homo promo category:

The Abnormal Society for the Liberation and Equalization of Poop Eating Chicken Fuckers.

It had been a strange year for Poop Eating Chicken Fuckers everywhere, or birds of a feather, as they preferred to be called. The previous year had been an historic moment which would be forever cherished in the hearts and minds of Poop Eating Chicken Fuckers when they were declared to be completely normal and acceptable by the International Conglomeration of Opinionated Welfare Workers, after the welfare workers determined that they would probably never have the brains to even figure out a cause, let alone a cure, for Poop Eating Chicken Fucking. But this year was different. It was a tragedy for many Earth Humans, especially Poop Eating Chicken Fuckers. It was a chain reaction. All the airlines of the world, whose business had already dwindled to almost nothing, after the new strict security procedures put into effect after an Earth Human was caught trying to smuggle a bomb on board a jumbo jet by hiding it inside his penis, went completely belly up, after millions of Poop Eating Chicken Fuckers around the world cancelled their flights to Singapore, after a severe outbreak of Bird Turd Pneumonia. The normal population of Poop Eating Chicken Fuckers was reduced to a casserole overnite. The Abnormal Society for the Liberation and Equalization of Poop Eating Chicken Fuckers immediately began a campaign to convince Earth Humans everywhere that Poop Eating Chicken Fuckers were normal, and that everybody should become a Poop Eating Chicken Fucker like them. Most civilian Earth Humans would never consider them as normal and/or acceptable, and, like the mad cows, found all of their homo promos to be totally sickening; and, no matter what the Poop Eating Chicken Fuckers did to try to convince them that Poop Eating Chicken Fuckers were normal, most civilian Earth Humans would

always think of them as Poop Eating Chicken Fuckers. Most of the celebrities, or the rich and famous, as they were also called, seemed obsessed with trying to convince civilian Earth Humans that Poop Eating Chicken Fuckers were completely normal and acceptable, and that civilian Earth Humans should cheer them on. This caused us to reach one conclusion: The rich and famous were as queer as a thirteen dollar bill. The jingle that won, for a homo promo put out by the Abnormal Society for the Liberation and Equalization of Poop Eating Chicken Fuckers and the National Advertising and Propaganda Council was:

If you're a slut,

For a chicken's butt,

But eggs just ain't enough,

Just grab a turd,

from a great big bird,

And eat some disgusting stuff.

We were seriously considering going back to our preliminary consideration of just blowing the whole motherfuckin' planet right out of the sky. Luckily we would be leaving California for good in a few days; and soon, whale watching would become a new hobby for people along the coastline of Arizona, when the final phase of our urban renewal plan was completed. Many groups like the Poop Eating Chicken Fuckers, and similar groups and subgroups, tried to pass off their perversions and evil as just normal variations to be expected among Earth Humans. But, in truth, in secret, behind closed doors, they really worshipped the devil, and tried every excuse they could think of to promote various types of evil. Most of them would falsely claim they didn't worship the devil, and either they denied being witches, or claimed that even though they were witches, they and other witches didn't really worship the devil, that was just an old rumor, even though they often shared some of the same emblems as witches who openly admitted to worshipping the devil. They didn't just want all the material things they could trade their soul for. They wanted to take everybody else's soul straight to Hell along with them.

We weren't too interested in the souls of Earth Humans in California, and/or other parts of the planet though; that was their problem. Besides, if you could put a market value on something like that, even at California prices, how much could the soul of the average Earth Human in California be worth anyway? Probably less than the amount of copper you'd expect to find in a wooden penny. About the only

things we were interested in, in the soon to be destroyed area known as California, was killing all of the male Earth Humans, and joyriding in helicopters. Lots and lots of helicopters. We would take turns being co-pilot, testing out the specs written in manuals by Earth Humans. We also liked playing various games we invented, like "mowing the lawn" and "tickling the titanium". We wore our own version of a bear suit, so we wouldn't be harmed if we crashed. We noticed they had beefed up security on all types of military choppers since they realized the Hopi Half-breed prototype was missing. This made us decide to change our joyriding schedule a bit to make it easier to fit in with our other hobbies, as well as our task of eliminating all male Earth Humans. So, instead of a consistent period of joyriding and returning for maintenance at frequent intervals, we waited a little longer, and took several choppers at once. We were testing the choppers themselves with our games, not their routine maintenance methods. So, we would take them out, and later return them so the Earth Humans could refuel them and keep them in tune. It was easy. We just re-arranged their orders on a need to know basis so none of them would be around when we took the choppers out or brought them back in. We could have done the same thing to compensate for the changes, when they beefed up security for all choppers. But, it would have resulted in a schedule which would require us to either keep the choppers out longer, or speed up our gameplay to a pace which would have required replacement of broken blades at a rate faster than we could re-appropriate the Earth Humans to produce them. So, we just started drugging them unconscious and pushing their bodies out of the chopper over a desolate canyon. Now it was time to make our last run. We wouldn't be coming back to California. There would no longer be any California. We didn't need the Earth Humans for routine maintenance anymore. And we replaced the blades ourselves, out of the sight of Earth Humans, whenever we damaged them on our game playing sessions. We liked to mix and match parts, and torque up the hardware to see what it could do. We torqued up the engines in each chopper so much they could rip apart rotor bearings. We just used them for extreme games; and, we could get the Earth Humans to make plenty of extra blades. So, we took the stock blades and radically modified them. If we were producing craft to use everyday that needed to last a long time, we could just back off on the horsepower a little and build reinforced bearings that could handle the extra load. We decided instead to keep the engines just as souped up, with governor devices we could enable when we took them back to the Earth Humans for routine maintenance that would hide their souped up condition. We kept a stock blade for each chopper that we put back on for return trips, and used the modified blade for our games. With the modified blades we temporarily disabled the governors and used heavily reinforced bushings instead of bearings. The extremely heavy increase in torque of the engines made the extra friction of the bushings over the bearings seem trivial. Even with the stock blades it was pretty amazing what we could do. We were amazed that such a strange contraption as a helicopter would even fly, in it's stock condition, let alone take down a lot of the

trees that got in the way without crashing. It had limits though. A thick enough tree trunk could spin any stock chopper out of control. We had three classes of contest for "mowing the lawn". (1) stock class, which used all stock parts, although they could be blueprinted within factory specs, (2) limited reinforced stock, which allowed the engines to be souped up, the rotor and other similar bearings to be replaced with reinforced bushings, and the blades to be reinforced within certain limits, and, (3) the unlimited freakazoid class where you could use any tactic you could dream up to achieve your objectives. For some reason I just couldn't get interested in playing in any contest other than group three. Oh, I rode along in the various choppers different squads had come up with, even a lot of group (1) completely stock choppers. But, it was mostly to get ideas. Our squad came up with a really awesome design for a class (3) contest of "mowing the lawn". But, in order to get everything we needed, in a reasonable amount of time, we would have to mix and match parts from several different sources; and, the most efficient and practical way would require that we used some method to convince the Earth Humans they should ground all of their Comanches. That would be a job for the hacker whacker. Sometimes we would ride around in civilian choppers just to find out all their weak spots. They had a lot of limitations. But, they would make an interesting spectacle when we modified them for the Big Parade, after we took all the choppers we needed from California out of the area, before we tipped the plates. We found it amusing how primitive their software was. The hacker whacker liked thinking up new subroutines to control the standard command lines written by the Earth Humans in the software used by the 66. She would attach her own custom subroutines as an analog artifact rider on the individual bits. It wouldn't even register as a binary anomaly, let alone be detected in machine language, by the primitive equipment of the Earth Humans. The analog artifacts would talk to each other in a form similar to floating point used by Earth Humans, only in a much more complex form. They could modify the individual bits of the Earth Human command lines to make minor adjustments in the Earth Humans' software, or completely rewrite the command lines before the individual bits would even register with the primitive hardware of the Earth Humans. Each piece of hardware and software made by the Earth Humans had its own individual signature. The hacker whacker's subroutines would adjust its analog artifacts to fit in with the signatures it encountered, and use the electronic resultants of the Earth Humans' subroutines to run its own subroutines along with the Earth Humans' subroutines, or in place of them, according to the objectives of the moment. It was usually a little more trouble to get to the Comanches than most of the other choppers. The Earth Humans were very selfish in that way. So, we liked to keep them out a little longer. We tried out a lot of the hacker whacker's subroutines when we took the Comanches out. She could make them do just about anything we could think up for them to do, with the equipment they were fitted with by default. We had to evacuate the choppers and program them for autopilot hovering to test what she called the suicide subroutine. She didn't want to tell us ahead of time what was

going to happen, so we could watch from a long distance away and try to guess why she gave the subroutine that name. We figured it might have something to do with the fact that she had us load the pods with just the Hellfire missiles she seemed to be so fascinated with whenever we went into the woods for target practice and forest fires, instead of the usual mix of more than one type of weapon. After we watched her push the start button on the remote, and saw the chopper start its engine, lift off from the ground, and then fire all of the Hellfires at once, we had a pretty good idea how she came up with the name for the subroutine when we noticed that the Hellfires that were almost out of sight had made a 180 degree turn, and suddenly blew the chopper to smithereens!

We were amazed at the trouble the Earth Humans would go to, just to keep some things a secret, so the public wouldn't panic. We could take down entire mountain ranges, and they could come up with the most outlandish stories to explain why traffic in that direction had been rerouted so rapidly, without notice. Earth Humans didn't seem to enjoy thinking as much as we did. They preferred to let other Earth Humans they called authorities do their thinking in any areas which required a lot of time to figure out. Usually those they called the authorities didn't know what in Hell they were talking about. Even at rare times when they did, they usually lied about it. The same politicians that would threaten to cast doctors in a dungeon for telling the truth about the healing powers of inhaling certain natural herbal medicines, would be able to get by with lying under oath, by using the standard procedures which allowed the government to get by with every evil they did: broken promises and insincere apologies. Earth Humans were big liars, and yet gullible enough to even believe their own lies. You would think that even if they had no star charts, they would be able to look at the darkened sky on a clear night, and realize that there couldn't possibly be anywhere near as many visible stars as there used to be. Did this look like a normal night sky filled with many, many stars, to them? For ages Earth Humans had written about all the many, many visible stars in the night Earth sky. We had eliminated so many of them, there were only a relatively few left, compared to before. Couldn't they see that; or, did they just think that they must be mistaken about what they saw? We were just about to take a huge chunk out of the Earth's Moon. Would they try to explain it away, or try to ignore it, in their public news reports? Any Earth Human still surviving would be able to look up at the sky and see with the naked eye that the portion of the Moon where the Earth Humans claimed a flag had been planted was very violently removed from the remainder of the moon and pulverized. That would be just barely the beginning. We would be bringing all the choppers out in broad daylight, picking up a few female Earth Humans to be evacuated along the way. We would talk to each other by radio in a casual manner along the way. We had the Hopi Half-breed hidden in the hills at Camp Pendleton. The Army had been looking for it for several weeks. We could put it back together in a little bit longer time than it would take them to put a rifle back together. Our squad was set up near the top of

a hill within Camp San Offiday, one of the smaller camps that Camp Pendleton was divided into. We used to climb down a cord that was embedded in the side of the hill, and then climb back up again, just for something to do during quiet moments. The cord, a flat brown plastic 2 conductor cable, like those that were at one time used for antenna connections for old technology televisions we found stored in various places, just ended in the middle of nowhere. It looked like it had been there for quite a while. It served no other useful purpose that we could tell, except as a toy. Even though California would soon be destroyed just behind us, we decided to exit as smooth as possible without wasting time or ammo anymore than necessary. Once we were in the air we would head straight to our first L.Z., and then head out of California forever, mowing down everything that got in our way. California was a very strange place. It was said that the Emperors of the counties in California couldn't chew gum and walk at the same time. This seemed to be a partial exaggeration in most cases, since that actually was the legal requirement to be qualified to become an Emperor of a county. You had to be able to chew gum and walk at the same time. A lot of them did have to take the test several times before passing though. A much higher requirement had to be met to be qualified to be the Grand Imperial Lizard of all California though. You not only had to be able to chew gum and walk at the same time, you also had to either be able to spell your own last name without looking at your hand, or be famous enough that you could probably find somebody nearby who could spell your last name without looking at their hand. There were a lot of smaller plates near the surface that once in a while tipped a little bit on their own, in California. Most of them usually just produced small tremors. We were planning to play around with a very large deep area we had nicknamed St. Augustine's Mistake. We wouldn't just slide it around a little bit. We were going to tip that baby completely over. So, they wanted water in the Colorado River? Be careful what you ask for. We would be evacuated a safe distance away before the mothership began tipping over the plates. It would have to be a long, long way from where California now stood, just to avoid the Gravitational Wave Blast Tsunamic Demolition Recoil. It was a warm California day. Sunny, with only a few clouds. The building at the bottom of the hill was the home for the Recon School. We would wait until they had left on their morning run, before we took out the Hopi Half-breed. We could waste resources and time eliminating anybody who tried to stop us. But, we decided to sync everything up so we could all make one smooth run at one time. We didn't think anybody would pay much attention when we brought out the Cobras. But there was no way we could pass off the Hopi Half-breed as a Cobra. Anybody who saw it would say: "What in Hell was that?". It didn't look much different on the outside, from the way it did when we reappropriated it from the secret Army Research Base, except for having a lot more firing rails on each pylon, and a lot more pylons on each wing, and a few more wings. We couldn't keep it stock. There was just something about watching those things go off in the distance. The Recon School had just begun their run, on a standard course made up mostly of soft sand. Whenever they came

back from their run, they were always gasping for air and moaning and groaning. They were supposed to be Recon. But, they either weren't very observant, or they weren't too bright. Otherwise they would have realized that if they changed the path of their run a little bit from their usual course, they could have traveled on what was mostly much harder ground, reducing the drag; and, then maybe they wouldn't have to come back all huffing and puffing, with their faces looking like they had been standing on their heads. After they got down the road a good distance, we got the sync signal. Everybody was ready. "Crank it up!", I yelled, as my pilot, the reckless driver, fired up the four huge, loud engines of the baddest chopper ever built by Earth Humans. We lifted just a little bit off the ground and waited for our turn. I rode in front. It wasn't as exciting as shopping for clothes; but, it gave it a run for its money. We heard the first of the Cobras getting closer, and then passing overhead. "Cobras on the left.", said the lawyer over the radio, as the column of Cobras passed by and off to the left, as she piloted the first Cobra in the column into the planned exit formation. "Cobras on the right.", said the birdwatcher, as she piloted the lead Cobra for the right column. "Hopi Half-breed on the warpath.", said the reckless driver, as I felt my body being tightly slammed into the well-fitted seat, as the monster prototype whipped away from the ground and into formation. "Cobras to the rear.", stated the shoplifter, as I noticed a staggered column of Cobras lining up behind us in the tail screen.

We headed directly toward Chowchilla, where our first L.Z. was located. As we sailed through our trajectory, other groups would meet our formation from time to time, and merge in, according to our sync schedule. "Open the pod bay door Hal.", said the movie critic from one of the other choppers. "Can't somebody get her some music or something, so we don't have to listen to any more Plan Nine From Ishtar Two jokes?", asked the lawyer. I looked over to the right. Longbows. Lots and lots of Longbows. They had merged from various hiding spots all over California. They were so numerous they looked like a huge swarm of bats we had seen coming out of a cave just below some ancient abandoned Indian ruins a little ways from the Amazon River many months ago. We were approaching our first L.Z. in no time. We didn't need to land. They had the big double prop transport choppers for that. We just hovered nearby in case fire support was needed to evacuate our designated female Earth Humans. The choppers landed in the three main center yards in the women's prison we were assigned to. The program had set up all necessary cover stories with a phone call emulating the voice of someone the warden knew, stating there would be choppers coming in to evacuate everybody, because of an immediate emergency situation which couldn't be discussed over the phone, and stating the personnel in the choppers would be in charge of guarding the prisoners, and making sure everybody got on the right chopper. The travel agent went inside the warden's office. "You must be Gwen.", said the travel agent, as the warden rose from her chair. "Yes, I am.", said the warden. "You'll be riding in chopper three, as soon as we get the signal the



prisoners have all been removed.", said the travel agent. After all the prisoners, and then all the prison employees had lifted off, we began carefully setting up for our next formation. "Comanche leaving the cavalry behind.", said the bomb maker, the last straggler to merge with our particular formation before we left California. The Comanche had been stored temporarily at a staging area in a locked building at the Fresno National Guard Base. We had persuaded those idiots to junk that project. Now we were turning their garbage back into gold. After the signal was given that the formation was all set, we blasted out of there in a Northeastern direction, to get out of California, as soon as we could, forever. We had picked a meeting area. We would be spreading out in an organized manner, to find our next L.Z.s, in a place we had decided on after we received a radio message of a suggested area, for the next staging process, from Delta Company. "You gotta see this!", said the horny one. So, we all headed in the direction of Port Anasazi, our next exciting playground.

But, I guess Earth Humans couldn't ever understand how it all ended up this way, until I fill in a few more details of our first recon mission. We were in the woods, in an area near the Black Sea, taking a moment to relax, while we got together and howled ratios at the stars. "4,5,6.", said the noisemaker. "I'll be the 5.", she said. We howled in a rich pleasant sound together. "7,8,9; I'll be the 9.", said the tree climber, "and everybody else double the primary...". All of a sudden we heard a beautiful tone from behind the rocks. "Wow! A sliding 4 to 10!", said the music critic. "Yeah, but who is that?", asked the analyst. About 3.7 seconds later, there was another sliding 4 to 10, followed immediately by seven staccato tens. It was one of our vernacular translation emulator modules. "Not bad for a machine!", said the tree climber. I had to agree. Hey, even most puppies can't do a decent sliding 4 to 10! Then we heard a voice proclaim, in our native language: "The wind is calm and I have no straw. I am only here to communicate. The wind is calm and I have no straw. I am only here to communicate. The wind is calm and I have no straw. I am only here to communicate. The wind is calm and I have no straw. I am only here to communicate.", which was the voice of the vernacular translation emulator module providing us with a translation of statements made to us by a variety of a species now present, which had many different names among the Earth Humans, including a Latin name used all around the planet, which we gave the nickname collectively of the Speckled Talking Birds. They got their nickname from the frequent habit, of the specific variety common in areas near the Black Sea, of sitting in small groups, on thin branches, or similar perch sites, and talking back and forth in a manner which combined melodic tones and phrases which sang about events of their day, often repeating phrases more than once, and frequently saying the same thing they just finished saying in a different way, with the phrases surrounded by melodic tones of a different key. "We can find straw for you. We are here to observe, listen, and communicate.", said the emulator module, translating a statement made by the birdwatcher into the language of the

Speckled Talking Birds. "From ground to beak looking straight ahead, some more, some less. Green in the sand, dry in the grass. From ground to beak looking straight ahead, some more, some less. Green in the sand, dry in the grass. From ground to beak looking straight ahead, some more, some less. Green in the sand, dry in the grass. ", replied the Speckled Talking Bird, through the emulator module, followed immediately by four staccato melodic tones. The module gave a verbal footnote that this meant the bird preferred straw that averaged about the length that would just touch the ground when the end was held in a bird's beak, as it was looking straight ahead, with some pieces a little shorter, and some pieces a little longer, not quite as dry as if it had been laid across dry sand, but a lot drier than most growing green grass. We found a patch of grass which had a lot of dry areas which could provide straw meeting those specifications; and, the lawyer used one of her sampling tools to cut an ample supply of straw. We laid the straw in a clear area within sight of the bird. "Here is your straw.", said the tree climber. The Speckled Talking Bird flew down and picked up a piece of straw, and then flew off. Several minutes later the bird returned, with two of her friends. They sat on a nearby branch for a while, each time they returned for more straw, singing melodic tunes, and saying back and forth: " The wind is calm and we have much straw. The clouds will bring much rain.", each time varying the melodic tunes, and the phrases, in a rhythmic pattern. After we learned the various languages of the species inhabiting the planet, we only needed the emulator modules to help translate when we encountered species whose natural sound producing mechanisms and systems made it difficult for us to speak in their native language with our highly adaptive vocal chords.

We found the languages of the Earth Humans relatively easy to learn and speak. Our first encounters with Earth Humans were in the hills of a region known to the local Earth Humans as the Canyon of Shadows, near the Black Sea. The bottom of the canyon was usually only traveled in the daytime by the locals, being considered by most Earth Humans in the area as too dangerous to be stuck in after dark, unless it was an unavoidable emergency. The Earth Humans had built almost all of their homes on the sides or near the top of the desolate mountains overlooking the bottom of the canyon. The area was isolated from the rest of the world by steep cliffs, which only had a few small trails which could be traveled safely by Earth Humans willing to walk and climb for several days to reach the nearest town which had electricity, running water, and other similar conveniences of Earth Human civilization. The hillsides surrounding the Canyon of Shadows were mostly populated by three main groups of Earth Humans: The Bohemian Lutheran Dissidents, The Bohemian Secret Salesmen, and The Ultra Extreme Traditional Jews. The Bohemian Lutheran Dissidents had broken away from the original Bohemian Lutheran Synod because they disagreed with the Bohemian Lutherans' practice of holding bake sales, feeling that it was the equivalent to the money changers in the Temple, even though once a year they cooked a big dead bird and

gave it to the poorest Earth Humans to eat for free. The Bohemian Secret Salesmen were originally from Bohemia, and spoke the Bohemian language that the Bohemian Lutheran Dissidents spoke, except with a different accent, and had gradually snuck into the region of the Canyon of Shadows, and settled there, after escaping arrest for doing terrible things during the War to End All Wars. Many of them had taken advantage of the chance to make a new start, by becoming Secret Salesmen in various parts of South Amergedan, and even obtaining some very powerful positions as Secret Salesmen in The United Snakes, and other parts of North Amergedan, under a very evil and sneaky program known as "Operation Staple Gun". The Ultra Extreme Traditional Jews had resided in the area of the Canyon of Shadows for many centuries, although many of them who had moved there in more recent times were relatives of long time residents, and they had fled to the Canyon region to avoid persecution during the War to End All Wars. The Ultra Extreme Traditional Jews were known for being very rugged survivors, who were very strict about, and dedicated to, their religious beliefs. If you were an Ultra Extreme Traditional Jew, and you chose to renounce your religion, they had to sew your foreskin back on. They had a foreskin bank in Tel Aviv, where the frozen foreskins were kept, in case an Ultra Extreme Traditional Jew ever decided to renounce his religion. The Ultra Extreme Traditional Jews had a ceremony called a Butzvah, where the head of the penis of the renouncer was ground down, using volcanic rock of just the right size, shape, and texture, until it was small enough for a baby foreskin to fit around it. Then the foreskin of the renouncer was sewn back on, while the guests who were participating in the ceremony would sing very loudly to cover up the screams. No anesthetic was allowed to be used during the ceremony. And, that's why, once somebody became an Ultra Extreme Traditional Jew, no matter how many moments of doubt they experienced, it was handed down from generation to generation. Because they were afraid to quit!

When we began our first recon mission, most of the wild animals were just fine. The Earth Humans were a problem, however. Our other squads, in numerous locations around the planet, had similar findings, when their observations progressed. For the first two weeks, we had one big party with all the wild animals. We knew, before we were even shuttled in, just from all the data gathered by all the servo-shuttled audio/video/electromagnetic radiation recording device modules, that Earth Humans could not be trusted, like a species you might want to spare could be, as far as any relevant parameters, with even their own species. So, for the first two weeks, we just got to know the other wild animals, and limited our contact and conversation with Earth Humans to just Rachel, an Ultra Extreme Traditional Jew. We picked lots of wild berries, giving Rachel as many as she felt like carrying, and converting the rest into food for our squad. Rachel gave us something that was very useful for our observations: Earth Human science books, lots and lots of science books. Rachel was an eighteen year old Virgin, with a pretty, very feminine, female Earth Human face; she was tall for an eighteen year

old female Earth Human, with a very healthy looking, feminine, curvy body, set off by natural breasts which were very obviously produced by God, which were both very large and shapely for an Earth Human. We were amazed when we read the books that Rachel brought us. What a primitive society! How could Earth Humans be stupid enough to believe all that bullshit?

If the alleged "atom bombs" were real and as explosive as they are claimed to be, they would never produce any type of cloud, except dirt ejected by concussion, especially a mushroom shaped cloud. Furthermore, in a reaction which does produce smoke, the smoke production only continues until the reaction is completed. Even the largest concussion type bombs are relatively light in mass and thus unlike the much heavier sun would expand almost instantaneously to produce equilibrium by explosion rather than slower-burning fire. The "atom bomb" is alleged to produce a "nuclear reaction" which is almost instantaneous; therefore, even if it did produce smoke, it could only produce a very short puff, which would dissipate long before it had a chance to begin forming the stem, let alone the cap of a mushroom shape cloud. Thus, it would not be a very rapid reaction at all, since in photographs, still and moving, of the "atom bomb", when the cap at the top of the mushroom is finally formed, (which I am sure even government "nuclear physicists" would agree does not finish forming instantaneously, if movies of the "atom bomb" are accepted as being projected at real time speed), smoke is still billowing out of the "atom bomb", which should be exploded and gone by then, at the same density as at the beginning of the reaction, indicating a fire rather than a more rapid explosion. The mushroom cloud is not unique; many conventional fire-smoke bombs produce a bright flash (usually red) followed by a rising column of smoke (vertically), the stem, and when it reaches its convective altitude peak it slows down at the top and the faster, hotter air underneath pushes it outward and around in a toroid to make the cap; but although it is a fire, burning slower than the more rapid combustive explosion in a conventional concussion type bomb, it is still a much faster reaction than the ten minute "atom bombs". Further, an "atom bomb" explosion is alleged to produce temperatures hotter than the sun; but the predominantly red color in the fireball indicates a much lower temperature. The mushroom cloud in "atom bomb" pictures, still and moving, are alleged to be produced by a rising fireball; if heat was not coming from the ground rather than a rising fireball there would be as much expansion in all directions, which would produce a rising expanding sphere, instead of a column of hot air and bomb smoke rising vertically from the ground to produce the stem and cap of a mushroom-shaped cloud. Further, although the "atom bomb" is alleged to produce unbelievably powerful concussion and thermal radiation effects from the previously stated fireball and a blast-shock followed by a rarefaction of lesser force, many buildings were left standing within a fraction of a mile from ground zero, according to pictures of Nagasaki and Hiroshima; testimony of "witnesses" proves nothing since it is easy to report something which

did not actually happen and get some people to believe it (like the "war of the worlds" hoax). It should become obvious to someone considering these facts, that what they are actually viewing when they are shown a movie of an "atom bomb" explosion, is not a super-powerful bomb forming a gigantic mushroom shaped cloud by a mysterious instantaneous explosion, but rather a slow-motion projection of a much smaller low-potency fire-smoke bomb to make the time-space dimensions of its visible reactions appear to be of a much greater magnitude.

And what can truthfully be said about the famous formula:  $E = mc^2$  except that it is famous? Breaking the formula down to analyze it, it can be seen that E, which stands for the energy contained in a given mass, is valid if, and only if, the part of the equation to the right of the equal sign accurately reflects the amount of energy in a given stationary body. Since m represents the mass of a given body, it can be further stated that if the mass of a given body is multiplied by c squared, and the product obtained accurately reflects the amount of energy in any given body having the same mass, under all conditions, then the formula can truthfully be said to be valid and correct. However, since c squared is a constant, which means it has the same value in the formula under all conditions for every given body of every mass, and thus the determining factor of the ratio, of the amount of energy in two or more given bodies to each other, is m alone, a given body of a given mass should have the exact same amount of energy as another given body having the same mass, under all stationary conditions, even if they are not made of the same material; but, a little careful thought shows that this is not possible. A pound of ice very obviously does not contain the same amount of energy as a pound of boiling water; the boiling water has a higher molecular activity and thus contains more energy. A pound of copper wire coiled up with both ends disconnected very obviously does not contain the same amount of energy as a pound of copper wire with the ends connected, in an electrical circuit, to a high voltage generator; the electrically connected wire has a higher molecular activity, especially at the electron level, and thus contains more energy. A pound of air does not, when floating freely in the atmosphere, contain the same amount of energy as a pound of air in a fully inflated car tire; the pressurized air has a higher molecular activity and thus contains more energy. If energy equalled mass times the speed of light squared, ( $E = mc^2$ ), a pound of electrons would have the same energy as a pound of protons; but instead, one electron has the same electronic binding force but a much lighter mass than one proton, (which means a pound of electrons would have a much higher total electrical charge than a pound of protons), and electrons have a much higher velocity which gives them a much higher kinetic energy per pound than protons. Further, a pound of plutonium (any isotope) at absolute zero temperature would have no energy at all!

Although this data dealing with just the m part of the formula is more than

enough to melt down the entire  $E = mc^2$  formula, further analysis shows that the  $c^2$  part of the formula is just as invalid. Because those who claim said formula is valid will admit that energy can be added by the above methods (heat, electricity, pressure, etc.), but claim it is insignificant because of the much larger figure, for energy contained in a given mass, obtained by multiplying the mass times the enormous product of  $c^2$ , 186,000 miles per second times 186,000 miles per second, the  $c^2$  in the formula must have a valid reason for being in the formula. In the first place,  $c$ , which is listed as the speed of light, does not consider that light velocity is not a constant value, but varies depending on the material it is traveling through. Second, if all the mass of a given body was traveling at  $c$  velocity, the kinetic energy, should, according to physics laws, equal at the very most one half the mass times  $c^2$ . However, it is usually accepted that only the electron travels anywhere near that speed; and the rest of an atom, the nucleus, makes up the bulk of the mass; therefore, only a trivial mass has a valid relationship to  $c$  in any way. The remainder of the atom, the nucleus, has a kinetic energy dependent mainly on temperature and pressure; and an electronic potential which is equal, in an electrically neutral atom, to the electronic potential of the electrons of said atom. Therefore, the velocity of the nucleus, and the mass of the electrons, are both much too low in magnitude to represent the quantity  $mc^2$ . Thus, the famous formula, in all conditions of temperature and pressure, is not only inaccurate, but totally ridiculous!

More important than the quantity of energy in a given mass calculated from said formula, is the validity of nuclear theory in quality; can and does it work in truth like those who have given no firsthand proof (except for pictures, still and moving, witnessed by themselves as to authenticity, complex and confusing math formulas, which prove nothing themselves, alleged experiment results, which would be too expensive and/or complicated for almost anyone except a large military industrial complex to carry out, and the testimony of persons who can use it to enable numerous United Nations to enslave their own people, out of fear of total destruction by other countries, to a perpetual war-threat machine) claim that it does? The answer, as a little careful objective thought proves, is: of course not! A look at simple electronic characteristics, in relation to already proven physics laws of a nature that they can be verified by persons not having resources of the magnitude of a large military-industrial complex, can easily prove that all of the alleged "nuclear reactions" claimed are impossible, and all radioactivity is limited to electronic, (beta particle emission, also referred to as cathode radiation, or when traveling through a copper wire, electricity), and electromagnetic resultants, (radio waves, microwaves, infrared radiation, visible light, ultraviolet, X-rays, etc. varying in wavelength); and "nuclear reactions" claimed, which compared to electron transfer (electricity) might be termed: proticity (proton transfer), neutricity ("neutron" transfer), positricity ("positron" transfer), and alphicity ("alpha particle" transfer, or high speed wind from ionized helium gas), are all

composed of the same force that makes smoke rise into a mushroom-shaped cloud from a long duration fire: hot air (figuratively speaking)! First it should be pointed out that at one time, electricity was thought to be traveling from positive to negative by Earth Humans, (which fact is important to remember when considering what the terms negative and positive charge refer to), and the positive charge was thought to be a surplus of electricity and the negative charge a deficiency of electricity. It is now accepted, even by the feeble minds of the Earth Humans, that the negative terminal of a voltage source has an excess of electrons and the plus terminal a deficiency in electrons. From the physics formula  $F = ma$ , where  $F$  = force,  $m$  = mass, and  $a$  = acceleration, it can be seen that  $a = F$  over  $m$ ; therefore, for a given force, a body with a lower mass will have a faster acceleration in comparison to a body with a larger mass in proportion to their mass ratios. From common cathode ray experiments it is seen that when there is a - charge on a cathode and a + charge on an anode, electrons always travel from negative to positive; the reason being that the mass of an electron is trivial compared to a proton, which gives it so much higher acceleration (the electron) that a proton wouldn't hardly get moving before an electron would reach it. Thus proticity (proton transfer) and neutricity (transfer of "neutrons", which are alleged to be the same mass as a proton), which are claimed to occur to neutralize imbalance of electrical charge in the nucleus, and be produced by a "cyclotron", would be impossible; since too high of positive charge would be neutralized by an incoming electron before the proton would have time to neutralize the charge by leaving the nucleus, and too high a "neutron"-proton ratio would cause an electron to be ejected from orbit, increasing the relative positive charge of the nucleus, or at most even if "neutrons" existed, form and eject an electron at the nuclear level, before the "neutron" had time to leave the nucleus. Positricity ("positron" transfer) is just as absurd, since if there were really positive electrons, the odds would be just as great for electricity to flow from anode (+) to cathode (-) as from cathode to anode. A simple cathode ray tube proves that flow is always from negative to positive. As for alphicity ("alpha particle" transfer), it is easy to see that a high speed wind of ionized helium gas could not get too far before much lighter electrons from the nearest atoms would reach it to neutralize the charge before a proton had time to leave a nucleus; it could not travel any faster and/or farther than ordinary helium gas, and a nucleus that unstable wouldn't have been formed in the first place, since the above data shows a "cyclotron" couldn't work, and natural formation by proton bombardment would be impossible. Thus actual radiation, in whatever form it is found and categorized, is limited to electronic and electromagnetic resultants, because in truth the electron, having equal charge electrically but much lighter mass can always win a race with a proton to reach equilibrium. The "chain reaction" alleged to produce "nuclear power" in an "atom bomb" and a "nuclear pile" is alleged to be caused by a "neutron", an alleged particle having the mass of a proton and no electrical charge, which is alleged to leave a nucleus of one atom and knock two or three more "neutrons" out of the

nucleus of another atom, plus supply enough energy to overcome the electronic binding force holding the nucleus together and split the atom into two smaller atoms; all of this energy allegedly produced by the kinetic motion of the "neutron" alone. For a "neutron" to knock even one "neutron" out of another nucleus without any energy loss would be perpetual motion and thus impossible, and even more impossible to knock two or three more "neutrons" out of a nucleus, each having sufficient energy to sustain a "chain reaction", and have enough energy left over to overcome the binding energy of the nucleus and split the atom, all by the kinetic motion of the alleged "neutron". A geiger counter proves nothing except that there is a type of electrical charge nearby, which doesn't determine the molecular relationship, despite having certain identifiable characteristics for that wave length. Thus, on a dry day, a person walking on a nylon carpet for 24 hours, would produce more radiation than all the "atom bombs" and "nuclear piles" ever manufactured since the beginning of time (zero)! If the United Nations and secret conglomerations actually had astronauts and nuclear bombs there would have been extra craters on the Moon a long time ago!...

We had a pretty good idea early in our first recon mission how it would have to end up sooner or later, from our own observations, and reports received from other squads around the planet: we would have to destroy the entire planet Earth, or at the least very large portions of it, to eliminate the risk posed by the Earth Humans to our own species, as well as other species in the near and/or distant future. Back then we determined that Port Anasazi had become the most evil place on the planet. That was one reason we decided to save our total destruction of Port Anasazi for last, which was our next project, now that we were leaving California for good. Port Anasazi was a town shaped like a decapitated woman, in the midst of many waters. It was stretched along the area where Lake Anasazi funneled into the Saint Vibiana River. It was a place with a long history of much death. It had huge deep pockets of gases produced by extreme natural catastrophe. The program calculated that in order to produce such huge deposits of death residue deep underground in the area, it would require enormous quantities of plants and animals to be killed very rapidly and buried very deep by sediment thick enough to isolate the death pockets from any significant amounts of oxygen contained in air and/or water. The only plausible possibility would require a severe rainstorm lasting at least forty days, which would produce enough water and currents to bury the plants and animals in really deep mud before they had time to decompose in the presence of oxygen. We made up a poem about it: " Plants and animals, stuck in the mud, turned into fossil fuels after the flood.", which reminded those assigned to that area that deep exploration underground could be dangerous. Just before our squads set down in that area, the Earth Humans had accidentally built a huge pipe bomb which killed several Earth Humans, just from a relatively small amount of death gases which leaked from much deeper pockets, as they were squeezed upward by shifting plates which were relatively



stable and very deep underground. We had warned those we did not feel were too evil to be tolerated what was going to happen to the area, and helped them evacuate to a safe place far away, except for one person who was crazy enough to stay behind, even after he knew for sure something really disastrous and unsurvivable would happen at the time selected by the program. He had completely lost all fear of dying years earlier when he was a rifleman in the Coca Cola Rice War. Now we had found a use for him, at the last minute, as we headed toward Port Anasazi for our last big hurrah. Weeding the garden in that area would be easy, using natural forces which would be given a little push to set them in motion. The program had determined that a powerful enough explosion near the point where Lake Anasazi tapered into the Saint Vibiana River could shatter the Earth's eggshell thin crust down to the lava layer; and, when that hot lava hit the cold water, the initial tsunamic toroidal blast would split the solid bottom of the Saint Vibiana River in half lengthwise, down to the lava layer, all the way to Lake Saint Vibiana, which was located at the other end of the Saint Vibiana River, and then the tsunamic recoil would cause a megaphone effect, spreading a giant wall of lava and steam across both sides of the Saint Vibiana River, Lake Anasazi, and Lake Saint Vibiana, totally vaporizing the elevated roads spanning the Saint Vibiana River just past ground zero in a time span estimated at less than four and one half seconds from zero hour, even without factoring in the secondary explosions from the underground death gases, and totally annihilating all life forms for hundreds of miles.

But, on our first recon mission, our squad had it fairly easy for the first moon cycle. We decided Rachel's brother Jacob was trustworthy and non-hostile enough for us to begin talking to every once in a while. The families in the area of Rachel and Jacob's family lived on a diet consisting mostly of wild berries, and other fruits, and milk and yogurt supplied by the few milk cows several families of Ultra Extreme Traditional Jews shared. They took turns milking the cows, and feeding the cows and their calves, each day, allowing the cows and calves to roam and graze freely until early evening, when the Earth Human whose turn it was to milk the cow would herd whichever of the cows happened to be grazing the closest at the time into a small shed and milk them, taking a bucket of milk to any families which didn't have any cows grazing near them that evening. They made clothes from wool provided by several sheep the families shared. The sheep were allowed to roam and graze freely, only being sheared every once in a while when one of the Earth Humans decided they should make some new clothes. So, not all the sheep were sheared at the same time. Some of the sheep looked like they were bare naked, while other sheep looked like they were hiding in the bushes. The Ultra Extreme Traditional Jews considered it to be a blessing and an honor to be persecuted. The Bohemian Secret Salesmen were glad to oblige. They had to be sneaky about it though, because they were cowards, and afraid to have a real fight with the Jews. So, they often would hide behind some large vegetation on the

hillside and throw stones at the cows and sheep owned by the Ultra Extreme Traditional Jews. The families would often find bruises and bloody areas on their cows and sheep. They knew who did it, occasionally spotting the Bohemian Secret Salesmen sneaking away after throwing rocks at the sheep or cows. When the Bohemian Secret Salesmen happened to meet an Ultra Extreme Traditional Jew walking on the trail, they would pretend to be friendly. The Ultra Extreme Traditional Jews tried to be civil, because they didn't want to be like the Bohemian Secret Salesmen, who were very evil, although it was difficult at times to be civil because of all the evil things the Bohemian Secret Salesmen had done over the years. Every once in a while the Bohemian Secret Salesmen would drop rocks from high places onto an Ultra Extreme Traditional Jew walking on a trail near the bottom of the canyon, and then hide, because they were cowards who envied the Jews, who were not as beer-bellied and effeminate as the Bohemian Secret Salesmen. The Ultra Extreme Traditional Jews considered it an honor to be so persecuted, because being persecuted was a long established Jewish tradition. So, they would take turns being persecuted, walking down a trail where they had spotted some Bohemian Secret Salesmen hiding in the vegetation above. The Bohemian Secret Salesmen were very stupid and clumsy, and their freakish sneaky stalkings were often spotted by the Jews, who noticed them while they were in various places around their homes. Jacob felt it increased his spiritual grace to be persecuted; but, he felt the Bohemian Secret Salesmen were too evil to be tolerated in the Canyon areas after he witnessed four of the Bohemian Secret Salesmen ambush and kill his cousin Esau, and then run away. He recognized two of the attackers; but, they had vanished, never to be heard from again in the area, after several of the Ultra Extreme Traditional Jewish families went to confront the Bohemian Secret Salesmen. Jacob grieved tremendously, because he loved his cousin very much. The Bohemian Secret Salesmen targeted Jacob for sneaky persecutions frequently, not for anything he actually did, but because of what he said. He often spoke truths which were not pleasant for the Bohemian Secret Salesmen to hear. "Woe to those who would ever persecute the Jews, even before there were Jews.", said Jacob. "He who clutches at my throat is the child of death and evil. But he whose fingers are wrapped around my ankle is my true flesh and blood. That which can never be owned can never be sold or traded, but only shared with those to whom it belongs. I shear the sheep, I milk the cow; and, the food and clothes belong to my brothers and sisters. The shadow brings darkness, the morning brings light. Woe to those who would persecute the Jews, even before there were Jews. They say: 'The Sun rises in the East, and today we will kill a Jew. And the Moon becomes whole, and we shall kill a Jew.:'; but, woe to those who would persecute the Jews, even before there were Jews. For they will find that the Sun and moon and all the stars, are less than the tiniest grain of dust at the bottom of the Dead Sea. And all the plagues of Egypt will be their breakfast. And all evil and terrible things that have ever been done to the Jews, even before there were Jews, will be their supper. And woe to those who would persecute the

Jews, even before there were Jews. For where they will think should be the Sun and the Moon will be the eye of the whale in darkness. And the birds will scream the names of terrible things that have never been heard of before. And in the land of the Jews will only be found the Jews, the servants of the Jews, and the ashes and bare ground walked over by the Jews, with knees trembling, knowing it could just as easily have been them, some of them, or all of them. And woe to those who would persecute the Jews, even before there were Jews, for the dried bones of Abraham's feet will crush their skulls into powder. For every thing there is a season and a reason. A time to slaughter the fattened steer, a time to slaughter the children of Noah. A time for the fruit to fall to the ground, a time for the seed to reach towards the sky. Woe to those who would ever persecute the Jews, even before there were Jews, and those who say they will kill a Jew, and even their own soul, in the name of Abraham, for they will die with a mortal sin tatoood onto their soul, and scream in pain in the deepest, darkest pits of Hell forever!", said Jacob, as Rachel weeped for the loss of their cousin Esau.

But, those were the darkest days for the Ultra Extreme Traditional Jews, when most of the Bohemian Secret Salesmen were still alive, even in the Canyon; and, just as on the winter solstice, when the days are shortest, the time of light gets longer each day after, so the darker times for the Ultra Extreme Traditional Jews were replaced by the light. A couple days after each rain, we would place dried pieces of the Bohemian Secret Salesmen in bowls near the bottom of the Canyon for animals to snack on during the darkness of night. The Bohemian Lutheran Dissidents were true friends of the Ultra Extreme Traditional Jews, unlike the Bohemian Secret Salesmen, who were hypocrites who pretended to be friends with both the Bohemian Lutheran Dissidents and the Ultra Extreme Traditional Jews, while at the same time plotting to sabotage and betray them, and turn them against each other because of differences in the way they chose to worship God. The Bohemian Secret Salesmen pretended to be Lutheran in belief, even though the Bohemian Secret Salesmen held secret ceremonies of evil intent and planning when nobody was around. We had secret parties to use them for science experiments. Rachel was kept busy carrying wild berries which seemed to be growing almost everywhere. Things were improving everywhere in the Canyon. And, the saddest times were before Rachel and her sisters had ever even heard of Dean, let alone... Well, that's another factor that changed everything.

His name was Dean. He had lived in Port Anasazi since he was an infant Earth Human. We saw him go for walks in a nearby wooded area many times while we were studying him to make sure he was actually an Earth Human. When he was alone in the woods, many times, on warmer days, he would make up songs to sing while he was walking along a fairly open trail which didn't require pulling back branches to pass:

"King James and Elvis, are burning in Hell;

With Yasser and Nixon, they ain't feelin' too well;

And Luther's a Catholic, and the Mayor's in jail;

When fire comes from Heaven, you'll wish it was hail."

Dean lived in town; so, once in a while he liked to spend time in areas that were usually quieter, with less Earth Humans around, watching the wind in the trees and sometime making up new verses:

"Oh, King of the Mountain is somethin' to be;

At least 'til the mountains crumble into the sea;

The deserts are oceans, and the rivers run dry;

And solid ground rumbles when they open the sky."

He was a convert to Catholicism. He didn't have everything figured out perfectly yet; but, he was learning. We listened in on him while he was in the confessional. We often wondered if he made stuff up. If he did, he must have been inspired to do so for some mysterious reason. For a number of personal reasons, it would be one of the last times he stepped inside a church, while the local Port Anasazi equivalent to the Bohemian Secret Salesmen were still around. "And I'm not sure if it should count as impure thoughts, or a premature erection...", said Dean while he was confessing his sins. "When I think about it, it could have turned into fornication, or maybe even adultery, if I knew how to dance, and there were actually any women around here in real life. Hey, it could happen!", he continued. After the priest absolved Dean of all his sins, he knelt and prayed inside the church for a while. Then Dean left the church and headed for home. "It's good to be without sin again.", said Dean, while walking home, on a dry sunny day, as he removed the first stone from the bag of rocks he had tied to his belt, and cast it through the large picture window at the front of the Johnson mansion, with a loud crash, followed by the sound of Mr. Johnson yelling some type of incoherent words in a rage. To say that Dean danced to the beat of a different drummer would be an understatement...

(To be continued...)