



Kenneth J. Munkens

Minther
& Sklar

“Next in importance to freedom and justice is popular education, without which neither freedom nor justice can be maintained.”

-- James A. Garfield

Chapter 2 | THE LETTER

I admit it—I returned to BradfordWasRight.info. Each time that I do up pops the “dangerous site” icon. I enter. On two occasions I get messages from strangers who ask, “Profit or loss?” I ignore them. Then it happens, on my third return visit I receive a message from Dawn.

DAWN: Welcome back, George.

GEORGE: Why didn’t you ask ‘Profit or loss?’”

DAWN: Because you don’t know the answer.

GEORGE: OK, what is the answer?

DAWN: You’ll know the answer when you understand the question.

GEORGE: Do you always have to talk in riddles?

DAWN: It’s essential and it works.

GEORGE: Why?

DAWN: There are eyes and ears everywhere.

GEORGE: We’re not doing anything wrong.

DAWN: In your opinion.

GEORGE: And, what’s your opinion?

DAWN: You are doing something very right.

GEORGE: What is that?

DAWN: Seeking knowledge, pursuing the truth.

GEORGE: Beware what you seek for the light that shines on the truth also illuminates you.

DAWN: Very good. How long have you been here?

GEORGE: A few minutes.

DAWN: Go to this website, right now. www.61273???.edu

GEORGE: Why?

There is no reply so I enter the website address. When it opens, up pops a black screen with white lettering. There are instructions.

Memorize this address. Do not write it down or put it in any device.

www.AuntPeggy1776.per

Before visiting the above site download this encryption program.

It seems simple enough so I store the web address in my memory. My brain—not my tablet. I am concerned about downloading an unknown program from an unknown source. It could damage my tablet or put spyware on it or be a government trap. There really is a great deal of risk to consider. I press download.

That done, I visit www.AuntPeggy1776.per. Up pops a face of a kindly looking old lady who smiles and says, “Would you like a cookie?”

I’m not sure how to answer. Or, for that matter, where to answer. I sit staring at Aunt Peggy and she smiles back at me. As I examine the web page I see cookies and cakes and pies and other delicacies. Aunt Peggy continues to stare at me. Then I notice that behind her on the wall is a needlepoint with the words “Profit or Loss.” I touch the screen on the needlepoint. Immediately, the screen goes black. Aunt Peggy is gone and I’m sitting staring at a blank screen like a blithering idiot. How long I sit, I don’t know. However, in the middle of the screen a door slowly appears. On the door is a sign, “Peggy’s Back Room.” I touch the door and it swings open. Visually, I enter a room. Before me is an unfamiliar scene. Men in very old clothes are in the room. Some stand around a table while others are in a gallery of sorts. A message appears on the screen.

DAWN: It is a depiction of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776.

GEORGE: That was covered as a paragraph in our history of America class.

DAWN: Fifty-Six brave men pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to found the united states of America.

GEORGE: An experiment in capitalism that failed.

DAWN: Failed?

GEORGE: Yes, failed.

DAWN: Ah, you poor foolish lad. It was the greatest time in human history. More advances in technology, industry, medicine, exploration, entertainment, science, transportation, and human rights were enjoyed under capitalism than any time before or after. It was a time when citizens enjoyed the greatest level of freedom in the history of mankind.

GEORGE: So, what happened?

DAWN: Over time, slowly, those who support socialism chipped away at individual freedom.

GEORGE: Why would they do that?

DAWN: In the beginning they believed they were doing something good that would improve people’s lives. Then they fell prey to those who want control and power. It’s hard to argue with someone who uses “we need to help those less

fortunate or we need to make sure it is fair” as their arguments.

GEORGE: What’s wrong with being fair?

DAWN: What’s fair about being wrong?

GEORGE: WTF

DAWN: Those in power begin to believe that they know what is best for others. They force their opinions and beliefs and will on others in the name of fairness.

GEORGE: Doesn’t that create order?

DAWN: It depends on your point-of-view.

GEORGE: The government gives me compensation so that I can eat and live. It creates equality.

DAWN: Equality is a myth.

GEORGE: What does that mean?

DAWN: You’re not ready.

GEORGE: You’re frustrating.

DAWN: Why are you here?

GEORGE: I’m curious.

DAWN: Curious about what?

GEORGE: History.

DAWN: Are you interested in the history that you were taught in school or real history?

GEORGE: What do you mean real history?

DAWN: History is a chameleon.

GEORGE: Huh?

DAWN: He who controls the present—shades the past.

GEORGE: Facts are facts.

DAWN: Based on what facts are revealed and which are suppressed historical events take on different perspectives and support different philosophies.

GEORGE: I find it hard to believe that factual events can be so distorted.

DAWN: You are a product of a carefully planned and executed education program designed to indoctrinate you into thinking the way government leaders want you to think.

GEORGE: You’re wrong.

DAWN: How many websites have you visited in your quest?

GEORGE: Quite a few.

DAWN: Were there many flagged as “dangerous?”

GEORGE: Yes.

DAWN: You must stop. You may already be on the SCL.

GEORGE: What’s the SCL?

DAWN: Subversive Citizen List.

GEORGE: This is crazy. All I’m doing is researching history.

DAWN: Knowledge is the enemy of a tyrannical government. You are more dangerous than a man with a gun.

GEORGE: My mother calls me a traitor and you say that I'm dangerous. What the hell is going on?

DAWN: You are a seeker of truth. If the truth gets out the people will revolt. The government cannot have that happen.

GEORGE: I can't believe my interest in history will hurt anyone.

DAWN: George, it will hurt you.

GEORGE: You're nuts!

DAWN: Be careful. You won't believe what your government is capable of doing.

GEORGE: I have nothing to worry about.

DAWN: Goodbye, George.

GEORGE: Wait.

There is no response. I sit silently in front of the picture of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. From my studies I know it was considered an act of war and led to the Revolutionary War and independence of America. From then on, the wealthy landowners created a government that allowed them to control everything and get richer.

I give up on the globalnet and find myself drawn to the book. There is something about reading a history written by people over a hundred years ago. They were closer to it. Somehow, for that reason, what they say seems more likely to be the truth. I sneak to my hiding place and retrieve my treasure. Then for the next hour in my room I read *The History of The United States of America*. This time I read about The French and Indian War. It's like reading an adventure.

The British and French were always fighting wars so it stands to reason that it would eventually spread to North America. British colonists occupied the thirteen colonies along the east coast while New France was mainly in Canada and western Pennsylvania and the Ohio Valley. Territorial disputes were common. The war began with a dispute over control of the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers. When war broke out the French called upon their Indian trading partners from tribes in the Great Lakes region for support. The Huron, Mississauga, Ojibwa, Winnebago, and Potawatomi became their allies.

The British colonists had a significant number advantage in terms of settlers but neither side had seasoned troops. Twenty-two-year-old Major George Washington led Virginia Militiamen against the French but with little success. The French sent expeditions into the disputed area and built forts. On the open seas the British navy captured French ships and kept them from providing support to New France. At the same time France was busy with a conflict with Prussia. Finally, when William Pitt came to power he increased the British military presence and the tide turned. France ceded its territory east of the Mississippi to Great

Britain. France also ceded Louisiana west of the Mississippi River to its ally Spain, in compensation for Spain's loss of Florida to Britain.

The details in the book are better than a fictional novel. I become so involved that I don't hear my sister sneaking up behind me.

"You still have that book. Let me see it," she exclaims.

I'm startled, turn quickly, and hide the book behind my back, "No. What are doing here? Leave me alone," I order.

"I'm telling mom and dad."

"Get away from me."

"Let me see it," she repeats but in a pleading and curious manner. "I won't tell. Promise."

For the next half hour we read parts of American history that we were never taught in school. Finally, it's time for dinner so I have to hide my treasure, once more.

At dinner my father asks, "What have you been doing online?"

"Viewing porn," I say before I can stop myself.

"I'd feel a great deal more comfortable with that than getting warnings from homeland security that you are exhibiting un-American tendencies."

"What the hell does that mean?" I bellow.

My mother warns, "George you must stop this obsession of yours."

"What obsession?"

"This abnormal interest in capitalism and greed and individualism."

"My god. All I want is to learn about the founding of America and how our early system of government worked. How does this make me a traitor and why am I dangerous?"

"No one said you are dangerous," my father replies.

"There are people out there, and you know it, preaching that capitalism and free markets are the best form of government. They want to tear down what has taken over a hundred years to develop," my mother states. She asks, "Do you want to destroy our government?"

"Of course not. But, how can my reading and learning about something translate into me wanting to destroy the government?"

My father chimes in, "I've been given a warning. You are still a minor and I'm responsible for your actions. Do not visit any dangerous websites! When that icon comes up you leave the site. Don't make me take any more drastic actions." His fist hitting the table surprises us all.

After dinner I sit in my room thinking about all that has happened in the past few days. I don't feel guilty about any of my actions. At no time have I done anything that would be a threat to America. Hell, I haven't even told anyone outside my family about the book. My tablet sounds a familiar chime telling me I have a message. I check my inbox and there is a message from the Social Compensation

Board. My first thought is that I have more forms to complete. When dealing with the government there is an endless parade of papers. I smile as I think how we still call them papers even though paper correspondence were eliminated before I was born. An icon indicates a letter attachment. I click on it and before me is a formal letter with the Social Compensation Board letterhead.

Mr. George Clymer
RE: Case 07687743251

After review of your case The Social Compensation Board has deemed it necessary to reclassify you as 9-1. Upon reaching your twenty-first birthday you will receive monthly payments appropriate to this level of compensation as defined by the Economic Appropriations Committee of The United States of America.

If you have any questions pertaining to this decision you may contact the Social Compensation Board office at 555-594-8832 or by written correspondence to:
Admin@socialcompensationboard.gov.

Regards,
Amelia Loundermall
Executive Director

I sit staring at the screen. How did this happen? No one can live on what you are provided at level 9. It's below the poverty line. What did I do? Was it because I visited a few websites deemed dangerous? That doesn't make sense. And, who makes that determination? Some bureaucrat? I'm angry, and yet, filled with a feeling of helplessness. How do I fight back? All of my dreams and plans have been dashed with a single letter from a faceless, heartless, automaton that probably only sees me as a number.

Quickly, I go online and visit www.AuntPeggy1776.per. I enter the backroom and write a message to Dawn. There is no response. My hands are actually shaking. I'm angry. I want to punch someone but there isn't anyone to punch. Then I get a message.

DAWN: George, you're back.

GEORGE: I have to talk with someone.

DAWN: About what?

GEORGE: I just got reclassified as 9-1.

DAWN: I'm sorry to hear that. Most likely you are on the SCL.

GEORGE: But, I haven't done anything. I didn't even tell anyone about the book.

DAWN: What book?

GEORGE: Never mind.

DAWN: Tell me, please.

I feel like I just confessed to being a serial killer, but I have to tell someone. I don't know who this Dawn is but she has seemed to be honest and concerned about me. At least she warned me. But, maybe telling her all the details about the book wouldn't be a wise thing to do. I speak into the message converter program and my message appears.

GEORGE: I found an old history book in an attic. It was printed in 1965.

DAWN: Wow!!! That's incredible. It's a treasure. Don't tell anyone about it.

GEORGE: I just told you.

DAWN: Yes. And, you shouldn't have because you don't know me well enough. But, I'm glad that you did. Is that why you became so interested in history?

GEORGE: Yes.

DAWN: You must be very careful. Hide the book. Don't visit any more dangerous sites. It will bring attention to you.

GEORGE: What is going on?

DAWN: Without realizing it you have entered a dangerous area. Reclassification is the first indication. If they knew you had this book you would be arrested. Be very careful, George.

GEORGE: Why would I be arrested?

DAWN: Surely, you've heard of the Historical Integrity Defense of Education Act of 2033.

GEORGE: No. What is it?

DAWN: The socialist congress passed the Historical Integrity Defense of Education Act, better known as HIDE. They claimed it was designed to standardize education. Part of that legislation was the collection and destruction of all historical materials that did not tell history as they wished it to be told. Books, movies, electronic education programs, everything was confiscated. Even the Library of Congress was purged.

GEORGE: We were never taught that. How do you know about it?

DAWN: It's in the Congressional Record. But, don't try to access it. You are already on their list. That would only add to your troubles.

GEORGE: Troubles?

DAWN: Per HIDE, if you are caught with that book you can go to prison for fifty years.

GEORGE: All this can't be true.

DAWN: It is more true than you realize and I'm trying to protect you.

GEORGE: Why?

DAWN: Because persons like you are the only hope we have.

GEORGE: Hope for what?

DAWN: Freedom.

GEORGE: I thought we are free.

DAWN: Do you feel free?

GEORGE: Up until they find out about the book and put me in jail for fifty years.

DAWN: LOL. I'm glad you have a sense of humor. You are going to need it.

GEORGE: That sounds ominous.

DAWN: George, you have stumbled into something that has the potential to drastically change your life. You may want to consider getting rid of that book and going back to being a model citizen and hope they forgive you.

GEORGE: Forgive me? For what? Seeking facts?

DAWN: When you dig into the past, if you dig deep enough, you will become unhappy with the present. It will change you forever.

GEORGE: I was going to get a job, buy a car.

DAWN: Forget about a job.

GEORGE: What?

DAWN: You're on the SCL. You're flagged. No business will hire you. They don't want the trouble.

GEORGE: I can't believe this is happening.

DAWN: How free do you feel now, George?

I don't answer because, in fact, I don't know what to say. I'm pissed. My whole life is in front of me. I had so many plans. Everything was going my way. And now, I'm an outcast with no future. What the hell happened? How free do I feel, Dawn? I feel like nothing is in my control. I'm tangled in a spider's web that I didn't know existed. I'm not making the decisions—some faceless entity elsewhere is. Do I do as Dawn suggests? Go back to being a good citizen and hope that I am forgiven. Forgiven? For what? Finally, I answer Dawn.

GEORGE: Beware what you seek for the light that shines on the truth also illuminates you.

DAWN: Few have the courage to step out into that blinding light.

GEORGE: I guess I'm a deer in the headlights. I don't know whether to stand still, go back, or run.

DAWN: Yes, deer. But, if you look away from the headlights you will see that they illuminate the road ahead.

GEORGE: In my case it's a dead end.

DAWN: Only if you stay on the path others have set for you.

GEORGE: What choice do I have?

DAWN: You have more choices than you realize. Let your heart and your spirit guide you.

After my conversation with Dawn I'm bummed. How does she know that I can't get a job? Maybe, my reclassification had nothing to do with my web surfing. I might have screwed up in some other way. If there's a pile of dog crap in a field, I'll step in it. It seems I have a natural talent for stirring things up. I've never been a good follower. It's a curse. It must be in my genes. Naw, can't be that. Look at my father—Mister straight and narrow, follow-the-rules, do-what-you're-told, good citizen. I must be the cause of his high blood pressure.

With all the pent up frustration and energy I have to take a long walk to calm down. The North Carolina countryside is really quite picturesque. This whole area is so green. I try to turn off what's been happening and just enjoy the quiet tree covered road upon which I walk. A motorcycle comes up behind me. So much for quiet. I don't look back but I can hear it approaching. It gets louder but for some reason doesn't pass me. I turn and look behind me. A girl dressed in black leather pants and jacket is following me. Her long red hair hangs down past her shoulders as it escapes from her black helmet. A visor makes it difficult to see her face. I stop walking, she comes up beside me, and also stops. For a moment we just look at each other. Finally, she turns off the motorcycle and raises the visor. Her features are sharp with high cheekbones a small nose and bright green eyes. She's the girl next door type. Well, the sexy girl next door type.

"Profit or loss?" she asks.

"Dawn?" Her smile is captivating, no enchanting, no mystical. Ah, hell, I'm in love.

"No."

"Who are you?"

"Get on." She pats the seat behind her on the motorcycle.

"Who are you?"

"Put this on." She hands me a helmet that matches the one that she is wearing.

I put on the helmet and ask once more, "Who are you?"

"Put these on." She hands me a pair of leather gloves.

I put on the gloves and try again, "Who are you?"

"Get on." She pats the seat.

In the past few days I've had two women in my life. One talks in riddles and the other wishes to remain nameless. It's enough to make the priesthood look pretty good. I step over the black Harley-Davidson motorcycle and situate myself behind "Red." She starts the bike and off we go. I've never ridden on a motorcycle before, so I'm hanging on for dear, or is that deer, life. Then I hear her voice as clear as if we were in a quiet room. Inside the helmet her words say, "Loosen up, cowboy. I won't let you fall off. But, I have to breathe to do it."

"Where are we going?" I ask.

"Someplace you'll like."

"Where's that?"

"You'll see when we get there."

"Why the gloves?"

"So, you can go invisible."

"What?"

"Your Individual Identification And Data Chip (IIDC) in your thumb."

"Yeah?"

"It can be tracked. If they want to locate you—they can."

"No way!"

"There is a micro-transmitter that runs on the heat from your body. If the authorities are looking for you they can pick up your signal with a locator satellite. The gloves block the signal. You just went silent."

"Is this true?"

"Yup."

"Where are we going?"

"You'll see."

Visit: www.2076AD.com for more information or to participate in the creation of 2076AD. You can also view the YouTube version of Chapter 2.

