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# *Kingdom Of Kerstan*

*Callen Damornen*



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by Callen Damornen

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**ISBN: 1-4116-1227-2**

# Table of Contents

<b>DEDICATION .....</b>	<b>1</b>
<b>INTRODUCTION .....</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>FORWARD .....</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>CHAPTER 1 -- A NEW DAY IS DAWNING .....</b>	<b>8</b>
<b>CHAPTER 2 -- THE FAMILY MOVES ON .....</b>	<b>25</b>
<b>CHAPTER 3 - TEMPLA JEROME PHOEBUS GARABI - TJPG .....</b>	<b>41</b>
<b>CHAPTER 4 -- NEW LEADERS OF THE REGIME .....</b>	<b>48</b>
<b>CHAPTER 5 -- LIFE IN THE NEW NATION.....</b>	<b>69</b>
<b>CHAPTER 6 -- TIME FOR REVENGE.....</b>	<b>83</b>
<b>CHAPTER 7 -- ARTUS DEFENDS HIS FATHER'S HONOR .....</b>	<b>93</b>
<b>CHAPTER 8 -- THE FALL OF KERSTAN .....</b>	<b>102</b>
<b>INFORMATION AND REFERENCES .....</b>	<b>113</b>
<b>OTHER BOOKS BY CALLEN DAMORNEN.....</b>	<b>115</b>



## Dedication

### This book is dedicated to:

My great-grandmother, Muriel Edwards and my grandfather, Andrew J. Childress who encouraged me to follow my heart and be the best I could be. My parents Leonard and Joyce Clarke who have made me what I am. The Shamsuddin family who have been my second family, especially my spiritual brother Fareed.

My husband, Jeffrey and children, Catherine and Phillip who have had to endure my obsessions. Especially Jeffrey who gave me a topic and told me to run with it, as if it were a dare.

My teachers, especially June Simon who was so "old school" in her ways. I learned a lot more from you than you thought. Celeste Nellis and Mary Rehfeldt who dared me to cross the threshold of my insane imagination as well as Perry Weissman who came up with all those challenging expository essay topics. To Paul Moulton, who was not a teacher, but taught me about friendship.

The people of my country who are basically all good people. All they want is to be loved, respected and to have their needs met. We may not agree on everything, but we all stand for a common cause.

The people of the world who are no better or worse than us.

All the conspiracy theorists and urban legend tellers who have given me much inspiration and fodder to write this book.

To my favorite rabble-rousers -- Bill Maher, Michael Moore, Penn and Teller, you guys are an inspiration.

The trite moments of Eve and Julian who have given me much needed distractions to clear my writing blocks. Thank you Tracey Ross and Ben Masters.



## **Introduction**

Sometime in the near future, there was a great civil disorder near the time of elections. Mr. Richard Payne, a very popular candidate, was assured a win around the time of elections. The sitting President, Farris Gabriel, was worried about losing the next election when his secret society, Templa Jerome Phoebus Garabi, had invested so much time and energy to get their ultimate goal accomplished -- to turn this into a peaceful, united nation.

The biggest problem, in the minds of the Templa Jerome Phoebus Garabi, was all the protesters who were starting to outnumber the good people of the land. If they didn't act soon, the undesirables would take over and destroy their secret agenda.

Instigating civil unrest and blaming it on the rebels, Election Day was canceled and the country was thrown into a state of emergency until further notice. During this time, President Gabriel set up extra security measures and kept a close control on the media to ensure the safety and security of all citizens.

Years into the state of emergency, Richard Payne led an angry group of voters to demand the President returns their government to the people. They were beaten down by cops and sent away. Mr. Payne was assassinated in front of the home of Audric Tilley, a friend of the family and former member of TJPG. Both men knew of the conspiracy and wanted it to stop. The new government coming was not what the people believed it to be.

Audric took in Richard's son, Artus and raised him as his own along with his daughter, Matilda and his wife Raissa. Raissa left an oppressive country to find freedom only to protest what was happening in her new home. Raissa accidentally discovered her husband's past with TJPG and the secret plan of the organization. She confronted Audric with it and was angry with him for hiding such vile secrets. Then she wrote a book about it. Audric was warned by an unlikely ally that TJPG brothers were out to kill him and his family. The Tilly family left the country and changed their name to Valara leaving behind Audric to hide from those who would kill them.

President Gabriel has died before elections could be held. His right hand man, Christopher Rex Kerstan was appointed to lead the country. They knew he had their best interests at heart and would wholeheartedly support him when his first act in office was to overthrow the Constitution as the law of men for the law of the God of the Bible that was pure and holy.

Those who protested were rounded up and thrown in prison for reeducation. If they did not conform they were rarely seen again.

Artus Valara returned home to fight for the honor of his father and for the people who loved this country. This was a personal vendetta against the ones who murdered his father. TJPG had to be stopped before it was too late and spread their hideous agenda throughout the world.





## **Forward**

This story may, on the surface, seem like a condemnation of a certain group of people within present day politics, but it goes far beyond those narrow scopes. The issues go deeper to the heart of everything that causes conflict and division.

If you find yourself stuck because a certain passage or part seems offensive or you do not understand it, read it to the end and you may see the point was not intended to confuse or offend, but to help you see there are many points of view. You may not agree with the dark future described within these pages, but remember it is only fiction which could happen any time and anywhere in our reality.

There are many passages that are symbolic. Woven into the story are also trivia tidbits and history lessons as well as urban legends you could examine for yourself when you are finished with the book.

Don't take someone else's word on what this story is about or you have fallen into the trap described within. Professor Myles will be laughing at you if you do. What is that trap? Read it and find out.



## Chapter 1 -- A New Day Is Dawning

It was a warm, balmy spring day in April, Good Friday to be exact. The crowds gathered peacefully at the office of the former President Gabriel after the official 30 day's period of mourning had ended. Patiently they awaited the expected announcement of who would take the place of President Gabriel.

They knew this would be a historical day as things in this country were never the same since the period of civil unrest that led to the indefinite period of a state of emergency. It was a time of great national crisis that brought about a need for change. People were unhappy. The nation threatened to become permanently divided. A spark of revolution in the streets would bring about a peaceful transformation.

Ever since that day, the crowds bemused how much better things have become. There has been nothing but peace. The air of debate and arguing for rights were over. Everyone seemed to be on the same page with most issues. All were like-minded, responsible subjects with homes, jobs, and security. Schools ran to the satisfaction of the general population. Taxes were reported low and businesses flourished. With government supported welfare eliminated, all good denizens are happy as basic needs met through private resources.

Up to the podium came a vibrant man full of personality. The crowds cheered as a handsome, tall man came leaping up the stairs. The applause rang throughout the city making it difficult to speak. Mr. Kerstan waved out to the audience. Some of the women fainted. They wished this handsome, powerful man was directing his attentions towards them.

Christopher seemed groomed to step into his role of history. A background included wealthy parents who were pillars of the community. His ancestors came from a lineage dating to the Mayflower. He went to the finest Ivy league college and rumored to be part of a powerful, secret society. With the state of emergency declared, Kerstan was President Gabriel's first pick of the new security package, the Commando Force Leader.

As Commando Force Leader, he was the right hand, eyes and ears of the President. His job was to report any incidents of trouble to the President and make his recommendations for action. He controlled all aspects of what went on with security including the judicious institutions, legislative bodies, law enforcement representatives and media events. In short, he was the one most responsible for the country's utopia society. At least that is how the media represented him.

The crowds simmered down long enough to let Christopher speak.

"My fellow countrymen, as you know today is the day the period of mourning for our beloved President Gabriel is over. I would like to start the day with much reason for joy and celebration.

"As you know, our country has long struggled under a state of emergency, but the trouble has seemed to let up. However, we cannot guarantee things will remain in this state of peace and security.

"I know you enjoy the 100% employment rate, the end of homelessness, and a system of private business health care that everyone can access. We still remain under threat from an element that would think nothing of destroying our dreams and our country.

"The way our Forefathers have written the laws of the land, it left room for the government to change should it ever become oppressive. Many of you here remember how burdensome it had become to speak your mind without having someone trying to shut you up with political correctness. Dangerous groups were growing with a Communist element under names such as Nazis, KKK, Democrats, Libertarians, feminists, and the like. When atheists and pagans dared to challenge the right of the majority to worship freely, things have become oppressive for the masses. When groups that set out to destroy family, they set out to destroy the fabric of our nation. This led to the great civil unrest that forced us into a state of emergency. It was the left-wing propagandists who made the mess. They should never be allowed to destroy our nation again.

"A truly peaceful society, one blessed by God, must not be guided by the laws of man, but the laws of God. During our period of emergency, we have given more thought to that possibility and in the polls last month we gave you a chance to decide.

"It is official and the majority 99.9% agreed. We are doing away with the document known as the Constitution. While it was a great document and had its place and time in history, it was also manmade and imperfect. It will now be replaced officially with our law of the land, the law of the God of the Bible.

"I have been selected by Chike Renweard, our Minister of Faith, who has appointed me as Pastor Of The Country and leader of this land. The official ceremony will take place at sundown. I promise you this will be the greatest nation in the world because we are blessed by God.

"As such, all citizens will receive a copy of the Holy Bible as well as the new Holy Law Of The Land. Each and every person is expected to read it, memorize it and follow it. There is to be no debate as this is the will of God. You will follow it to keep the peace and to please our Lord. Those who do not wish to follow it shall be revoked of their citizenship and be subjected to the punishment outlined in our Holy Scriptures. In order for you to be considered a citizen of our land, you must be a baptized Christian and vow to uphold the

new law of the land. Should you not follow the requirements to be a citizen, you are no longer a part of this country and will be required to conform or leave."

Crowds cheered and applauded loudly. The vibrations were heard miles away in a basement of a tavern where Audric Tilly lived. He was watching the live news coverage along with 50 other people who wept with the realization of how the country would forever change.

Audric, a 49 year old gentleman whose ancestors came into this country from France just before a major war, had a bad feeling about this announcement. Audric was proud of his French heritage and even prouder to be an American, or at least what it used to mean to be an American.

Audric reminisced loudly to comfort the assemblage about how things were before the civil unrest.

"I was happy with my wife, Raissa, who had migrated to this country from a former Communist country. She spoke of the oppression she dealt with living in her country and it always offended her that young people in our country spoke of how oppressed they felt. 'They know nothing about real oppression,' she would always bemoan. 'If they witnessed and were at the brunt end of oppression, they would wet their pants and cry like babies before being shot or hanged in the streets after disappearing mysteriously.'

"It used to be such an open society filled with people from all walks of life. They used to call it the 'great melting pot.' We welcomed people from other countries into our land. We let them practice their religions and keep their culture and languages.

"Somehow things went all wrong. We wanted everything to be fair to everyone. Perhaps that was just asking too much. Those of the status quo were not going to put up with it any longer and started a smear campaign against anyone who deviated from the norm.

"One by one, they tried to silence us by media spokespersons in their loud voices who stated empty facts and assertions with conviction. They effectively silenced dissidents while characterizing them as troublemakers and torpid tinkerers without taking opposing points of view into consideration or heeding it as a possibility, but as the foolish grumbling of the ignorant and lazy who were no more than traitors to their country.

"Things were getting so bad, Raissa contemplated moving to another country which had more freedom. I begged her to stay and fight for this country. I thought it was worth saving.

"We, who were not on the side of the status quo, were labeled left-wing Communists, no matter how vastly different we viewed things politically. If one's opinion was not the position of the majority, you were a Communist.

One could be middle of the road, politically speaking, and be labeled a Communist if they dared entertained any idea that reeked of divergence from the mainstream.

"In an ominous moment things went from bad to worse. The so-called Left was growing angry with the accusations of being unpatriotic and trying to ruin the country. They were tired of being brushed aside without the other side trying to understand their point of view. They were made to feel as if they were no longer welcomed in this country. Should they not become like the so-called normal people, they should revoke their citizenship and leave.

"Richard Payne was a very likable man who was running for President against Farris Gabriel who was already in office. He was a great voice of reason and calmed down the various masses of people being silenced by the Right. He spoke words they wholeheartedly embraced. He was a politician who really understood them and promised to speak out on their behalf.

"Polls showed that although the race would have been close, Payne would have been elected. Farris Gabriel was worried. He called on his pals at TJPG to make arrangements before all the plans they made were ruined. It was in this secret meeting that his brothers at TJPG would seal his fate and the fate of the country.

"I knew Farris from before my old college days when we were in a secret fraternity known as Templa Jerome Phoebus Garabi. The society's name meant literally, 'Sanctuary Holy Shining Clear.' We both came from similar backgrounds from the same small town. We were reared in a very conservative Pentecostal church family. Everyone in TJPG was of the same mind set and background.

"One of the plans of TJPG was to ensure spreading Christianity throughout the world and to start by making our country what we felt our forefathers wanted. By turning our country into a truly Christian nation, we would be a shining example to the rest of the world. It would be clear to all where the path would be to holy sanctuary. However, those of us on higher levels knew a darker side to the plan.

"It made sense while I was in my first two years and still wet behind the ears. After all, in the small town where I grew up everyone was just like me. I never knew anyone who was different. Then I met people from all walks of life on campus. At first I thought they were peculiar. I was advised these were nefarious people and to shun them. I believed it and stayed away.

"Then I took courses in history, religion and politics. I began to wonder if all I knew was wrong. I met Raissa. All of a sudden, things did not seem so black and white anymore. All these so-called evil people were no longer something to fear, but mere humans who wanted to be loved and respected just as anyone else.

"I was warned of associating with Raissa and how she would ruin me and endanger the TJPG society. I was in love with her.

"As the TJPG was a secret society and I made an oath to my paternity brothers, I could only leave it in death and to reveal the business of our society meant a certain painful and tortuous death. There was no quitting. Once a member, you were a member for life.

"I posed a threat to their order because I would not give up Raissa. I married her right after college. I was censured by TJPG and no longer considered an active member who could attend further meetings or benefit from the privileges for the club. TJPG had ties with most of the powerful organizations in the country. Although most people don't know it, they actually control everything. They have for quite a long time.

"To become a member of this group, you had to be recommended by a member who was given a secret pin designed to flag out qualities a member required and screened by a committee before you were even invited to join. Even with the invitation you were never told the name of the organization for which you pledged until you transcend the trials for entry.

"It was so secret that members in the organization never knew who made up the top level. The secret level always dangled over them and they never realized when the initiation to the next level took place. I was one of the few who rose to one of the top levels along with Richard Payne and Farris Gabriel. When I found out about the secret plan to take over the world, I was flagged as trouble.

"Richard Payne, Farris Gabriel and I were inducted on the same day to one of the highest levels within the group. I sponsored Christopher Kerstan while we attended college together. Everyone who was anyone was with TJPG, but they were mostly lower ranking and unknowing of the wickedness that lurked around the corner.

"A week before elections, the news broke that there was unrest in front of the Presidential Offices as Right and Left protesters started to get violent. I remember an interview with a young man who claimed the violence came from nowhere. There was a shot that rang out from blocks away and the Right mob started shoving and accusing the Left of duress. He was beaten to death in front of the cameras. It was awful.

"Angry people came from everywhere and the military was called in to restore order. We were placed under a state of emergency and those who did not return to their homes immediately would be shot.

"Many of the young people thought they couldn't be serious, after all, it was a free country and protesting allowed. The armed forces would not dare



commit another Kent State atrocity, so they thought, but they did worse. The military forces killed over 2,500 dissidents in one day.

"Shocked by the brutality of the murders, a myriad crowd stood up for the rights of those viciously slaughtered with a candlelight vigil and were gunned down during the peaceful protest. Another 5,000 murdered.

"The next day incensed hordes came with weapons. They managed to slay members of the military, but more than 7,500 protesters were consummated as martyrs for the cause. Those who were not killed were injured or among the 15,000 hauled away to a secret prison out of the country.

"Due to all the violence, the media blamed the left-wing Communist groups for causing problems. Election Day was to be suspended temporarily until things were under control. Anyone who was against Farris was branded a traitor without a trial and banned from voting.

"Richard and I were summarily tossed aside by the TJPG for our dissenting views from the society and were no longer privy to what was going on. We approached our old TJPG brothers, Chike Renweard and Victor Myles who were leaders of the society and asked them what was going on. They denied anything unusual was going on and warned us not to make any trouble or start any untrue rumors.

"Foolishly, we thought we could make a difference and save our country from the threat of TJPG. We knew they had intentions of turning this into a Christian nation for their own evil purposes and suspected this was part of the plan. Election day was stalled for 3 years. Richard and about 500 people marched to the Capitol to protest.

"I was at home with Raissa who was expecting our second baby. Our 8 year old daughter, Matilda, was glued to the window watching the peaceful protest march. I wanted to be with Richard, but my priorities were with the family.

"Then I heard a stampede coming our way as the screaming protesters were running the other direction and shots fired out. People were dying in the streets. Richard was running with his 10 year old son in the streets. He was accosted by a group of men wearing the TJPG pin and shot in front of his son and outside my window. That was my warning.

"I quickly opened the door as the men left and ushered Richard's son, Artus, into my home. He told me they shot his mother as she made a speech to the crowd and everyone started to run as these men were killing people. Days later, Raissa had delivered a stillborn boy. I was devastated.

"I adopted Artus as he had nowhere to go and no other family. Raissa was depressed, but she came around to accept and love Artus as her own.

"The news went out the Presidential candidate, Richard Payne, was killed in an uprising by Communist influenced groups and Election Day would be postponed indefinitely while these dangerous threats to our society were defused. Loyalty oaths were created to denounce association with groups the security committee considered traitorous organizations. Anyone who did not sign the government loyalty cards would be branded a felon and as an enemy of the state. They would be banned from voting in the future.

"Four years went by and I tried to adjust to the changes. I went out while it was daylight according to my permission pass in order to conduct official business. I tried to make the most of a bad situation. Hoping that one day those in charge would come to their senses before it was too late.

"While I was gone, Raissa found the secret book of the TJPG. I had no idea she found it and had been reading it until one day she confronted me. She was upset that I knew of such conspiracies and did nothing to stop it.

"I guess she thought I was a coward and perhaps I was. I knew these people had powers and controlled the world we knew. I felt I had no power against them and it was best to accept that it was just the way things were.

"Raissa could not be quiet and wrote a book to expose these secrets. A friend of hers from the Liberal underground press and resistance movement, known as Bixenta Sloan, printed hundreds of thousands of copies of the book and they were distributed throughout the network. Everyone here has read that book and is now a member of the resistance movement.

"Word got back to TJPG about the book and Christopher Kerstan showed up on my doorstep to warn me they were going to kill my family because of Raissa.

"Christopher agreed to help as long as I kept it silent. He ushered my wife and children out of the country. He gave me the papers that terminated our marriage and change their last name. If I wanted them to live, I had to agree with the plan. I knew too much to leave the country alive. If I left the country, they would kill all of us. If our family stayed, they would kill us.

"I had to live the last 5 years alone and away from my family. I do not even know where they are or how to reach them. This was my punishment for carelessness with the secret documents.

"Today, as we stand at the foothills of history, we may be the last hope of Democracy with the power to decide our nation's fate. They have taken over and destroyed our country. Will we just sit here crying in our beers or will we take it to the streets?"

As the crowd applauded, they ingested a few beers to drown their sorrows. Alcohol was an outlawed substance during the state of emergency. Those caught were sent to a penitentiary to be reeducated and qualified fit for

society. Offenders could not be released until they proved conversion and subjected to a baptism. Many never returned once they disappeared without a trace. Those who reappeared seemed like hollow souls that did not resemble their former spirit.

Bixenta Sloan was tempting fate with the law, but at that point it did not matter. TJPG got its way. Depressed citizens waited in the dark basement until sundown to watch the ceremony.

All members of President Gabriel's emergency security team were present to assume their permanent career for life. Victor Myles was now the new Commando Force Leader assuming Christopher Kerstan's old position. Edric Rypan Wellington, one of the world's most wealthiest men, was Head of Finance and Economy. His wife, Docila Aulaire Mirabella, remained the head of all media. Broga Banan, a former militia marksman, was in charge of the Department of Civil Unrest. Chike Renweard, a professor of religion, was Minister Of Faith. Hedeon Bogdashka, Chike's son, owned the Department of Legislation. Vigilia Bogdashka, Hedeon's twin, became head Officer of Employment. Hanz Tolan was in charge of the Office of Charities while his wife Skye Muminah remained Minister of Housing and Placement. Fritz Christian was allowed to continue his important mission in the office of Minister of Health and Welfare. Larwide Tobrytan, a former law professor, was Judicial Minister. Tolucan Wregan, brought into the fold to calm down relations with another powerful group, relished over his appointment of the Head of the Justice Department. Vivek Visha, one of the country's most respected educators, was to head the Department of Education.

How fitting it was for the ceremony to initiate Kerstan into the highest office of the land to be exactly like the initiation ceremony to become a member of the second highest level of TJPG. Why would they let the public in on this secret ceremony? Why would they initiate the leader of the land who was supposed to be the absolute leader with a service meant for someone in TJPG who was second from the top?

The sun rested low on the horizon as the lights glared along the large canvas backdrop with the flag imprinted on it. Soldiers lined up along the path where Kerstan was to march and saluted him with gunfire. He made his way up the podium wearing nothing but a white robe with the secret TJPG insignia pin and sandals and holding a large wooden cross upon his back.

He knelt before Minister Renweard who led the crowd in prayer and anointed his head with holy oil to summon the blessing of the Holy Spirit. He took Kerstan by the hand and guided him to the pool where he would make an allegiance of faith to God and country and become baptized to the highest known office of the land.

Kerstan said those words with honor and conviction. He solemnly promised to be true to his oath and would remain worthy of the power entrusted to him by the people.

As Kerstan emerged from the cool waters, doves were released into the air and the band played, "He's Got The Whole World In His Hands" followed by "Put Your Hand In The Hand" being played while fireworks lit up against the Potomac.

The crowds became silent as Christopher waved his hand. He began to speak.

"My fellow countrymen, God has entrusted me to take care of His flock. From this day forward, I do solemnly swear I will lead you down the righteous path leading to heaven while we show the rest of the world by shining example the right way to live."

The audience cheered. Tears of joy were in the eyes of the masses. This is what they wanted, true peace and security. One nation under one God. No more quarrels. No more debates.

Men from Broga Banan's staff were scattered throughout the populace keeping control. The multitudes could now be instantly silenced upon command and made to disperse with a nod. The subdued crowd with happy faces were captured by the cameras from Docila Aulaire Mirabella's crew whose job was to exhibit proof for the audience at home the new face of our nation and what it meant to truly be an American.

They captured the audience singing "How Great Thou Art" as they left the area in a peaceful, orderly manner.

Audric turned off the television and spoke to his group.

"We all know the people seen on camera were given special invitations. This was not an open meeting where anyone from the streets could attend. If you were chosen worthy to attend, you had to sign an oath agreement stating you would behave and not speak out of order. In fact, everyone in attendance were lower order members of the TJPG who have given large financial contributions to the cause.

"There used to be a time when those who disagreed were allowed to be seen and heard. Should someone be elected to office, protesters were allowed to voice their discontent and be recognized by the leader. Today, the leader is sheltered from controversy as much as the public at large. They are all told everything is fine. They are told exactly what they want the public to know -- this new government has made everything better and if you want things to be comfortable, don't ask too many questions.

"Although Mr. Kerstan represents all that has destroyed our nation, he is not an evil man. Please do not treat him like the enemy, but have pity on his poor soul. He is a good man who has chosen the wrong side.

"A truly free society is expected to have vast degrees of opinions and thought. It should be embraced and welcomed, not feared. These people have made the public afraid of what is different as if it were evil incarnate.

"I don't know what the TJPG is up to now, but you can be sure it isn't good. This show we have just seen is a cover for something big brewing underneath the surface. Life will be more dangerous now and we must be careful. The idea of what this country used to mean is worthy of a fight. Will we let it die and our souls with it?"

The crowd yelled out a robust, "No!"

"Let us move forward silently into the night. We shall infiltrate the sleeping masses and awaken them before danger ensnares them all."

The group filtered out into the darkness of the night watching carefully for representatives from the Justice Department and Department of Civil Unrest looking for any unusual activities that might be subversive in nature. Should they be caught, they would be ushered away secretly in the night without anyone knowing someone has taken them away. Chances were great they would never be seen again. The few who did rematerialize were no longer interested in fighting the good fight, but in being righteousness, compliant subjects.

Members of the group have gone to these meetings about once a month, but each time they departed, a few members would report of a peculiar incident of being jolted into by a stranger and feeling like something stabbed them. There was no blood, just a slightly raised and discolored swelling for a few weeks and a solid area under the skin. Many of these people have died unexpectedly from an insect that grew inside their bodies and spread their poison within. Others have noticed when they walked by radios they seemed to carry off an interference and people seem to be watching their every move.

Audric suspected these were more control tactics by his former associates who were determined to dominate at all costs. After Raissa left with the kids, he was lonely for companionship and bought a dog. This animal has on more than one occasion kept strangers from bumping into him. One day the dog died under mysterious circumstances. He was closing up the bar and going up to his room where his dog was sleeping. His pet was not on his bed, but lying still by an open window. He tried to wake him up, but could not get a response. Then he noticed the blood on the window sill. It was strange as he always kept the window closed. He saw the blood on the dog's mouth and thought perhaps it was a burglar who killed him. Then he opened his mouth to try and revive him, but found a finger lodged in the back of its throat. On the finger was a ring with the emblem of the TJPG. This was no accident.

Audric crept upstairs to his living room and recollected happier days when he graduated from college and was accepted to a large corporation as a member on the executive board making a huge income. He got this job courtesy of his fraternity. They were still upset with him that he broke rank by dating Raissa, but they said they respected his courage of conviction to go after what he wanted in spite of what others told him to do. He did not know back then why they were so against her as they did not have a problem with that relationship until she returned from her old country to collect items belonging to her family. He decided it was best to keep his membership a secret from Raissa.

They kept after him about how Raissa was not like the rest of them and bound to turn his head away from serious matters. Audric dared to question what those serious matters were. To his surprise they told him. Feeding him information, bit by bit, Audric was giddy at the prospect of secret knowledge passed down throughout the ages that only a few selected people will ever hear.

He rose up through the ranks of TJPG to the initiation point where he entered the realm of the second highest position. It was an honor and a privilege to make it that far at such a young age. Most men in their middle ages could never be expected to come close to that level. However, just like the lower levels, you never knew when you were initiated and what would be expected from you before it was too late. He could have made his way to the top shortly a few years after joining a successful financial corporation had it not been for an unexpected turn of events.

It was days before his wedding to Raissa that he was informed of the grand plan, to turn this nation into a Christian nation. They sold him on the idea that they were doing this to be a shining example to God in hopes that the rest of the world would follow their lead. Then the whole world could receive the blessing of their Lord and everyone would live in peace and harmony.

He thought it was great and the motives seemed pure. He talked it over with Richard Payne who was his best friend and soon to be running mate. They were both devout Christians and could not think of any better thing to prove their love to God. Then it dawned on them. To pull off such a plan would mean to dissolve the checks and balances of the Constitutional system that protected the rights of everyone including non-believers.

Richard and Audric questioned the merits, the rightness and the wrongs of the plan. Fellow brother Farris Gabriel also questioned, but in a different way. He asked what was in it for him and how he could profit from this new world. Thus the oil was separated from the water and as Audric found out, the motives never were as pure as it was presented.

Audric and Richard overheard Farris speaking to Victor Myles. They found out they not only failed the test to move any higher into the organization, but if they were not careful would be marked. It was up to Farris to make sure

Audric and Richard were pacified enough to not cause trouble by seeing to it they had good jobs and some security. If they were kept happy, perhaps they would be satisfied with the crumbs they gave them and would no longer question the brotherhood. Should they start to make trouble for the organization and divert their plans for world domination, they were to be pressured into compliance or be eliminated.

Both men knew they were now in big trouble, but really did not understand why. They thought this was a good brotherhood that wanted to spread the good word of their God to the world and make things a better place. Now they find out the group had no regard for God, but for power and control. Everything else was a lie. They had taken the organization for granted and were lost in the system. TJPG had a definite plan, but what was it?

Audric and Richard were together the next day at the church. Richard was his best man. Farris approached them and suggested Audric calls off the wedding. When asked why, Farris told him the brothers think Raissa was not on God's side and would bring corruption within the organization.

Audric could not hold his tongue, "You dare talk to me about corruption on the happiest day of my life? Raissa is a pure, free spirit who speaks with honesty from the heart. You people dance around words and half truths, twisting facts and realities to make people do what you want them to do for you while you make them think they are doing it by their own free will.

"It isn't Raissa who is corrupt. The whole brotherhood is nothing but a bed of meal worms waiting to devour the flesh of the innocent who look to you for hope. All you can give them are false promises. We both know of your evil plan to hide behind the innocent religious people for your own gain. I personally find that vile and offensive and you will never get away with it."

Farris sighed and rolled his eyes as he said in a very calm manner, "Sir, I have no idea of what you are talking about. I think you had better keep this quiet and reflect upon such evil thoughts against the brotherhood. Perhaps you ought to now think twice as hard about not marrying Raissa. Mark my words. She will be your death. She is no more honest than you, my brother."

Then he calmly walked away and up to Raissa who was on the other side of the church. He gave her a kiss and wished her luck as he walked out the door.

Since the day Raissa married Audric, life became hard for the couple and for the Payne family. Both men lost their jobs and had trouble finding work. It seemed as if they were blackballed from taking gainful employment to support a family. The only way they could get by was in the bar they ran in the basement of Audric's home. The brotherhood knew of its existence, but looked the other way. It would have been an illegal set up for anyone else, but it kept Richard and Audric safely away from the public.

By the time they were in their early 30s, Richard had one son, Artus and Raissa was expecting a girl who would be named Matilida. The men were content with living a simple life, unconcerned with politics and conspiracies going on around them. The brotherhood was satisfied to leave them alone.

Neither brother told the world at large or even their beloved spouses the evil they suspected within the TJPG. For the love of Raissa, Audric prayed she would never know about his involvement in the group and his sins of the past. When these men came around, he just told her they were clients. Jennifer knew of Richard's ties with the group, but thought it was doing good deeds.

They knew these men would have the power to destroy their lives. The less the wives knew, the safer they would be. Audric and Richard were innocent parties to the destruction of another man on behalf of the brotherhood. They did not know it at the time and how it propelled them higher up in the organization, but since that day it has pained them to think what the brothers would do if they betrayed them.

Senator Osmond Williams was a former member of the TJPG who became pastor of a community church. His conscience was feeling guilty upon hearing rumors of his brothers planning to overthrow the government, but never said anything about it as the TJPG allowed him to live a life of luxury. His family was well respected in the community. The church prospered. He was one of the wealthiest pastors in the nation through his hour long televised sermons every week. Everyone in the country loved him and respected his political beliefs. They eventually elected him to the Senate. He was encouraged to run for President because the people trusted him.

As the nation was on the heels of an unpopular war that would have usurped the government, he did not want TJPG to follow through with taking over the nation. He knew he had to speak up and started with his local congregation by giving them a speech on why they should value their country and learn what it really means to be an American without taking it for granted before someone comes along in their sleep and changes the meaning while they quietly accept it as truth and end up in a world they no longer recognize.

The brotherhood learned about this sermon and were concerned that he would take it to the national level. They warned him such propaganda was against the order and if he continued such behavior, he will find himself in a hell on earth. After a few public setbacks brought on by TJPG, Williams promised to behave and not divulge any information for public speculation.

However, he could not remain silent. On an interview, he mentioned a nameless group was planning on subverting the government and as President, he would never let that happen.

Audric and Richard delivered a package of papers in a box that were supposedly for his Presidential campaign. They were on his committee and



thought he would make a great leader. Of course Osmond was going to trust anything these two fellow brothers would give him. They believed in his principles and were strong supporters of his campaign. They were bright-eyed college students unaware of anything dubious within the TJPG.

When they delivered the package to him, Osmond took them aside and asked them if they really were sure they wanted to stay in the brotherhood. They were confused as to why Osmond would ask such a question. Of course they wanted to remain. The TJPG was going to make everything right with the world. Before they left, Osmond warned them not to take everything at face value and to watch their backs.

The next day, the campaign office of Senator Williams was raided. The search provided proof of how Mr. Williams was stealing the campaign funds and defrauding his church membership. They found illegal drugs with his fingerprints on the containers and a picture of him with a prostitute. On camera, they interviewed a woman who said they were having a fling for years behind his wife's back and how she had a fatal sexual disease.

This was all denied by Osmond, but reports kept coming back to confirm it to all be true. A stranger bumped into Mr. Williams and it felt like they stabbed him, but there was no blood. Weeks later, he tested positive for the same fatal sexual disease of the woman from his so-called affair. His marriage fell apart. His children hated him. His church fired him. He was voted out of office.

There were enough people suspicious of how their favorite candidate was set up, but they were not in the know of the ways of the TJPG. They were a large enough group of vigilant citizens who would not allow the conditions for the organization to subvert the nation.

Poor Osmond Williams was homeless, poor, dying and disgraced without a friend by his side. He lingered in this misery for years. Audric came to see him one last time before he died which is something the brotherhood warned him against. Osmond told Audric this was the punishment for going against the brotherhood and that he forgave them for their role in his downfall. Mr. Williams died shortly after Audric and Richard found out about the TJPG's plan to take over the nation. They would never tell anyone of their shameful role in history that led to the destruction of another man.

As little Artus looked up to his father and the man he thought of as Uncle Audric, he asked them why does there seem to be so much hate and violence in the world. The men knew at that point, for the sake of their children, they could no longer remain silent. They were eligible to run for the highest office of the land.

At first, TJPG took very little notice of the duo trying to run for President. They were confident there was no way they could garnish enough funds or media attention to even remotely consider being a threat.

They ran on a campaign that they were just average citizens who knew of the struggles to make it in the world. They wanted to unite the country and bring hope to the people.

The brotherhood laughed at the naiveté of the men. They only said the common things everyone wants to hear, but had no concrete plans on how to achieve the goal. They did not have the slightest clue about the plans of the TJPG and how the brothers would thwart anything they attempted to do that would stop them from taking over.

What the brotherhood did not expect was the growing grassroots movement of people who were skeptical of the media the TJPG owned and questioned everything. That group was becoming more vocal, therefore could be considered enemies to the brotherhood.

The TJPG launched a campaign against the supporters of Richard and Audric as being Communist sympathizers trying to destroy the country. They dared to accuse them of behaving like the dreaded French. After all, Audric was one of them and married to a woman who had ties to Communism. It was true and untrue at the same time. Proof could be found and not disputed by Audric, yet he knew they were lies taken out of context for the purpose of public manipulation.

The smear campaign worked well to induce hatred and division in the country. To ignite the firestorm of controversy that became like a massive forest fire of lies believed by the hungry drones watching the news, the TJPG put Farris Gabriel up to running against them by continuing on for a second term with a promise to deport all traitors to the country like Richard and Audric. Farris was a key team member of the brotherhood and represented exactly what they wanted, a man who would not wrestle with his conscience, but getting the tasks done towards achieving the ultimate goal.

The nation was so hot in disagreement it was hard to find anyone sitting on the fence. They were portrayed in the media as either patriotic and for Gabriel or a left-wing Communist radical for Payne.

Talk shows and newspapers would actively show support for the TJPG candidate and run a wicked campaign of lies and half truths about the Payne party. Those for Gabriel were encouraged and patted on the back for deriding supporters of Payne. Everyone who spoke on Richard's behalf was spat upon and called names or forced into silence while the supporters of Gabriel demanded these unpatriotic Americans renounce their citizenship and be tried for treason for not supporting the government without question.

This nasty campaign led to the big rift that tore the country apart. A war broke out in the streets. Election Day was canceled. Richard and Jennifer were murdered in the streets. Artus was an orphan. Audric and Raissa were forced to divorce and never see each other again. The TJPG has duped the people into accepting the new government. The nation would never be the same again.



## Chapter 2 -- The Family Moves On

Raissa was living in a small village in England where she was free to be the writer of the freedom fighters. It was her goal to contribute to the cause in the only power she had, through the pen. The Bixenta Sloan would audaciously distribute copies of her latest materials to all who wanted to know the story the head of American media, Docila Aulaire Mirabella, did not want to promulgate. Officially, Raissa's work was banned and labeled Satanic for the sole purpose of confusing God's chosen people. Anyone caught reading her work was thrown in the penitentiary for reeducation. Unfortunate souls caught embracing her work somehow mysteriously disappeared.

Raissa had to put aside her work in order to perform a very important duty -- overseeing the wedding of her adopted son, Artus, to her daughter, Matilda, that would take place the next day. They have been through a lot in their young lives and in the process have become soul mates.

When Richard Payne was brutally murdered in front of Artus, it scarred his young mind. His father meant the world to him. He remembered helping his father during the last campaign. Richard sat his son in his lap as he prepared a speech and told Artus that one day, he could follow in his footsteps making a difference in the world.

Artus still has nightmares of people running through the streets screaming the moment they shot his mother on the stage. People were trampled and gunned. Troops rolled over the protesters and the innocent people who happened to be in the communal vicinity. His father was holding him in his arms only to be cornered at the house surrounded by helmeted men with guns who laughed as they shot him full of holes. He remembered his father dying with blood pouring down the walkway as he screamed for his father to wake up.

One day Artus will get vengeance for his father's death. His father promised him the land of freedom. That land has effectively exiled and torn apart his adopted family and left him an orphan.

One day he would seek retribution for the execution of his father, but this was not the day. In his young mind, all he could think about was starting a family with the lovely Matilda. He heard rumors all his life of conspiracies and corrupt governments, but could not be sure if these were real or people who let their imaginations run loose. All he knew is he missed his father every day since he was killed and wished he were here now to celebrate this happy occasion. Matilda was the one thing he was sure was true.

Matilda grew up feeling the sadness from her mother on the day her little brother was born dead into the world. Mother never got over that sadness, but turned all her tears into the strength to churn out her novels designed to give

hope to the hopeless. Every novel was dedicated to the memory of her son who never got to taste the sweet air of life.

She knew her mother never meant to slight her, but could not help feeling that she was not always a first priority. Had it not been for Artus being by her side, Matilda surely would have felt like a lost soul.

The day of the massacre, when Artus' father was killed, she remembered the panic in the streets coming her way. She remembers her father pulling her away from the window as shots were being fired. A few minutes later, she heard a commotion at the doorstep and a gunshot and a boy crying and screaming. Then she saw her friend Artus being ushered inside by her father. He told her, "Look my dear. It seems you have a new brother."

Raissa was brokenhearted upon learning the news that their best friends were slain and could not understand why anyone would do such a thing. At that point, she was glad Audric decided to drop out of the race even though Richard was sorely disappointed by his backing down. Audric never told her why he decided to drop out, but suspected it had something to do with Farris meeting with him one night in the bar.

Matilda overheard the conversation, but never told anyone about it. That conversation made her more wise in her young years than most people would realize. She took everything in and realized it was hopeless to fight the system. Audric came upstairs and wept at his decision to drop out, but would never discuss his reasons until Raissa found the secret book.

Richard and Audric were close friends. Even though Audric backed out of the race, Richard seemed to understand why and did not hold it against him. Audric often called Richard a brave soul to continue running in the battle. The consequences of doing nothing meant certain victory for TJPG.

Audric was unsure if it really would be a bad thing after meeting with Farris and shared that conversation with Richard hoping to save him. Throughout history nations have come and gone. Life still moved on. The powers that be have always done their business regardless of the little people. Those who stood in the way often were trampled in the cogs of the political machinery. Those who kept their noses clean and let the rulers carry out their agendas could lead lives as fulfilling as the leaders would allow.

Even the Founding Fathers of the country were exactly like the brothers. They were merely rebelling against fellow brothers for control over people on a new continent. They simply wanted the power to rule the land. They did not want to share it with those former brothers nor among their fellow peers and other residents. This is why the freedom rights never extended beyond those who could qualify in the fraternal organization. The excuses given in history books were to cover what really happened, but any thinking person could read such accounts and realize there had to be more to the story than complaining

about a tea tax from a government that gave them protection from their enemies.

So what if the brotherhood usurped the nation as they knew it! Nothing lasts forever even if men would like to believe otherwise in a foolish attempt to capture the idea of immortality. To think that your nation was a part of an everlasting kingdom would be to claim for yourself the legacy of eternity. The Romans thought they were in that special place. The British also had that dream only to realize many changes from the original dream. They lived to see the rise and fall of their empires. Why were we any different? Who was to say the TJPG would not succeed, but fall in the distant future like every other government that tried to be the supreme power over the people? If not TJPG it would be some other group with the burning passion for domination who would overthrow the nation. The nation would fall sooner or later because that was the nature of political history.

Richard was not swayed and argued back, "Why could it not be him who was to take over and succeed against the brothers?" He still valued his best friend for his decision and understood why Audric took his position.

Raissa was so torn apart over the events that have happened in her life with the loss of her son and her friends. She came to this country fleeing from the oppression of Communist leaders. America was becoming equally oppressive. The horror of what she learned in regard to the fate of her family was a sadness she could not even share with Audric.

Raissa wanted to leave and start all over in another country. Audric begged her to stay. He knew deep down all countries of the world could become this one at anytime. If they were to flee now, they would spend the rest of their lives running to escape the inevitable.

Raissa was distressed over the children coming home from school repeating things that seemed to support the idea of doing away with the Constitution as if it were a good thing. They spoke of the evil radicals that were allowed to spring up in such a system and how they wanted to tear the nation apart by making everyone atheists and Communists. They learned about an idea of what a good government should do, unite people into believing the same things so there would no longer be war in the streets. They had no idea the things they were learning was designed to get them to hate all the things Richard and Audric fought for in the election.

Raissa pondered if this went on here, it could happen all over the world. In the Old Country, she remembered her father's journals he kept about a secret organization taking over the world one country at a time by forcing the citizens to blindly accept the government and embrace oppression. She shuddered at the idea of a one world government system where everyone had to think exactly

the same or become a hated enemy on the run. Where does one go when the whole world is veritably against you?

While Audric went out to conduct business, Raissa wanted to do something to get her mind off her sorrows. She wanted to write a novel, but could not come up with a subject. To get into a more creative mode, she started to clean the house. She found an old book with no title on the front. It was covered in dust and the pages were frail. It belonged to Audric who seemed to have forgotten he still had this tome around.

Every day while Audric was busy conducting business in the basement, Raissa would read more and more of the history of the brotherhood. She learned this secret organization that had been around for many centuries was not exactly what the public knew as a Christian organization to help people.

She would sneak around and spy on members she knew were part of the fraternity and dig through their notes in the trash while listening carefully to conversations. She knew exactly who they were and what they planned.

Raissa confronted Audric with what she discovered and was angry with him for not telling her about it and that he was a member. She was even more disappointed with him for knowing what was happening and not doing anything about it. It was because of these people that she lost her son and they lost their best friends. These people have destroyed a country she came to love as her home while Audric sat back and did nothing. It was almost as if her history were to repeat itself and she was too upset to tell Audric why.

Audric explained these people were more powerful than she could even imagine. To go up against them would mean certain death. That was why he had to drop out of the race. Richard did not and signed his death warrant while taking his wife with him.

Raissa could not casually dismiss this injustice. She found her subject to write about and contacted a friend who knew a group of people willing to publish controversial material. By exposing the TJPG, she had stirred an angry force that would be out to destroy her and her family.

The day of deepest sorrow came to Raissa when Christopher Kerstan knocked on their door in a state of frenzied excitement. He ushered Audric downstairs to talk in private. Audric nearly fainted as a whitish pallor ran down his face when he came back upstairs to say good-bye to his family. He had just discovered his wife had written a novel exposing the secrets he promised to never become public.

He told Raissa they had no time to pack, but they must leave now with Christopher. He asked them to trust him and do as they were told. He kissed them as they walked out the door. Audric knew deep down he would never see them again.



Raissa had such a strong connection with Audric. She also knew the truth he told through the expression in his face. Raissa had children to worry about and did not have the luxury to debate during a time of war. If Audric said their lives were in danger and they had to leave now, she had to do it for the well-being of the children.

It was the same way her father encouraged her to leave, to do it with his blessing and without question. Raissa turned her back on the love of her life and would never love another man for the rest of her days. All of her pain from the death of her son, her friends, and the loss of her love was transformed into the passion spouting from her pen.

When Raissa learned of her children getting married, she rejoiced for the first time in many years. Although they were raised together and she tried to take care of Artus as a son, she never let him forget his parents nor tried to take their place. As far as she was concerned they were not really brother and sister. These were two beautiful souls who had so much in common as she did with Audric. Raissa only hoped they would have the happiness she wanted in her life, but it was too late for her.

Raissa was making last minute trims on Matilida's wedding dress while giving her advice.

"Always stay true to yourself and what you believe. Never let your love for someone special turn you into something less than who you are."

"Mother, you know Artus would never do that. He's wonderful."

"I know, but I also know what it is like to want love and to hide who you are for the sake of that love. It's not the other person doing it to us, but we to ourselves. We sometimes want to hide our human frailties, faults and vulnerabilities to protect the ones we love from a darker side of ourselves. Hiding is akin to lying. When you lie to the one you love you have doomed your love."

"I don't see that ever happening. Besides, I have good reason to make sure we stay happy and together for a long time. I am with child."

"Matilida! Are you sure?"

"Yes. Artus does not know yet, but I plan on telling him tonight. I just found out this morning when I came back from the doctor who performed a blood test on me. Isn't that great mother?"

"I am happy for you, dear."

"Now I can have someone to love and take care of when Artus goes off to work."

"Dear, do you hear yourself? When you love someone, it doesn't begin or end when they leave."

"I guess I really didn't mean it that way. Sometimes when I was a kid, it seemed you loved me very much, but then you got really busy doing other things and stopped loving me. There were so many times when I came home from school and you shooed me off to watch TV or play that I felt you loved your book more than you loved me."

"I never meant to make you feel that way. I have always loved you from the moment you were born. Life is just complicated and it had nothing to do with you. I had a lot to deal with and could not express it in any other way than the ways I did. If I did not do what I did, I would have gone barking mad."

"I know, Mother. I'm sorry I ever doubted you, but I do want to be a good mother. I want to be close to him or her. I want this child to have all the love in my heart. I want to give it all I can."

"That's what all parents want for their children. Sometimes it is easier said than done. Your father and I wanted to give you a better life. We gave you the best we could. It wasn't perfect, but it was all that was at our disposal to give you. We hoped to give you more, but life is just too complex at times to make what you want a reality. Parents are not flawless beings, but mere humans trying to cope with life. I hope you will come to appreciate while I made mistakes I never meant to hurt you in the process."

"Why are you always sad, Mother? Do you still miss Father?"

"I always will, dear. I should have told him what I was doing with Bixenta Sloan, but I was upset with him. He kept secrets from me, so I kept secrets from him. Now he is always in danger and I cannot do anything to make him safe."

"Are you still going on about that secret bogeymen fraternity? I just wish you would stop trying to defeat those so called secret conspiracy groups and just live. It seems to me, from what you told me, that anyone who went up against that force ended up miserable or dead and those who left them alone were allowed to live in whatever way their wits would let them."

"You may not realize it, but it is all true. It has destroyed my life and the life of Artus' parents."

Matilida never really believed any of her mother's stories. She tossed it aside like a hysterical book of fiction to stir up paranoid conspiracy freaks. She still remembers hearing her father talking with Farris about the history of the world and this country that led him to drop out of the race and stop speculating about conspiracies. He was fine when he did, but Mother brought it up and it ruined all of their lives.

When Matilida asked about the Templa Jerome Phoebus Garabi society, her teachers would tell her it was a mythological group designed to cause

suspicion against the rich and powerful men by blaming them for all the problems of the world while keeping everyone else in the dark and at their mercy. They would cite a book called *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* that was proven a hoax. This book alleged of a plot of Zionist Jews who would take over the world. All it did was create hatred for people that were different. The myth of TJPG was designed to cause hatred and distrust of the Religious Right.

Artus loved Matilda's free spirit. To her it was natural to just live life to the fullest, no matter what was going on around her. She would often say she could not control what other people were going to do, therefore they could not control her. She felt free to do and say as she pleased and did not care about what other people did or said as it meant nothing to her. To Matilda, entertaining the idea of powerful secret conspiracy groups was as productive as worrying about vampires sneaking into your bedroom at night. She approached life with the Taoist mentality -- to accept things as they were and go with the flow instead of fighting against it.

The idea of a conspiracy tickled her. If they were so rich and powerful, why resist it? Let them do what they do and stay out of their way so you could be unrestrained to do what you do. If a raging bull was coming your way it would be preposterous to stand in its path. If you were smart, you would get out of the street and relish the solace inside your abode. You were still free to do your thing and the bull would eventually calm down.

When Artus saw Matilda standing in her wedding dress, he was in awe.

"You look beautiful, my dear."

"Thank you. I have wonderful news, Artus. When we get married tomorrow, we will be a real family."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm pregnant."

Artus ran to her arms and picked her up with excitement, even though he worried in the back of his mind. He was just given notice that the factory was closing in a few months and he would be out of work. Although his adopted mother was able to give them a comfortable lifestyle, he thought to be a man he had to bring home the money to support his family.

Artus struggled during the night with a vivid dream. A young man lost all hope. He did not know who this person was, but knew he was a desperate man. He took on the wings of eagles and soared throughout the skies to feel the power that had always escaped him in life. For the first time, he has felt freedom. It was nice. He soared into the air and up ahead was a mountain of gold. Below was a busy village bustling with people paying no attention to the

skies. They were caught up in the day to day doldrums. It never occurred to them to gaze upon the beautiful firmament and appreciate the mound of gold.

The outsider flying in the clouds near the mountains saw the multitudes going about their existence without really living. He saw that those people were just as much a prisoner of life as was he. He cried a tear for the pain of the people before he fell on top of the mountain of gold.

There was a loud rumble and a quake. The mountain started to melt and dissolve itself into the streets around the screaming crowds of people. They ran for their lives without looking back to see the trail of doom left behind.

The lava stopped flowing and people stopped screaming. They looked at the paved street of gold and started to cry. They could not be consoled. They have lost their loved ones in the wreckage and would never get them back.

The spirits came out of the hardened pavements to try to comfort their loved ones. They were fine and wanted them to know the pain is over and now they are free. The poor people left behind could not hear them. They were too consumed with grief and anguish. They did not realize everything would be fine. They were standing on a street of pure gold with their loved ones around looking over them. All they needed to do was to start living life before they let the hypnosis of going through the motions lulled them into robbing themselves and others of the great gifts they have.

In the chaos, a wolf came up from the forest looking for a meal. He knew the people would shoot him on sight if he came as he was. He disguised himself as one of them and became their leader. He knew he was about to have a hypnotized public ready for him to devour.

Artus woke up. "How odd," He thought while trying to dismiss the notion from his mind. Was his subconscious trying to tell him something or was he suffering the pangs of indigestion from his late night snack worrying about the fate of his newfound family?

Unable to sleep, his mind wandered back and forth. He remembered his father as a vibrant man. He had so much hope and love in his heart. His parents were the perfect couple. They loved each other and had respect for their differences. They never once raised a voice to each other in anger even when they had heated disagreements. They always ended with a kiss and a cuddle.

His parents were high school sweethearts. After graduation, they attended the same college while staying in separate dormitories until they got married. Artus' mother, Jennifer, was very supportive of Richard's activities in the TJPG when she believed it was a pure, Christian organization that helped people.

Artus used to play with the emblem on his father's shirt and wondered about it. His mother told him that she was a bit envious of his father's

membership and wished she could become a member. Before she married Richard, he confided in her that no one could just join TJPG out of the blue.

Jennifer told Artus one day she decided to secretly follow Richard when he was supposed to meet with his fraternity brothers hoping to figure out what this club was doing that required such secrecy. In her mind, she thought perhaps they were doing some naughty things Christians ought to leave alone like watching pornography or other acts of debauchery. To her surprise, all she saw through a basement window were a bunch of young men and women listening to a speech that sounded more like a prep rally about how they were going forth as leaders of the world and it was their responsibility to keep clean and pure so they could always lead by example.

Jennifer was getting bored and got up to leave, then she turned around and found a college professor standing behind her. Chike Renweard was a handsome man who taught Religious Studies. All the girls in class would swoon when this newly widowed man went to the podium making his lectures. He was old enough to be her father's oldest brother and she had to remind herself such thoughts should be disgusting. Besides she could never seriously consider it. Her close friends Hedeon and Vigilia, were his children and she did have a boyfriend who promised to marry her.

"My dear lady, why do you hide here on such a lovely evening?"

"I was just looking for someone."

"Why not come with me? We don't let outsiders in these meetings, but it is almost over. You can see Richard soon."

"How did you know?"

"My child, he talks about you all the time. I hope you both will allow me the honor and pleasure to marry the both of you."

Chike led Jennifer to an office outside of the assembly room where she could wait for the meeting to end. She was anxious and wanted to go out on the floor to see her beloved. When she opened the door, she didn't see Richard as the crowd was too thick. She did hear an interesting conversation while waiting.

One man spoke to another about Richard and another person who were anticipated to move onward if they passed a secret mission. They were to drop off a package at the domicile of Senator Williams who was a very loved, Conservative politician. They mentioned how this delivery was guaranteed to make Osmond think twice.

Jennifer wondered what was so special about the package. She tried to dismiss the conversation as she looked through books on the bookshelves. There were books on history from around the world. Many religious books and holy works were available. She spotted a curious manual next to a book

called *Animal Farm*. This book had a black cover and an emblem that looked like the one on the pin Richard wore.

She opened the book that spoke about the history of the pin. It was a scarab wrapped up in swaddling clothes holding a cross with Joseph and Mary standing behind a Star of David. From a distance, it appeared they were holding a baby Jesus at a manger, but it is only when you look closely at the image you could see it wasn't a person, but a dung beetle.

Jennifer was now really curious. Why would men who claimed to be such devout Christians do something that seemed sacrilegious? Chike startled her as he came into the room to show her to her boyfriend.

"Professor Renweard, what's the deal with the pins?"

"How do you mean, my child?"

"Why isn't the baby Jesus in the swaddling cloth?"

"How observant of you!"

"Actually, I never really noticed it before. I read it in the book."

"Jennifer, have you realized how many people take things for granted in life?"

"I guess so. People tend to depend on someone or something always being there and realize they have taken them for granted for so long, it is no longer there the way they thought it should be."

"You have a very shallow knowledge of the term, my lady. Let me explain.

"You have taken for granted your beliefs. You have trusted what people tell you is the truth for so long that you continue to believe they will always tell you the truth. People do not always tell you the truth. It is human nature to lie. Sometimes the lie is deliberately spoken and other times it is a lie of omission. People lie to protect themselves from what the truth could do to them. People also lie to protect others from the truth. People lie for noble reasons and others do it for nefarious purposes. Sometimes the line between lie and truth can be so blurred that the lie can be seen as the truth. We often lie to others, but sadly we lie most to ourselves. It protects our egos from the realization we are not as perfect as we want to be perceived.

"In religion, if you are not careful liars will come out and abuse those who have taken their faith for granted. People will close their eyes and follow blindly while lying to themselves about not seeing it coming to avoid responsibility for letting it happen. I'll bet you take whatever is said at the pulpit as the whole truth and not question it or look it up later."

"No, that's not true. I listened to what my pastor says and I usually agree with it because it sounds correct and I know in my heart he is telling the truth. He has never lied to us. He speaks about what he believes is the truth and helps us from his heart."

"I'm sure you're right. Your pastor is saying what he believes is truth, but how do you know he speaks about what is correct unless you verify it to be so? You lied to me about your belief in your pastor. You, in fact, do not research and study what you were told and are no different from the majority of the people, yet you said that was not true."

"If you truly had faith in him, you would not fear researching what he had told you as fact. You do not because deep down you do not want to find something that would bring doubt in your mind about a man you trust. You would rather stay in the illusion of his truth and lie to yourself and others than to confirm his human frailties in your mind. You would even grasp at straws to prove him right when logic tells you he is wrong. You cannot even hear the reason of logic because the lie beclouds your mind in comfort. It could cause you to rely more on yourself and that is a frightening thought for most people who would rather believe a lie than to learn the truth."

"What is called the truth and what is actually correct are usually two different things. You could tell a lie long enough and eventually people will believe it to be true. Sometimes they will carry out the lie so long that it made itself manifest in reality -- 'As above, so below,' so to say."

"I'll bet you still believe Columbus was brave for making the journey because most people thought the world was flat at that time, but what is correct and the truth is most people did not believe in a flat earth during his time. People have been told that lie so long it became truth, but that never made it correct nor true. It was the only truth in the minds of the masses who never dared to question it."

"I guess I don't really investigate my pastor. That seems so cynical to have to do that with someone you have known all your life. What does that have to do with the pin and taking things for granted?"

"You, like most people who look at the pin, don't really see the pin. There is a big difference. You think they are standing behind clouds. A Muslim would look at the same pin and see the Prophet Muhammad holding a sheep instead of being the clouds. A Jew would see the so-called Star of David where you think you see a manger. When you look at the pin, you think you see the image you have come to expect of Mary, Joseph and Jesus and take it for granted. When you take that for granted, you have already devalued your faith."

"Had you not taken your beliefs for granted, you would not just look at the image on the pin and think you saw what you had come to expect, but notice

your beloved Jesus is not in the picture and it would provoke a response. Those who really see the pin as it is without being told are the only ones qualified to join the fraternity."

"Wow. That's so deep. I'm sorry, but I still don't understand. Why would you go around wearing these pins that seem disrespectful of Christ?"

"This in no way disrespects Christ. To the contrary, those who do not see the pin for what it is disrespect Christ by taking their beliefs for granted. We are just reminders to the world at large of what they take for granted. There are so many people who take for granted what they believe and are so easy to be led onto the wrong path. Someone will tell them it is the right one and not be questioned. When they do it, it will mean their doom. That, my dear, is the wide road that leads to destruction."

"Why a dung beetle and Star of David?"

"These are symbolic of the full extent that people are not aware of what they blindly follow. This is not just a dung beetle, but a scarab. The scarab was based on the image of the dung beetle, or Scarabeus Sacer, and it was used by the ancient Egyptians for many purposes including being placed on mummies for protection against evil. The Book of the Dead spoke of the dead person wearing a scarab asking his heart not to testify against him during the Weighing of The Heart Ceremony whether he has committed a sin or not. The heart scarabs were used for general protection from evil during the journey to the Afterlife.

"Jesus was born in order to come into our hearts and save us in the Day of Judgment, much like the scarab was for the Egyptians. In Christianity, we believe one day we will face the Book of Life to see if our names will be listed depending on our status with sin. We should hope our hearts do not have to testify against us on that day."

"But what about the Star of David?"

"This is even more interesting to explain. It is the Magen David. Legend has it David wore this on his shield during battles. However, many people take that story for granted as it never really happened. This star is a relatively new thing that was meant to mark those who were Hebrew so they would never intermarry with others.

"The Islamic areas of Egypt, Syria, Israel and Iran, in the ninth century AD, were ruled by Khalif Al Mutawakkil. This khalif obliged the non-Islamic population, being Christians, Jews and magicians or Magi, to wear certain distinguishing marks on top of their clothes.

"From the 13th to the 18th century, on instigation of the Catholic church and the government, Jews in many European countries were forced to wear certain identifying marks on their clothes and temples of worship. Again the



reason was to prevent mixing with other religions, in this case with the Christians.

"Yet most sincere people of the Jewish faith have taken this symbol for granted believing it sprung from their own people when in fact it was cast upon them by their enemies. Even worse, those who are Christian have taken for granted that Jesus was Jewish, yet engage in such hatred for a group of people from where their leader has risen. If their beloved Jesus were alive today, they would accuse Him of all sorts of evil He put upon the world for the mere fact He was born a Jew.

"You do realize there are three major world religions that have sprung from this same general region of the world. Like most people, you focus too much on the differences and lose the meaning while hating those who are different. You did not push for more information about the prophet and his role in the pin nor the sheep because they are unfamiliar to you. It is this discord that will be the downfall of mankind and they will only have themselves to blame. All it takes is a wise person who is alert to realize the flock is not paying attention and he will lead them off a cliff."

"I'm sorry. I still don't understand. That's just a lot of information I never heard before."

"Consider yourself lucky. Outside of the fraternity, people are not given this lesson of history. They really don't want to know. Don't be like the masses of sheep who take precious knowledge and lick the surface finding it too bitter and not biting below the surface to chew the tough meat to get to the bones and swallow the refreshing marrow at the end."

Jennifer really did not understand it all and thought the conversation rather odd.

Artus' father once explained to him about the sheep and the prophet.

While waiting in Audric's basement for his father to finish for the night, Artus asked his father about the clouds in the pin. His father told him about a religion called Islam that had a revered prophet named Muhammad.

Muhammad was said to be the last prophet who came to confirm the previous messengers and the universal message that calls people to worship the Creator alone. He was just like the average man. A soul one could understand with his ordinary trials and tribulations. Then he rose to a position of being in a great time of history, much like the legend of King David that is also represented in the pin.

By the time the Romans were attempting to taking over all the known world, there were groups of people roaming about what we know as the Middle East called Bedouins who were feared for pillaging towns taken over by the Romans. Around this era was a heated fight for the so-called true path to

God. The Romans have embraced what was thought to be a cult known as Christianity. The Hebrew people held steadfastly to their faith. The others would cling to religions of old that were often called pagan.

This was an era of darkness and depression in the history of Arabia according to Islam belief. One man, Muhammad, would bring to his people what he called the last direct message from God. This divided his fellow peers. The ones who embraced his message became the people of Allah. Everyone who rejected this message was considered pagan by this group. Ironically, all major religions have a tendency to call all outsiders pagan if they did not follow their own path to God as they saw fit.

The hardships the Prophet Muhammad faced, along with those believers who followed him, were compounded by the fact that they were surrounded by the Jews and the Christians who lived amongst them leading to the chaos of the Crusades and Inquisitions. They all sprung from the same region and they all essentially believed the same things, yet they let trivial notions cause hatred and division that lasts to this day.

This is the same thing that happened to the Mormons who chose to follow Joseph Smith as God's prophet. They were killed and persecuted for their beliefs. The majority wanted them to convert to the mainstream or be killed so as to not lead the rest astray. They could not tolerate people who were sincere, yet slightly different from themselves.

The tragedy with all paths is they have rested on their laurels too long. Instead of growing with the knowledge at hand, they have taken it all for granted and will do anything to halt progress for fear it will take away from something that feels so safe and known.

A shepherd has a job to lead the flock of sheep to safety. They have to be very careful as the sheep did not have independent thinking. If one in the flock were to stray off a cliff, the rest in the herd would follow to their doom. It is up to the shepherd to safeguard the flock. However, when the shepherd is afraid to move ahead, the sheep stay in the same pastures and will eat the fields bare and the lands become muddy where they will eventually starve. It would be shameful if the flock lost faith in the shepherd and went their own way. Sometimes the shepherd will trick or deceive the flock to divert their attention away from what he perceives as a danger that will take the sheep away from him.

The sheep are the people who follow these religious shepherds who are starving for new knowledge, but too afraid to look outside of what they knew because the shepherds approach the edge with fear. The shepherds are afraid of what lie over the edge and think their sheep will no longer follow them.

It was easier to hate those who dared to challenge what the shepherd knew than to make a leap forward off a cliff that is unknown to him. He feared his

sheep would go astray and no longer follow him as he went to his doom. It did not lead to a death on the jagged rocks below, but to the soft clouds of a heaven they could all create for themselves.

The darkness became light and Artus realized it was his wedding day. He was so excited to start a new family, yet he wanted his parents to share his joy. Could he, in all good conscience, bring a new child into this scary world?

When he stepped up to the altar and saw his bride, he knew the answer. He must leap ahead and jump off the cliff to create his own heaven. He felt in that moment his parents were truly standing by his side encouraging him to move bravely forward.

His bride vowed to love and honor him all the days of her life as he did to her. Raissa cried tears of joy wishing Audric could be here to see their beautiful daughter who was all grown up. She regrets that he was deprived of the privilege of seeing their little girl grow into a woman. She knew Audric would be proud and prayed in her heart that he could feel the joy she felt right now and to share it with him.

While sitting in the pew, a messenger approached Raissa with an envelope. She smiled as she read the contents and was excited to tell her children the good news -- Audric was coming home to them.



### Chapter 3 - Templa Jerome Phoebus Garabi - TJPG

The legend of the secret society of Templa Jerome Phoebus Garabi is traced back to the days of Luther during the Protestant Reformation. The highly educated ruling class was against Catholic hierarchy influencing local law with the Roman agenda. The Roman Empire failed and these would be monarchs did not intend to lose the kingdom set before their sons.

The membership of the original group of TJPG was secret. Only the highest ranking members of the organization today know the names of the original patriarchs of the group. A few of the members only know these were very rich and powerful people who have thrown away the Roman ruled Catholic church in favor of a vision of a one world, God directed Protestant vision. Almost all the rest of the brotherhood believed it was all a hoax. By safeguarding its history this allowed power to remain in the hands where it belonged.

Before the Roman conquerors have taken over the lot of Europe, tribes and villages existed with their own social structures, rules and leaders. Power taken away and a new system forced upon the masses made the children of the ancient rulers feel oppressed. The descendants of the chieftains were promised one day someone would rise up and give them back the authority that belonged to the progeny. They would not only take back their lands, but take over the lands of others and force their own customs upon them. At such a time, no one could rise up again and take away their birthright -- to rule the commoners. The offspring of the antediluvian rulers took back all the power and glory, but it would remain a secret to the world at large. Oftentimes, those who thought they were masters of their countries would have been shocked to learn they were merely puppets to carry out the agenda of the TJPG.

The lore behind Templa Jerome Phoebus Garabi's origins during the change of thought in Old Germany has launched these men in power who have come of age. In a university, one man dared to question the right of the priest to rule the village. The class was told it was the right that God has given them and blessed by His representative on earth, the Pope. The group that followed Luther and his ilk were evil and against God.

With such a statement, the small group rebelled. If God wanted to prove who had the right to rule, He would be on the side of the winner. They rose up and threw the Catholic Church along with all their representatives from their village. They won the battle that meant God was with them. In honor to this God, that He may bring back the power to the deserving, this group wanted to be a holy, shining example to the world. It would be clear to all that God was on their side. Anyone against them was against God. The world was to be

one sanctuary to be made holy before God. This group would be the ones to do it.

On the night of the Holy Son's alleged day of birth, the ring leaders consecrated themselves and lay prostrate before God. Accepting their role in history in exchange for the great blessing of the legacy that belonged to them, they dedicated their lives to the power and glory of God.

The newfound circle made a pact to keep this legacy secret so others would not become wise and squirm their way into the organization. Should the wrong people know the secret, they could subvert the agenda and steal the power that belonged to the sons of this God.

The public at large really did not know the secret society of Templa Jerome Phoebus Garabi. This was part of the plan to safeguard the organization. The lower members of the TJPG were seen as pious people who went to church, supported their family, gave money, work for charities and were in general upstanding citizens. The lower members were told, as was the public at large, that the secret society of Templa Jerome Phoebus Garabi is a fictitious group created by conspiracy lunatics and this modern day group is based on the myth of that society whom the group claims had the full American spirit. Modern TJPG was seen as a religious organization designed to help their fellow man that was good. Mythological TJPG was a lie and those who spoke of it as true were asking for trouble.

The plan worked well. Anyone who spoke of this organization as a real threat to the world was labeled a conspiracy nut. Such reports on the evening news, TV shows, books and other media form controlled by the TJPG featured those poor souls who dared outing the organization. Many had their reputations ruined and lost all credibility with the public. Some even disappeared under mysterious circumstances or had tragic freak accidents. Anyone who stoked the notion of a worldwide conspiracy was grouped with other unfortunates who claimed proof of alien life forms and abductions.

While the rumor of the TJPG has mostly been confined, there were always a few troublemakers who threatened the group. Unlike the public image of this modern group the truth about the brotherhood was far more insidious. The lower level members did not have a clue about the loathsome ambitions up the chain of command.

In the beginning, the leaders never really believed in the Christian God of the Catholics or the Lutherans. They believed in bold, raw, naked power and control. It was promised to them at birth. They wanted it and no one would take it away once they seized its control.

Before the Roman religion was forced upon the masses, rulers would lead their tribes in fear of the gods of the elements. The leaders could see the rational explanation behind the events, but would exploit them to a frightened

public. They came up with supernatural explanations to the mundane and ordinary and made themselves up as gods and interpreters of the gods. The people did not know any better and accepted everything they were told by the leaders.

For thousands of years, leaders of yore were merely observant opportunists who had a knack for manipulating the people around them. It is said some people were naturally born with the gene to lead. The jealous, the ones not in the know, claim they have sold their souls to a devil or some evil being in exchange for power.

Little did they know the truth that the ones in charge saw the power in the moment of opportunity. They seized the moment when the opportunity arose and ran with the power it rewarded its seeker. This was the only way to rise up the ladder of TJPG. The meek and those who dared not question or who would stand down at the wrong time will never make it above the public image of the organization. Those who made it to the top and refused to embrace the plan were cast aside and destroyed before they could destroy the order. With the exception that these people were advanced opportunists, they really were like everyone else and could blend in with the common man, although one may view them as wolves in sheep's clothing.

Many societies were made up of such individuals in the Middle European area and they spread throughout the world. These are the people that formed cities that turned into countries and empires. Of course leading a small group of people has satisfaction in the beginning, but that addiction to control needs to be satisfied by taking over larger and larger areas. The ultimate goal of such men has always been to take over the world.

The Romans did just that after they invaded lands around them and needed to control the populace. They adopted a religion and imposed it on the people who would fear the wrath of the God belonging to the Middle Eastern Hebrew people. As these so-called people of God were highly disgraced and tossed out of their land because of His anger, if He dared turned His back on those He called His own people, the citizens of Rome and the conquered lands would never dare and question this same God should the Emperor own the power of this God.

The Hebrew people lost the right to their land because the Romans saw the opportunity to seize control. Those poor people believed it was their God who gave them this land and they believe to this day it will be returned to them again. Little did they know they were allowed to be given this land by leaders of their tribes who bound together and controlled their populace with an authoritative Jehovah. Powerful men will give them their land back only when it suits their needs. The powers that be would make sure this would never happen until they were ready to make it happen -- during the final conquest to control the world.

Meanwhile, this displaced Hebrew population as well as the Roma nomads had no country. They were free to become scapegoats for the ill will that came over the people. Societies, such as TJPG, knew the best way to unite people -- find a common enemy to blame for all the problems they cannot fix immediately. While the public spent its energy hating the enemy, the powerful rulers were behind the scenes accomplishing their agenda to dominate the world while a distracted public had sights set on priorities fueled by division and self serving needs without realizing serving others sometimes is in their own best interests.

As the public at large was becoming more aware of rational explanations of what was formerly unknown, it could have made the ruling class obsolete. Such awareness would usher in a new governmental system, sometimes before the powers that be were ready. A scapegoat was the only solution to further propel the masses into submission, through fear of a people they did not know and were told to be vile. There would always be the displaced, the poor, and the discouraged in every society ready to blame someone else for their problems. Secret organizations were glad to exploit their human nature. Once these people took the bait, hatred was like a virus and the more intelligent of the masses could succumb to their level and use it to gain power over the lesser ones.

Of course the British Empire was based on the concept the Romans had enacted. They wanted to do the same on a larger scale and nearly succeeded with the plan. Unfortunately for those leaders, the population was wise to the nature of the world and soon they lost most of this power over its citizens.

The United States seemed to be the last chance for TJPG to strike at world domination. They set themselves up as the respectable leaders or policemen of the world. Wise scientists were brought into their midst to bring them new technologies and techniques to make them appear to be the most industrious nation of the world. At the same time, the people were told this was because of the blessings of God. They kept the masses in fear of this God, but they needed to make sure the people would be too distracted to pay attention.

Leisure time increased along with working hours. People found despite modern conveniences they had less time to do things. Everyone was set up to strive for more and more things to reflect their blessings from God. People wanted more and grew discontent with materialism, but were pacified with more materialism.

When they were not paying attention, things were pulling away from the thrill of life. People started to question whether all of this quest for more things was worth the effort. Then the radicals were allowed to speak and made to appear to have some control. Greedy organizations were set up to cause division and separation. Everyone became discontent and looked for a leader who could make things seem quiet and sane.



An evil genius within the TJPG thought of a great way to divide people -- give people the idea that life must be fair and just for everyone. Throw away the idea that life will have problems and sometimes you cannot get your way. To boot, create the idea that everyone must always mind how they speak for fear of offending anyone else.

By creating a few generations of spoiled people who think they have the right to life being easy and to be spared anything potentially offensive would be setting up the population for a harsh reality -- things are never perfect. When they see the mark of perfection failing over and over, they will be more and more upset over perceived injustices causing a division among many groups of people. One man's heaven on earth invariable becomes another man's hell when everyone is forced to abide by the first man's comfort level.

Another person came up with a notion over a century ago to get the children while they were young with education. By creating a uniformed system of education within a country, eventually the TJPG could put key members in a position to dictate what the children will learn and feed to them whatever interpretation of history will help further the cause of the leaders.

Within the lesson books of history and social science, pupils were taught this was the best nation in the world. To entertain the idea otherwise was treason. Blind love and blind patriotism was forced on young impressionable minds while distorting or lying about the sins of the country and its leaders would render students, our future adults, unable to comprehend why the rest of the world would harbor such hatred for their beloved nation only to chalk it up to jealousy on their part. They were indeed ready to clamor for the solutions TJPG could offer because they were unable to see and understand the whole picture.

Elements of division were allowed in the classroom to distract students who would question lessons being taught. Instead of debating the conclusions of the teachers, they would be debating multicultural and multireligious issues with their peers thus clouding the true agenda of what the students were actually taught without their notice.

The big moment for TJPG came with the popularity of television as well as the ease of the printed word to be spread to the masses. By allowing certain key members of the brotherhood control the media, they were always sure to stir fires and manipulate the masses.

TJPG allowed things to go awry for a few decades and when the time was right, commenced a campaign to divide and conquer the people. It was effortless to command an audience who did not question their government or dared independent thought. This was the group they wanted to keep happy. The goal was to make these people believe in an evil Communist conspiracy against their blessed country. Those who did not contribute to the peaceful

society were part of this group and were not loyal citizens of the country. It seemed the plan was going to work, but how?



## Chapter 4 -- New Leaders Of The Regime

Christopher Rex Kerstan was not given this name at birth, but acquired it in his initiation of TJPG. His brotherhood name meant Christ bearer, king, and Christian. Once upon a time, he was born in a modest Midwestern family from Iowa and named Curtis Winifred. Actually, all of the members of the TJPG were required to deny their real name and history in order to adopt the name and history of the family according to the brotherhood. Artus and Richard were the only rogues who would dare go back to their real name and roots.

Curtis loved his parents, brothers and sisters who have all passed on and were unaware of his new identity. He loved the members of his church and in the community at large who never questioned his reasons for his new identity. He spent time after school playing sports or volunteering at the county hospital reading books to sick children and elderly patients.

He loved his very typical small town version of America. Everyone knew all of their neighbors. They all looked out for each other. When there was a crisis, the neighbors would be there in minutes to help without asking for something in return.

Everyone was basically in agreement about the way things should be. Sure, they had disagreements from time to time. Every once in a while there would be groups of rowdy teenagers or the occasional person with a rotten disposition who would stir the waters, but otherwise it was a peaceful place to live.

He went off to college where things were so different and almost scary. He never met people in his town who did not believe in God. He heard those people existed, but thought they would be wicked sinners with obvious faults he could avoid. Little did he know his beloved professor who was prim, proper and well mannered was a confessed atheist until midway in the semester.

He never met a homosexual in his home town and thought he would be sure to see one on sight doing profane and disgusting acts in public. He did not have a clue that his roommate in the dorm for two years had a boyfriend. It was not until years later he discovered his best friend growing up was also a homosexual who became one of the most honest business leaders in town.

Curtis did feel a bit uncomfortable about the obvious differences from his small town to an open liberal campus in a large city. He could not understand why women, minorities, homosexuals, and non-Christian as well as atheists were arguing for equal rights as he thought they already had them. He could not get past all of the categories of minority groups who wanted to be granted the same rights as everyone else under a separate bill of law instead of requiring

existing laws to apply to everyone. He was not understanding why the government was allowing all of these vocal underdogs to speak. He understood the principle of free speech, but all this did was divide the country and surely would not have been protected speech by the Founding Fathers. Free speech, to Curtis, is an extraordinarily exuberant word that should be protected from speech meant to destroy its purpose and its meaning twisted to placate so many varied people.

Like the majority, Curtis wanted a comfortable society where people were polite, courteous and God fearing. He did not like the unpleasant actions, themes, and boorish words of music, movies or books from those he deemed to be corrupting society. He was approached by Audric who talked to him over a cup of coffee and ask him about his concerns for the country after he heard Curtis make a dissertation about "The Oppressive Life For Conservatives in America" to his speech class. An instant friendship was struck as he noticed a pin on Audric's lapel and questioned if he was trying to be offensive.

Before long, Curtis was summoned to a meeting with a group of concerned citizens to speak about his vision for the future of the country. He did not know he was being interviewed for the fraternity. Weeks later, he was invited to a party where they played strange games of endurance. He won the games. The next day, Audric told Curtis the good news. He was officially a member of the Templa Jerome Phoebus Garabi.

Curtis was astounded. He learned in history about a mythological group called Templa Jerome Phoebus Garabi. The professor told him a group of conspiracy theorists put out this myth to spread propaganda in order to subvert their government and kill their leaders. Such a group never really existed. It was a prevarication in the disguise of a fictitious tale of caution like an urban legend to scare people from trusting their leaders very much like the book *The Turner Diaries* tried to falsely blame a group of people in a plot of world domination and encouraged the populace to kill the people who were the threat before they could destroy the world.

The brothers of TJPG told Curtis what the professor said was true. The legend of old was all a story without basis in reality. Such an organization could not really exist. How could a bantam group manipulate so many people without being discovered? The modern day Templa Jerome Phoebus Garabi was a Christian organization designed to help bring people to the Lord and serve as a shining example to the world.

Gradually Curtis was educated in the ways of TJPG by Audric Tilly who was known as Argus Christos in his college days. Argus spent his free time with him to keep him safe from scandal on campus. Image was very important to the brothers who could not afford the bad press that would be destructive to the cause. Curtis was a hard worker and did what the brothers of the higher order wanted. They were pleased with his progress and gave him a new name,

Christopher Rex Kerstan, to reflect the vision the brotherhood wanted him to see of his future, a man bearing the name of Christ to become the leader of the country by example.

Christopher felt comfortable around his fraternity brothers and grew in his trust of the brotherhood. He noticed his mentor Audric was pulling away from the group near graduation. Perhaps since he was leaving, Audric was backing away to make it easier on the feelings of his friends.

Then he heard rumors through the brothers that Audric was seen in the company of Communist sympathizers and was dating an atheist. He was told to stay away from Audric who was starting to embrace and talk about the lying propaganda designed to hurt God's people. By listening to these subtle lies that sounded like the truth, it could easily turn one down the wrong path and end up in the bowels of the conflagrations of Hades. His brothers spoke about Audric's success won by pleasing Satan. They predicted God would see to his downfall if he did not change his ways.

With his mentor gone and two more years to complete school, he was paired up with his professor, Victor Myles. Victor was the new Commando Force Leader and Kerstan's right hand aid when he became Pastor of the Nation. Victor was given this brotherhood name meaning conqueror and soldier. It was fitting for a man who would now lead this country behind the scenes with boldness and a ruthless passion to win at all costs. Victor was assigned in his college days to keep a close eye on Christopher after Audric started to break rank to make sure he was never led astray into a position that could compromise his public image in the future.

Myles was a high ranking member of the fraternity, but was not a college student at the time Kerstan was in college. He was a college professor teaching the history of Christianity. He found it rather amusing that his students would take everything he said and anything in his books as if it were the whole truth. They would very rarely look to other sources to verify anything he taught. If he even raised his voice in authority, often they would back down without a challenge if they dared to think of questioning their professor.

This was the cream of the crop the nation had to offer and they were so easy to teach anything he wanted them to know. They would walk away with diplomas and everyone who relied upon their knowledge would take it as fact because these people were officially labeled educated, whether or not it was really merited. He could have easily proved to the class the earth was going to fall into the sun within a century and everyone would walk away believing it to the day of their death.

As a professor, his brotherhood held him responsible for spreading their interpretation of religion as the only true and correct way to view religious

history. What he taught them would be the standard all modern religions modeled.

As Commando Force Leader, he was to take over where Christopher left off. Little did Christopher know, Victor has always been Commando Force Leader, even while Kerstan officially held the office. Christopher had always idealized the goals of the TJPG as pure while Victor knew deep down the hidden agenda.

Victor's job, while Christopher was Commando Force Leader, was to make sure everything ran smoothly to make the public aware of this fine candidate. Victor had to do the dirty jobs in private as Christopher would never want to know horrendous things were being done to people to keep them in line. In fact, Kerstan's old position was only to reflect to the public a trustworthy image while doing odd jobs for Farris who had more important things to do.

The public needed a nearly perfect person to be their leader, one with whom the average person could relate. He had to be a man without scandal. He had to be a man with education and purpose. Kerstan needed to be a man like King David or the Prophet Muhammad. They were grooming Kerstan to be that man and it was up to Victor to see the public thought of Christopher in this light.

Victor had long since cut off all ties with his own humble family. He was really close to Farris Gabriel and everyone was surprised he was not picked to be the Commando Force Leader from the start. The two of them were like peas in a pod.

Victor was the one who sponsored Farris into the organization. They were both college professors who not only were like minded, but in turns out they were really brothers before becoming members of the TJPG.

All the time Gabriel was in office, Myles knew exactly what his younger brother expected from him, to serve the brotherhood and not be petty about the title. It was a mutual feeling. They both knew when the plan worked, such titles they bore now would have very little meaning in the new world. They were destined to be gods of the world much like the gods of Roman and Greek mythology.

When the news came about the death of Farris, everyone in the country was brokenhearted, except Victor who seemed callously unemotional about it. Many speculated he was jealous of Christopher and hoped to be Pastor of the Nation himself. Most in the brotherhood did not know Victor and Farris were brothers in real life and passed it off as a jealousy issue. Even Richard was unaware of their connection and thought they were merely friends. Audric knew the secret better than anyone else and was too afraid of the brothers to tell the secret. The ones who did know thought it was odd that one brother

would not cry for another brother. Very few, the ones in the higher ranks of TJPG, knew the real reason for his demeanor and were not about to share those reasons with anyone. As one of the gods to be, emotional ties were always second in nature to the agenda at hand.

When Farris joined TJPG, he was starting his first year as professor of anthropology. He was known to confound the minds of other fellow scientists by insisting Creationism was in fact a science that could be proven with anthropology.

One day, Farris noticed a pin his big brother was wearing and thought it was strange, until Victor explained to him the meaning of the pin. Soon, the brothers were seen together talking with a group of the brotherhood about his views of the world trying to see his degree of wanting power over others.

What many members did not understand they were never looking into personal beliefs for membership, but to the degree they would go to force their beliefs onto others. If someone approached a brother with conviction the world was flat and adamant this knowledge should be shared with the public at large for their own good, he or she was ready. This was the key to raw leadership skills to be groomed by the brotherhood. Only the chosen few would one day rule the world.

Farris always had an edge over Richard and Audric when it came to membership. Whereas the two came from nice loving homes and communities, Farris and Victor did not. While Audric was well liked and respected, Farris and Victor were hated by almost everyone. It was in this town of their childhood where a lifelong rivalry would develop.

Audric remembered it well. They went to the same church, but he hardly ever saw them in attendance. Farris and Victor were troublesome young adults and his parents warned him to stay far away. The two were about 10 years older and tough characters who were constantly harassed by the town cops for beating up and torturing the townsfolk. Audric's father, a police officer, hauled them in on several occasions. They vowed revenge.

They had drunk abusive parents who forced them into doing all the work around the house. When they were older, the parents made the boys get jobs to support the family. It was a hard battle, but the boys had to sneak around to save enough money to leave home to go to college. Victor left first and Farris did not want to be stuck with his parents. Farris faked enough of a conversion to get a college scholarship through the church. They were at the brunt end of controlling parents and learned their ways very well. They could control without a conscience and without mercy. Feeling sympathy or empathy for others was a waste of time in their minds, merely sentimental hogwash.

People like Richard, Audric or even Christopher had a fatal flaw for rising to the top according to Victor. They approached leadership in the mind frame



of doing it for the good of others. Such altruism would never lead a person to the top. You could try to your heart's content to always do more and more for people, but they seldom appreciated it and always would want more than you could ever give. To Victor, only those interested more in self preservation were really qualified to be leaders. When you give too much of yourself, you soon have nothing left to give and the people will hate you. He tried to give his all to his parents and they never appreciated him, but wanted more. He gave them his best, but soon it was never good enough. He would never go down that path again. Farris agreed.

While the idealist trio did want to lead by asserting their agendas on others for their own good, they were never really able to cross the threshold of caring less about the individual citizens above their own rights. Should one rise to world leader, it could easily be toppled by one who had mercy for a man here or a woman there and before long, too many people would think they were on equal footing with the gods of the world and it would dilute their power.

Victor knew the real plan. Christopher was the official spokesperson for TJPG because common men believed in him. Victor could not fake such love for the people. Image was implemented to favor the confidence of the public and Kerstan was that perfect image for the media used to control the population.

Christopher would spend much of his adult life working closely with a budding news reporter named Docila Aulaire Mirabella. She was one of the lovely ladies who qualified for membership in the TJPG. She was always so calm and well spoken with an incredible beauty that the brotherhood thought she would be best groomed to become head of all media.

In her role of media leader, she was to develop ways to comfort the people and assure them they really were happy with the government. She was responsible for creating polls and chart proof of the progress made by the new and improved system. She was to highlight those who were potential threats to the government as enemies of the state, even if exaggerations had to be made or proof fabricated. Interwoven with the negative campaigns were many programs and articles about the heroic nature of the leaders and average citizens who thrived in this new environment. While those of the underground disputed the overall happiness reported, they were often surprised that some people really were happy with the way things were run.

She was a student in some of the same classes as Richard and Artus. The brotherhood once encouraged Audric to marry Docila who was very much in love with him. They were seen together on campus arm in arm and everyone thought they would eventually be together.

Then Audric met Raissa who turned his head. She spoke to him about things that were deep and different from the things he learned at home or in the brotherhood. Raissa got Audric to see the world in a different light.

When he was with Docila, he grew bored. Yes, she was very beautiful and intelligent, but very shallow. It almost seemed as if every word from her mouth was calculated and scripted. She was so predictable that Docila could no longer keep Audric's interest, while Raissa was a free spirit and unpredictable soul with an open heart. Docila grew very jealous and hated Raissa with a passion. She would do anything to get Artus back which meant to take down her enemy.

She tried to befriend Raissa long enough to get some information about her. She found out Raissa came from Russia during the Cold War and escaped via a risky maneuver over the Berlin Wall. She left behind all of her family who died under mysterious circumstances. Raissa was always sad over her loss and started to doubt the existence of a god, but also thought it would be too sad to think she was so alone if there were no god. She hated Communism and embraced the idea of Socialism which were totally different ideologies, although the brotherhood had the public convinced it was the same thing. Docila arranged for Raissa to get a trip to her old homeland to find out what happened to her family. This kept her away from Audric for awhile.

While Raissa was in Russia, Docila tried her best to get Audric's attention. With each effort she made, the further she pushed him away. She was getting really desperate and hoped whatever Raissa would learn would keep her away. Docila needed more time to work with Audric who could one day be put in a position of one of the high world leaders and she did not want anyone else to take what she thought would be her rightful place -- wife of such a powerful man.

When Docila got enough information about her life, beliefs and background, she gave Raissa a warning to stay away from her boyfriend. Raissa had no intention of coming between them. She was under the impression that Docila was engaged to Audric and refused to see him when he came to call. Audric was confused as to why Raissa turned away from him. He was falling in love with her and thought she had feelings for him. Docila tried to get his attentions by telling him Raissa really didn't love him and was a member of a secret campus group of Communists and an atheist. He found that shocking and repulsive. It kept him away from Raissa for a short time, but he was still bored of Docila who tried her best to get his affection. Audric felt himself recoil from this soulless being, almost like a snake was trying to cozy up to him every time she came near.

Audric thought he would seek out Raissa and ask if she could tell him why she would embrace iniquitous propaganda as Communism and atheism. Raissa was offended that someone went around calling her a Communist like the ones

who killed her family. Although she did not believe in the god of her childhood, she was open to hope that maybe there was something out there. Raissa did not want to be labeled an atheist like those Commies who slaughtered innocent people who believed in some sort of god. She wanted to know who spread such hearsay. Audric told her it came from Docila. Raissa told him that his fiancée was a liar. He did not understand what she meant as he had no intention of marrying that woman. He never loved Docila. He was in love with Raissa all the time.

Word got back to Docila that Artus and Raissa were engaged. It made her furious and she asked the brotherhood for assistance in attempting keep Audric and Raissa apart by informing them of her father's ties to a rival federation. This information was indeed a possible threat to the entire confederation of TJPG. Before this news, Raissa was merely bad for the image of a Christian brotherhood because she was an agnostic and they could look the other way. The issue that now arose was more serious. The brothers were actively working on splitting this couple apart.

Audric refused to discuss anything with Docila when she came to apologize for the misunderstanding. He called her an evil woman and demanded she stay away from him and to stop spreading lies about Raissa. She begged him to listen about the details she knew about Raissa, but he refused to entertain anything she tried to tell him and slammed the door in her face. Docila swore she would get even with both Audric and Raissa.

As a well-respected media spokesperson, she was now in a position to get her revenge. When Farris Gabriel died, she was seen on a daily basis on almost all news channels which were eventually owned by a member of the TJPG.

It seemed hard to believe for the average person, but out of the over five hundred television stations this TJPG member owned 99%. It was the same with the newspapers, book and magazine industries as well as almost all the radio stations. This TJPG member was also on the board to regulate the media industry. Anyone who did not comply with his rules would not be allowed a license to conduct business. That person was Edric Rypan Wellington, one of the richest men in the world. He married Docila after she graduated from college.

Edric always had a fascination with the power one could obtain with wealth. By owning most businesses and the media as well as the boards that regulated almost all industries, no one could do business or prosper without his approval.

His power spread throughout the world because of his excess wealth. As he had so much money, he set out to control poor nations on behalf of TJPG. The businesses he controlled withheld making deals with poor countries unless they agreed to do business on his terms. They would need enough money to do

business with him, but they were too poor to qualify. If they did not qualify, their country would become even more desperate. Edric encouraged them to take a loan from him on behalf of their nation that would bring more opportunities into their countries.

Leaders of these nations were enjoying the power and privilege Edric has allowed them, but they became greedy and did not share the wealth with their people. The leaders would take the money and spend it on a lavish lifestyle while the general populace would go hungry and naked in the streets. These leaders could not hide for much longer what they have done and did not want to give up their wealth and privilege, so they created a hated enemy for their citizens to focus on. They were told there was not enough money or job opportunities to go around thanks to the American government and its citizens who do not care about their fate. The discontented citizens had a focus for hatred to distract them from the fact their leaders were living opulently.

He was counting on such a reaction that encouraged him to solicit these nations into taking out bigger and bigger loans that were barely enough to quell the public growing angry at their national debts and not having anything to show for it. The poor countries would be ripe to have discontented rebels who would attack Americans. The Americans would insist on invading the poor countries who attacked them. Although the people from the poor nations never really questioned why the leaders still continued to do business with the enemy and why the rulers lived a life of luxury if there was not enough to go around, they focused all their frustration of lack on people who had nothing to do with their fate.

This turn of events played perfectly for the brotherhood. Those poor people would commit terrible acts against the Americans who would look to TJPG's puppet leaders to remedy the acts of war against them. Waging a war with these poor countries already highly indebted to brother Edric is just what the organization needed to control a new country. By taking over one country at a time, this was indeed a giant step in control of the world.

Edric was responsible for the costs of fighting these wars on behalf of the brotherhood. Most of the low tax income was spent in this type of security for weapons used in the course of war and protecting the borders. No money was given to the soldiers who were now volunteers and promised a new home, job, and spouse when they returned from war. If any male who graduated from school refused to volunteer for duty, they were seen as unpatriotic and denied approval to work and charity assistance. All benefits were to be arranged by the church and business charity organizations.

As Head of Finance and Economy, Edric practically had all the wealth and resources at his disposal to enact the goals of the organization. Should he succeed, he would be in a very lucrative top position as a world leader.

As Docila's husband owned all the media, it was easy for her to dictate how the media was to be run. Edric had his own agenda within the organization, to own all major industries so the brotherhood could control the work situation. He had his hands busy in accruing wealth around the world through more business deals, loans and war. He did not have the time to oversee the media outlets. The brotherhood trusted Docila to let the public know exactly what TJPG wanted them to hear. She was very effective in shutting out opposing views and creating public enemies out of ordinary people.

She delighted in her role when a breakup was discovered in the team running against Farris. She knew of her husband's affairs and did not really care. She always wanted power and money. This project would take her mind off her marriage in title only. Not only was this her chance to shine in the assignment of the brotherhood, but to get even with those who broke her heart. She would secretly be behind the nastiest smear campaign ever run in American history.

Everyday the news on every television, radio, and newspaper report would outline shocking scandals within the Payne and Tilly campaign. As there was no other source around powerful enough to tell the other side of the story, the public took it as the truth and would criticize anyone who dared to call this news biased. The TJPG rested comfortably in the ruthless manner Docila ran it. She was assured to rise to the top one day with Edric by her side.

Edric, as one of the world's richest men, was in constant need of protection. There have been many assassination attempts by jealous individuals who had no idea of his real connections. It was tiresome hiring outside security who might become suspicious of certain agendas and he did not want to remain in isolation for his own safety. He had a business to run, sporting and entertainment events to attend, women to romance, and a life to live.

As head of Finance and Economy, Edric needed to ward off the usual band of critics so he could carry out his role as a brother. His sole mission was to control all financial industries that would force the citizens into dependence on the government for their mere sustenance. If anyone dared challenge the right of the TJPG to take over, they would find themselves without financial support. Without money, they would have no power. All obedient subjects would be rewarded with money, security and benefits dictated by the board of directors. The more loyal the person, the more they would benefit.

The fraternity helped Edric come up with a solution to his problems with protesters interfering and general security issues, brother Broga. Broga Banan did not walk in the same circles as the rest of the fraternity. He never attended college, but was actually a descendant of a European royal family who have been active in the TJPG from its early days. While most of the modern organization have had to earn a spot, Broga was one of the few who had rights to it by the blood of his ancestors who helped launch the group. As it was in

his blood, he was given the name to reflect his family's nature that was responsible for wide massacres and uprisings that have forced a regime change on behalf of the brothers. As such, he was appointed the new head of the Department of Civil Unrest.

He spent his young days out of the country while many members were still in college. He delighted being a mercenary in nations who struggled for security during regime changes and government takeovers. During those dark periods there were huge pockets of civil unrest and chaos. Broga merely went into these troubled areas and organized troops to maintain the peace before approaching would-be leaders. The ones who accepted his army were allowed to rule. Those who declined would find themselves in a tragic situation. His military would be the ones to maintain law and order according to his own rules and agendas. The leader of the country would have to abide by his laws and take the blame if anything his troops do create unhappiness to the people at large. Some of those leaders would blame their problems on other nations and their citizens who were rich and powerful, causing problems for poor countries. This excuse gave the people a focus of hatred while the rulers carried out their agendas. Should reb

els arise from these nations, it would give the brotherhood a foothold to take over the country.

Broga has put more puppet dictators in office than any other person in the world. On behalf of the TJPG, he has put these countries in the pocket of the brotherhood who will one day come to claim their land and the people who abide within.

As Department of Civil Unrest leader, his biggest concern was to make sure there was a zone for the members to meet in an atmosphere where distrustful and paranoid citizens would otherwise attempt to disrupt the order. If they managed to file the appropriate paperwork and get official approval through the business and church in their community, the application would get the final decision from his committee. The paperwork also required mentioning all the names and addresses of participants of the protest.

Most applications never made it that far. Applying for such an event would usually result in the filer going off to a reeducation center. The few applications that did get approved were only for show to the rest of the world so they would see people were still free in this nation. In those rare cases, the protesters were kept in an area far away from Kerstan and the general public who were not allowed to watch the protest on television or go near the event. The taped event would go out internationally, but without sound and the signs were blurred out.

His committee kept a record of troublemakers and groups who dared entertain the idea of the dark force governments and businesses. These groups

have been notorious for protesting and acts of violence outside of buildings where really important people meet in secret. They knew they were up to something evil that would harm the people of the world. Little did they understand these meetings were not about depriving the ordinary person out of rights, but to control the world at large to regulate everything which in theory would make everyone be on equal footing with everyone else, except with the ones who would be their gods. Would the theory work in practice or were the protesters right to worry?

During the final days of the old regime, Broga headed a team of security forces that tracked down such people and groups and discouraged them from going anywhere near the important people and conferences. When the polite tactics did not work, they would take greater measures by creating personal havoc and chaos in their lives to give them more important crisis to tend. If such distractions did not work, they would send infiltrators to such assemblies to do acts which would call attention of the police and military force who were compelled to use arms to control and quarantine such protesters while keeping them in line and away from the very important business and government people. That would be Toluca's department.

Toluca Wregan, who became head of the Justice Department, worked very closely with Broga. Unlike Broga who had a legacy to the organization and the other brothers who made entry via college ties, Toluca made it via life experience while working in the South American jungles with Broga.

Wregan grew up in a small Marxist country in the rain forest. His ancestors were part of the Spanish Conquistadors that eventually conquered the southern region of North America all the way down to the southern tip of South America as well as most of the islands in between. It was a bloody struggle between the order of his ancestors and the existing tribal leaders who had power over their own people. These Native leaders did not want to share their power, land or people with the strangers who had different ideas of what made up a proper civilization. Unfortunately for most of these tribes they did not have the advances in technologies or immunizations already built within the newcomers and it became an easy takeover situation. This group was always in rivalry with the other brotherhoods who have taken over different parts of the New World.

Somewhere down the line, as that brotherhood split up, Toluca's great, great grandfather decided it should be his seed to rule the world. He has turned brother against brother in this quest and formed his own league. TJPG saw this small group as a real threat to their organization and formed an alliance. Neither group really trusted the other.

When Toluca was born, his older brother was promised a lead role while he was to be a mere second in command. As he got older, he did not want to be the shadow of his older brother who seemed more concerned with

romancing the lovely ladies than to rule the world. He distanced himself from his father's group and went off on his own as a mercenary where he met Broga on the streets of battle.

Broga took note of his innate talent to lead with a brutal ruthlessness and attention to detail. He befriended this young counterpart and learned of his family history. The organization was highly interested in taking Toluca as a way to safeguard their interests from their allies who were aiming to rebel against their friendly agreement.

By having this young man in their league, their allies were more likely to comply because Wregan knew too many of their secrets and was very stingy with sharing such information when it served his purpose. He would never betray his family or homeland unless it would be of great benefit to himself. Likewise, he would never betray his current brotherhood or so-called allegiance with his new homeland unless there was great merit in such a deed. If it would get him to the top, he would even sell out his friend and mentor Broga.

As head of the Justice Department, Toluca was to be the brute force to keep the order. While Broga was merely the bureaucrat who took the lead of keeping order, it was Wregan who enforced such order by any means necessary.

The Department of Civil Unrest was to hand down rules and regulation for each community including what constitutes potential warnings and protocol for handling groups who may get out of control. They were to prevent groups from trying to override the system. Should people start getting organized, Banan's team was there to cause mass confusion in order to break up the group and make arrests of key people who would be held up to public ridicule before calling Wregan's team.

The Justice Department, on the other hand, was to infiltrate groups before they could even organize and deal with them in any manner possible to keep them in line. It was very commonplace for a person accused of complaining about their lot in life to get a visit at their home by one of Toluca's men in black uniform to give them an attitude adjustment. His men could be seen roaming the streets at night keeping order by brute force.

With members who have a history and reputation of being brutal, they needed to lighten their public image to keep the public more happy than afraid. Chike Renweard was the logical choice for the position of Minister Of Faith. Everyone on his campus loved him as a professor of religious studies. Many also embraced him over the tragic death of his wife who disappeared under mysterious circumstance leaving behind her husband and twins, Hedeon and Vigilia who had just entered college around the same time as Christopher.

She was a very jealous woman with a suspicious nature who had allegedly asked Chike one question too many. He left her and took the kids to his new home he shared with a friend of his from college. After she came to his new



place, she made some threat in reference to exposing him and the brotherhood to a news crew that wanted to do a story on the life of Chike. She went missing for weeks and her body was found in a river. None of her family seemed too broken up about her death that seemed strange. One would think they knew a little too much, but they were not talking.

As Minister Of Faith, Chike was the trusted man at Christopher's side who would give speeches and sermons designed to uplift and encourage the good citizens who obeyed the Holy laws of the land. He assured people on a daily basis this is God's will and it is best to accept it. God's followers would be blessed by obedience to the laws and acceptance of the theocracy.

Renward inspired fear and paranoia in the faithful by telling them the fate of those who are against the government and God. He said they were evil and under the control of Satan and by following such people it would destroy the country and cause God to put a curse on the nation. He encouraged all good people to turn their backs on the sinners and to be in fear of the world outside of their country that was in full grips of the Devil. His messages encouraged people to turn in anyone who could be considered guilty of treason so they could be reeducated and made holy for God.

Chike's twins were also members of the TJPG. When the new government took over, he was sure to give them a very important job. Hedeon Bogdashka would head the Department of Legislation and Vigilia Bogdashka would take over the Office of Employment.

Chike felt Hedeon would be qualified for the position as he obtained a degree and was a professor of law for a few years. Hedeon was able to talk circles around even the most experienced lawyers and knew exactly how to bend existing laws on the books to fit his needs and the needs of the group. They called him "the master of the fine print."

Hedeon's role allowed him to create laws to keep the citizens in line. He was the one in charge of reading the technical rules of the Bible and producing a code of law to give to the people based on his interpretation. By doing so, it gave the people a very high standard of ethics which was hard to uphold. This distraction would allow TJPG do their business while a well-behaved populace was too busy trying to be holier than their neighbors. As materialism was a thing of the past, they were no longer trying to keep up with the Joneses possessions, but their higher position at church.

As a girl, Vigilia always had the knack for organization, managing details, doling out assignments, and basically directing order and accord among her peers. She has always been a natural born leader in whom people have turned to for guidance and advice.

Office of Employment was meant for a person like Vigilia who loved to dole out assignments that fed her base need of power and control. She worked

closely with Edric who owned almost every business and was said to be one of his many lovers on the side. It was up to her to fill vacancies in his ventures with paid and volunteer labor. The ones who were really qualified and loyal to the government were ensured great careers and were blessed with money and benefits. Those disloyal to the system would be out of luck in even finding a charity volunteer position.

Vigilia's main job was to form national and committees that would screen people and stamp on their records if a person was qualified to work and the limitations within their occupations. She appointed a staff in each area that was to report to her national staff which in turn gave her a summary report. It was up to her to train these staff members on how to judge people qualified to work. Only when there was a tough call did she get the final say on the job candidate. Once she put on a negative rating, it was next to impossible to have it removed. Should anyone protest a disqualification from her or a local or national representative, they would find themselves a candidate for reeducation.

A person would be labeled negatively for employment if they were disloyal or crossed one of the TJPG leaders. Some had been demoted for merely committing minor offenses and being forced into the uniform of the sinner, but at least they had a decent chance of redemption and better employment. Everyone else would find themselves in the unenviable position of permanent unemployment, but not counted as such because they have officially made themselves unfit for work.

Vigilia was very much jealous of Docila because she had a man like Edric who had so much money and power. She loved to have it almost as much as she just wanted to be loved. She whispered into Edric's ear while in bed about Docila's campaign and it was due to her being in love with another man. It would not really matter as he knew this arranged marriage was a farce and he could have any woman he wanted at any time. Docila was a necessary evil in his life who had an important job to do on his behalf. She had her life and he had his.

When she realized the lackluster quality of that relationship, she did begin to feel sorry for the both of them. All Vigilia wanted was to be loved. Sometimes she was really envious of the loving couple of Hanz and Skye, but never could understand how they could turn their backs on the people they knew from their past.

Hanz Tolan ran the Office of Charities while Skye Muminah oversaw the Adminster of Housing and Placement. They grew up in the neighborhood of a large metropolitan city where people were generally poor and relied on charity and government assistance to get by. It was at first a very competitive friendship where the duo could be found running against each other in school elections or in sporting competitions. Each had a goal to be the best and

wanted to beat out the only other person they viewed as their equal -- each other.

This competitive streak was almost erotic as they would put down their guards from time to time and call a truce. They learned they had so many things in common and a deep love for each other. While they still compete to outdo each other, they do it in the utmost atmosphere of mutual respect.

Hanz' job was to set the guidelines in place for charitable organizations that were to only include churches and businesses that signed specific government loyalty cards to receive benefits such as collecting community tithes and charity labor. His job was not to include keeping track of the individuals in need of charity, that was the job of the organizations. His sole role was to set the guidelines for these organizations. How they ran it was of little interest to him, but if they dared strayed from his guidelines or tried to make him look into the problems of the poor, these groups would find themselves in the court of Larcwide.

Aside from setting up guidelines for the charity groups, he made a strict outline to determine those qualified for help from these charities. Therefore, the only ones who could qualify for help must sign a loyalty card stating they would defend the nation and God with their life and without question.

On top of that requirement, they must be willing to exchange work within the community when given an assignment by the charity board who determined community needs and services that had to be done. The board was given a daily list of services needed by cooperating churches, businesses and lay pastors who were much like governors and mayors in days gone by.

Above all, applicants for help through one of the official charitable groups had to deny being impoverished. This would be seen a rebellious, thankless attitude against the government. After all, someone was taking care of all of their basic needs. To complain that times were not as good as it used to be was a traitorous act. How dare they long for the old days when these types of troublemakers made the country a mess! Anyone who complained about the way things used to be was now a traitor and subjected to punishment. They would not qualify for handouts.

All charity cases would have to accept assignments when it was given. Refusal to work meant benefits were terminated. There were very few really good jobs available that paid decent wages, so it would be foolish for anyone to turn down potential opportunity. Sometimes a volunteer position could turn into a real job with wages. By turning down tasks given by the charity, they have become labeled unfit for employment and could no longer qualify for benefits.

Skye's competitive nature was put into good use as the Adminster of Housing and Placement. To save as much money as possible on the public

needs, the competition between Hanz and Skye were most effective as they developed ways to eliminate the costs of the citizens to the nation. Hanz was doing a great job when it came to making a reliable and submissive working class. He eliminated the need for the government to run charities. It was up to Skye to top what he was doing.

During the period of civil unrest when the election was canceled, those who dared to challenge the leaders were called traitors and forced into prisons or potential deportation as they were legally denied any future rights to vote. This led to housing becoming available.

In the beginning, there were still many homeless people living in shelters and on the street. The government had to spend a lot of money to try to give these unfortunate souls at least one meal a day and a chance to compete for a space in a crowded shelter. Private organizations of the past as well as church groups depended a lot on tax benefits and financial aid programs that took too much money from the taxpayer funds. Skye needed to find a way to deal with those who were homeless or in need of housing. She came up with a great plan that modeled Hanz' ideas.

Skye made committees in each town to report to her on the housing situation. All homes that were not occupied due to the former owners being forced to vacate were to be kept in a national database. No one would be allowed to move into these marked homes without approval by her housing committee who followed her guidelines.

They all needed to sign a loyalty card to qualify for a home. In the beginning, when there were few houses available, they had to agree to share their homes and move out on a moment's notice.

As time went by, there were more homes available than people in need of housing. The sinners coming out of prison did not count towards the homeless tally as they were taken in by the community church shelter until they proved ready to fit back into society. First priority to available housing came to those who proved most loyal to the government and who did the most community services. The ones who did as much free community work as possible would end up with the best homes in the area. The ones who really did not try to earn a home were eventually thrown out of the shelters and no longer counted as the homeless because the government deemed them unqualified for housing by their own will.

Once a citizen earned a home that was available, it was not given away as a free bonus for a job well done. They had to make monthly payments on the home as did their other neighbors who were still paying mortgages to Edric. The ones who received government homes had to make payments to both the government and the business who sponsored their home. This created extra income for local businesses who in turn gave extra tithes to the government.

The extra money for housing that went to the government was invested by Edric to make loans to poor countries in a plan to make them further indebted to the brotherhood.

Skye and Hanz worked closely with Fritz Christian, Minister of Health and Welfare, from time to time. They all had to deal with the problems of the needy. In essence, Fritz was their boss who had to answer to Victor when it came to public spending and the costs of running the needs of the people.

As the minister of Health and Welfare, he imposed a strict Christian code of ethics when it came to health and welfare needs of the people. While he had a respect for doctors, he also strongly believed almost all illness and disease was a sign of sin. As such, all sin could be made right by having faith in God. Anyone who had faith would be cured. Anyone who had no faith would die or it was passed off as the will of God in the case of those most faithful citizens.

It saved money by having a health care system that relied strongly on faith based cures. It did not cost money for treatment and could be handled by lay preachers who were given informal medical training and a title of doctor. The doctors of the old system were still allowed to practice, so long as they did not interfere with the new official practice.

Under the new system, doctors were not paid for their services directly as the church running the hospital would pay for all of their living expenses. The doctors would have to submit a claim form outlining all of their expenses and the church committee would go over the budget to see if all expenses submitted would qualify. After approval by the committee, the benefit packages would be properly distributed to the doctor or to the people they owed.

Other costs of goods and services needed to manage the hospitals were paid via donations from local businesses who would have their advertising within the hospital and products used to help the sick.

This created a free access health care system for anyone who was a qualified citizen. Those who needed medical attention for anything as minor as a small cut to major as a fatal disease could come for treatment in one of the local hospitals without having to worry about filling out paperwork or providing proof of insurance. They merely signed a statement of loyalty to the regime and agreed to volunteer their services in exchange. If the patient was unable to work, a family member could volunteer to cover the debt to society.

People who were not supportive of the government could not qualify for health care and often sought help on the black market. Even those considered good citizens would go underground to find help from a real doctor if they could find the money.

Dissenters were not the only ones who could find themselves in a troubled spot in the health care industry. As all treatment was faith-based, one could be

considered a Godless traitor to the country should the cure not take place. After all, if they had faith in God's miracles, they would be cured. Many would realize the faith cure was not working and tried to get a real doctor to help them in order to avoid the punishment that could follow a failed cure.

Unless the patient should show great acts of faith in God through large gifts to the hospital and churches or were very elderly, a failed cure was a traitorous act to be punished. It was also not counted as a failure on the health care system, but a criminal act punishable by death or reeducation.

Since all good citizens were never denied health care and they never needed to pay money, on paper it looked like free care for everyone. Since failures were never counted, the success rate was overrated. Thus the government could proudly proclaim with proven statistics a health care system that takes care of all its citizens giving them the very best available care with a low mortality rate and no burden on the national economy.

Vivek Visha, who headed the Department of Education, lauded the new initiatives by her good friend, Fritz. They knew each other when they worked processing claims in the insurance industry. Together, they managed to save the insurance companies a lot of money while denying claims on legal technicalities.

Vivek trained to be a teacher at one time, but decided children were too worrisome and she did not have the patience required to be around them most of the day. Although she had an advanced degree in psychology, she felt her talents went to waste processing insurance claims while waiting for TJPG to put her in a position where she could shine. With the new system, that time has come.

Her job was to streamline costs of running an educational system on behalf of the people. She also had to make sure the people were given an education to match the plans of the government. Should people not be properly educated for their roles in society, it could cause a discontent public that would eventually turn against the national leaders.

Guidelines for school were quite simple. All public schools were eliminated. That cut the expense of the government for more urgent needs. Instead, all schools were to be run by the local churches and business. In special cases, the mothers would be authorized to teach the children at home with nationally approved materials. The church based schools were to teach the basic skills needed for life in this society. The business schools took over when the children finished the church schools in order to learn a trade.

Vivek was also required to set the standards for all schools in the nation. Some of her plans included the standard qualifications of proving worthiness to attend school, basically signing the government oath of allegiance. Each child enrolled in school was required to take studies seriously as school was no longer

a right, but a privilege. However, they still needed to learn how to be proper citizens. By refusing to take education seriously it could cause other students to rebel against government standards. Therefore, all children who caused problems were taken out of school and sent into camps where they would learn how to be better citizens and then reintroduced into the school system while wearing the shameful sinner uniform.

According to her statistics, there was no drop out rate and all children graduated with a passing level of achievement to fit into adult society. The ones who never caught on or took school seriously were eventually given the choice to serve in the voluntary military service or put into the adult reeducational system for further correction measurements. They were not counted as students. Since school was not a guaranteed right, they lost the privilege to be counted as a student.

With all members now in place and settled in office with plans, they created teams, committees and rules to carry out their hidden agendas while the public blindly followed the leaders, content to accept the misery of their current life in favor of security and peace -- at least as far as the government told them.





## Chapter 5 -- Life In The New Nation

Times were not actually as easy and carefree as the media conveyed. The employment rate was recorded at 100% only due to a technicality created by Edric Rypan Wellington and Vigilia Bogdashka who formed one of the endless streams of committees to investigate plans to eliminate unemployment. They eradicated the welfare system that created a new class of destitute people.

The solution was to use Biblical passages to convince the women of the country who were married to stay home as this was their God given duty. In the new rules, divorce was not allowed except for adultery. Even under adultery, the spouse was required to forgive the mate as it was the Christian thing to do which would nullify the reason for the divorce. Those who were divorced were required to go back to their ex-spouses as that relationship was the only legally valid one. Marriages made after a divorce were considered adulterous and voided.

As marriage was meant to raise a family, all childless couples were assigned an orphan child to adopt. This completely eliminated homeless and needy children without parents who were formerly a drain on the government welfare system. All poor families with children, who could prove they were supportive of the government, would be approved for the charities provided by their church or local businesses.

Women who were of age and single or widowed were encouraged to find a mate or they would be paired with one recommended by Chike Renweard's and Skye Muminah's committee on family affairs. If the men did not want to marry these women or the women refused, they would be forced to live with any existing family who would be required to support the willful spinster until they could find her a mate. If no family was around and they were not able to get married, only then could they be considered for charity, but not gainful employment.

All charity was based on eligibility. You had to have a proven need. You had to sign a loyalty oath to the government. You had to be a baptized Christian and enrolled in a church. You must attend all church meetings and give proof of attendance. If you qualified for charity depending on your case and circumstances, you would have to appear before one of the ministers who worked on Hanz Tolan's staff who would judge if you should be given charity, for how long, how much and the work required to obtain the help.

Money was never given to charity cases. If there was a bill to be paid, the beggar would have to give the bill to the pastor in charge of their case for the church or business to pay. The beggar would then be required to do physical work within the community to benefit the public at large in exchange for the bill to be paid. Such sweat equity eliminated the government's need for using the

tax funds in projects that were meant to serve the public. Common citizens were now doing street repairs, cleaning highways, labor on the roads, sewage duty, directing traffic, processing government paperwork, fighting fires, and many more tasks assigned before to professionals on the government payroll.

Taxes were only one percent of the income and said to be only for the armed forces and what was necessary for the defense of the country. The rest of the government income came from tithes and gifts from citizens. Not only did the people have to tithe to their churches, but also had to do the same with the government.

Other needs of the poor were dealt with directly. Those who were hungry could attend church where meals were served by the unpaid charity workers and came with a sermon. If they needed clothes, they could go to the businesses who would give them an outfit in exchange for a week of free labor.

Housing was not an issue as the homeless were allowed shelter in the homes of those who were sent away to detention camps who lost their right to their property. In the beginning, many families would have to share one home. It did not take too long before each family had a house to call their own.

With women out of the work force, that left a vast surplus of jobs. It seemed the Christian thing to do to enforce new hours of employment to be limited to Monday through Friday during daylight hours ending at sunset. The weekends and evenings were to be for the family and for God. This lessened the need for a large work force that was necessary in the old days. The people would just have to get used to the new hours and tailor their daylight hours to get the services from the local businesses.

However, the lack of income made many of those promising jobs disappear. To remedy the situation and assure people were gainfully employed, Vigilia Bogdashka and Fritz Christian formed a committee to oversee the workers looking for jobs were placed appropriately. In order to be guaranteed a job, they had to sign a confession of faith and to agree to keep an oath to honor the government in word and deed. To break this oath would mean immediate dismissal from a job that many people would jump at the chance to take over. Although cash was a sin, it was still a blessing to get those rare items which made life easier. A real job was the only means to legally obtaining cash for the ordinary citizen.

As far as the others who could not be immediately placed in jobs, a new committee was formed to keep them off the record books as being unemployed. They, too, were ordered to sign a similar loyalty oath by the committee of Hanz Tolán and Fritz Christian. By signing the oath, they agreed to stop looking for secular work and to work for the community churches who would give them charity enough to get the very basic needs of life.

These churches were given special benefits by the government to take on these charity cases by the committee formed by Edric Rypan Wellington and Skye Muminah who encouraged local businesses to donate tithes and offerings to these community churches in exchange for being allowed to conduct business in the blessed land of God.

The idea of getting businesses and churches to foot the bill of taking care of the poor and unemployed was developed by the committee of Tolucan Wregan and Larwide Tobrytan who needed to assure law abiding citizens could be proud of living in a country without unemployment, welfare, or waste of money from taxpayers. On paper, this deed was in fact accomplished.

Should anyone decide to question how all this was being accomplished, the committee formed by Victor Myles, Broga Banan, and Docila Aulaire Mirabella were around to keep the peace with media campaigns assuring the public was happy and times were the best in history.

Many truly were happy, so long as they were not on the blunt end of the government's hand of justice. Besides, the television showed people who were happy with the way things were and they figured they should be equally happy. If anyone were to doubt such claims and air their concerns publicly, they were pulled aside by the Department of Civil Unrest to discuss it with a counselor who would try to talk some sense into the poor misguided citizen.

If that did not work, they were to face Judicial Minister, Larwide Tobrytan in a public media trial to show everyone what happened to someone who embraced Communist propaganda. The defendant was not allowed to speak on his behalf nor have a lawyer present. The prosecution was to state only the facts to the viewing audience that always detailed the defendant was an active member of an atheist Communist group plotting to destroy the country and was on trial for treason. The punishment was to be sent away for Patriotic reeducation in hopes of making them safe to return to our society. If they did not agree, the audience was told they would serve time before being deported to a country that would accept these lost souls and no longer be a threat to their nation.

Unquestioning people were happy. The government has finally come up with a solution to end unemployment and poverty. Although some people were struggling to get used to living on a lot less, the media told them the excess wealth of the past was a sin and to be worthy of God, they must accept what He has given them and be thankful for it.

Those who broke the law were no longer called criminals. They were known only as sinners. It was up to the caring public at large to pray for the souls of those who had sinned against their country, thus sinned against God. Anyone who committed sins against the nation would be forced to wear a long green caftan. Green was the former color of money and the new government

told the public it was the color of greed and all that was wrong with the world. Green meant pride and envy. The love of green has caused men to kill their brother and break the laws of God.

Should anyone be caught breaking the laws of God, they would now be forced to wear the brand of a green wool long sleeved caftan that covered the sinner from neck to ankle along with burlap underwear that would cause the skin to itch.

Whenever anyone passed by, these sinners were expected to bow their heads low and not to maintain eye contact. They were not allowed to speak to anyone, except to respond to necessary questions. They were forced to live in their community to face the shame of their deeds, but could not maintain their friendships while under the status sinner.

If a man were married to a woman in green, he would be expected to have separate rooms from his spouse, unless he was driven to temptation. Should that occur, he would have to come to his pastor and confess his sins then be made to perform works of charity for the community.

If a woman were married to a man in green, she would be expected to share the same room as her spouse. If he were driven to temptation because of her actions, she would have to confess her sins and do charity for the community.

That rule alone has brought in more than enough help for the poor and disadvantaged souls in every town. It kept them too busy to dwell on their lack and gave them a focus and purpose outside of themselves.

The clothing rule was enacted. Men could only wear the colors black, white, blue and gray. Women were allowed to wear pink and white but to reserve black for only somber occasions. Children were required to wear school uniforms for class. Boys' uniforms were always light blue and white. Girls' uniforms were always light pink and white. Outside of school, they were to keep the same colors in their casual outfits.

Color was not the only mode of regulation in regard to clothing. The style would be strictly enforced. Men must wear business attire suited for their particular line of work during working hours or when on the streets during the times when businesses are scheduled to be open. During times when men were required to perform the duties assigned to males living within the home, they would be allowed to wear blue jeans and a white T-shirt.

The men are also required to wear a separate formal suit for church services in which they were required to attend three times during the week apart from the Sabbath and twice on Sunday unless they are excused with a doctor's notice. On the Sabbath, all work was forbidden. Since there was much debate on the day of Sabbath, it started Friday night and ended Sunday evening.

Church attendance was mandatory on all three days of the Sabbath. The bonus for the people was a stronger sense of community and comradeship.

Women and girls would have to accept the new rule -- they are no longer allowed to wear pants, even shorts were scandalous. Skirts and dresses only, which must reach at least one inch below the knee. Anything higher would be considered vulgar and could have such women taken away for promiscuous behavior. The top half of the dress or any blouse must not reveal any cleavage and must cover up the arms at least to the wrist.

All clothing for females is to have a space of not less than one half inch away from the skin to prevent women from wearing tight clothes that could reveal to the men around them what is underneath causing the men to be led astray into temptation. Upon her head she was forced to wear covering which would not reveal her true seductive feminine nature. Should a female go outside wearing clothing to tempt a man and he was to act on his temptations, the woman would be forced to wear the branded green prison outfit for life. Should a man be led astray, he would be forced to marry the woman he has defiled. The party who would refuse such an arrangement would be sent away for reeducation.

Means of birth control was also outlawed. Sex was to only be between married couples for purpose of procreation. Any female who was with child and unmarried would be forced into the green caftan until giving birth then she would be sent into detention, often never to be seen again if the father of the child refused to marry her, even if the father was a rapist. The fathers were pressured into such marriages, but if they refused or were already married would be sent into detention where they were never seen again. For such reasons, the fathers would rarely admit to being the father and accused the woman of being a liar and a harlot. Usually, they were believed over the women who were regarded as weak temptresses and spared any form of punishment. Desperate women often performed abortions on themselves or killed the newborn after hiding the pregnancy for months. Women caught in such acts were immediately executed for committing murder. Even buying birth control products from the underground market was illegal and could result in the death penalty.

While all the strict rules were fine with the public at large, according to the news, there was still a growing population of discontent citizens. They remembered the freedom of being an individual. They remembered the entrepreneur spirit that was encouraged in the country. They did not have a problem with the national religion in general, but that particular interpretation was not what they felt could be humanly possible to follow nor necessarily believed this is what God wanted.

The government provided everyone's needs, so long as they were good and did exactly what they were told. Even the best citizens were living an

impoverished life in comparison to what they lived before the change in the government. The good people accepted less and felt blessed for what they had. They never questioned what was happening and took it as the will of God.

Those who were not exactly team players received the harsh justice reserved for those who dared questioned the leaders. In the beginning, they would complain and grumble until the government discouraged such things as a sin. Those who complained would be forced into the green caftan. With this mode of behavior modification, those who wanted to get out of the branding mark of public shame learned not to let anyone hear them grumble.

Should anyone catch them moping about the conditions in which they lived, they would be reported to the local church. The sinners were at first given a few treats to cheer them up such as an extra dessert ration or a new outfit from the local charity. If this did not work and they continued to bemoan their fate, what little they had would be taken away. They would find themselves out of work. If they did not change their attitude, the Office of Employment would not be very helpful in finding them gainful work. If they were to humble themselves and do enough charity for others, the Office of Employment would be happy to give them a menial job.

Those let out of work because of an attitude problem did not qualify for charity. Due to their disposition, the system considered such people as lazy and greedy and unfit for the work force. As such, those who do not work do not deserve to eat. By not changing their hearts and minds, they are willfully refusing the job opportunities available and cannot be considered unemployed or qualified for business or church sponsored charity.

So many people were unofficially out of work. It was hard to make money to put enough food on the table when a person was blackballed from employment and charity. Some poor souls would gain money in the underground with illegal trades such as bartending alcohol, making cigarettes, selling banned books or movies, making and selling illegal clothing, and other activities once considered normal. Some of the more highly unusual, but very profitable ways to make money would be to harvest organs on the black market. Such enterprises created a dark underworld filled with violent crime from people competing with each other for what little money was available for their products.

Audric was one of those poor souls who ended up in the green caftan. Everyone knew about his sin of questioning the government and his divorce from a Communist woman. They all knew about his basement saloon and wondered why no one ever seemed to shut it down. Anyone who would frequent his establishment had to do so in the cover of the night. By daylight, they could not acknowledge they would ever have dealings with such a man.

Audric took the robe in stride. He would never be happy again without his beloved Raissa. This was his burden to bear. He would keep to himself throughout the day while reserving his fighting spirit for the underground movement. Although he gave up on what happened to him, he did not want the young people to settle for less than what was their birthright -- freedom. With Raissa out of his life, he was no longer free. It no longer mattered what happened to him.

One night in the bar, there was a young man whom he has never seen before. The poor lad was skinny and looked like he was close to death from starvation. He explained to Audric how he was unable to get a job and he had a family to support. He had heard about the underground movement and wanted to know more.

Audric and the young man talked all night as they drank strong vodka. They were feeling like pals. As it was getting late, Audric worried about the young man getting into trouble and offered him to stay in his home for the night. He accepted.

Audric awoke in a strange room feeling rather groggy. It was dark and he could see the glow coming from a nearby bathroom. Although really weak, confused, and dizzy, he staggered to the room to see if anyone was in. He opened the door and saw a bathtub filled with ice. Audric turned around and a person wearing a mask knocked him out.

Audric awoke a few days later and saw a scar on his abdomen with a great pain at the site of the incision. There was a pamphlet about selling organs on the black market and an envelope with a small sum of money and a note that thanked him for his donation. The note had the emblem of the brotherhood at the bottom.

He knew he was being set up by the TJPG and felt an urgent need to leave that place. His vision was blurred and his speech was slurred. People were staring at him as he stumbled down the street. Someone called the Department of Civil Unrest to report the crimes of an alleged sinner who may have taken illegal substances of intoxication. That man was told to take notes and pictures to send them to the Justice Department and was commended for his good citizenship.

Another person called the Office of the Minister of Health and Welfare to report that there was a stranger in town who might be sick. They told him to make sure everyone near the stranger circled the man and pray that God intervenes to make the man well again.

Audric begged for help, "Please help me. I am Audric Tilly. Someone has kidnapped me and I don't know what they did to me." Then he passed out.

It didn't take long for Ms. Mirabella to be near the scene in the comfort of her limousine while her team of reporters put a spin on the downfall of a man who was known to be a Communist sympathizer. She personally relished being witness to his downfall and was sure to make this incident known to Raissa.

It looked like the government would have all the evidence it needed to make an example out of this hated enemy of the state that will serve as a warning to the remainder of Bixenta Sloan.

Most of Bixenta Sloan had been apprehended and sent away. Only three ever came back to society, but had no recollection of their experience while away. They were the biggest supporters of the government and were ready to expose their former associates.

Although the group had dwindled to a handful, even one member could be a threat to all the brotherhood had planned. All it would take was one very vocal person to cause the people at large to start to think about what is really happening that could cause an uncontrollable riot.

Audric was picked up and sent to the general population prison awaiting trial by the head Judicial Minister of all the land, Larcwide Tobrytan.

Audric knew Larcwide as a college professor of law. The more liberal professors branded him as a lunatic for his extreme interpretations of the law. If he had his way, Larcwide would enact immediate death penalties for people accused of crimes like robbing a person on the street. He thought parking and jaywalking should be punished by putting the offender in prison for rehabilitation.

Larcwide's job as head Judicial Minister was to interpret and enforce the Holy Law of the land. Anyone who would come into his justice system would have to face a man who presumed the sinner guilty and not entitled to a defense. If such a person was to face his brand of justice, they had better be prepared to humble themselves with regret for their crimes against God and want to turn away from their sins. If that person did not have such a repentant attitude, they would either have to listen to the charges in stoic silence or be dragged out of the courtroom while the charges were read, sentence was passed and their names dragged through the mud on national television.

Conditions of the prison reflected what Audric could expect from a man like Larcwide. It was amazing to think these detention centers came about so quickly after the great civil unrest that disrupted the election process. This is how they gained control so quickly, by sending as many potential dangers into these places in order to force compliance.

The cells were barren except for a toilet and a rubber mattress with a drain on the floor. Each prisoner was kept in their own cell and not allowed to speak or given clothing to humble themselves before God while preventing suicide



attempts. Once in the day and once at night, the prisoners were given two slices of bread and a cup of water. Guards came by daily with a fire hose to spray down the sinners and their cell from behind the bars.

During the day and the night, the speaker would broadcast nonstop educational messages designed to help the sinner learn what was expected of them in society. They were given sermons several times a day to get them right with God.

Every forty days, the sinner would be allowed to take the citizenship test. If they passed it, they would be allowed to go back home wearing the green caftan until their pastor has declared them redeemed. If they did not pass the test, they were given electroshock treatment and sent back to the cell for another forty days.

If a sinner were to get out of line in his cell or refuse to take the test, they would be sent to a camp for harsh labor. Before being sent, they were given electroshock treatments for a week. They were made to fast during that week. Between treatments, they were held by shackles fused to the wall where sinners were kept in a standing position at all times while in the nude with their mouths gagged. All those due to go to camp at the same time were lined up on the same wall that made it easier for the prison guards to watch over these special troublemakers.

When it came time to send them away to a remote island out of the country, they were blindfolded and gagged while led away as a chain gang to board an airplane. Upon reaching their destination, they were ushered into their cells to listen to a new set of rules and regulations over the speaker as well as the same citizenship educational reel they heard in prison. They would have to listen to these for forty days and allowed a ration of two slices of bread and water daily.

The island was large, but there was nowhere to escape or hide. Cameras were installed everywhere and guards would constantly patrol the land looking for those attempting to escape or hide from work detail. If caught, the guards would put them before the judge who would sentence them to a week more of electroshock therapy, fasting, and to be shackled to the wall while listening to the educational speaker. Many died in the fields where they were forced to work.

Should anyone try to escape the island, they would have a remote chance to survive. Some thought death would be better than to be kept in that prison and the rumors they would never leave alive unless without a mind. The island was a few hundred miles away from any country that would not treat them with hostility. It would take them days to reach such a place that could accept them, but they would have to survive the jagged rocks on the shores below the prison land. If they did not get hurt in the fall, they would have to hope the sharks

would not bite them or they would get a cramp or become dehydrated or fall asleep. The people on the island were already weak and such a journey would be hard enough for a healthy man.

These weakened people, at that point, were confused, tired and hungry. They were no longer in any condition to fight. If they did not escape or die trying, they spent the next forty days doing hard labor in the fields to grow food for the charities back home. At the end of their sentence, they could choose to take a citizenship test or to revoke their rights to go back into the country. If they took the test and failed, they could go back to the prison cell in the country until ready to take the test again. Everyone else was taken to the deportation center in Texas while they were awaiting clearance to get permission to come into another country.

Audric spent a week putting up with the same treatment as his other fellow sinners. Occasionally he would hear someone cry out and not be calmed followed by armed men making a path to that cell where they would drag them by the arms and legs as the person begged for mercy.

At this point, he figured it no longer mattered what the brotherhood would do to him. He may as well be dead. He was not about to give them the satisfaction of letting them see his pain. He took his punishment without concern or flinching as if it were an ordinary chore being performed upon him. His treatment and the bad publicity even started to prick the conscience of former fellow brothers who thought maybe Victor has grown mad with power.

Other prisoners took his example and stoically accepted the punishment while quietly holding fast to their beliefs. The guards were puzzled as to why the prisoners were no longer breaking down. Audric was flagged as the source.

Audric was blindfolded and pulled aside to sit in a dark room. A door open and a man with a familiar voice started to talk.

"Audric, my friend and brother, you were very naughty."

"Who are you? I believe I know you. Is this Victor? No, it's close. I'm sorry, but your voice sounds like a friend of mine who has died years ago. Please tell me who you are and why are you here."

"It really doesn't matter who I am except I am here to give you a special chance at redemption. You are either with us or against us. Of all people, you know what I really mean."

"What is it you want?"

"Either you are stupid or naive. You know you cannot change the way things work. You know we are everywhere and nowhere at the same time. If the common man were to merely accept our role of supreme power, there would never be a problem. They would be told what was rightfully theirs and

we would give it to them so long as they would settle for what we tell them was their right. The problem comes from people wanting more than we want to give them. This greed in the masses of people who are not smart enough to realize how their actions throw our plans in chaos has caused suffering for all mankind.

"We have enough problems fighting with other brotherhoods in the world who are also after the same goal -- to rule the world.

"What did you think you were trying to do by stirring up the crowds and making them think they could make a difference? We both know the past election was a farce. We put our people in office when they serve our purpose and we eliminate them when their usefulness is lost.

"All you did was give people false hope. You are responsible for the discontented masses who dared to go up against our invisible and powerful force. They are nowhere near as strong as our side and will be crushed. You have signed the death warrant of those young dreamers.

"We have allowed you to live as long as you have because you were the perfect tool to ferret out all those with an independent streak and those who dare to dream or want more out of life. You have done your part. We know where all the subversives are located and they have been electronically tagged to be under our constant control and surveillance. We owe you a big favor. We might just let you live and see your family again."

"Okay, what do I have to do to see my family again?"

"We will put you in a luxury cell away from the main prison population so you can prepare yourself for this speech we wrote for you to say on TV."

"What if I don't agree?"

"We will publicly execute you and your family will never see you again. Think about it. There is nothing you can do for your comrades. We have total control over the country and the subversives are running scared, but they cannot get away. All you have left is the hope that we will let you live to see your family again or we will see you dead."

Audric agreed to the terms. There was nothing left in the country worthy of a fight. He was a bitter and cynical man who felt sorry for all those he led down the wrong path, but was no longer able to care about their fates. All he wanted was a normal, quiet life with his family by his side. It no longer mattered they succeeded with the plan. He was powerless to reverse their changes and even less powerless to stop them from spreading this plan throughout the world.

He sat in a cell that was not much better than the ordinary cells, but there was more room and he was kept out of earshot of the rest of the prisoners.

They could not prick his conscience into changing his mind and he could not encourage them to rebel against the submission techniques.

He spoke on a national broadcast telling the people the plan of the Communist to destroy the country and he denounced everything anti-Christian while encouraging members of the underground to give themselves up. Docila looked smugly as she interviewed this broken man who was no longer representative of a man she once loved, but a miserable failure worthy of her disdain.

Most programs of this nature were never exported, but in this case Docila would be sure to send a copy of the program to Raissa along with a message specifying she comes to the deportation center to get her husband who would be coming home. She made it clear this was something she wanted to do for her to make up for all the ill-will that has happened in the past and included airfare for the whole family.

Audric has lived up to his end of the deal. He was ushered onto a bus with other prisoners scheduled for release. Some, like Audric, had family members waiting for them at the border's waiting area. Others would be put out into a strange world where no country really wanted them only to be forever branded a fugitive of their country.

The bus trip was long and hot as they made it through the desert and the few with a scrap of memory reminisced of what things used to be like in the country they once loved. Most of the people on the bus had amnesia and severe brain damage therefore unable to carry on any meaningful conversation.

Raissa was at the waiting area, a big domed building overlooking the border from a cliff. They could see people coming back and forth across the security checkpoint and wondered if the next one coming would be their beloved Audric.

Finally, a bus pulled past the checkpoint and the passengers got off as a speaker announced the arrivals of each member on the bus. They were made to march in a line on their way to the waiting area where they were told was to screen them and check their paperwork.

The excited family could see him. They cheered and waved their arms excitedly thinking the nightmare was over. They watched in excited anticipation as the group marched closer to the building path. Audric looked up and could see his family and waved then blew them a kiss.

Out of nowhere, there was an explosion. The family stared down in horror as they tried to comprehend what has happened. One minute the group was happy and ready to move on with their lives and the next minute they were all dead.

Raissa and Matilda screamed and cried while Artus pounded his fist in anger demanding to know what was going on. The border patrol was called in to keep the people in order. A shot rang out and a thick smoky gas filled the room which rendered everyone not wearing masks unconscious.

As they woke up, they were lead into a conference room and given a beverage to drink with a sedative syrup mixed in. A man dressed in military uniform told the audience he was so sorry for their loss, but this was an unfortunate incident due to the insurgents of their country who have been causing trouble. He assured them his government would seek justice on their behalf by finding all the insurgents of his country and seeing to it they were punished.

Sadly, the family returned home without Audric. What should have been a happy occasion was only one of pain and heartache. They heard the news when they reached their town. Mexico was under a temporary state of emergency during their election because of some rebels who have tried to start a war with the United States.

Raissa nodded in silence. "There goes another country to the hands of the few." She muttered.



## Chapter 6 -- Time For Revenge

All the events were too much for Artus to comprehend. It all sounded crazy. Here was his beloved adoptive mother telling him about conspiracies in action and how his fathers have fallen slain to the cause while Artus was concerned with the labor shortage that threatened to keep him out of the work force when he is expecting his first child.

Artus knew it was a horrible thing that happened to his father. He will never forget when his father died on the ground in front of him. He will also never forget the freak incident that claimed the life of his adopted father. However, he brushed it off as one of those things that just happen in life. A deliberate conspiracy was insane, so he thought. How could Mother do this to him when he had so many more important things on his mind?

Raissa was after Artus about being careful of groups that might be out to get him as his father was a very important man. These were the same people who made her get a divorce and go into exile while hiding under her maiden name she had to impose on her children. She thought if people caught on they were related to Audric Tilly perhaps an assassin would see them as an easy target. As Raissa Valara, the single mother with a supposed background as a daughter of a British merchant, perhaps it would throw off some of the more curious. As an extra precaution, she taught her children several languages including her native tongue, in case they had to flee again.

How could he be considered important when he did not even have enough money or job security to leave the home of his adopted mother, especially with a child on the way? He was more concerned with how he would support his new family.

After months of dreading the day of his last paycheck, Artus came up with a brilliant idea, starting a business which would not only give him income, but help out all his friends from the mill and in town who have recently lost their jobs. With a little help from Raissa and some of his own savings, he succeeded in his mission. It did not take long before his company, Bixenta Sloan Industries, named after Raissa's group, was one of the wealthiest in all of Europe.

Although this should be a happy time in Raissa's life, she was severely depressed over all the losses in her life. She wished she had told Audric what she was doing after finding his book. Had she known exposing such secrets in the way she had would cause his death, she would have consulted him first. On some level, she knew Audric never held it against her because he knew she could never keep such vile things a secret. He knew she did what she thought was the right thing, but sometimes doing the right thing comes with a hefty price.

In spite of the price she paid, it never seemed to make that much of a difference. The brotherhood was still very much in control and the people were asleep to their oppression. It was as if, despite their miserable life conditions, there was safety and security in the stability of having someone do their thinking for them in exchange for promises of well being.

It broke Raissa's heart the fact that she was the sole cause for exposing secrets that were not hers which only destroyed people instead of helping them. The ones who were enlightened by the secrets had little or no power to do anything about it. Those who tried were killed or destroyed and forced to live in hell on earth.

She longed to see her husband, but knew it would never be. All she risked did not make it a better world and she lost the ones she loved.

Artus and Matilida tried to cheer her up to no avail. They tried to make her see, in spite of her loss, she did have a lot of things in her life in which she should be proud. She had a full, rich life surrounded by the love of her remaining family and a granddaughter named after her. She was responsible for the success of a company that gave hope to many people in town who would otherwise starve. Despite the obvious failure of the underground movement called Bixenta Sloan, they did bring awareness to a problem and made many people question their governments before they could even approach such oppression as in their former home.

Raissa realized the children were right, but she could not help feel those who have died have abandoned her and were no longer with her, even in spirit. Everything they fought for seemed awash. Despite being surrounded by an affluent life, she felt piteous, acrimonious, and angry.

She could not be cheered. With Artus and Matilida at her bedside when death came to visit, Raissa felt a moment of comfort from her long journey. The last thing she spoke of as she told them her love for the family was to make sure they did not waste their lives. She seemed to be looking at her friends standing on the other side and a smile came across her face as she said all would be well and they were never alone.

From America came reports daily about how the new theocracy was officially responsible for the great spirit empowering people and happiness could be seen daily on the typical street. These people were seen in the company of Pastor Kerstan shaking his hand and getting a prayer from him or a blessing. At least, that was the report that filtered through Docila's department. Bixenta Sloan had an underground press that reported a different story.

Education was reported with a 100% graduation rate and everyone tested out at the end grade level. What the report did not share was the fact that the government has determined since girls no longer were required in the work



force, they could go to a church based school to learn the facts of how to be a good mother, wife, cook, and cleaning house. Girls who refused or were not able to understand how to do these things would not be allowed in the general public and sent to a detention center for incorrigible girls for harsher treatments until they learned their place in society. The girls were not graded in the traditional manner except for pass or fail. They graduated as soon as they learned how to be good submissive young ladies ready for marriage.

Boys were sent to a separate school where they would learn the basics of home maintenance and repairs. They were taught basic reading and math skills so they could function in a business world. They were also taught a vocation that would be their career for life to be chosen by the community pastor. Boys who refused to learn or were hard to teach were sent away to a detention camp to be trained for military services after a behavior modification program designed to get complete submission. If they did not achieve the required level of respect, they would eventually be sent to the adult prison and dealt with in that system.

Health care was another troublesome spot. The people were reported to be more healthy than in times past due to the new methods of faith based healings and prayer. Everyone had access to free health care. The reality turned out to be drastically different. There was a shortage of people qualified to treat medical emergencies and the new doctors were trained to pray for a healing over traditional methods of medicine. It became so bad that the doctors under the old regime were banned for voicing their concerns with their restrictions to practice their profession. The good doctors had to treat people on the black market.

The new doctors had a different set of rules that made health rates go up. Almost all the hospitals of the old government were closed and only the church based hospitals remained. The ones that existed were forced to accept a prayer based treatment for incoming patients. It was strongly emphasized that these treatments work for those who strongly believe. It was a 100% cure rate for those who believed in the treatment and recovered from their ailment. Those who died or were further hurt because of these treatments were not counted unsuccessful treatments. Instead they were derided for their lack of faith or merely told it was God's will and purpose they must accept with humility. In both cases, it was not the fault of the doctor or the health care system, but due to God or the patient refusing treatment. As such, these unfortunate cases could not be counted in the health rate.

The government also did not have to fund these hospitals, but it was paid for by local churches and their volunteer pool of charity cases who maintained the building and did odd jobs within. Everyone who could make it to the hospital alive would be treated without cost. They did, however, have to do

volunteer work when recovered or have a family member do the work for them, even if the cure was not obtained.

Unemployment was higher than it ever had been under the old government because the defused majority who do not cooperate with this regime have not been classified as qualified for employment therefore their lack of jobs was not considered unemployment.

The tax situation was even worse. The theocrats took a very small portion of the people's lower income, but citizens had to tithe the government as well as the churches as a requirement. To receive extra blessings and benefits, the people were strongly encouraged to be generous with gift donations on top of their required tithes and taxes. This made the taxpayer pay out even more money than in the old system. As most services used by tax dollars in the past to support public need was donated by the public at large, the money instead was going to churches and businesses who had extra discretionary funds creating large, elaborate, enormous cathedrals and executive class business people who made more money in an hour than the average citizen could even imagine earning in a lifetime.

Officially poverty and welfare no longer existed. The new middle class would have been considered below the poverty level in the old regime. The middle class average people who had to get by on one income were told to accept this meager existence as a blessed one. All basic needs were met, but there wasn't enough for much more. Should they accept their lot in life and praise God and the government, chances were great they would receive extra help from local charity. Should they complain, what little they had was taken away.

The new poor was mostly made of the ones blackballed by the government. As they were not really considered citizens, they were not worthy of counting as impoverished. The poor who were not trouble for the government were merely permanent slaves to the community in order to eke out some form of meager existence until a job position was made available by someone who dared to challenge authority. Since they technically were being supported as dependents on private businesses and churches, they were not classified as poor. These poor rarely ever received money for the work they performed, but obtained goods and services in exchange. On the rare occasions when they did get money, they were required by law to turn it over to the church as a gift to show their gratefulness in getting help at their time of need.

As the churches handled the needy cases, it was not required by law to report such ones as charity cases. Many people, including those with jobs, were being taken care of by the churches and businesses who gained immediate slave labor. Designated charity organization who insisted too much in presenting the numbers of the poor to the government found themselves closed for business

and sent away for reeducation. As the government was no longer supporting the poor, poverty had ended according to the official record. The leaders did not want to know anything about poor people living in their country.

Most of the actual tax money was spent on national security issues, to protect Pastor Kerstan and his circle from potential threats. No one else really wanted to enter the country illegally or even bother with a government that was no longer interfering with their affairs. Those who did have reason to enter the country had to pass a rigid screening and were only allowed access to the designated visitor and tourist areas. They were not to venture beyond those safe spots or would be sent into the detainment camps with the rest of the sinners.

Some have been reported trying to approach Kerstan voicing their concerns and issues with him. Many have been stopped and sent away for reeducation before even seeing Christopher. The lucky few who breached security and spoke with him said he seemed aloof and did not believe their horror stories. He told them if their life was so bad, they probably did something to deserve it.

Christopher was given a general briefing by Victor. He did not read the news or watch television. He did not even know there was an underground press still actively running. Victor Myles has effectively placed Christopher Kerstan in a protective bubble that made critics feel he was indifferent and did not care or on some kind of power trip. Even some of the former faithful flock of supporters were beginning to have doubts and waxed regretfully about days of yore.

The next three years after Raissa's death were hard while Artus and Matilda adjusted to really feeling alone in the world. They did not really want to go through Mother's belongings as the pain was too intense. However, little Raissa had encouraged them when she went through grandma's personal diary and asked them to read her a story.

Artus took the book from her hand and said he would read to her later as Matilida took her away for a nap. Artus felt guilty for contemplating reading this book, but could not resist the temptation.

He read about a side of his parents and his adopted parents he never knew. In his mind as a child, these were super-beings without fault and gods in his eyes. While reading the book, he came to realize they were only human, not unlike his own peers.

They were all very good friends. His mother did not have a clue about the brotherhood until men approached her to pressure Richard against running for office. Richard clued her in on the real motives of the organization thinking she would be more in danger if kept in the dark. When Jennifer learned the extent of evil in the brotherhood, she became active in the Bixenta Sloan group.

In the diary, an article fell out talking about the rumored potion known as Life Elixir that was said to rejuvenate all cells within the human body and making them permanently indestructible. A person who took just one treatment would live forever in the body of a perpetual young adult. All fresh wounds and injuries to the body could heal within minutes. Even poison would have no effect to one who has imbibed in this formula. Supposedly only three people in the world have taken it and it is a safely guarded secret about who knows how to make it and the few clients of this mad scientist. Raissa wrote on the side, "Scary thought if true."

Raissa, at that time, did not believe in the rumors of TJPG and Audric would not let on his former involvement with the group. He thought by hiding such a powerful organization from Raissa it would protect her.

Raissa also never told Audric the secrets she learned about her father's past that made it even more important for her to be aware that her ties were a danger to his group.

When Jennifer and Richard were killed, she believed it was accidental. She was furious that Audric would hide the fact that his brotherhood was behind their assassinations.

This caused a bit of friction in their marriage. Audric and Raissa were still in love, but she felt hurt that she could not trust him for hiding such facts. She worried that this group was going to destroy this country she loved and as a patriot, she did not want to see it become a totalitarian regime like the one she left as a teenager.

She thought she could make a difference, but did not trust Audric enough to let him know what she was doing by exposing the secrets of the brotherhood. She did not know they would have such power for revenge if they were made public. She believed by exposing them everyone would know what they were doing and not let them get away with it. Instead, they had more power than she believed and they were able to turn everything she was trying to do against her and her family.

Artus decided to dig a little further into her property to learn more about who his parents really were.

He found a package with papers and documents from Russia from Raissa's family estate. When Communism fell, Raissa took a trip back to her homeland to find out what happened to her family. By this time, she knew all about the secrets of the brotherhood in which her father belonged under the disguise as Communist leaders. It was only when she went to discover what happened to her family that she realized the organization was bigger and more powerful than she had thought. It explained why TJPG perceived her as a big threat, even when she knew nothing about them.

Her father was very much in a position as Richard and Audric. He was a former member of a secret brotherhood with ties back to the Dark Ages. Like TJPG, its founding members were part of upper class of tribal rulers who wanted to keep power among the select few and succeed for hundreds of years by hiding behind a Czarist government hoping to expand its power beyond its borders. However, people became aware of their secrets of world domination and wanted things to become fair and equal for all.

The experiment of Communism was really the brainchild of this brotherhood who needed to cover their tracks before the people had too much power. They let the leaders of the movement believe it was their idea and a good one for the benefit of all people.

As a member of this organization, Raissa's father discovered the secret agenda of hiding behind this so-called people's government which allowed the few powerful to control all aspects of their lives while they carried out their agendas. He had planned to usurp the plans of his organization by subverting Communism, but wanted to make sure his family was safe. He encouraged his daughter's dream of moving to America to go to school and experience freedom, but never told her about his past. Her other siblings were unable to leave the country as it would look too suspicious to the brothers.

All along, Raissa always blamed herself for not being there for her family before they died. She thought if she had only stayed longer perhaps she could have saved them. Her family was taken away by the darkness of the night, one by one, and sent to prison camps in Siberia for purposes of conforming only to have their souls slowly killed before their eventual deaths.

Raissa told Audric what really happened to her family after Jennifer and Richard were killed. She thought that would have been the perfect time for him to tell her about his involvement with the brotherhood. Perhaps that is what made her so incensed about his omission. If she had only known beforehand the power of this group, she would never have revealed the TJPG secret to the public. In her mind, she did not want her home to become like the home that took the lives of her family. She did not know secret societies like these existed all around the world. They were all small groups of people fighting for the same goal, but against each other.

Had she known that TJPG was just as powerful as the group that had her family killed, she would have had time to think before jumping to the call of saving a country that meant nothing to the brotherhood. All such secret societies have eternally been competing for ultimate control and power, that the earth is their birthright and individual nations were a moot point as they believed it all belonged to them. Some of these fraternities splintered from other groups already existing while others sprang from common people who wanted more from life by agreeing to look out for each other.

Being angry of her father's and Audric's connections with opposing organizations, she felt as if the world at large should know exactly what was hidden from her. She thought if everyone knew, they would be as angry as she was and would do something to stop them. She never counted on the fact that most people would not care because they were firmly under the spell and content to go about their lives as the powers that be would let them live. She realized no matter how harsh and cruel life could be, the human spirit could endure anything when they come to accept it as the norm. They find what little nooks of security and freedom available and use it to keep them strong.

Curious, Artus looked around for the books of the brotherhood that belonged to both Audric and to Raissa's father. He read their histories and goals. He saw how they were both alike in so many ways, but treated each other as if they were the opposite and evil competition. He discovered the type of government installed was not as important as getting people behind a cause that would make them feel bigger than their own lives. It could be a religious cause, an atheist cause, a racist cause, or pure national pride, just as long as the leader could talk the people into living and dying for what you tell them to believe. He even found out groups that were once powerful could disappear overnight never to return while others would be revived by curious people wanting to follow the original path, just like TJPG.

Templa Jerome Phoebus Garabi was actually an offshoot of another powerful brotherhood where a few members disagreed with the leaders and branched out into their own group. The so-called tie to the original was just a cover. This was merely a handful of members of the one of the many brotherhoods who wanted power for themselves and decided to overthrow their brethren to obtain world conquest in their own glory. There were many organizations such as TJPG throughout the world for the same reason. They all craved power and were no longer satisfied being smaller members of the big picture, but wanted to be the ones in charge.

He was angry at first, but the more he read the more he began to understand the idiosyncratic dream he had on the night before his wedding. All of these groups, in spite of their bravado of glory and strength, were only mortals who have deluded themselves, blind to what they were doing in a quest for the impossible. They were just like everyone else, but if the people knew exactly what they were planning an angry mob would hunt them down and expose their vulnerabilities. Perhaps Raissa was sad over her loss and wanted the freedom to fly away, but became sad at what she saw when her world came crashing down around her.

He shared his findings with Matilida who was still unconvinced by all the proof with which confronted her. To believe in such things would be too awful for the fate of humanity and she would prefer to ignore such things and

be allowed to go on with her perfectly blessed life than to tamper with the political machinery should she be caught up and mangled within the cogs.

Artus was starting to feel the same as Matilida. He believed all the proof before his eyes that there was in fact a powerful conspiracy going on all over the world, but knowing that this has gone on longer than recorded history has put him in a state of awe over the real raw power at hand. There was nothing he could do about it and apparently these groups have never found a way to reach the goal.

He discovered in the notes a rivalry that developed between Richard and Artus with Victor and Farris. Throughout their time in the brotherhood, all were desirous over becoming world leaders, but with different purposes. Richard and Artus thought they would be doing this for the purpose of a peaceful and united world. Victor and Farris did not really care about the fate of the people, but relished the idea of ultimate control. Either aim would have been accepted for the purpose of any brotherhood, so long as a brother ended up in control. All brotherhoods in the world wanted ultimate control, but how that would be accomplished was of little concern so long as they had the power on behalf of their organization. People of their lands would go to war under false pretense not knowing they were carrying out the dirty work of the secret organizations vying for control.

Artus was just a boy when his father was killed in front of Audric's home. He could not comprehend all that transpired that day, until looking through Raissa's belongings. He suddenly remembered the two men who cornered his father and shot him were wearing the fraternal pin his father wore. He saw a picture of Farris and Victor with Richard that was taken at a photo session for the press during the election.

Then Artus found a note that was addressed to Richard. Chills went down his spine as he figured out what happened. One that would compel him to join the fight of his parents, but for different reasons.





## Chapter 7 -- Artus Defends His Father's Honor

Artus waved good-bye to his wife and daughter standing at the door. They understood he had to go back home, although little Raissa could not be comforted. If he did not do this task, their families would have died in vain. He was saddened by the death of Raissa who died from a broken heart and still missed his mother and father. Artus and Matilida have both been orphaned by a secret society gone wrong, but this fight was about more than that particular club or its quest for world domination at all costs.

While Matilida understood why he had to go back, she still wished he would reconsider the mission. If, in fact, TJPG were as powerful as he and mother claimed, would it not be as pointless as Quixote trying to defeat a windmill? If these people could kill Artus' parents while he watched they obviously had no conscience in which one could reason. The only thing they would understand is threat of violence that could only bring more violence, destruction and death into their lives.

She doubted such a group really existed despite the dubious nature of the death of her family and friends of her family and all the notes belonging to Raissa. To her, life was a gamble and anything could happen, so why look for trouble when there is more than enough in the life of the ordinary person. The so-called brotherhood has never done anything directly to her and she had a wonderful life in spite of the tragedies around her.

She had a great husband who overcame the odds of finding work in a depressed economy by starting a business which created jobs for over half of the unemployed locals. Her daughter is a very beautiful and intelligent girl with a curious nature. They lived in one of the best cottages in the countryside. They have not experienced lack of any kind and she knew they were lucky in comparison to most people. She felt as they were so fortunate they had no right to complain or invite trouble.

Artus and Matilida had an excellent relationship that was open and honest. They did not hide secrets from each other. Artus knew Matilida never believed in the bogeymen of the TJPG, but respected her disbelief. In turn, Matilida respected his need to try and right the wrongs of a group behind the murder of his parents. When Artus made the decision to return home, he discussed it with her. She expressed her concerns and he considered it, but felt deep in his heart he could not rest unless he did this mission.

The note Artus found made it impossible to ignore his parents were deliberately murdered. It became more than just going against a powerful organization, but to fight one particular group of individuals, the brothers who posed as friends of his father.

The note meant for Richard was signed by Farris. It read:

Richard,

We both know what's really going on and you know you are a fool to continue on in your defiance of your brothers. Audric is wise for pulling out of the race. He must value his life and the life of his family more than you.

I would like to extend to you a friendly warning before things get really bad. Victor has been advanced to the top level and I will rise above with him. No one else is privy to this information and I will deny ever telling you. You do know what that means. Victor will take over the world when the brotherhood succeeds. I will be in command with Victor. Will you be with us and third in command or against us and dead?

You are personally standing in our way right now. Do yourself a favor and step aside. We have the secret to eternal life that the public at large knows nothing about. While you will be lucky to cling to your natural days, we have the power of the gods at our disposal. If you continue to get in the way, we will see to it your natural days are numbered and we will wipe out your family in the process.

This is not just business, but it is personal. Back out of the race now and let the brotherhood take over or we will take you out. We will wipe out your seed and your name will be befouled in the annals of history.

If this note were true, the death of his family was not just at the hands of a secret conspiracy organization, but a personal vendetta between his father and those brothers in the brotherhood.

His wife and child would be safe as he was in a country that was run by another brotherhood in competition to the TJPG for world domination. Neither Artus nor Matilda had any plans to subvert its attempt to gain control. To have Artus succeed would exasperate its enemies. Artus would have the nation's blessing and help to enter their old home without his awareness.

They knew Matilida would be good and cooperate. Raissa was always an unknowing aid to the brotherhood that is why her family seemed to thrive while others were in despairing circumstances. Her fight was against their mutual enemy. They knew Artus' fight had nothing to do with their organization. It was a sheer vendetta that had nothing to do with either brotherhood. As such they could afford to look away as such matters tended to take care of itself. This was a battle between two people that was a minor story in a greater plot,

but they relished the fact if he did succeed in his mission, that would wipe out the biggest threat to their chances to rule the world.

Artus knew he was taking a risk and there was a great chance he would never see his family again. He did not share his concern with Matilida, but she knew she would never see him again as she remembered what her mother told her about truths withheld. She was prepared to let him go as it was not her place to stop him from doing what he needed to do. If she had stopped him, he would live the rest of his life with regret. She had a daughter to worry about and could not get herself involved in such battles. If he was foolish enough to do this thing, she needed to stand clear for the sake of her daughter. There was nothing she could do for the dead. By going after Victor, she knew he was marked for death. If she stood in the way, she would not be there for her daughter.

Somehow, Artus knew they would be fine and felt there were powerful people behind the scenes who allowed him to enter his former homeland with ease. He was led to the leaders of Bixenta Sloan without problem. They were more than happy to fill him in on what was happening.

As they knew so much information and yet were safe from the harm that followed others in the resistance movement, Artus knew they belonged to TJPG who probably had an ax to grind with Victor. He was not about to reveal that information to anyone.

To him, it did not matter. He knew they were just out to fight for a position at the top and would do anything to sell out Victor if it meant they would end up in charge. He did not care. The fate of the brotherhood was not in his mission. His sole purpose was to get even with the person responsible for making him an orphan.

He wanted to see Victor dead. He began to realize many in the organization also wanted the same thing. For them it was a blessing in disguise to get someone who was not a threat to do the dirty work for them. They were more than willing to see to it Artus had what he needed to fight this battle.

Bixenta Sloan had a small membership of loyal members most of who knew very little about the full extent of the war going on in secret around the world. They just wanted their country back and would be willing to sacrifice anything for this goal. The leaders who did know exactly what was going on found their footing of power over a group of people who would fight their battle in the rise to the top.

There were various members of the brotherhood within the community, the media, and the educational system as well as the government who aligned with core members of Bixenta Sloan in pursuit of dethroning Victor. They were promised a better role in power when they succeed if only they would work against the current leaders.

Artus now had a very powerful force that could help him find willing citizens to overthrow the government that was his key in taking down Victor.

Chike Renweard promised his children a long time ago they were the ones deserving of the goal and he would see to it his family would be the royalty of the world. Hedeon and Vigilia Bogdashka were waiting in anticipation for the right moment to take their rightful places in history. As a mere bureaucrat under Victor, they would never achieve anything above the level of a paper pusher with repetitive administrative duties and endless committees.

Reverend Renweard had a different approach to the solution of taking over the world which he thought could result in more peace and a happier population. From what he has seen, this current system was a miserable failure. When the majority of the people start to grumble they will be pushed to murderous heights sooner or later which will destroy everything Victor set up.

He could acknowledge the fact that many people were happy with the way things were run. For them, this was an ideal world. They obey and their needs were met. For people who would veer from any approved thought, action or behavior, this was a nightmare and that number was growing daily. The prisons could hardly contain all the sinners.

He wanted things to go back to the old system. While there were general problems with the former government, it worked well before the brotherhood tinkered with the social structure to set it up for a fall.

While people were unhappy with the way things were under the old government, at least they were free to pursue happiness if willing to find a different path to such happiness. While the freedoms installed in the past have resulted in things that offended many, at least they also had the freedom to turn away or offer an alternative to the offensive. While the job situation was touch and go, at least the people were free to go into business for themselves should no one hire them.

Chike realized something important that Victor could not comprehend. People were individuals and could not be contained with labels. One group may see themselves as better than the other, but they are all the same in every way that counts. They wanted respect. They wanted freedom. They did not want to be treated like cattle. They did not want to be treated as if they were unworthy of consideration. Angry people are not stupid and if motivated enough could do what the original brothers did -- stand up against the oppressors and take over. The original Templa Jerome Phoebus Garabi was made up of ordinary people who were sick of the Roman influence. They were no different from the average person with a little common sense and attention to detail. Any like-minded group today could jump on an open opportunity to siege control.

As leader of a free society from behind the scenes, he would make sure the old government was revived, tweaked, and protected at all costs. Tolucan Wregan and Fritz Christian agreed. When one person has ultimate control, there is no accounting for abuse when power becomes a corruptive influence over the leader. Checks and balances were supposed to prevent such corruption in the first place, but the TJPG has done all it could to bypass that system that had created the mess they are now witnessing.

Tolucan spent most of his young days taking power by force. Perhaps because he was getting older he saw the errors in his ways. Every regime he managed to topple on behalf of Broga's army would never last long. The people ended up resentful of having someone put in office to represent them when that person obviously had an agenda other than protecting and serving its people. Those poor, angry people would rise up and revolt killing many in their numbers while the survivors put the blame on others who had nothing to do with their problem. They never knew it was a secret society trying to take over their lands and not a certain country or leader, per se.

Fritz had a degree in psychology and learned about psychosomatic illness. During his tenure as Minister of Health and Welfare while working for Farris before his death, he was ordered to research the so-called Life Elixir potion which would help the brotherhood. He truly believed most disease was all in the mind that explained why there were so many miracles performed in the hospitals. As time went by, it broke his heart that so many people were dying and some because they rubbed a community leader the wrong way. Even those who qualified for help were often denied seeing a medical doctor because so few of them were willing to neglect their Hippocratic Oath in participation with what they viewed as quackery.

This small group of rebels against Templa Jerome Phoebus Garabi made a pact to stick together to counter their former brethren and save the world from this nightmare. They hoped their vision would be more successful and needed a small army to help them carry it out. If too many people knew what was going on, they could doom the plan and TJPG would win. Thus they became the new brotherhood called Bixenta Sloan.

The former members of Bixenta Sloan who survived attacks from the current administration were willing to fight to get things back to the way it was before the disrupted election. They had no idea these new leaders who sprang up among them were the very same people who threw away their cherished freedoms. However, they knew all attempts they made in the past without this leadership only met with failure. The new leaders inspired them with a sense of confidence to succeed. At this point, they would follow the Devil himself if they could be promised a return to the old government.

Bixenta Sloan needed to vamp up the network and create a more vocal group to take on TJPG. Using the same tactics, they would employ their own

private media, education, religion, employment and militia to gain support of those who would never cross the present government, but were unhappy and wanted better.

Membership in Bixenta Sloan was growing on a daily basis. Around 70% of the population were either actively supporting or privately approving this underground movement. Docila tried to put a spin on this trend away from the government by telling her bosses that there was only 3% of the people in the nation actually involved and 67% of those who alleged support could not be found for comment, therefore it was probably exaggerated while 30% were completely satisfied with the way things were run. She found those who loved the administration and they were featured on every newspaper, television and radio show to reassure the public at large that things really were not so bad and they should accept it.

The threat of Bixenta Sloan was not taken seriously, but sources were leaking out that former members of TJPG were behind this growing movement. One of the members was having second thoughts about loyalty ties and was more concerned with ending up on the winning side. Being privy to a certain discovery, this member knew who would win and decided to pose as a member of Bixenta Sloan to keep the brotherhood informed. Those tips would help keep key members of TJPG safe from harm.

Artus needed to find a way to breach the security and the brothers who have put a wall between Christopher and his people and then break it down. It was easier than Artus would have expected because there were more unhappy people around than the security forces had underestimated. In spite of the unhappy people, it seemed a little too easy, as if there was a secret hand guiding him easily to his target.

The new leadership of Bixenta Sloan was successful in getting support in community after community. It didn't take long before people in these areas started to get together for the purpose of running their own presses, starting their own businesses, conducting their own religious services, running their own schools, and getting real medical treatment from real doctors.

The local churches and businesses were taking note. They were losing clients because the people were no longer doing business with them exclusively. They were not liking the competition and gathered together to send their concerns to the representatives who were to speak on behalf of them in one of the many committees on the national level. As there was so much red tape and a multitude of government workers who were mad with power, the complaints did not get processed nor were they sent to someone who actually had the power to handle the problems.

When the churches and businesses saw they were powerless against the people, they began to cater to the needs of the growing population who now

realized they had a choice. They made improvements in the ways they helped people and offered better jobs and pay to the people that made them happy and kept their business.

This dangerous trend became widespread and Kerstan's team was growing very worried. They made more oppressive laws and sent out harsh troops to maintain the order. For awhile, it worked. The people were very afraid, but were so discontent with society that it did not matter losing their lives if they could never attain the quality of life they desired.

People were being distracted by fighting the system while the government under Christopher was now unable to focus. An opportunist from any walk of life would see while Christopher was dealing with these troubled issues before they got out of control could step up and take over. This would destroy everything TJPG has done so far. Kerstan was always a disposable asset to the cause and would be easily sacrificed by his brothers.

This distraction allowed Artus a good chance to enter the Capitol where he could find the residence of Christopher Kerstan. He broke into his home and hid hoping to confront Kerstan. When he finally came home, Artus instead decided to observe Christopher and see with what kind of person he would be dealing.

Christopher was heating up dinner on his stove and talking to himself.

"God, why are things such a mess? I know Victor is trying to assure me everything will be okay, but I can't help feeling there is something wrong. So many people have come up to me lately complaining they were victims of abuse by the local churches and businesses. I heard people complain that sinners are being exterminated instead of treated and encouraged for repentance. Victor told me these were merely agitators trying to distract me from your mission, but I have a feeling all of those people are not lying. Maybe they are exaggerating a bit on some of the accusations, but that would be too awful if all they said were true. I want to see the people and talk to them, but Victor won't let me speak to the public without a speech and he picks people out of the crowd who sound like they are reading scripts of praise instead of telling me what they really think. I feel so guilty and helpless over what I saw Victor do today. That poor guy is probably not the only one he has treated in this manner. All of this reflects badly on me.

"If the people are unhappy, I want to know and I want to make it right. Above all, I want to do the right thing in your eyes. Please help me see the truth."

Then Christopher sat down to the table and pick at his meal. He started crying. Somewhere in the back of his mind he knew the end was near and he failed, but did not want to admit potential defeat to anyone, especially the brothers who would see it as a sign of weakness.

He got up and went to the library to pick up a photo album. Artus crawled in the shadows to see what he was doing. Christopher was looking at a picture of Audric and cried.

"Why did you have to leave? You were one of my best friends. I tried to help you as best I could, but have no idea if I did more harm to you than good. Victor won't tell me where you are. I need my friend now more than anyone else to help me figure this mess out."

The brokenhearted Christopher fell upon his bed and tried to go to sleep. Artus was tempted to wake him up, but decided against it. He knew Bixenta had big plans for the next day. If he warned Christopher it may disrupt what Bixenta Sloan needed to do and that was one fight he was determined to avoid. Artus felt sorry for this man who seemed to be a mere puppet who would meet the justice of an angry mob the next day. No matter how much he felt regret, he could not let that interfere with the task at hand. It was up to him to make sure he returned the favor of the ones who could get him up close to Victor.





## Chapter 8 -- The Fall Of Kerstan

During the middle of the night, Artus crept out of Kerstan's domain and met with an agent who agreed to help him assassinate Victor. They were to wire his limousine to explode the moment Victor closed the passenger door. They set the trap and scampered off into the night and met with a large group of protesters on a campground.

A larger crowd was expected by morning to include not only concerned citizens, but some of the military with arms to fight anyone still loyal to Kerstan. Everyone expected things could get dangerous very quickly and wanted to have some sort of protection which the protesters did not have when Richard Payne was killed.

The morning started off with the news of an explosion as Victor entered his car. The armed militia was informed of the location of the angry mob and sent to fight them down to submission. The formerly compliant citizenship was now an unruly pack who fought hard against troops which were so ill prepared for such an event. Some of the soldiers in uniform started to join the other side. With all the chaos, Artus was able to breach security and wait inside the office for Christopher to arrive.

Artus was sitting in Christopher's executive chair facing the window watching the crowds below fighting an all out war. That was not his war nor his concern. He had another agenda in mind. What was going on was due to a split in an organization. Both sides had leaders who were aware of the exact details whilst the ordinary person doing all the fighting is dying for a cause they know nothing about. These poor souls think they are fighting for something else. He could not help feeling sorry for those people, but his mission was to get justice for his father. He had only a secondary remorse for leading these people to the doom of the masters who would control them instead of telling them the truth he knew.

While waiting for Kerstan's arrival, Artus turned on the radio at the desk. The news reported that Victor was dead due to a car bomb exploding. Artus wondered if he should leave. After all, Christopher did not seem like such a bad man, but how could a good man allow what happened to the country his father promised him as a boy? He did not want this country and came to realize as long as people like TJPJG existed, it was pointless to pine over something that was as temporary as a building as a sand castle. Even if Bixenta Sloan took over, who was to say another group would not rise up and pull them down? If the brotherhood lasted for hundreds of years, chances are there are more members in hiding.

The more he thought, the more Artus decided to talk to Christopher. He was supposed to be friends with Audric. He was also a friend to Richard. If

he was such an important member of the brotherhood, surely he knew more than he was letting on. Maybe he was lying to others about what he knew or was just lying to himself. All he knew is his family is dead and now that he eliminated Victor, he wanted answers from Christopher before the angry mob was to invade his office and assassinate him.

Pastor Kerstan seemed breathless as he entered his office. He ran past the mobs to get to safety wondering what started the situation outside. As he closed the door and turned around, he found a stranger sitting in his chair.

"Who are you?"

"I go by the name Artus Valara, but you may be more familiar with my old name of Artus Payne. You may seem to remember you and your boys had him killed many years ago."

"Oh. Are you responsible for this mess outside?"

"In part. What happened to Victor today was my doing and had nothing to do with what is going on outside. They just took it as a chance to show you they were not going to settle for the way you were running the country. You would be surprised at who was behind this successful set up."

"What did you do? What happened to Victor? How did you manage to get past security?"

"Let's just say the ones you trusted have betrayed you. They know more about what is going on than you and have marked you as disposable."

Kerstan stood by the window of his office staring at the masses headed for the White House. He knew the day has come. He has failed his fraternity. Christopher has come to realize the goal of all of his adult years, only to see it come crashing at his feet.

Artus stood by his side and wanted to befriend this lost soul. While he blamed the TJPG members Farris and Victor for the murder of his fathers, he has come to see Christopher as a man and not as a character doomed to go down in history as an evil tyrant head of a failed theocracy.

"What does it feel like to know you are going to be taken down while your friends have escaped their justice?"

"One day, fate will see to it they get what they deserve. I know I deserve this. I still believe in the principle of what we were doing. I know in my heart I was only trying to do the right thing."

"No matter how much you tell yourself it was the right thing will never make it right."

"If you tell a lie often enough, people will eventually believe it to be the truth..."

"Right, often attributed to Hitler. Look what happened to him." Artus continues. "A man who lies to himself, and believes his own lies, becomes unable to recognize truth, either in himself or in anyone else, and he ends up losing respect for himself as well as for others.' From Dostoyevsky in his book *The Brothers Karamazov*."

Christopher protests, "Our world needs to be united once and for all. Aren't you tired of all the wars and fighting and feeling unsafe?"

"I don't know of a time that felt any more unsafe than that period of time when you and your associates forced safety upon the masses. I shudder to think what would happen if that particular virus was allowed to rule the entire world. They all had rights. You abused it. You did not care about how they felt in matters of security. You stole their security when you stole their birthright to freedom. If you could not silence them by threat or force you silenced them in death. How can you look in the mirror everyday knowing you have murdered people over a difference of opinion?"

"I wanted it to be fair. There were many people who were indeed happy with the way things were run, even if they didn't have a stake in the outcome. They were free from the oppression and confusion of a multicultural society. With materialism gone and a sense of God, community and purpose, it gave people hope. The others took it too far and didn't tell me what they were doing. I had no idea these other people were being murdered. Those dissidents were the ones making life uncomfortable for the majority. Why couldn't they just be like the rest of us? All we wanted them to do was leave and go someplace else so we could be free. I never meant for it to go that far."

"Oh, but you did. Your plan all along was to make the entire world safe for your dream which would not make room for anyone else who differed. Not only did you allow it to go that far, you knew they were murderers from the beginning."

"No. I swear I never knew they were going to kill insurgents. They were supposed to be given a chance of redemption or deportation if refused."

"Then explain why you saved my family and me after they killed my father."

"I was told about the protest, that's true. I knew there were agents in the crowd posing as protesters who were there to cause trouble. They were to provoke the emergency response of the troops who were to defend us during danger. They succeeded."

"So why did you come and seek us out when my adopted mother was being flagged for death?"

"When your father was killed in the march, members of the TJPG were ordered to execute him for causing trouble and interfering with our plan. He

should have remained silent and not protested the stalled elections. He knew we were going to take over the country and he tried to stop it. I warned your father and he said he would not interfere. I believed him. I talked to the brothers and they told me as long as he dropped out and kept quiet, they would leave him alone.

"Your father did not do as he promised and stirred up a rebel group against the orders of the brotherhood which caused the riots that led to his death. I was told he was accidentally killed by overzealous militia men. I believed them. Why would they lie to me? They told me they had no intention of getting their hands dirtied in the blood of their brothers. They told me only God was the one to choose who would die. God chose for your father to die."

"Who told you that?"

"Victor and Farris told me."

"So I guess you don't know. They were the ones who stood in front of me as I was a little boy when they killed my father. I did not recognize who they were right away because they were in helmets and looked much younger than the news reports with which I am more familiar, until I saw a picture of them with my father. They killed my father and laughed about it."

"I'm sorry. I did not know they were behind it. I probably should have known after I witnessed them murder a man who approached me yesterday. All that poor guy wanted was help for his dying wife. I loved Richard and Audric. Audric was a great friend of mine. I wanted him to get right with the brothers that is why I did what I did when I heard about your adopted mother's book. He was my mentor during college. He sponsored me in TJPG. He taught me about compassion and being true to myself and what I believed. I had so much respect for that man.

"He graduated from the university and the brothers have told me he has strayed from the path of holiness and married a woman with ties to Communism. We were told to separate ourselves from his company for fear he would corrupt God's perfect organization.

"When she came up with the secret book and started to divulge the secrets, she became a threat to the plan to bring God's Kingdom on earth. If those who were against God's plan were to know what we would do, they would stop us before we could get started. She had to be silenced."

"So why did you allow her to live?"

"Artus, as I said, was a friend. While he may have been led astray, I did not want to see him killed. I hoped if I could get him away from the evil atheist influence, he would come to his senses and rejoin our cause. The secret was out and there was nothing I could do to stop it. All our group had to do

was suppress and deny it as a conspiracy. Docila was very helpful in seeing to it you had an escape route to safety. She said she was inspired because of the vile nature of Raissa's book and wanted to save Audric."

"Did you even bother to read her book? Did you bother to check the facts to see if what she was saying was the truth? Didn't you realize these men were not true believers in God? You were nothing more than a pawn."

"No. I was busy with a lot of things. Besides, my trusted brothers read it and told me it was full of lies designed to hurt God's people. My mission was to save Artus. He would never come back to the flock if his beloved Raissa was murdered. It was the only way I could think to save a man that I loved like a brother. When the matter was settled, the brothers told me it was only a bluff. They said they could never murder a brother. They only wanted to scare him into his senses and keep the evil Raissa away from him."

"But he was murdered under your watch and by your people and you knew. Why?"

"Again, I'm sorry. I really didn't know. I was told by Victor and Docila that he chose to leave the country and his whereabouts were unknown. I thought he was hiding so the TJPG would never find him. What happened to him?"

"He was told he was free to leave the country and rejoin his family if he swore he would never speak of TJPG. He agreed to it and we were waiting as he crossed the Mexican border with a few others from his cell that were released. Out of nowhere, there was a big explosion that killed everyone in his group. We watched from a distance the carnage that ensued."

Christopher stood sobbing, "I didn't know. He was a friend, how can you blame that on me?"

"We did a study and compared notes with others expecting loved ones from the system. We discovered no one lived longer than an hour after being set free. They all died in various freak accidents and the blame was always placed on troublemakers in the country who needed to be shown as an example of what happens to those who are unpatriotic."

"Why? Why would they do that?"

"To eliminate all enemies, of course. You are one of the enemies because you wanted to do the right thing. What you never knew is they lied to you and the people the moment you stepped into office. You were never in charge. Your old boss was in fact still running things."

"What do you mean?"

From behind the doors, Victor crept out holding a gun. A familiar face was with him. Farris Gabriel was alive and well, looking as young as he did in

his college days. He looked almost exactly as Artus remembered him, except he seemed to be missing a finger.

"At last I get to meet you. I have heard so much about you and your mother. You have destroyed God's plan. Are you happy?" Farris asked the duo.

Christopher nearly fainted. Artus suspect Farris was alive, but was caught off guard to realize Victor was still alive, though not totally surprised.

Artus protested to Farris, "You are sick. This was never God's plan. This was always your plan. You hid behind God to push forth your agenda on a public out of fear of a higher power and the unknown. You manipulated those poor people who put their trust in you as the mouthpiece of God and have hurt them in the process."

"Maybe we did. Maybe we didn't. This is merely how things have always been. You cannot prove a thing. Besides, you are the one who led them to us.

"And you're right, we could never allow those from the prison to be released to another country. But you are so wrong that no one lived. We let many out everyday and they returned safe and happy to their loved ones with a changed, fresh attitude. They were no longer a threat to our security. The others were a threat. They knew too much. The world at large was controlled by others who wanted the power that belonged to us. All they needed was ammunition to use against us. These former prisoners were that ammunition. We had to destroy them before they destroyed us."

"I know all about those so-called freed people. The very few who were allowed to live were so traumatized and unable to remember anything about the regime and therefore were no longer a threat. You have damaged their brains to the degree they were no longer functioning humans. You should have stayed in your fake death for what you have done to those poor people. You deserve a lot worse than death."

"In my alleged death, I have passed my initiation rite into the final level. I will soon reemerge to a brokenhearted public as the answer to their problems. These people are expecting sometime in the future for a godlike person to rise from the dead to lead them and they will do anything such a person tells them. It just might be me. Even the most hardhearted opponent will have reason to pause with such a supernatural occurrence where they cannot come up with a scientific or logical explanation for my resurrection and rejuvenation. I will finally win the international chess game."

"Victor, please tell me this isn't true. I believed in you."

"Christopher, you are so naive. You were never high enough in the TJPG to know the plan. You were groomed properly to further the cause. If you knew too much, we knew you would rebel just like Richard and Audric.

Everyone loved you. You were the face they could trust because we told them to trust you. If you knew what we were doing, you could never project that image of trust to the people as your conscience would betray you. You were our ace in the hole. Our pretty boy who was committed wholeheartedly and without question to the cause we told you we were fighting. You did it for God. We did it for power."

"I don't understand. Why did you use me?"

"You were no different from the mindless masses in the country who would accept what was said by people who were supposed to be respected. You respected us and never questioned what we said. That made you different from poor Audric and Richard and the thousands of protesters we silenced. They dared to question us and refused to let us step up to the power that belonged to us.

"We told the public they were evil and all of you believed it. We told you they needed to be stopped. You believed it. You people didn't want to hear the grizzly explanations of how it would be done, but to be told it was being handled to make your lives safer and better. We accomplished what we promised. The willingness of the sheep-like masses to think for them has allowed us to do what we have done. If it is anyone's fault, blame yourselves. We saw opportunity and took it. You rolled over and fell asleep, expecting a perfect world to be handed over to you on a silver platter. We defined a perfect world for you and you accepted it as truth. Instead of creating your own idea of perfection, you relied on someone else to think for you on something so personal. When we presented it to you, you bought it and praised us for it. We are your heroes and gods."

"But what of your long conversations with me about God? You told me how devoted you were to the God of the Christian Bible?"

"A mere convenience for us at the time. If Audric were alive today, he could tell you what good little Christians and citizens we were growing up. He would realize we made good on our threat to his law keeping father who tried control us.

"I don't know and I don't care if such a God does or does not exist. To me, if there is such a being, He hasn't done right by all those He allowed us to dupe for our purpose. Or perhaps such a God really is on our side to let us get away with what we do without batting an eye. Should there be something at death waiting for us requesting we pay a price for our life, that is of no concern to us as death is no longer a threat. If anyone should be punished, punish God when you get there for what you allowed to happen and see if it will fly with Him.

"We are not the only ones who have used the gods of the masses to get what they want. Almost every society in the world has used a god in one form



or another to control the population. God is always on everyone's side. Did you not know that? If there was a misfortune, God was testing us. If there was a triumph, God was blessing us. If our enemies were visited by misfortune, God was punishing them on our behalf. If our enemies received a triumph, we were either being punished by God or the enemies sought the help of the evil spirit forces against our God.

"God may or may not exist, but frankly we don't care. We are our own gods and we make our own fate. We control all people and as far as we are concerned, we are your gods. It is people who claim to believe in a higher power, but always look to someone else for authority that put people like us in charge."

Artus stepped up to complain, "You abused your power and killed my fathers."

"Even if we did, what difference does that make. You will never live to tell the tale."

"How do you figure that? Don't you see the angry mob coming this way? They have come to take back their country and nothing will stop them. This crowd was masterminded by those you thought you could trust who want exactly what you want. Who is to say they won't succeed and overthrow your plans?"

"You're right. Nothing will stop them. We are allowing them to take back their country in the name of Bixenta Sloan, for the moment. Former members of Templa Jerome Phoebus Garabi have officially adopted this group as a new brotherhood against us, but most of the members don't have a clue as to who is behind the new leadership. We have our new top key members disguised as fellow volunteers in the noble group who are actually controlling and manipulating Bixenta Sloan for the purpose of destroying our traitor brothers before they can usurp us. Our very own Fritz Christian is the one who sold you out and told me you were on your way.

"Fritz told me of your naughty little plan to blow me up in my car all because you blame me for your father's death. Blame your father for his death. He knew exactly who he was up against. He chose to play the game and lost fair and square. Your father was no different from our former brethren down there now who will end up dead. They think they have won and we want them to rest smugly in victory while they forget to check the details of what is going on around them. When they take for granted how powerful we are, we will seek them out and destroy them.

"We are allowing a few of the strong, yet naive spokespeople of Bixenta Sloan to be their voices and leaders, for now. We will let them take charge and feel that urge to power. When their appetite is whet with power, they will crave more and we will lurk in the bushes to sign up new members who either will

join forces with us or we will destroy in the public eye. We will change our names and faces while we allow them to think they are in control, but we are very much in control behind the scenes.

"Somewhere out there is a person or group of people such as yourselves with high ideals and intellect who will accurately guess what has gone on. They will write stories about it as cautionary tales of a society gone wrong. Our people will let them tell that tale and we will destroy their reputations and make them the hated enemies of the state. The people will never read or hear what they have to say because we will tell them what to think before they see those works. Their work will be banned. The people will believe us and turn away from those we tell them are bad and be very afraid to listen to the truth.

"The few who take their musings seriously will be discounted as some sort of radical not to be believed. While we cannot stop the thinking man from thinking, we can stop the sleeping masses from waking up. Such tales have been going on for centuries, but no one seems to be able to take it beyond the point of a real threat and do something to stop us.

"If you were not here to witness this event and were part of the unwashed hordes, you would think we were making this up. We write history and dictate how it will be interpreted. When it serves our purpose, Christopher will be spoken of as a great leader. When the tides turn, we could just as easily make him the most evil man to have walked the earth.

"We will rise again when we have neutralized the threats and we will take over the world. But you won't be around to see that day."

Victor pulled his gun and shot them both in the head. Fritz Christian came out to fix the wounds while they manipulated the scenes before the reporters were allowed into the office. Fritz did his job and went into hiding. Victor stood by to let the angry mob kill him on behalf of justice knowing he would not die. Ms. Mirabella was already missing, but a new face appeared with a camera crew entering the Pastor's office. With a bit of surgery and a drink of the special potion, her appearance has changed along with her new name, Akiva Amram.

Later in the evening, the news was filled with a report of the late Pastor Kerstan who was found dead of suicide by the side of his lover in a pact to leave the world together.

The television announcer went live on the air, "Hello, I am your new host for the evening news, Akiva Amram. A startling turn of events happened today at the Capitol where angry mobs have come to confront the Pastor of the Nation and demand elections with a return to the way things used to be. To the surprise of many, they found our former leader dead from suicide with his alleged lover by his side and a note of confession that read:

Dear Fellow Countrymen,

I am truly sorry for all the pain that I am going to cause you with my sin. I realized the error of my ways along with my secret lover. We want you, the people, to be happy. Upon my death, I have sent orders through the chain of command to return to the form of Democracy we had in this country from the start.

We ran a good experience, but it has failed. Do not become discouraged. You will find a better way and achieve a sense of peace and well being. I have received a vision from God who told me to proceed with the former Democratic system. The theocracy was on the right path and met with His approval and He would send us a sign in the form of a miracle pointing to what He wants us to do. When we see that miracle, we are to follow the new leader as God's chosen one.

Election Day is scheduled to run exactly 40 days from now unless God's miracle was to take place before the big event. Until then, this country will be under temporary martial law while my trusted team will ensure peace and safety for all citizens.

Akiva continued, "People have lined the streets of the Capitol building to pay their respects to a man who was a great leader while others stood nearby with signs of protest to decry him as a monster who ruined our country and robbed them of their rights.

"Military men are camped out on the streets to ensure a peaceful night. We hope all will go well.

"In other news, there was a report of a disturbance of the resting site of former President Farris Gabriel. Some have reported sightings of angels and bright lights in the sky. Investigators are on the scene and tell the public not to panic. . .

The End?



## Information And References

### About the author:

Callen Damornen is the pen name of Judith Clarke-Copeland. She was born and raised in Chicago, Illinois in November 1966. She developed a taste for writing as a child and has fostered this talent by writing poetry, editorials and articles mostly for web sites. Kerstan's Kingdom is her first published novel.

### Books references in this novel:

1. ***The Brothers Karamazov*** Dostoyensky, Fyodor 1929
2. ***Turner Diaries*** Macdonald, Andrew (William L. Pierce) 1978
3. ***Protocols of the Elders of Zion*** Goedsche, Hermann 1868 (allegedly)
4. ***Animal Farm*** Orwell, George 1945

### Songs referenced in this novel:

1. **"He's Got The Whole World In His Hands"** *Traditional folk/gospel song - author and copyright unknown*
2. **"How Great Thou Art"** *Traditional gospel song - author and copyright unknown*
3. **"Put Your Hand In The Hand"** *by Gene McLellan 1971*



## Other Books By Callen Damornen

If you loved Kerstan's Kingdom, you will want to see the new books by Callen Damornen. These titles will be available summer 2005. Check your local bookstores and feel free to tell your friends about these books. For free previews of these books and more, go to **CallenDamornen.co.uk** or **CallenDamornen.com**.

### Out Of Control

After Robert Kendall was shot during a confrontation with the police, his body washed up on the shore. Officer Theodore Reynolds demanded they do all they could to save him.

Robert was on his hospital bed and remembered all the problems that led him to this day -- his mother, ex-wife, former employer, Officer Reynolds, and others who stood in his way to get home to see his daughter who lived with Mrs. Kendall. He was angry and wanted revenge.

The doctors told him he was dying from a tumor and didn't have much longer to live. Robert knew he had nothing to lose. He found a way to escape and got even with everyone who has done him wrong. He spends the day on a spree eluding police while creating havoc on the city.

Out Of Control is a look inside of the mind of a man who snaps. He spent his life doing what he thought was the right thing. Suddenly, everything and everyone seemed to turn against him and he doesn't think it is fair. What made him snap? Why is he so angry? He has nothing left to lose, how far over the line can he cross?

### Family Chanes

It doesn't matter what you believe about your family, but it is almost a sure thing your family sees its history in their own way. Each member of the family has a whole different take which can sometimes cause disunity.

During the twentieth century, the Chanes family has kept many a hidden skeleton in the closet waiting for something to bring it all out.

Torn by feelings of loyalty to their family members and betrayal from the same ones, each member of the clan has a story to tell about the pain felt throughout the last four generations.

Could each person ever come to terms with what was really important in life before it was too late? Perhaps the current generation will learn from mistakes past. Perhaps not. All of their lives are tied into each other and despite going through the same history, what has happened have made these people different in their own unique ways.

## **Fairies On The Altar**

The legends of witchcraft have lived on in oral history down to this day. Known only to a select group of people passed on from each generation, the land formerly known as Sita-Anahita, now called Eden Valley, was the most beautiful spot on earth and held more than secrets.

Divone and Gilda Amado, 15 year old identical twin girls, lived in a 300 year old cottage on the remote edge of town by the river near the forest. For the past three centuries, the Amando family has always lived here until a group of townies burned out most of the homes in that area.

Will these girls make it while trying to fit in with their neighbors or will the townsfolk try to scare them back into the woods before they realize who was behind the infamous murder that killed their family members.