



Kenneth J. Munkens

**Minther
& Sklar**

“To achieve world government, it is necessary to remove from the minds of men their individualism, loyalty to family traditions, national patriotism, and religious dogmas.”

-- Brock Adams
Director UN Health Organization

Chapter 14 | THE DEVIL

“As I stand here I am filled with pride. I am proud of the United States of America, of our caring government, of the past fifty years, and of you—the American people.”

I’m watching President Sandra Holmes making an important announcement. She is standing at a podium upon which is the seal of the President of the United States. What strikes me most is that standing behind her are a number of dignitaries among which is David Trufire, President of STUS.

“Together, we’ve brought our nation back from the brink of disaster to this historic day.”

My parents, Dee, and myself are watching with anticipation. For two days we have been promised fantastic news that will improve the lives of every citizen. Some believe that the economy has improved to where the Social Compensation Program will be allocating more funds to recipients. Others, are anticipating some wonderful scientific breakthrough. And, still others expect the government to take care of them.

Me? I have no idea. Only, I can’t remember a Presidential nationwide speech that didn’t call for more sacrifices for the good of the nation. I’m a skeptic.

“I have agreed to sign the World Order United Nations Declaration (WOUND) committing the United States to become a member of the UN Euro/American Sectional Enterprise Zone (UNEASEZ).” Recorded applause and cheers ring out. Sandra Holmes smiles broadly.

I’m in shock. The President of the United States just abolished the United States as a nation.

“That bitch is the devil!” Dee bellows with tears in her eyes.

My mother and father sit there like good citizens—sheep going where they are told, believing what they are told, maybe not even hearing what they are told.

“We are embarking on a new age. One of peace, harmony, equality, justice, prosperity, advancement, happiness, and hope.”

What, she couldn't think of any other wonderful attributes? Still, it strikes me immediately that she left out one important word—freedom.

"After ten years of hard work, negotiations, and planning here are the results." Behind President Holmes a large screen is filled with a map of the world. All continents are green. "Here is our world." She presses a button and parts of the map turn blue. "And, this is the UN Euro/American Sectional Enterprise Zone."

Now, I'm pretty weak in the area of geography, but it appears the zone includes most of Europe, the United States, Canada, Australia, Sweden, Finland, Great Britain, Ireland, a little bit of South America, India, and of all things, Saudi Arabia.

"The government will be headquartered in Brussels. As there will no longer be any national borders, the UN Euro/American Sectional Enterprise Zone it will simply be referred to as the UN Blue Enterprise Zone." She peers up at the map and says with gusto, "Isn't it beautiful?"

I want to barf.

"The second Enterprise Zone is the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics." Like blood, red flows across the map. It covers practically everything west to Europe, with the exception of Ukraine and some other small countries. The biggest surprise is that it also encompasses most of South America. Those commies have been busy little bees. Cuba and Panama round out the UN Red Enterprise Zone.

"Cooperation will be the rule in our gorgeous new world."

The map morphs once more adding yellow to most of Asia, as well as Bolivia and Paraguay in South America. There it is the UN Yellow Enterprise Zone.

"The new world is about diversity and respect for other cultures. And, we welcome the Caliphate of Islam as a peaceful, spiritual leader in the world. Here is the UN Caliphate Enterprise Zone." Most of North Africa and the Middle East along with the Philippines turns purple. What catches my eye is the fact that the state New Mecca that once was Michigan and Wisconsin is part of the Caliphate. How odd.

President Holmes drones on, "The areas in tan are, as yet, unaffiliated but will join our great community over time." Most of Africa, the west coast of South America, and Central America have yet to be gobbled up by the partners in crime.

I can do no more than shake my head in disbelief. What is happening?

"As with any great enterprise and advancement in society there will always be deniers and resisters." Areas on the map turn black.

There it is—Texas. Alone surrounded by blue, it appears so vulnerable and, yet at the same time, so forceful. These tenacious cowboys will not be moved. They will not surrender to the forces that wish to conquer the world. They will fight to the very end. It makes me want to get some cowboy boots, a hat, and the Smith & Wesson 9mm and head to Texas. Immediately, I wonder about the planned trip to Texas. Is it off? Have we lost the war that never started? Did David

Trufire sell us out? Are the police on their way to arrest me?

I notice for the first-time other areas in black. Other nations have rejected the New World Order. There is South Korea, Japan, New Guinea, Indonesia, New Zealand, Israel, Turkey, Ukraine, Norway, South Africa, and a number of smaller countries that I can't name.

"These rogue nations will be isolated and brought to their knees," President Holmes hisses. "They are racist, sexist, conservative cesspools that wish to enslave mankind. In time they will become a part of our great enterprise when their fanatical leaders come to their senses."

I look at Dee. She is sitting as still as a statue. There is no indication of what she is thinking. However, I know one thing, she isn't thinking this is good.

President Holmes changes her tone, "In order to make this transition successful a number of steps have to take place. First, all state governments will be abolished and become administrative agencies of the federal government until such time as the seat of power is moved to Brussels. This will take some time to accomplish. Leadership of the Blue Enterprise Zone will be appointed by the United Nations Governance Committee. All private property will be surrendered to the new order. Economic activities will be frozen at their present state. Restrictions on the Globalnet will be immediately implemented. Firearms of every type are now illegal under international law and must be turned into authorities within thirty days. All foreign travel is banned. Any revolt or disapproval of this act of any kind will be severely punished. Because there will be significant cost to these changes the Social Compensation Program remittance to all citizens will be reduced by fifteen percent." Sandra Holmes puts on her sad caring face and says with all the emotion of the best actress, "We have to pull together to make this happen for the good of all world citizens."

I can't help but notice the diamond earrings that dangle from her ears below perfectly coiffured hair.

"On this glorious day we begin our journey to an orderly, peaceful, promising world that will benefit mankind. I am proud to be the last President of the United States. The transition will take eleven months and be completed on July 4, 2076."

How appropriate, on the three hundredth birthday of the greatest nation ever known it will be assassinated.

"Thank you, my fellow Americans," giggle, "my fellow Blue Enterprise Zonians."

I leave the room without saying a word. There are no words. Nothing can be said or done. You know my next step.

GEORGE: Did you watch what just happened?

DAWN: Of course.

GEORGE: What do you think?

DAWN: Are you ready to saddle up?

GEORGE: I don't know what to think, or do, or feel.

DAWN: What you witnessed was the opening salvo of a war.

GEORGE: From what I see—we already lost. The United States of America is no more.

DAWN: The United States of America was destroyed in 2026 with the reorganization. Corrupt liberal politicians did their dirty work and left an empty shell. What they didn't realize is they also left an idea that will not die that has grown and developed and waited for the right time.

GEORGE: And, is this the right time?

DAWN: What do you think?

GEORGE: Stop laying it on me. I don't know what is going on.

DAWN: What do you want to happen?

GEORGE: I haven't thought about it.

DAWN: How disappointing.

GEORGE: I don't know what people want of me.

DAWN: What do you want?

GEORGE: I want to be free to live my life without government or tyrants, or self-righteous elitists telling me what to do or think.

DAWN: That's better.

GEORGE: Better than what?

DAWN: Better than casting about not knowing what you want.

GEORGE: Great! So, I want to be free. How the hell is that going to happen in today's global takeover world?

DAWN: Three hundred years ago exceptional men had a vision for a nation governed by the people. It began as an undefined concept. Together they molded it into an irresistible idea—freedom. They had to have it. Yet, they faced the greatest empire and military power ever known. It was a no win situation doomed to failure. Those exceptional men risked everything, fought, died, and founded a nation unlike any that had ever existed before. God's hand guided them. Their honor and strength drove them. In the end, they achieved the impossible.

GEORGE: And, now it is being thrown away leaving a modern feudal system where the elite rule and the serfs fight to survive.

DAWN: You carry the DNA of one of those exceptional men.

GEORGE: What?

DAWN: History repeats itself.

GEORGE: Not with me.

DAWN: Yes, with you.

GEORGE: I think you are hooking your wagon to a lost horse.

DAWN: Look in the mirror.

GEORGE: At this point, I'm afraid to.

DAWN: LOL. Go to Texas, George. The conflict has just begun.

I walk into Virginia's office the next day filled with apprehension. The President of STUS, David Trufire, stood with the President of the United States and surrendered its sovereignty. Treason of the first degree. What am I supposed to think? Virginia is standing by the window looking out. Without turning around, she says, "Pack your bags. We're going to Texas."

"How?"

"By private jet."

"I mean, how? All international travel has been banned."

Virginia turns around to face me, "George, the law does not apply to rebels."

"What if we get caught?"

"You worry too much."

"I worry just enough."

Virginia laughs.

I ask, "Why was Mr. Trufire there?"

"Because STUS is an integral part of the transition. Without our technology they couldn't make this move."

"Then why don't we stop them?"

"We want it to happen."

"I don't understand."

"Without this dramatic move, and the chaos it will undoubtedly create, the population would remain complacent. Remember, after our chess game, when I asked you, 'what happens if you throw a revolution and no one cares?'"

"I remember."

"If the concepts of freedom and individual liberty don't catch on, the people of the United States might as well paint themselves blue and join the Enterprise Zone." For the first time I see concern in her eyes, "I fear the addicting poison of socialist manipulation may run too deep. When they are given chicken and don't have to work for it they accept it. If the powers that be decide they can only have eggs, they accept it. Even as the allotments get smaller and smaller they continue to go along. Like animals in a zoo they wait for their meal and eat what is put in front of them. It doesn't occur to them that they could do far better on their own." She then asks, "Did you ever see a dog get beaten that rolls on its back and surrenders without a fight?"

"Sadly, I have."

"Keep that in mind. The American people have been trained, educated, threatened, regulated, and psychologically enslaved by their statist masters. Reversing that may be the greatest challenge of the revolution."

I have to admit that I agree with Red, uh, Virginia. Had to throw that in. If no one cares no good will come from any effort. My mind wanders. DNA? Does Dawn really think there is some kind of magic to my DNA? I know that I understand

the miracle of a government of the people, for the people, and by the people. But, how do I bring this understanding to masses that have been meticulously shaped through decades of propaganda, education, and regulation? What tool can I use?

"The day after tomorrow we leave for Texas," Virginia says as she drags me back to reality.

I nod.

Back at home at dinner nothing is said about the surrender of the nation to foreign overlords. I guess, in my parent's minds it will be simply more of the same. Do what you're told, collect your reduced check, lose weight, shiver in the cold, and keep breathing. Life is good. Good grief!

In my room I open my tablet and surf the globalnet to see what is being said about the speech and events. For the most part it is all positive from all of the mainstream media. Of course, whose paying their salaries? Most of the social media are buzzing. Famous actor Jimeth Hosterman is planning to marry Cher. The Bubbletops released a new record. Someone is trying to keep up with the Kardashians. New fashion trends enhance the elbow, or something—what the hell? Photos of President Sandra Holmes shoes.

Then on the VideoView site I spot a new program. It's title alone is amazing—*The Capitalist*. Immediately, I look down and see that it has over 6,000 views. This puppy is running. Without question the government will run the little critter down with a tank as soon as they get wind of it. I decide that I better watch it before it is too late.

The title is simple showing a statue of a colonial looking man with a walking stick and a hand on a pedestal. There's something familiar about him. He does appear noble. Then it hits me—it's George Washington.

THE CAPITALIST

The opening screen features dark blue storm clouds with white lettering that states, "The government under which you live has a direct impact on your freedom, quality of life, security, safety, and happiness." It fades to a dirty, rundown street with a few dilapidated wooden houses on each side. A few people are seen sitting on a porch or walking half-dead along the street. Without question it is a depressed area. The music is heavy and sinister. Now I know why it has been left up. This is what comes of capitalism—misery. It's a goddamned propaganda piece.

A female voiceover is heard, "A town in nowhere U.S.A., small, poor, tired, forgotten. Four hundred twenty-seven people—human beings—living like fish in an aquarium, floating along until they float to the top. No dreams, no aspirations, no opportunities, no recourse—no hope."

It dissolves to the inside of a house. Old furniture, peeling walls, twenty-year-old mattresses, bugs, mold, mildew, and a forty-inch flat screen monitor on the wall hooked up to free GOV-POV satellite programming.

Once more the female voiceover, "The human spirit can light the heavens when set free. However, it is fragile. The nation's elite rulers knew that and systematically removed all confidence and ambition and will from the very people they took an oath to protect. Through education, propaganda, coercion, laws, and pharmaceuticals the process allowed power-hungry politicians to steal a nation from its citizens."

A car, shiny and new and more expensive than any vehicle seen in this village for a very long time, drives slowly down the street. All who are present look upon it with curiosity. Closeups of various tired, drawn faces gaze at the exquisite vehicle. The sound of its motor is foreign to the quiet hamlet. It stops. Out of the curiosity climbs a tall man wearing all black. Black shirt, jeans, and boots. His hair is blond and wavy and longer than usual. It blows in the slight breeze. Dark sunglasses cover his blue eyes. Lean and muscular he is the picture of health. He stands beside the automobile and scans the landscape. There is an air of confidence about him. By the expressions on their faces it is clear that the townspeople don't know what to make of him. After a few moments he walks over to a woman who is standing at the edge of a garden that doesn't seem to be doing too well.

"Good afternoon."

"Afternoon."

"Your garden is struggling."

"Aren't we all," she stabs the ground with a shovel.

"I'd like to put an end to that."

"Oh, how do you propose to do that?"

"Are there any in this village who are hard workers, who wish to do better, or are dissatisfied with the way things are?"

"Everyone is dissatisfied with the way things are. But, it's the way things are and we can't change it."

"Now, you can."

"You talk strange. Who are you?"

"My name is Falcon."

"Like the bird?"

"Like the bird."

"What do you want Mr. Falcon?"

"Just Falcon," the man looks around at the sad state of the village. He says with authority, "I want to turn this locality into a vast garden of possibilities and prosperity." His smile draws a slight smile from the woman.

"I don't understand."

"Of course, you don't. I'd like to meet with your leaders to explain the reason for my presence here and how your town can realize new life."

I have to admit it has gotten interesting. It really isn't bad for a computer-

generated film. The scene changes to a meeting in a room that looks like it was once a church. Attending are four men and three women. They represent the town council.

Falcon presents his case, "I am here to offer you a business proposition. If you are agreeable, I'd like to set up a manufacturing facility here to make guitars. There's a great deal of good seasoned wood out in these forests."

He is interrupted by one of the older men, "Guitars can only be made of plastic—it's the law."

"Ah, but nothing sounds as natural, or alive, or as emotional as an acoustic guitar made of wood." Falcon leaves the room, goes to his car, and returns with a wood guitar. He begins to play *Horse With no Name* by America. Full mellow tones fill the room."

The older man continues, "That's very nice, but they are still illegal. The EPA says so."

While still strumming a tune, Falcon answers, "There is a difference between legal and moral."

"Yes, legal get's you fined, in jail, or assigned a lower SCP payment bracket."

"If you join me and do this the Social Compensation Program payment won't mean a damn thing."

The meeting continues and ultimately six of the seven council members decide to give it a chance. The only holdout is the older man. He does however state that he will not interfere. As the movie progresses Falcon explains that he has a market for the guitars, that he will provide the hand tools and training for those who are interested. Now, here is where the movie gets engaging. Falcon and one of the townspeople are in the woods. They come upon a fallen tree.

"The EPA won't let us move them," the townsman states, "They might be a habitat to some forest creature." He looks shyly at Falcon and admits, "We do pick up smaller branches for our illegal Franklin Stoves. It's the only way to keep warm. The community generator doesn't work half the time and when it does it only provides half the power needed. That is if and when the government fuel is delivered."

"Do you see any EPA agents around?"

"No."

"Then let's grab this wood and start changing the lifestyle around here."

The scene returns to the church. One of the female council members asks, "How do we explain the increased IMU's?

"You don't."

"We don't?"

"Your town is going to begin to operate on your own non-traceable currency." Falcon explains, "Wallets will be created for all participants—along with passwords that take you off the government grid. All the government will see is

you visiting various authorized entertainment sites that will not raise any eyebrows. Behind these sites you will actually be on a private commerce site. You can purchase what you want from another town that has set up a general store. Deliveries will be made directly to you. Your town currency will be accepted as legal tender."

The rest of the video shows people dragging logs, honing wood, being instructed, and making guitars. They are industrious and reflect a renewed spirit. The last scene shows Falcon walking to his car. The woman he originally met warmly asks, "Why?"

"I'm a capitalist."

The video promises Chapter 2 soon.

Before I finish watching I look down and the view count is 22,000. This puppy is turning into a full-grown wolf. How long will it remain up? Who created it? Will they go to jail? Is it a compelling enough story to wake people up?

Dee enters my room. I tell her to watch the video which she does with interest. At the end, she turns to me and says, "That's really good, George. Did you make it?"

"No, but I wish that I had."

"People need to know that there is a better way to live," she points out.

"It is very well done. I can't wait to see Chapter 2, if the government doesn't throw the creator in jail."

"Me too."

After Dee leaves, I contact Dawn.

GEORGE: Have you seen the video titled *The Capitalist*?

DAWN: I just watched it.

GEORGE: What do you think?

DAWN: I think it is a good idea. Did you make it?

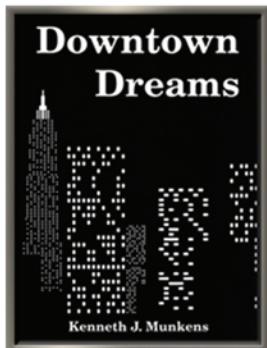
GEORGE: No.

DAWN: Learn from it.

GEORGE: I will. It could be an answer to Virginia's question, "What happens if you throw a revolution and no one cares?"

Visit: www.2076AD.com for more information or to participate in the creation of 2076AD. You can also view the YouTube version of Chapter 14.

Novels by Kenneth J Munkens



Downtown Dreams

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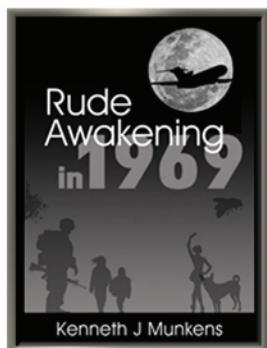
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