



Kenneth J. Munkens

**Minther
& Sklar**

***"Should the citizenry be inattentive to public affairs officeholders
shall all become wolves."***

-- Thomas Jefferson

Chapter 10 | THE PEOPLE

My father sits on my bed and looks at me. He doesn't say a word. Neither do I. There is a look upon his face that is unlike any that I have seen before. It's an uncomfortable silence but one we both know is necessary. Sometimes you just have to reflect on your thoughts until one or the other is compelled to speak. It's not a duel as much as an acclimation—getting used to the water, as it were.

"I lied," my father confesses without emotion.

"You did?"

"Yes. Not having the opportunity to pursue aviation did, uh, does bother me."

I could get on my soapbox and pontificate about freedom, but this isn't the appropriate time. I reply, "I'm sorry that you didn't have the chance. You probably would have been a good pilot."

"Maybe. Would have been nice to find out." He then changes the subject and surprises me with a question, "How do you know that your ancestor signed the Declaration of Independence?"

"And the original Constitution," I add.

"Oh? And how do you know that?"

In my head I see a flashing yellow light—caution, caution, caution. There is far too much that I cannot reveal even to my father. It is at this moment that I realize how far I have come and what I know that must remain confidential. Too many people would be hurt and the future of America put at risk if I become loose with the information that now resides in my head.

My father asks, "Are you positive that your information is correct?"

I realize that he doesn't know. Of course, why should I have assumed that he did? He and my mother were born during the Reorganization. By the time they went to school history had been wiped clean. It's my turn to ask a question, "Have you ever seen the Declaration of Independence?"

"Of course, a photograph of the document was in our history books," he pauses. "Yes, we had printed books up until I went to middle school when

everything went digital.” He thinks for a second, “Let’s see, that was during the cold years 2031 or 32.”

“So, you never saw the signatures?”

“And, you have?”

“Yes.”

“That was probably an illegal act.”

“Are you going to turn me in?”

“Don’t get wise!” he snaps. “Where did you see the Declaration of Independence?”

“Dad, I’m not going to lie to you,” I start, “I’ve had access to information and, legal or not, I’ve seen the Declaration of Independence including the signatures.” He doesn’t say anything. “My name is on it.” He shows a definite reaction of surprise. “So, unless I’m a time traveler one of our ancestors put that signature on that document.”

“Someone’s playing a joke on you.”

“No. It’s as real as you and me sitting here.” I know that I have to tread lightly. “My interest in history will probably get me in trouble—most likely fired—but I just have to know.” Hopefully that will direct him away from STUS.

“George, you have to stop this.”

“Profit or loss?”

“What’s that?”

“Oh, I was just thinking out loud.” I stand and look out the window. “Dad, there’s a big wonderful world out there that is being denied us. I want to know why.” I turn to face him, “Our ancestor signed those documents in hopes of providing us with freedom and opportunity and protection from oppression. His attempt failed. I want to know what happened.”

As if in a trance my father stares at me. It’s another of those long silences you just have to allow happen. Finally, he rises, walks to my door, then turns back to face me, “Be very careful, son.”

The next morning on the way to work Virginia drops another bombshell on me, “You have to get a license and a car. I’m not your damn chauffeur—I’m your boss.”

“There’s a whole lot of red tape to go through to get a license and buying a car takes money.”

She swerves to miss a man leading a horse cart, then explains, “George, in America there are two ways to get things accomplished. The first is you trudge through the endless bureaucratic steps, pay outrageous fees, and get treated like shit.” I laugh and nod my head. “The second is that you swim in the right circles to get things done quickly and without stress.” She tosses a piece of plastic at me. It’s a small thumb drive with a thumb slot. I know enough to place my left thumb in the slot. Nothing. However, Virginia says, “OK, now that you have your license you’ll have to choose a company car.”

Instinctively, I stare at my thumb. In that pudgy digit is my driver's license and I don't even know how to drive. "That easy?" I remark.

Virginia pulls into the parking lot at the Morehead office, turns to me, and states, "George, keep in mind STUS is in the inner circle. We are part of the chosen elite. It took decades to get here. They need us, but more importantly they trust us. We are beyond reproach which is why we are able to operate and get things done. Those in the ruling class are too busy watching their backs and building their wealth to pay any attention to us. After all, we are a valuable tool that has never let them down."

"Doesn't that mean that we have been helping the wrong side?"
"Strategies are sometimes hard to understand until the final move"

I remember the chess game and shut up.

Walter Tize is waiting for me when I enter the office. He greets me with a friendly comment, "A company car for a young know-nothing putz like you? I don't get it. Morning in Bedlam."

I hold up my finger. Not that one, you twink, my thumb, "I got my license." I smile.

He shakes his head and walks toward his office. I follow.

"We still have business to do in this office," Walter snarls. "Here is a request for an analysis of United States population trends during the twenty-first century."

I stand there looking at him.
"You have no idea where to begin," he states rather than asks.
"Correct."

"But you got your driver's license," he mocks. "OK, drive yourself to Room 287, log onto the computer, and start a search. Do ten year intervals by demographic. Project it to 2080."

Do you have any idea how many numbers there are in population studies? I'm staring at row after row of numbers. What I should do is go through each cell and bore you to tears. Instead, because I'm a nice guy, I'll just hit the high points.
NOTE: For those of you who are curious the population analysis is available at www.2076AD.com.

YEAR	POPULATION	% CHANGE	YEAR	POPULATION	% CHANGE
2000	274,520,227	----	2050	326,648,178	1%
2010	308,745,538	12%	2060	342,980,587	5%
2020	348,882,458	13%	2070	351,555,102	3%
2030	313,994,212	-10%	2080	358,586,204	2%
2040	323,414,038	3%			

There was significant population growth between the years 2000 and 2020 averaging 12.5% growth over each ten year period.

The Reorganization began October 12, 2024. During this time Texas became a sovereign nation removing 8.5% of the population of the United States. There was also a dramatic exodus of Hispanic aliens as jobs became extremely scarce and government scrutiny relentless. Between 2020 and 2030 over 27 million jobs disappeared and more than 13 million aliens left the country. In 2020; 137 million adults (55%) had jobs by 2070; 104 million adults were employed (40%). I guess I should consider myself lucky to have a job—very lucky.

Population decline between 2020 and 2030 was 10%. After the Reorganization population growth has been modest averaging approximately 2.8% growth over each ten year interval. Part of this slow growth is due to the emigration of educated adults seeking better employment in more successful nations.

There are other relatively significant changes between 2010 and 2070.

Ethnicity changed as the white segment went from 72% to 66%, Black from 13% to 12%, Hispanic from 10% to 9%, and other races from 5% to 13%. This is a result of foreign ownership of utilities and numerous businesses.

Employment shifted away from Professional (59% to 33%) moving to Blue Collar (25% to 33%) and service jobs (14% to 32%).

Education of the population also shifted from College graduates (22% to 14%), Some College (24% to 11%) to High School Graduates (27% to 41%) and sadly Non-High School Graduates (27% to 34%). Apparently, there is no need for education when there are so few jobs and the government provides enough financial support to survive.

There's a lot more but your snoring is distracting me. Charts are available at www.2076AD.com. Do your own damn analysis. What is clear, though I had no idea, is it appears that life was better before the Reorganization. Yet our history lessons painted a picture of a glorious rebirth and new beginning achieved through the Reorganization.

Curiosity gets the better of me and I research The Reorganization on this super computer in Room 287. What comes up first is a citizen's personal account of the dramatic events.

"One Monday morning I woke up and the banks were closed. I learned this watching the morning news. The morning anchor stated that all banking and banking services, such as debit and credit were not operating. She read a statement from the government.

Due to an ongoing serious economic emergency on a global scale, a State of Emergency has been declared in the United States of America on this date, 14 October 2024, to remain in effect through resolution of the crisis. In order to protect all citizens the following steps have been implemented.

- a. Marshall Law has been enacted
- b. The Constitution of the United States of America has been suspended

- c. Presidential election scheduled for November indefinitely postponed
- d. all financial transactions in the United States of America discontinued until further notice
- e. all printed and minted currency issued by the United States of America devalued to zero
- f. all commerce ceased until government control is fully activated
- g. all travel to be curtailed
- h. all utilities are immediately nationalized
- i. all financial institutions will immediately be regulated by the Federal Universal Monetary and Banking Legal Exchange (FUMBLE)
- j. all media to be managed by the National Office of Public Enlightenment (NOPE)
- k. food will be distributed by FEMA through designated government centers
- l. all gasoline sales are prohibited
- m. all citizens must return to their homes as rapidly as possible and remain there
- n. all internet providers are prohibited from operating
- o. all telephone operations both landline and cellular are temporarily interrupted
- p. all citizens are required to view broadcast television networks for further instructions
- q. failure to follow all instructions will be punishable by prison and fine
- r. all military personnel, active and reserve, are to report to their commands immediately
- s. all public education is temporarily ceased
- t. all universities and colleges will halt operations and maintain student residences
- u. the judicial system of the United States of America is dissolved immediately
- v. all law enforcement is now under the command of the Federal Justice Department
- w. the stock exchange will be closed indefinitely
- x. all firearms are to be surrendered to law enforcement personnel
- y. any action taken or expressed against the State will result in arrest
- z. a new government will be introduced in the next ninety days

To aid citizens during this emergency the State will issue to every adult a United States Treasury Card with a subsistence allotment of International Monetary Units (IMUs). These funds are to be used for food only. Every citizen is to report to a Designated Review

Evaluation And Determination (DREAD) center for classification. Failure to do so will result in imprisonment. Essential American Services Yeomen (EASY) will be given priority in order to keep critical functions of the State operating.

A Statement From President Clinton Franklin Wilson

My fellow Americans, we are embarking on a glorious new era that will ensure that every citizen enjoys a life without care or stress or inequality. Our New America will provide a safer, fairer, more welcoming environment for you and your family. We will enable you to live the life of your dreams free from hunger and fear, with access to housing, healthcare, education, employment, and entertainment. Gone are the days of the rich taking advantage of the poor, of ethnic bias and hatred, of gender inequality, of thoughtless ruin of our planet, of disregard for your feelings, and of a government that doesn't care.

My fellow Americans—we care. Our New America is your new opportunity to right the wrongs of the past and venture confidently into the future. It is your future. A future filled with hope and promise awaits. Your government is the peoples' government. Together we will create that magnificent

I ask only one thing—Trust America.

“There was no way of knowing what was taking place across the nation. We were all imprisoned in our own homes. The only news available was that which the government provided on the broadcast networks. Some of us ventured out to talk with neighbors. They were as much in the dark as we. A few decided to go to city hall and demand answers. We never saw them again.”

A chill runs down my spine. I'm experiencing what a citizen went through. How frightening it must have been to be cut off from the world, to not know what was going to happen next, and to have to wait and do nothing. I continue to read the account.

“The first day I imagine everyone sat in front of their televisions hoping to see what was happening. Only we never were shown any events around the nation or the world. All we received were updates, new rules, and government statements from New America. I picked up my landline telephone to see if there was a dial tone. A high pitched squeal greeted me. I returned to my television and waited for the next set of instructions.

On the second day a FEMA truck arrived and gave out small food parcels.

It was barely enough to keep us alive. I was tempted to try to go to a grocery store to attempt to get more food. Reality set in as I remembered that all currency was worthless. So, I sat in front of the television. On this day they started showing government officials working together and scenes of happy citizens. It definitely wasn't filmed in my neighborhood. Then a commercial stating 'New America Your Better Future' ran showing carefree families walking along a lake."

A voice causes me to jump. It's Walter Tize on an intercom, "Clymer, did you have to take off your shoes to count the numbers? How long does it take for a simple request?"

Quickly I email all of the data. I'll have to return to the citizen's account of the Reorganization, later.

At dinner, I tell my parents that I got my license. My father almost chokes on a piece of cornbread.

"It takes months to get a license," he states. "How the devil did you get one so quickly?" Then abruptly he adds, "Do you even know how to drive?"

"I was hoping that you would teach me," I attempt to change the subject.

"If you don't know how to drive how did you get a license?" he presses.

"I think someone pulled some strings because she wants to stop chauffeuring me."

"A pretty face and a wink, huh? Just what are you going to do for a car?"

"I've been told that I will be able to get a company car, if I'm lucky."

"You've been lucky more than you know," he states with a slight tone of envy.

Alone in my room I contact Dawn.

DAWN: Did you start a revolution?

GEORGE: Not yet. I did read about the Reorganization from a citizen's point-of-view.

DAWN: What do you think?

GEORGE: It was scary and hard to believe. You wake up one morning and everything that you were accustomed to has been taken away. How could something like that happen overnight?

DAWN: It didn't. The financial collapse was anticipated ten to twelve years before 2024. In fact, it was precipitated by actions of the government. Those in power decided to expand their power by destroying the mechanism that gave the people a voice, albeit a small voice that was steadily being diminished, in how their government was run. Then once the wheels were in motion and couldn't be stopped secret negotiations took place beginning in 2020 for how to dismantle the broken nation. The fiends who the people trusted to protect them sold them like cattle and brought them to the slaughter.

GEORGE: It's hard to believe that such evil went unrecognized.

DAWN: Throughout history it has happened again and again.

GEORGE: How could intelligent people sit back and let it happen?

DAWN: What choice were they given?

GEORGE: The police should have refused to trample on the rights of individuals.

DAWN: Given the choice of their families eating or not eating they followed orders.

GEORGE: Some must have fought back.

DAWN: There are graveyards in every state where bodies are buried stacked six high. On those graves are small plastic markers with the letters E.O.T.S. Do you know what that stands for?

GEORGE: No.

DAWN: Enemy of the State. Individuals who protested too loudly, actively fought the Reorganization, made the wrong enemy, or broke one of the many new laws are buried in those nondescript graves. Their names were removed from all records as if they never existed.

GEORGE: Obviously, none of that is taught in history class.

DAWN: In some ways capitalism became a capital offense.

GEORGE: All we were taught is how the government is benevolent and the protector of our rights.

DAWN: A dog feels safe and cared for as long as he doesn't tug too hard on his master's leash.

GEORGE: At least I understand now why we have to be so secretive.

DAWN: E.O.T.S. was also adopted by a secret group as their name. It stands for Equal Opportunity Traitors Society.

GEORGE: Are you a member?

DAWN: No one is. Lol.

GEORGE: What does that mean?

DAWN: All in due time.

GEORGE: I got my driver's license today.

DAWN: Lord help us.

GEORGE: Very funny. I have to learn how to drive and then will get a company car.

DAWN: A word to the wise, don't pick a Buick.

GEORGE: Why?

DAWN: Trust me or not—it's up to you.

GEORGE: I have a concern.

DAWN: What is it?

GEORGE: My parents are getting suspicious. There is far too much happening too quickly for them not to wonder what I have gotten into. I believe they think I've gotten involved with criminals.

DAWN: What have you told them?

GEORGE: As little as possible.

DAWN: Good. However, there is one solution.

GEORGE: What is it?

DAWN: Move out.

After my conversation with Dawn I start investigating apartments. With my salary I can afford a relatively nice place closer to work. I decide to ask Virginia where she thinks I should live. Dawn is right if I am on my own I won't have to explain my every move. Of course, I'm not very domesticated. There is a whole lot I will have to learn.

Dee walks into my room. "I need a ride," she jokes.

"Buy a horse."

"I don't think mom and dad know about the George Clymer signature," Dee concludes.

"He seemed surprised."

"I don't think I should tell them that I saw it, as well."

"Good idea."

Dee sits on the floor, smiles, and asks, "So, what kind of car are you going to get?"

"I'm not sure," I reply. "Anything but a Buick."

"Don't you have to get some kind of approval from the government?"

"I guess they'll only show me cars that I'm allowed to drive." I wait a moment then say, "Dee, I've got something to tell you that you shouldn't tell mom or dad, yet."

"What is it?"

"I'm thinking of moving out, getting an apartment, you know."

"Wow, big brother is really growing up," she surmises. Then she looks at me with a concerned expression, "But, what about the book and our reading it together?"

"We can still do that. I'll come out here quite often."

Dee looks at me as though it is the first time that she has seen me. After finishing her evaluation she asks, "George, what are you doing—really?"

"I work in the research department at the STUS Corporation."

"What are you really doing?"

"I just got assigned to be a customer relations liaison with the government. That's why they have me getting a license and, I guess, traveling to Texas."

"Everything has happened so fast."

"Maybe I impressed the right person." I can't help but think about Dawn. Her hand is without question directing all this. Right from the beginning she has taken me down this incredible road. I only hope that her confidence in me isn't ill-advised. I wish that I could share more with Dee, but for both of our sakes it is better that it remain a mystery.

After Dee leaves my mind drifts back to the day America stopped or, more accurately, ceased to exist. In a single day over three hundred million free people

were made vassals of a state ruled by a chosen few. The unthinkable not only happened it happened literally overnight. One thing has become painfully clear. The American people made a costly mistake. They forgot to watch their back.

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Downtown Dreams

by: Kenneth J Munkens

available at www.2076AD.com

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Rude Awakening IN 1969

by: Kenneth J Munkens

coming in 2016

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