



Kenneth J. Munkens

**Minther  
& Sklar**

***“The art of healing comes from nature, not from the physician. Therefore the physician must start from nature, with an open mind.”***

-- Paracelsus

## Chapter 8 | THE PILL

Dee comes into my room and plops down on my bed. “You were quiet at dinner—something wrong?”

“Dee, I’m getting involved in something that it might be better you don’t know about.”

“Oh, it sounds intriguing,” she replies. Dee flops over on her stomach, legs bent up behind her back, and her chin on her hands, “Is it dangerous, illegal, traitorous—you can tell me. Remember we have a pact.”

“It is probably all of the above and more.” I explain, “I’m trying to protect you. Remember those police officers who dragged me away?”

“I thought one was kinda cute,” she teases.

“Well, they weren’t cute to me. And, you wouldn’t like it if they came for you.”

“Agreed. Now, what have you’ve gotten yourself into?”

“I really don’t feel I should tell you.”

“Look, you’re going to, eventually. We both know that. So, skip the protests and spill your guts.”

I can’t help but laugh. She’s right, you know. See—I wouldn’t hold up under interrogation. George, spill-your-guts, Clymer—that’s me. So, living up to my name, I tell Dee about all that I learned at STUS and my joining the cause. At first, she just stares at me. I fully expect her to jump up and run down the hall yelling, “Mom, guess what George did.” I do have historical experience with that sort of thing. Instead, she rolls off my bed and stands before me and says, “George, I think we really do have to write a Declaration of Independence.”

In the end, I agree to keep Dee informed about my traitorous activities and she leaves my room.

When I turn on my tablet there is a formal message in my inbox from the Social Compensation Board. Even though I’m not participating a cold chill runs down my spine. A letter from them is never a good thing. These people are ruthless.

Mr. George Clymer  
RE: Case 07687743251

Pursuant to your voluntary non-participation in The Social Compensation Program this is to inform you that you do NOT qualify for Socialized Healthcare And Management (SHAM). It is your responsibility to arrange for health coverage within the next thirty days or you will be in violation of The American Pursuit of Health Act, Section 32 punishable by imprisonment or fine or both.

Effective immediately, you will no longer receive a monthly supply of Daily Immune Reinforcement Therapy (DIRT) tablets. Reduction of this therapy will put your health at risk. Please be sure to make separate arrangements for therapy as the Center of Disease Management Bulletin 65982, issued 17 February 2074, indicates that the American Citizen Immunity Defense (ACID) index remains below 7%. Your body's ability to fight disease is essentially non-existent.

Your immediate attention to these matters is strongly advised. Remember, it is your responsibility to act as a good and productive citizen of The United States of America.

If you have any questions regarding this subject 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

OK, so now they cut off my healthcare. I quickly check my supply of DIRT tablets and find that I have eight left. In eight days I will become a target for every disease known to man, if I don't find a new source. So, of course, you know where I turn.

DAWN: George, back so soon?

GEORGE: I just received a letter from the Social Compensation Board. They have stopped my healthcare and my DIRT tablets.

DAWN: Oh my. Do you have a will?

GEORGE: What does that mean? That's no help!

DAWN: Relax, George. STUS provides healthcare coverage.

GEORGE: What about DIRT tablets?

DAWN: I've never taken one.

GEORGE: Aren't you afraid of disease?

DAWN: No.

GEORGE: Well, I am, if my immune system is at 7% effectiveness.

DAWN: I guess without your daily fix, you're in a fix.

GEORGE: This isn't funny. My life is at risk.

DAWN: There are greater risks to your life than a pill.

Visit [www.collectingrocks.org](http://www.collectingrocks.org)

GEORGE: Why am I collecting rocks?

DAWN: Don't interrupt. On that website go to the rock formations page and click on the lower right corner of the plant growing out of a rock photograph. The password is profitorloss.

I follow Dawn's instructions. What I find is a request form to fill out to make contact with a Naturopath Doctor in my area. I make the request and after a few minutes I'm sent an email from a local doctor.

In the morning, Red, uh Virginia, and I head to STUS. I inform her that I have an appointment with a doctor in the afternoon. When I tell her I'm going to get a new supply of DIRT tablets, she says, "Don't count on it."

"What does that mean? There are viruses, bacteria, mold spores, and who-knows-what just waiting for my weak immune system to put out a welcome mat. This is serious."

"You're cute when you're scared," she observes with a slight smile.

"How cute will I be when I keel over and die?"

"Stop with the drama. I'll get you there. Just keep an open mind."

My education at STUS continues in the morning but my mind is on the afternoon. For some strange reason, I keep checking my pulse. Virginia takes me to my appointment. It is not in a large clean brick medical building or at a hospital. Instead, we arrive at an old two-story office building in a neighborhood that has seen better days.

"This is it?" I ask.

"Have fun," Virginia replies.

Reluctantly, I leave the car and enter the building. There are a number of small businesses listed on a directory on one wall. There I find William Pace – Suite 207. When I enter I find a small unimpressive man in his, I guess, sixties. He has short gray hair, is clean shaven, and wears glasses. In front of him is an old style laptop computer. He stops pecking away at the keys and looks up. I have to admit that I'm having real reservations about this visit. I announce my arrival, "I'm George Clymer. I have an appointment."

"Yes," he confirms. He is soft-spoken, almost so low you have to strain to hear him. "Please, have a seat." There are two comfortable looking chairs against a wall facing his desk.

I sit and state, "I need a supply of DIRT tablets."

Instead of answering he asks me a question, "If you had a burning sensation in your stomach after eating, what would you do?"

"I'd take an antacid," I respond somewhat confused.

"Oh, no, that's very bad," he shakes his head slowly. "The problem is not too much acid it is too little acid. The burning sensation is caused by food remaining in the stomach longer than it should." He runs his hand across his chin and continues while demonstrating with his hands, "If you take a teaspoon of apple cider vinegar, mix it in a glass of water, and drink it the problem will go away. Your food will be digested and leave the stomach." He smiles.

I'm not sure what to say or think, so I nod and return his smile and ask, "Are you a doctor?"

William Pace replies, "Yes. A naturopath. We take all of the same courses as medical doctors with the exception of surgery. Then we receive naturopath training in a foreign country."

"Why a foreign country?"

"Young man, what I do is illegal in America. We are breaking the law."

"That seems to be my role in life these days."

Once again, he smiles. It is a knowing smile rather than humorous one. William Pace explains, "Between 2012 and 2025 over six hundred naturopath doctors disappeared, were murdered, or reported to have committed suicide. Then in 2027 the practice of natural or holistic medicine was outlawed."

"Why?"

"The official reason was that natural therapies were unregulated and unproven, therefore dangerous. In reality, the medical profession had become a business. The bottom line became more important than the electrocardiogram line. Pressures from every direction changed the dynamic. Malpractice lawyers drove up the cost of everything. Medical equipment prices soared. Pharmaceuticals became the standard treatment with ever increasing costs and dosage. The government got involved which introduced massive waste. Boards of directors focused on profitability. Medical professionals closed their minds and protected their turf." William Pace shrugged, "Naturopaths became the enemy."

"Why, what did they do?"

"Remember my question about the burning in your stomach? If people start using a teaspoon of apple cider vinegar, sales of antacids would plummet. The manufacturers of those products cannot allow that."

I shake my head, "That doesn't make sense."

"No, it makes dollars. Of course that was before the collapse of the dollar and

introduction of IMUs,” he waves his hand in dismissal. “Before I continue, I must ask you; profit or loss?”

I answer, “. . .” ah, you thought I was going to reveal the answer. Not yet. You’re still not ready. I respond correctly and William Pace provides more history. “In 2015 a group of naturopath doctors in Florida discovered two important things. The first was that an enzyme N-acetyl-galactosaminidase, commonly called Nagalase, blocked vitamin D from binding to the Gc protein. Why is this important you ask?” I didn’t—I swear. “Vitamin D is essential in preventing cancer and other diseases. These naturopath doctors determined that Nagalase disables the immune system. It’s also known to cause Type 2 Diabetes. In fact, Nagalase is a protein created by cancer cells. In the constant war being waged in our bodies this enzyme is one destructive little devil.”

I check my pulse again.

William Pace looks around as if to make sure no one is listening, leans forward, and whispers, “The second thing they discovered was that the Nagalase enzyme protein was present in immunizations being injected into children.” He sits back and concludes, “They were destroying the immune system of every child in America. I’d like to think it was by accident, or through ignorance, rather than something more sinister. I’d like to think that, but all of the Florida doctors who made this discovery and wanted to go public disappeared, were murdered, or committed questionable suicides.”

A cold chill runs through me. I’m not sure what to think. It’s very difficult for me to believe that the government or some special interest group could take such an evil step—murder honest people for trying to do something good. In the end, I conclude that it was a long time ago and we may never really know the facts?

“You, my young friend, have an impaired immune system. You must take those cockamamie tablets to stay healthy.” William Pace stands and his voice is raised, well raised by his standards, “Not so! The body is a magnificent machine. It self-regulates, self-diagnoses, and self-heals—given the chance. Your body is designed to be healthy. It is outside forces that threaten it or make it ill. Those pills try to do the job the immune system is far more capable of doing and in the process make the immune system dependent on them. You don’t need those pills. You need to let your immune system take over.”

“If I don’t die first,” I say.

“Yes, that is a concern.”

“You think?”

He smiles. “In the beginning you will require GcMAF therapy.” My blank stare causes him to explain, “Gc stands for a type of protein molecule and MAF for Macrophage Activating Factor.” If it’s at all possible, I present an even blanker stare. William Pace is undaunted, “Macrophage cells are a type of white blood

cell that engulfs and digests foreign substances, microbes, cancer cells, and other cellular debris. They play an important role in the immune system.” He’s getting a charge out of my massive confusion. “M1 macrophages metabolize arginine to the “killer” molecule nitric oxide. M2 macrophages metabolize arginine to the “repair” molecule ornithine.” OK, my head hurts. “Macrophages produce a wide array of powerful chemical substances. They also present antigens which are crucial to initiating a proper immune response.” I think I swallowed my tongue. “You will need weekly injections for about six months, then once a month, and finally you will have a healthy immune system.”

“How can my immune system suddenly be normal after a lifetime of taking DIRT tablets?”

“When you take the crutch away the body gets stronger.”

This whole thing is a little more than scary. First, I’m supposed to let a stranger inject some unknown substance into me. Then I stop taking the little yellow tablets that have been protecting me all my life. Finally, I go out into the germ-infested world and take a deep breath. I take my pulse. One hundred fifty, that’s about right.

“This will hurt,” William Pace says as he approaches me with a nasty-looking needle.

“Aren’t you supposed to say this won’t hurt?”

“OK, this won’t hurt,” he motions for me to roll up my sleeve. “But, it will hurt.” I did.

“I need to take a few samples from you so that I can develop a bio-terrain analysis.”

“What’s that?”

“It helps me determine if you have any vitamin, mineral, enzyme, or hormonal deficiencies. I can then develop a therapy program to get you to optimum health—naturally.”

I give William Pace saliva, hair, urine, and feces samples. Don’t ask.

In the end, I must admit that I like this man. If I survive, I may grow to trust his approach. The thought of being healthy without chemicals is rather inviting.

When I leave I show him proper respect by saying, “Thank you, Doctor.” He smiles.

Virginia takes me back to STUS headquarters instead of the research building. I don’t have an appointment so I ask, “Why are we here?”

“Orders from Trufire,” she says.

“Do you know why?”

She doesn’t answer which tells me she knows, but won’t tell me. At least this time I’m not worried. After all, I’m onboard, up with the cause, part of the team, a patriot . . . that shot must have done something to my brain. After a short wait in the reception area Mr. Trufire invites me into his office. When I enter I

notice a large man sitting at the round table with his back to the door. As he stands and turns to face me, Mr. Trufire says, "I believe you know Detective Muller."

OK, now I'm worried. That son-of-a-bitch Muller was telling the truth. He's going to get me fired, destroy my family, and put me in prison. All I can do is glare at him. Trust me, it's a hateful glare that makes clear my animus and anger. It turns into a staring match. Silence hangs in the office with only the sound of the waterfall discernible.

From behind me I hear Mr. Trufire say, "Andy Muller tells me you have quite a temper."

Before I can answer, Detective Muller says with a humorous tone, "It took me quite a while to light the flame, but when I did our boy stood up to me quite well."

Our boy? Whose boy? Why our boy? Oh boy, I've been played. I look back at Mr. Trufire, then Detective Muller, then Trufire and finally say with a touch of anger, "That was a setup? Some kind of lousy test? What the hell am I a lab rat? My parents think I'm a shit-faced criminal! That I'm a traitor!"

"Well, that you are," Detective Muller says. He smiles, looks at Mr. Trufire and adds, "But, everyone in this room is."

"I believe the word is patriot," Mr. Trufire corrects as he hands Detective Muller a drink. He also hands me a drink that appears to be hard liquor, "George, I believe you need this." I take it. "Yes, it was a test. Not a loyalty test, but one to determine if you can handle certain levels of pressure or threats. In this case, you did well. However, what Detective Muller did was nothing compared to other threats you will face in the future. What we are doing is not a game—it's deadly serious. There have been countless disappearances and outright murders of individuals who have opposed or questioned the government."

Detective Muller says in a serious tone, "Your arrest was real. We get alerts to questionable activities by local citizens from the National Security Alert Center. I made sure that I caught your case. It actually is a rather sensitive case as you were hired by a high profile National Defense Contractor."

"Primary National Defense Contractor," David Trufire corrects Detective Muller.

"Exactly. Right now you are on their radar screen. What you have done is small potatoes, nothing serious, but enough to raise a few eyebrows."

I take a sip of the battery acid in my glass as I glance back and forth between the two men. When the warmth reaches my stomach and I think of Dr. Pace. Apple cider vinegar won't help with this.

Detective Muller states, "George, I'm going to stay on you. You will be invited down to headquarters for follow-up interviews. Bring this tablet with you," he slides a tablet toward me. "Use it for innocuous tasks. As you can see it doesn't have Suicide Queen. Do some shopping, check out some porn, follow a football



team, write your aunt, just put enough on it so that it reflects a good citizen going about his business. Don't visit any dangerous sites."

"Use your company tablet for questionable browsing," David Trufire adds. "Remember it's on the black pearl satellite network therefore can't be tracked."

I'm getting dizzy. Is it all the information circling my head or the brown liquid circling my stomach?

Mr. Trufire continues, "We are going to enhance your image to that of a loyal, gung ho, no-questions-asked, statist. Your loyalty will be beyond reproach. Eventually, you will be rubbing elbows with the elite."

"You see, son, there are more of us than they suspect," Andy Muller says.

"But, never forget, they suspect everyone. They are paranoid. Our saving grace is that we are on their team. That can never come under suspicion," Mr. Trufire refills our glasses. "Are you up to the task?"

I nod because I've misplaced my tongue.

"I have one more surprise for you today," Mr. Trufire tells me. "Your position at STUS is about to change. Once we get the final report from Detective Muller that officially clears your name you will join our customer relations department." He emphasizes the next statement, "On the fast track. We need to develop your skills and train you to be a liaison between our technical development group and key government entities. It will be a challenge and you will be put to the test. Though, don't worry, you won't be alone." He waves his hand over a console and orders, "Come on in."

The door opens and Virginia walks into the office.

Mr. Trufire states, "I'd like to introduce you to your new boss, Virginia Morris. I believe you know her."

To quote Alice in Wonderland, "Things keep getting curiouiser and curiouiser." I smile at Virginia and nod. Remember my tongue is missing.

David Trufire continues, "I've already given Virginia an outline of what you must learn. She is aware of the need for you to progress quickly. Follow her lead."

"Just don't call me Red," she deadpans.

After dinner at home Dee and I sneak into my room and read the history book. We are up to the beginning of the Revolutionary War which was actually fought from 1775 to 1783. There are a lot of dates and names and places mentioned. I'm glad I don't have to take a test on it. Here are the steps that led up to the war. I'll be brief. The colonists hated all of the taxes that had been heaped upon them by the British Parliament. Due to protests and resistance from the colonists British soldiers were sent to Boston in 1768. Tensions grew until a cold, snowy night two years later on March 5, 1770 when a group of approximately 50 colonists gathered at the Customs House in Boston and began taunting British soldiers guarding the building. British Captain Thomas Preston then ordered his men to fix their bayonets and join the guard outside the building. In response, the

colonists threw snowballs and other objects at the soldiers. When Private Hugh Montgomery was hit he fired his rifle into the crowd. Other soldiers followed the lead and also fired. Three colonists were killed immediately; a black sailor named Crispus Attucks, a rope maker Samuel Gray, and a mariner named James Caldwell. Two other colonists died later of their wounds; Samuel Maverick and Patrick Carr. These five men are considered the first casualties of the Revolutionary War.

Colonists in a town meeting demanded that Captain Preston and his men be tried for murder. A trial was held with future President John Adams and Josiah Quincy II acting as defense attorneys. Ultimately, they were acquitted, however two British soldiers were convicted of manslaughter. As punishment, their thumbs were branded with a letter M.

This event turned many undecided colonists in favor of independence.

We stop reading and Dee asks me, "Do you think what is happening now will lead to violence and war?"

"I really don't know what is going to happen. I don't even know what is being planned. What I do know is the desire for freedom and willingness to die fighting for it is as strong today as it was in the early colonies.

Dee gets up, looks at me for a long time, then says, "You've always been a rebel. I think there's a lot of that spirit to be free in you. Just do me a favor and don't die fighting for it. Be careful, George." She winks, smiles, and leaves.

This time Dawn contacts me.

DAWN: How does your arm feel?

GEORGE: It hurts.

DAWN: Take a pill.

GEORGE: Ha! Is that why you contacted me?

DAWN: Of course not. I have some information to share with you.

GEORGE: Am I going to like the information or be totally confused?

DAWN: I think you will be intrigued.

GEORGE: OK.

DAWN: Your new boss, Virginia Morris is a descendent of Lewis Morris, signer of the Declaration of Independence.

GEORGE: You're kidding.

DAWN: It's a small club. Let's hope the two of you have some of the divine spark that guided your ancestors.

GEORGE: Given a choice between comfort while on a leash and infinite possibilities while facing hardships and the unknown I choose to live unfettered on my own.

DAWN: Well said.

Visit: [www.2076AD.com](http://www.2076AD.com) for more information or to participate in the creation of 2076AD. You can also view the YouTube version of Chapter 8.



## **Downtown Dreams**

by: Kenneth J Munkens

available at [www.2076AD.com](http://www.2076AD.com)

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by: Kenneth J Munkens

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