

LIFTING THE CURSE

PART I: A NEW DAWN



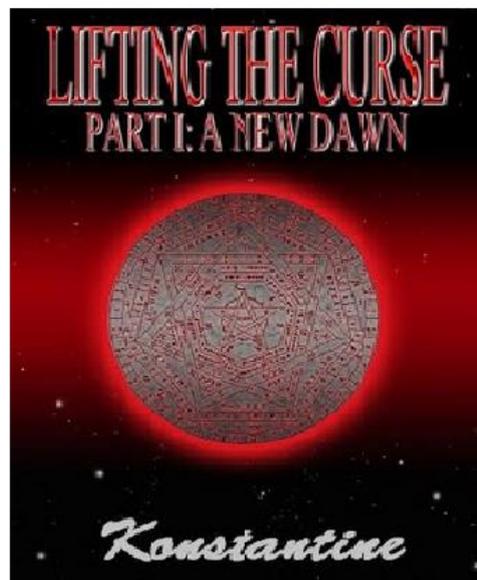
Konstantine

LIFTING THE CURSE

GALACTIC INDEPENDENCE WAR - BOOK I

Konstantine

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Cover art background by [Dina Kole](#). Text by Konstantine with [Zachary Dedmon](#)

In this work of fiction, the characters, places and events are either the product of the author's imagination or they are used fictitiously. No harm is intended on their good name. In cases where fictitious embellishments are made about living persons, it is intended solely as a comical tribute of said persons and in no way is it meant to harm their good name and reputation.

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This book is dedicated to those brave, maverick souls that have the courage to stand out from the crowd and speak Truth, no matter the consequences...

To those who fight for what they know in their hearts to be right despite being trapped in an unjust world gone mad...

This book is for all the Rainbow Warriors...

When the Earth is dying there shall arise a new tribe of all colors and all creeds. This tribe shall be called the Warriors of the Rainbow and it will put its faith in actions not words

– *Native American Hopi Prophecy*

Acknowledgments

This is not like the typical acknowledgments lists you see in other books. Then again, this is not your typical novel and I actually take pride in that fact. This book was [not written to give me fortune and fame](#) (though I do not doubt it will give me these things one day, as a nice side bonus!), but because it *had* to be written to convey a much needed message to the world.

First and foremost, I would like to thank the great Archangels, [Michael](#) and [Metatron](#), for choosing me as a vehicle through which to write this amazing fantasy saga for the ages. While this may seem like a controversial, even “crazy”, statement to make, I care not what people might think of it, because the truth about the Higher Realms and Dimensions needs to finally start gaining wider acceptance in the mainstream. As I said above: I did not put this book out to become rich or to win some popularity contest, hence the ideas in it will not be watered down just to fit in with the current norm. And, while we’re on the Archangel subject, many readers with a developed Intuition, and who already have a prior interest in the topics discussed in the book, will readily recognize the novel has a feel of a channelled work. They will, no doubt, perceive that the underlying themes behind the veneer of the fictional adventure story ring true –uncannily so. For those who don’t know, by the way, Archangel Metatron is the one who oversees that great repository of Cosmic History known as the Book of Life or [Akashic Records](#).

As far as the more “corporeal realms” are concerned now, there are a few people I wish to thank, though not nearly as many as other first time authors usually do because, frankly, I received next to zero support from people while going through the, often soul-destroying, ten year odyssey of putting this book together. I actually had to cut myself off from the great majority of “family” and “friends” in order to find the peace of mind and space needed to work on the book.

The person I feel most compelled to mention first is the lovely, talented and ever-helpful [Dina Kole](#), who gladly offered to design the book cover/s for me, without asking for anything in return. The cover you now see resulted after my initial suggestion for her, around mid-2014, to make something based on the [Sigillum Dei](#) (or Sigil of Ameth), which, after much consideration, was the symbol I’d finally settled on to use for all the franchise’s branding. Also, my fellow Libran Warrior Mystic, [Zachary Dedmon](#), who came in at the last minute, seemingly out of “nowhere”, and helped me to polish the heading text. Headings that, having been originally created using my ingenious, patented, “paste-some-cool-looking-Wordart-text-into-a-photo-using-Microsoft-paint” technique, looked quite horrible! And, of course, [Rowan Lefwyn](#), who, in addition to some great grammar tips, also gave me crucial developmental editing advice. Having worked as an editor, as well as being an author of similarly themed fantasy books herself, she understood what I was trying to do. Since all these FB friends were eager to help me free of charge, the best way I can return the favor at the moment is to help them get more exposure, hence the hyperlinks provided.

And last, but certainly not least, the dozens and dozens of fantastic people I’ve met online, through that most *magickal* of rabbit holes, collectively known as Alternative News/Truther Facebook Groups. These great souls have supported me because they understood what I was really trying to do with this book and with the saga as a whole. You all know who you are and I’d like you to know that, without your support in the past year or so, this book would not be what it is today, nor would it have come out as soon as it has. In fact, the extensive re-writes I did between early ‘14 and now resulted in loosely basing more than one character in the saga on real people I know through the aforementioned online communities.

I love you guys!

Konstantine
Melbourne, Australia
April 2015

HYMN TO THE SLAYER

*In seven suns and seven moons
The Slayer brought the Dark Ones' doom*

*In crimson flames their Empire burned
Black ashes filled Earth Mother's urn*

*A fate foretold in scrolls of yonder
Yet blind they were to heed the omens*

*Their web of power millennia old
A bitter truth Man couldn't behold*

*And were it not for the Guardian's battle
The slaves would but remain as cattle*

*No man had such great power to see
Deep in the heart of villainy*

*The battle fought was hard and long
Yet Man emerged robust and strong*

*For breaking down the evil spell
Was no small task as history tells*

*The tyranny brought to its knees
In light of day for all to see*

*The ones who lived the tale to tell
Forever would his name extol*

*For he who smashed the Demons' schemes
Was the greatest one who'd ever been*

A man who is doing his true will has the inertia of the Universe to assist him. Man is ignorant of his own being and powers. Even his idea of his limitations is based on an experience of the past and every step in his progress extends his empire. There is, therefore, no reason to assign theoretical limits to what he may be or what he may do.

Man is capable of being and using anything which he perceives, for everything that he perceives is, in a certain sense, a part of his being. He may, thus, subjugate the whole universe, of which he is conscious, to his individual will.

The microcosm is an exact image of the macrocosm. The Great Work is the raising of the whole man in perfect balance to the power of infinity. There is a single main definition of the object of all Magickal Ritual. It is the uniting of the microcosm with the macrocosm. The supreme and complete ritual is, therefore, the invocation of the Holy Guardian Angel (Higher Self) or, in the language of mysticism, union with God.

– *Aleister Crowley, Magician (1875 – 1947)*

Now I saw heaven opened, and behold, a white horse. And He who sat on him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness He judges and makes war...

And the armies in heaven...followed Him on white horses...

And He has on His robe and on His thigh a name written:

KING OF KINGS
AND LORD OF LORDS

– *Revelation 19:11 – 16 (New Testament, Book II of the Bible*)*

The Slayer of the Serpent he comes from beyond
His Spirit so mighty for Earthmen too strong
Hunter of Demons and Warlocks he'll be
Exposing the Great Lie for all men to see
Sorcerer-King of their world they will make him
Freeing the Cosmos from darkness his calling
Twelve thousand years of evil will flounder
The Grandest Illusion shall be torn asunder.

– *The Slayer Prophecy (circa 12,000 BC, Atlantis, Earth)*

** Holy text of the Christian religion. It was twentieth century Earth's most influential Holy Book and considered by millions of Earthlings to be the unadulterated Word of God. Even though this was not the case, it nevertheless contained many Divine Truths as did the scripture of all the other Earth religions. What made the Christian Bible stand apart, however, was The Revelation of John, which was the most accurate prophetic vision about the end of the Piscean Aeon ever received by a Mystic on Earth. As the reader will come to understand, after careful study of both the Revelation and the ancient historical events described in the book you're now reading, this great prophecy foretold the demise of the Illuminati at the hands of His Majesty's illustrious forefather, Lord Maxell John Casey, almost two millennia before it occurred. This is precisely why, even though we have long abolished religion in our galaxy (borne from the common understanding that there are only varying levels of Knowledge, of which Spiritual Knowledge is the highest, leaving no room for ancient superstitions, of any kind, to prevail in our societies), the Christian Bible has been instituted as 'required reading' in our great learning institutions. It is recommended that the reader first peruses the Revelation before studying Lifting the Curse, in order to better understand the events described in this series. This in **no** way condones the Order's use of religion to Mind Control their slave societies. In fact Christianity was the Order's greatest weapon on Earth and the premier obstacle to that planet's Spiritual emancipation. This was because, from its inception, it was expressly designed to obfuscate the Truth about Reincarnation from its devout believer-slaves. The trap was almost foolproof! The Dark Brotherhood (also known as the Babylonian Brotherhood or the Illuminati) believed they had found their perfect Mind Control tool, at last. Though it was just one of many Brotherhood created religions, it had succeeded in imprisoning the Minds of almost one sixth of the planet. Organized Religion was the primary weapon in the Order of the Serpent's Mind Control arsenal, a Covert Control System implemented on countless other Milky Way Prison Planets, besides Earth. And it considered Christianity to be their greatest ever triumph in the science of Mind Control. However, it also must be noted that Earth carries a **very special** distinction for being the first Milky Way planet, in many, many millennia, to break out of this Draconian-made Illusion called Religion –accomplished through the Earthlings' own, self-determined action no less! Considering the ruthless efficacy of Organized Religion (a powerful tool of Mass Population Control that was refined over many millennia with the purpose of creating perfect slave societies; in fact, its goal was to create the exact opposite of what came to be known on Earth as the Aquarian Age, after which our own galaxy is named), this was a remarkable feat for the Earthlings, bordering on the impossible. This tiny little planet went on to lead a successful, galaxy-wide revolt against the Order, which elevated its status to one of royalty. In the centuries that followed the Galactic Independence War, the Earth came to be seen as the model of the perfect civilization, and its natives widely acknowledged as being the Milky Way's premier Warrior Mystics. As a result of this, the Earthlings became the de facto galactic leaders of their scattered Human brethren. Of course, were it not for Lord Casey's titanic struggle against the Cosmic Darkness, none of this would've happened in the first place. For to Him is this great Book of Chronicles dedicated!*

Foreword

House Vorlon Official Announcement
September 27th, A.D 4276

'It was another time, a forgotten time...a time when all civilized creatures in the galaxy understood that Magick and Technology were one. You see, when the earliest galactic civilization had made its initial attempt to understand Life and the Universe –or, in other words, when Philosophy was first developed in our galaxy– this produced two opposing schools of thought: Mysticism and Science. The Mystics sought the answers through the Intuition, by connecting with the unseen world; Logic was the Scientists' preferred method of truth discovery. These two disciplines were the progenitors of Magick and Technology respectively and, for long aeons of time, it seemed these two fields could never be reconciled. This, of course, is in keeping with the standard evolutionary pattern that has been observed throughout the known Universe, i.e.: when a civilization is still young, Magick and Technology are thought of as being polar opposites. Only when a society reaches a certain level of understanding are its members then able to see that these seemingly antithetical bodies of knowledge are, in essence, two sides of the same coin. As was to be expected, the Milky Way followed suit and, so, there were those with great wisdom, who came to see that Magick was but a Technology not yet widely understood and Technology was but Magick, albeit a Magick stripped of the mystique and awe associated with the Occult.

From this initial understanding, the entire galaxy came to know that Magick and Technology were all but indistinguishable and both had the same purpose: they were means by which Sentient Beings could understand, control and bend Nature to their Will. They only differed in their method of application. For people on Earth to better understand what is being said here, let us liken Technology to that branch of Earth Philosophy known as science –a method of inquiry that uses a materialistically oriented approach to explain Life and the Universe. Magick, on the other hand, would be a school of thought that takes into account more than just the Third-Dimensional Plane of existence in its attempt to understand and control the Natural Forces around us. Thus Magick could be thought of as being a Spiritual Science or a very advanced Technology (and is what Organized Religion should have been had it stayed true to its original stated purpose, viz. to actually explain the Higher Realms, rather than shroud them in further mystery!). An easier way of saying this, of course, is that Magick is a far more advanced science than the Five Sense based "science" that, unfortunately, almost plunged our world into a new technocratic Dark Age!

Thankfully, we dealt with that threat and both the Earth, and the galaxy as a whole, have now entered a new era of enhanced Spiritual evolution, reminiscent of an age that was almost wiped from Galactic History forever, an age when Magick was rightly seen for what it was and none feared it. This was an era faintly echoed in myths and fairytales now, considered mere legend and nothing more in these "enlightened" times. But it is no legend. For it is an indelible part of our history –a secret history zealously guarded for millennia by the priesthood of an ancient galactic brotherhood.

A chameleon-like, super secret order that has been known by countless names and gone under many guises throughout its long history, but whose grandiose designs for the galaxy had remained unchanged through time: they were hell bent on reclaiming their lost territories, which comprised about three quarters of the civilized worlds. And they would use any means necessary to accomplish this. Blackmail, murder, diabolical intrigue...they knew no limits. Its members were convinced this sinister plot was justified because, in their view, the galaxy was stolen from them thousands of years ago and divided amongst what they considered to be inferior and lazy races. Also the fact that it was done in the name of galactic "peace" –a foreign concept their war mongering race could never fully understand– was taken as a huge insult, making them all the more determined to carry through with their dark agenda. This evil brotherhood was the Order of the Serpent.

While compiling this Encyclopaedia, it was deemed necessary to include an accurate account of the Order of the Serpent's four hundred thousand year, epic odyssey to retake the

Milky Way galaxy. This heretofore unknown history was obtained from their secret archives. Part of the reasoning behind this, seemingly radical, decision was that a serious study of the nature of Evil would work as a preventive measure lest the citizens of the galaxy were, one day, tempted by the same malign force. Also it must be understood that, for the past four hundred millennia, the Order has falsified, and even outright erased, vast amounts of historical data on the worlds it controlled, in an attempt to conceal its presence on said planets. Thankfully this data was reclaimed when the galaxy-wide chain reaction that began with the defeat of their terrestrial proxy, the Illuminati, culminated in the Order of the Serpent's final destruction earlier this year. Sadly, however, this also means all of these worlds –one of which is our own– must now rely almost exclusively on the Order's version of events if they wish to know what transpired during the Occupation. It is the best we can do with what we have, so I decided to publish these records in the belief that all Free Beings have a right to know their true history and that of our galaxy. Certainly the fact that we have this information at all proves that we are the victors.

The final volume of this work is written by me, leader of the Human Intergalactic League during the final years of the 2017 – 2029 Galactic Independence War and current head of the New Federation. Whoever is unsettled by the fact that a key portion of this Official Galactic History Encyclopaedia was derived from the Order of the Serpent's very own historical archives should seek consolation in the fact that the last book in this monumental series is a detailed account of the Order's defeat and was written by the man who destroyed them!

December 21st, 2032'

The above excerpt is the introduction to the original English language edition of *The Forbidden History of the Milky Way*, by Lord Maxwell John Casey (1990 – 2140). King of Earth 2027 – 2040, Grand Master of the New Galactic Federation 2030 – 2140, Supreme Galactic Ruler 2040 – 2140. This comprehensive Encyclopaedia of Milky Way history comprises part of the Vorlon Dynasty Royal Historical Archives, which have been kept secret until the time was right. It is time now for the entire galaxy to learn about the mysterious origins and legendary history of our race. Just as my great ancestor decided to publish the first part of these records, almost two and a half thousand years ago in our native galaxy, I, too, now release my family's secret historical records to the galaxy for the benefit of posterity. For the Humans across this galaxy are now ready to know whence they came from, so that they may figure out wither do they go in this mysterious and beautiful adventure called life.

King Vorlon "the Sorcerer", A.D 4236 –
Supreme Ruler of the Aquarius galaxy
(A.D 4266 –)

Introduction

Even though it is not in chronological order, the first part of *The Complete and Definitive Milky Way and Aquarius Galactic History Encyclopaedia* starts off where it all turned around for Earthlings and, by consequence, the entire Milky Way. The events that made all of this possible must be studied first, because, had they not transpired, we wouldn't even be here now and this historical knowledge would be lost to us forever. While the series has been written in a manner that resembles a fictional tale, it should certainly *not* be seen as such. The only reason I have crafted it in such a way is because the King insisted I do so. He thought it would make for a more entertaining read if presented as an exciting fantasy saga, rather than a boring history encyclopaedia. It would reach a much larger audience this way, he said, thus bringing as many people as possible (especially the youth of the galaxy) in contact with the paramount historical and scientific truths presented herein.

It all began in the early twenty first century on a small and insignificant planet on the edge of the Milky Way galaxy, called Earth, which, at the time, had just entered its space-age era. There, a young man, John 'J.C' Casey –Lord Vorlon's ancestor and the Milky Way's first Supreme Ruler–, embarked on an incredible journey, as if by chance. Of course, those select few of you, who have had the privilege of studying the Ancient Ways at the Aquaria Academy of Advanced Magickal Arts, where I teach, know full well there is no such thing as "chance" or "coincidence", only varying degrees of synchronicity. By the way, for those few readers, who don't already know, the word "synchronicity" is just a fancy way of saying *meaningful coincidence*. You see, as a series of coincidences becomes ever stranger and uncannier, the more likely it is that it's pointing to something meaningful; there is some sort of pattern there –hence it is a series of "meaningful" coincidences. So, in truth, all coincidences are synchronous; there are only differences in degree. With J. Casey the synchronicities spiralled out of control at some point, while at first they were quite inconspicuous.

This eight-part series chronicles John's gradual transformation from unassuming college student to the most powerful adversary the Order of the Serpent had ever known. It is, in large part, based on the detailed diary he kept from early on in his journey. Additional information about John Casey was pieced together by accessing the King's Ancestral Memory, using a secret procedure known only to the Royal Family. Details regarding any other individuals or events, mentioned herein, that could not be verified through viewing Lord Vorlon's Genetic Memory, were gleaned from planet Earth's Collective Memory Matrix (though, admittedly, this last task was difficult). In this wise, we were able to piece together all the unconnected, yet crucial, elements of the story –events that could not have possibly been included in the diary, for they were not witnessed by John.

This diary, by the way, is almost as legendary as the one who wrote it and, until now, has only been a rumor. It is very real, however, and has been passed on from father to son in my King's family since Lord Casey left it to his firstborn upon his passing. In his Milky Way history, little mention was made of the arduous personal trials and adventures John underwent in order to fulfil his mission. Only the key events and battles were covered. This left out an extraordinary, untold story, which deserves to be told! In this series you will learn of the years-long odyssey he went through in order to uncover the galaxy-shaking revelations that, first, led to the Illuminati's downfall and, then, ultimately dismantled the Order of the Serpent itself. Initially we intended to include these books in their proper chronological order, but the King felt strongly about inserting this information at the beginning of our encyclopaedia. We all owe our existence to His Majesty's illustrious ancestor, after all, so we felt obliged to ensure his life and deeds will never be forgotten by the people of our galaxy.

The reasons behind Lord Casey's decision to keep his diary a closely guarded secret for most of his life are not clear to us, but the tradition of secrecy continued out of respect for the progenitor of the Royal Bloodline. So, until now, only eighteen other people have laid eyes on the Casey Diary, aside from J.C himself. Lord Vorlon numbers eighteenth in a succession of firstborn sons of firstborn sons –number one in the succession being Casey's first son.

His Majesty has decided to break the tradition, however, because he believes it is the right time now for Humanity to learn the truth about its origins; to know the grand history of the galaxy that birthed them. We will gain strength through knowing our unique heritage, so that we may reach technological and Spiritual heights heretofore undreamed of; that we may colonize yet further galaxies and worlds unknown...bringing civilization where there is darkness, justice where there is lawlessness and peace where there are warlike Beings. You are about to join me on an incredible journey, which spans over four billion years and answers the three most important questions a creature in the Multiverse can ever ask...where do we come from? Why are we here? Where do we go...?

Zalroth the Seer, A.D 4202 –
Advisor to and Official Chronicler
of His Royal Majesty, King Vorlon
(A.D 4270 –)

Part I: A New Dawn

Prologue

Groom Lake, Nevada, USA

Schneider walked down the dark corridor at a brisk pace; his heart rate increased with each step. He tried his best to act normal: he couldn't risk bringing any unwanted attention to himself. His breath caught in his throat when a couple of MPs emerged from a connecting hallway, but they just walked straight past him. *No one has suspected anything yet...so far so good.* Almost there now. Steadying himself, he dug his right hand into the pocket of his white coat and pulled out the stolen access card. Moments later, he came to a stop, turned his head right and looked at the only thing that stood between him and his prize: a chrome colored, steel door that gleamed in the low light. The black, bas relief stamp at the top read PU-38.

It was the most secure room in the facility; this is where they kept the stuff that wasn't supposed to exist. Most people that worked down there called it "section thirty eight" and had no idea what was in there. But Oscar knew; he had known for some time now. Beads of sweat began to dot his brow and he wiped it with the back of his hand, access card gripped tight. He turned and faced the door directly, took a deep breath and then glanced left and right. He ran the tip of his trembling finger over it, as he listened for the dreaded, and inevitable, intruder alarm. But there was nothing except for the sound of his heavy breath and pounding heart. Deciding to act while still brave enough to do so, he slid the access card through the door swipe with such force it almost snapped in two.

PU-38 was in the sixth level underneath Area 51; special, Above Top Secret clearance was required to gain access to Level 6. Not even the President knew about Level 6: Presidents were told the facility only went down three levels because that's all they needed to know –Exopolitics was not part of their job description. Those were the levels that primarily dealt with back engineering crashed extraterrestrial craft. The real work was done at the lowest three levels, however: it was there that they kept live Aliens in vats; it was there that they did their bizarre cloning experiments, which even attempted Human and Alien crossbreeding...and many other things of this nature.

Dr. Oscar Schneider II, a forty five year old physicist that had been recently transferred from Level 3 to Level 4, had managed to get access to the infamous Level 6 by slipping some tranquilizer into the morning coffee of Dr. Cameron, head scientist of Projekt Ubermensch, and taking his security card. He'd planned this for several months. Each morning, before everyone started their day, all but a handful of Area 51 staff flocked to the cafeteria situated on the ground level. For security reasons, there was no food or drink allowed in the underground levels, except for limited amounts of water, and they were not permitted to go out during their lunch breaks either. So it was common practice for most personnel to have large helpings of breakfast and plenty of coffee in the café before their shifts began.

Oscar managed to put the tranquilizer pills in Dr. Cameron's coffee, as well as a diuretic (water pill), which forced the geneticist to go to the restroom not soon afterwards. Dr. Schneider had experimented with the two medications a great deal and added just the right doses. The plan was for the tranquilizers to take effect around a couple of minutes after the water pill: the head scientist of Level 6 would go under while he was in the restroom and Oscar would be there to tie him up, gag him and stick him in a cubicle before anyone even realized what had happened. And the plan had worked. Flawlessly. He didn't know what would happen when Cameron woke up, however. He hadn't thought that far ahead. He'd gotten past the iris and fingerprint scanners at

the Level 6 entrance by using a synthetic iris and thumb, reverse engineered from the original samples he secretly obtained from Dr. Cameron months earlier.

He was now inside room PU-38. The automatic sensors turned on the fluorescent lights above, which flickered and, after a few seconds, illuminated the small room. He squinted and, when his eyes had adjusted to the bright light, he saw it: the most important artifact in all of Level 6, and possibly the entire world, which he only knew by its nickname, “the eight ball”. It had been extracted from a downed Alien ship, whose sole survivor was being kept on Level 4. The Alien was a “friendly”, as they called the non-hostile species, and it was the first ever time one of its kind had crash landed, let alone been captured alive. Oscar had been assigned with the special task of interrogating the EBE. The mysterious prisoner communicated via telepathy alone and, over time, he and Schneider came to develop a close bond. Once he’d gained the Alien’s trust, it told him about the special device on its crashed ship and that he needed Schneider’s help to get it into the hands of the right people. The plan was hatched soon afterwards.

He walked up to the reinforced, bulletproof glass window, six feet from the door and edged nearer; he peered through into the adjoining room. Right in the center, and inside a small, rectangular, plexiglass display case, sat the eight ball. It was spherical and transparent, like Clear Quartz, and about half the diameter of a billiard ball. There was no trace of man made milling on the orb’s perfect surface –a construct of a technology most Human Minds could not even begin to comprehend. As he stood there, transfixed as if under a Trance, his earlier unease fell away: the object, which appeared to have a consciousness of its own, began to connect with the deepest recesses of his Soul. In a language that transcended the limitations of linear, 3D space-time, it, for lack of a better term, spoke to him. He could not explain it; he could not understand it...he could not *fight* it; but it was happening all the same: the Alien sphere spoke to Oscar’s core self and he was changed in a profound, mystical way. He no longer felt any fear, not even the natural fear of death. It was as if he had seen the other side and, upon liking what was shown to him, was not in the least bit concerned about leaving the Material Plane.

Some moments later, he regained his senses and thought back to the amazing Mind Power techniques the friendly had secretly taught him in the past months, and the rigorous training he’d subjected himself to, in preparation for this pivotal moment. *This had better work...for all our sakes.* He shut his eyes, concentrated for half a minute and slid his hands straight through the reinforced glass as if it was made of water...

The best way to control the opposition is to lead it ourselves.
– Vladimir Ilich Lenin

Broome Street Residential College, New York, USA,
May 20th, 2015, 8:19 A.M

It had been almost eight years since John first found out about the Illuminati and, from that serendipitous day forward, he would never be the same again. With a zeal seldom witnessed in a Human Being, he'd plunged headfirst into the amazing world of Conspiracy Theories¹. His obsessive quest to learn everything he could about this mysterious secret society had consumed his life. This is why it took him almost twice as long as expected to earn his Astrobiology degree. And, even though his parents were happy that he'd finished it, J.C knew a qualification in Astrobiology didn't afford him a great range of employment opportunities. While it seemed like an exciting idea when he'd first picked the course, it wasn't long before he got bored. He had decided to stay in University, however, out of convenience: it gave him the time needed to devote himself to his Illuminati researches.

During his last few years at NYU, he even started his own YouTube channel, [TheNewAeon2012](#), on which he expounded his numerous theories and interviewed an assortment of Conspiracy Theorists, Alternative Historians², Gurus³, Psychics⁴ and Occultists⁵ (He even came

¹ **Conspiracy Theory:** detailed theory pieced together through painstaking research and deductive reasoning, which attempts to explain the workings of, and uncover the key players behind, a conspiracy. Though this term has fallen out of use in our just and transparent society, it was frequently used (often in a derogatory way) on Earth during the early 21st Century, which was a time when a great many conspiracies were being both hatched and exposed. Due to the nature of conspiracies (i.e.: they are, by definition, secret cabals), of course, most of them went completely unnoticed by the broad public on Earth. And even when a conspiracy did get exposed, it was next to impossible for a Truth Researcher to "connect all the dots" and make sense of it. The more sophisticated the conspiracy, the harder it is to expose/understand it and, often times, this meant that Conspiracy Theories were wrong. However, there were *many* more that were correct. But, unfortunately, as mentioned above, the term had a derogatory connotation on Earth, because the masses had been conditioned through the Illuminati-owned Mass Media into believing the theories were ravings of mad men and that Truth Researchers were crazy and/or stupid. In fact the exact opposite was true: the Hidden Controllers had dumbed down and debased the general masses to *such* an extent that stupidity was at an all time high (it is a statistical fact that the percentage of geniuses per capita, at the time, had reached its lowest point in the planet's history) and what, to us, would seem like sheer madness today was considered, by and large, normal behavior back then. Some examples of the latter were: obsessively watching reality T.V shows or sports (see *Television* footnote), preferring idiotic pop music over classical (see *Mozart* footnote), trusting corrupt politicians, believing that one only lives once (see *Reincarnation* footnote), taking destructive, mind-altering drugs (see *Illicit Drug Trade* footnote) for "recreational" purposes and, incredibly, believing this to be **harmless** activity, blindly following either Religion or Materialistic Science, thinking that the meaning of life revolves around having children and grandchildren or, even worse, around *how* many material possessions (i.e.: houses, cars, clothes, trophy wives, boy toys, et al.) one has accumulated in a lifetime, etc, etc., ad nauseam. Tragic does not even begin to describe the state of these peoples' vacuous lives! Thankfully this sorry state of affairs didn't go on forever, because the Spiritual Renaissance that was the Aquarian Aeon eventually straightened the planet out by injecting the *one* key ingredient heretofore missing from the planet: undeniable proof that the Higher Spiritual Realms exist!

² **Alternative Historian:** historian who ignored the Illuminati Dark Cabal's largely falsified, "official" version of history and based his/her conclusions on *actual* proof, in defiance to the Hidden Elite's bad habit of routinely falsifying history to suit their various socio-political and/or economic ends and, perhaps most importantly, to keep Earthlings in the dark about the Archontic/Reptilian planetary takeover that had occurred in Atlantis.

³ **Guru:** suffix denoting great expertise in any given area. E.g.: music guru, financial guru, etc. However, since this tome revolves heavily around Spirituality and conspiracies, whenever I use the word it would usually denote a Spiritual guru, Conspiracy Theory guru and related terms.

⁴ **Psychic:** individual that has achieved heightened levels of awareness due to having a stronger connection to their Higher Self than the average person typically does. This acute awareness produces abilities like: Telepathy, Clairvoyance, Psychometry, etc. In John Casey's day, many people saw these abilities as being "supernatural" or "superhuman", but this was merely a reflection of the general population's *appallingly* low Spiritual Awareness Levels! When they finally woke up after interest in all matters Spiritual reached a critical mass, they came to realize these abilities were normal phenomena. They could've done it much quicker though, had the planet not been infested with so many Service to Self people that couldn't care less about Spiritual Advancement or about the Greater Good! If I were Lord Casey, I would've just eliminated these kinds of people without remorse. It's not as if I would be

close to getting an interview with the great [David Icke](#)⁶ himself once; unfortunately, the interview was cancelled at the last minute due to scheduling conflicts. John would become good friends with him many years later, however). The channel made him infamous on campus, but J.C figured infamy was better than no fame at all.

He lay on the bed, fully dressed and on top of the blanket, as he stared at the white ceiling of his dorm room. He felt a mixture of relief and sadness. *Finally...graduation day; how mighty thoughtful of them to give us official certification of the Left Brained, Mind-shrinking brainwashing. I'm still gonna miss this place though.*

The knock on the door startled him; a muffled voice behind it soon followed. "Please tell me you're ready!" John sprang to his feet and ran to the door, flinging it open, "Xan the man," he greeted his friend with a beaming smile, "how nice of you to drop by! Don't worry, we've still got time," he glanced over his shoulder and nodded at the wall clock behind him, "see?"

Xander frowned. "That's what you *always* say," he shook his head and walked inside. John shut the door. "Five years, John...*five* years I've known you! And, in that time, I've completed a double degree –with honors, I might add– while you – you've *barely* scraped through one. And you've been here seven! You're the strangest man I've ever met, you know that? You're like this surreal cross between David Icke and [Van Wilder](#) or something; it just boggles the Mind. Seriously, remind me of one instance where you were right on time or, heaven *forbid*, even five minutes early. Just one will do; I'm being pretty lenient here; really."

"Xan, Xan; c'mon, buddy, why so serious? We *both* know time doesn't really exist; it's all just a big illusion, or whatever, remember? So what's the rush...?"

"You know, I'm starting to think you're incapable of being serious. Like *literally*; I mean, your brain, it – it just can't do it! Are you *sure* you haven't got some strange, as yet undiscovered, medical condition? I'm not joking, J.C! Then again, the way *your* brain is wired, you probably can't understand what I'm saying now, since I'm *actually* being serious."

"I'm sorry, what was that...?" He put his hand to his ear acting like he couldn't hear. "I don't speak Serious; I see your mouth moving and all, but my brain, it just...I don't know...I seem to be having trouble decoding your bullsh –"

"But, like you keep saying ad nauseam, you speak sarcasm just fine, don't you? Well, sorry to break it you, Maxwell John Casey: life isn't one big joyride! We're not living in a perpetual sitcom, in case you haven't noticed. Uh, tell me something, how long were you planning on staying an eternal teenager for exactly? A *rough* estimate will do, I don't need a precise number."

"Sitcom...? Dude, have I taught you nothing all these years? We're living in the goddamn *Truman Show*! All of this nice stuff you see," John looked around the room, "it's all fake, buddy, *fake*; how long has it been since you watched [The Matrix](#)⁷, by the way?" Xander looked to his right at the *Matrix Reloaded* poster next to John's bed and sighed. He then crossed his arms and faced J.C again, who continued. "You need to brush up I think; that movie should be watched at *least* once a month. By everyone! It's good for your health, trust me. And make sure you pay close attention to the bit where Mouse is pondering the profound metaphysics behind the taste of

really "killing" them: their immortal Spirits would simply reincarnate on other planets better suited to their stupidity, laziness, irresponsibility and selfishness, making way for the Starseeds on Earth to turn that world into a powerful Light Planet. Then again, one of the reasons I am *not* as powerful as John Casey –or his great descendant, Lord Vorlon, for that matter– is precisely *because* I do not possess the same tolerance, benevolence and wisdom as they.

⁵ **Occult:** Advanced Magick that was kept hidden from the public; the masses were led to believe the Occult was synonymous with Black Magick, but this was very far from the truth. The word "occult" simply means hidden and, thus, was a very apt term to describe a secret body of knowledge. The reason Christianity had hoodwinked Earthlings into thinking the Occult was exclusively comprised of writings on Dark Magick, was because this Illuminati-directed religion did *not* want people to have access to the powerful White Magick that could defeat the Dark Overlords of Earth.

⁶ **David Icke:** (1952 – 2152) great Light Warrior, who devoted his life exposing the Illuminati Grand Conspiracy. He wrote many books and lectured to millions of people about the sinister conspiracy, and was dubbed "the most controversial speaker in the world". He was the first Truth Researcher to teach the broad public about the reality of the Time Loop Earthlings were trapped in. While, at first, ridiculed and rejected by the mainstream (of course he would be; did anyone take *Galileo* seriously when he said the world was round?), his powerful message eventually reached billions.

⁷ **The Matrix (1999 AD):** groundbreaking science fiction film, written and directed by the Wachowski brothers, whose concept was inspired by the reality of Earth's Lower Astral Plane. Thus millions of Earthlings resonated with it, without really knowing why, making the film a great success. There were those rare few, however, that were fully aware the film was showing people a fictionalized version of the Truth.

chicken. Real deep stuff. Oh, and another thing: the only condition I suffer from is awesomeitis; remember that. Now don't be givin' me that look, you know I speak sooth!"

"Of course. How could I forget? Forgive me, Your Highness," Xander bowed down, "King of the Badasses, Lord of Awesomeness."

"I might be a slightly mad King, but I *am* a just one, so I'll let it slide this time," he placed his right hand on Xander's blonde head, "you're forgiven, peasant," Xan pushed it away and J.C went on, "seriously though man, why would I *want* to grow up? *Grown up*, what does that even mean? Like, actually define it. From where I'm standing," he made quotation marks in the air, "*grown ups* look like the most miserable people: always stressed out about payin' bills, always arguing with their spouse...complaining about politics and a *million* other things, when, instead, they should just be in the moment, be nice to each other and live it up to the max, baby! By all means, Dr. Jones, please remind me again: how is being stressed out twenty four seven and working a hundred and sixty nine hours a week –in order to pay off a massive mortgage on a house that's *way* bigger than it needs to be and which you'll *never* have time to enjoy, anyway– meant to be a *recipe for happiness*? I don't get it; really, I don't. I'm dead serious –imagine that, *me* being serious– I *literally* can't understand why this society is set up the way it is. And you know why? It's because it doesn't *make* any fucking sense, that's why! I was kinda hoping my absolutely *divine*, carefree, slacker attitude would rub off on you after all these years," John shrugged, "apparently not."

"Are you finished?" Xan said in his prominent Scottish accent.

John frowned and moved his eyes around, feigning deep contemplation. "Yep, pretty sure I successfully dealt with this morning's generous helping of ballbus –"

"Good. I suggest you write some of those gems down. You could even publish a self help book one day; maybe call it *How to Accomplish Nothing at All and Most Definitely not Get Rich*. Now are you gonna get your ass ready, Captain Fantastic, or what?"

"Hey, come to think of it, that just might work," John brought his index finger to his face and crouched down, leaning closer to his shorter friend, "it'll cater to a previously untapped niche market," he then turned around, put his left arm over Xan's shoulder and extended his other one in front of them, "imagine it, Professor Jones, hippies would be lining up in the *streets* to buy that shit! And I like the title, too, by the way; it has a certain r –"

Xander forced J.C's arm off. "For the love of God, will you just get ready, please? What do I have to do, *pay* you? It's almost like you don't wanna go. What's the matter, John? Seriously. I know you," he regarded him, "something's wrong, isn't it?"

John put on his serious face for the first time since Xander had arrived. "Okay, look, to be perfectly honest with you, I kinda have a funny feeling about today. You're right: part of me *doesn't* wanna go...I –"

"Really?" Xan let out a chuckle. "Johnny boy missing college? Well, who woulda thought? It's ironic that you've always been accusing *me* of being overly sentimental."

"No, you don't understand, it's just this –"

"Just get your ass ready, dude, and don't be such a wuss!"

"Alright, alright, Mr. Grumpy," John walked into the bathroom. He shut the door behind him with his foot and continued at the top of his voice, "it's not like it's somethin' super important like a hot date or, better still, an *Iron Maiden* concert; it's just graduation, bro."

"*Just graduation*...sure, whatever you say, Einstein." Alexander Joshua Jones said to himself and shook his head in disapproval. *Unbelievable! He'd rather see Iron Maiden than go on a date with a beautiful woman. What am I gonna do with this guy?*

Xan was the only other Conspiracy Theorist in the entire campus aside from J.C; the only other person that was on the same wavelength when it came to this kind of stuff. Xander always understood him. But he was more responsible than John and often tried to talk sense into him. He believed he did it for his best friend's own good; he cared about him like family, since John was the older brother he never had. J.C, on the other hand, had hoped his sunnier outlook on life would be a beneficial influence on his younger friend. They were as odd as an odd couple could be –they even had opposite hair color– but, somehow, it worked and they made a great team. Each seemed to complement the other's weaknesses. Xander had been instrumental in helping

the chronically unorganized and procrastinating John get through University, while the latter introduced his “little bro”, as he liked to call him, to the wonderful world of college partying, giving him a much needed confidence boost in the process.

“C’mon, little bro, what are you waitin’ for? Get on,” John revved his black Ducati, “you’re the one that kept nagging me up there; now you’ve got cold *feef*?”

“I guess I just realized how much I’m gonna miss college, too...you know?”

“I hear ya; I feel the same, man, trust me.” J.C then realized how long he’d been there for. *Wow, seven years to get a four year degree and I’ll probably never even end up using it. On the bright side, at least my folks will finally get off my case now.*

Xander jumped on the bike and held onto John’s waist. NYU Commencement Day was to be held at Yankee Stadium, which was about ten miles away. As usual, J.C darted off like a bullet, as if competing in some strange death race where only the winner survives.

“Whoa, slow down a little, sunshine! We’re not *that* fucking late; and why aren’t you wearing your helmet again? I swear that unhinged Sagittarian Moon of yours is gonna get you killed one day, bro!” Xander yelled.

John turned his head right so Xander could hear him better. “Yeah, well, you’re the one that was complai –” suddenly there was a blinding flash up ahead. They both covered their eyes; John lost control of the bike and rammed into the back of the cab a few feet ahead. Meanwhile, the traffic behind and in front of them came to a grinding halt, and everyone on the crowded sidewalks froze in terror. J.C turned off the Ducati and they both dismounted. He glanced down at the dent in his bike and then at the taxi’s door, which had just swung open. The deafening blast soon followed and panic ensued amongst the hundreds of drivers and pedestrians: horns tooted, people ran in all directions, women and children screamed in terror! It was total chaos.

“Jesus! What the hell was that?” John cried. Xander placed his right hand on his friend’s shoulder and pointed up ahead. “Look...” they both gaped at the rising mushroom cloud that had begun to blot out the sun: New York had been attacked with a nuclear weapon!

“Do you think that could’ve come from Yankee Stadium? Practically the whole of NYU is there except for us two!”

“What?!” said Xander and then took off his helmet. “What the hell would make you say something like that?”

“I don’t know, just a feeling,” said John and turned to him, “so you’re the physics nerd: was that an A-bomb? It’s gotta be, right? Must be like – like one of those suitcase bombs or someth –”

“It’s the only type of nuclear weapon they’d use in an attack like this! And they’re usually between five to ten kilotons.”

“What does that mean?”

“Well, if it *is* from Yankee Stadium, like you said, then everything within about a one mile radius is gone, blown away, nothing left, John. Nada! Washington Heights, Upper Manhattan, Melrose and everything in between,” he extended his arms outward, “all gone; swallowed up in a five hundred feet *fucking* high fireball! At least a quarter million people have been instantly killed! And this is just the beginning; that’s what it means!

“Oh, God...you can’t be serious...” the lump in J.C’s throat grew heavy as he stared at the ground, a blank look on his face.

“Oh, I’m dead serious: I’m the neurotic one here, remember?” Xander repeatedly tapped his chest with his right index finger, as his whole body trembled. “So I’ve done a *ton* of research on this exact nuclear attack scenario. Trust me; I know what I’m talking about!”

The middle aged, Italian-American cab driver, who was now a couple of feet in front of them, turned around and looked at Xander. “Say, kid, what do we do now?” He said in his Brooklyn accent. “We gotta find shelter for the next twenty four hours, don’t we? I think that’s how it works.”

“Yeah, even though, technically, we’re quite a safe distance from the blast, it’s only a matter of time before the nuclear radiation catches up with us, so it’s best we find a tall building to –”

“Wait a minute!” The cabbie slightly moved his head to the left and concentrated. “Is that a – a radio announcement? I guess we are a safe distance away if the EMP hasn’t affected the electronic equipment here.” He then walked back to the driver’s side door, reached through the open window and turned up his SONY stereo’s volume to full. All three focused on the female news presenter’s voice.

...and, according to Emergency Services calls made near the area, the blast originated from Yankee Stadium at 9:11 a. m, Eastern Standard Time. This would make Yankee Stadium ground zero and means it has been completely obliterated! I repeat, Yankee Stadium is ground zero and has been completely destroyed! And, if we are to believe the claims made in Twitter’s newest trending topic, hashtag newyorkattack, all lower case, thousands of eye witnesses swear the explosion was in fact a nuclear one. There are also disturbing reports that parts of Upper Manhattan have been wiped from the map, though this cannot be verified. Information is still scarce at the moment, but we will be giving regular updates, so stay tuned...

The men just stood there, wide eyed; they couldn’t speak. The taxi driver’s cigarette fell out of his mouth. All three understood the true significance of the reported time of the blast.

“You were right! How did you know?” Xander asked John as he turned and faced him.

“Never mind how I knew, that’s not important right now. I’m more concerned about the time the bomb went off:” both friends gave each other knowing glances, “you know as well as I do that it’s a False Flag Attack⁸, just like 9/11⁹ was! But I – I never thought they’d hit New York again...I mean...” a shocked J.C paused for a while and looked away. A few moments later, he addressed both of them, “We’re completely screwed! Congratulations, gentlemen; you’ve just witnessed the birth of World War III¹⁰ today. Let’s hope we live to tell the tale.”

⁸ **False Flag Attack (FFA):** terrorist attack that has been secretly planned by factions within the attacked country’s own government, but made to *look* like it has been perpetrated by an outside group. FFA’s are often used by politicians as convenient excuses to both rally nations into preplanned wars and put dictatorial constraints on their government’s Constitutions. This can clearly be seen from the analysis of the two case studies below, which are the two most famous FFAs on Earth:

Case Study 1: Reichstag Fire

• **Target:** Reichstag building • **Location/Date:** Berlin, Germany, Feb 27th 1933 • **Casualties:** Zero • **Perpetrators:** Nazi party
• **Political Outcomes:** a) Nazi persecution of the Communist party was justified. b) Enabling Act was passed, which bypassed the Weimar Constitution and gave Adolf Hitler dictatorial powers.

Case Study 2: 9/11 Attacks

• **Target:** World Trade Center and Pentagon Buildings • **Location/Date:** New York, USA and Virginia, USA, September 11th, 2001
• **Casualties:** 2,996 • **Political Outcomes:** a) Preplanned Afghanistan and Iraq wars justified. b) False “War on Terror” campaign began. c) Patriot Act was passed, which bypassed much of the US Constitution and gave George W. Bush near-dictatorial powers.
• **Global Spiritual-Psychological Impact:** morale of planet dramatically dropped. Global state of Chronic Apathy/Fear was generated that took several years to wear off.

Note: *The last outcome was highly desired by the perpetrators of 9/11 in order that it strongly counteracts the increasing Vibrational Frequencies pouring into the planet.*

Even someone who is blind and can’t read *English* can see from the above famous examples that the attacks greatly benefited the governments that planned them. The similarity between the two FFAs is nothing short of astonishing.

⁹ **9/11:** FFA planned and carried out by certain covert forces within the US Government, Military and Intelligence circles (also known as the Secret or Shadow Government) on September 11th 2001. The “terrorist” target was the World Trade Center building in New York and, to a lesser extent, the Pentagon. The official fairy tale told in the controlled News Media was that the Trade Center was hit by a hi-jacked plane. In truth, the two buildings had been secretly rigged with explosives months prior to the day the patsy-terrorists struck. While the Mass Media went to *incredible* lengths to sell the false story of the hi-jacked plane to the stupid/suggestible masses, there were so many things out of place with the official version of events that it raised many peoples’ suspicions. This ruthless FFA woke many people up to the truth about what was going on in the world and interest in Conspiracy Theories skyrocketed after this time. Nevertheless, the people who had awakened were still a minority for, as we said in the very first footnote, Earthlings were at their dumbest point they had ever been in their entire (both official *and* unofficial) history! So, naturally, the majority didn’t have the requisite intelligence and/or insight to fathom that 9/11 could’ve been a FFA, or to understand why governments would even need to carry out these acts in the first place. The fact that history was *replete* with instances of FFAs didn’t seem to matter much to most people, much in the way that logic doesn’t seem to matter much when one is hard at work debating a **brick** wall.

¹⁰ **Word War III (the Final War):** the final and most devastating of the three great wars engineered by the Illuminati. It would be the war that would give them their long awaited One World Government. While Word War I was designed to destroy the European Monarchy, World War II was started in order to create the state of Israel. Then, the third war, which would be fomented by the

In a sleek New York penthouse, fifteen miles away from the bomb blast, a tall, black haired, muscular man stood by the window and observed the mushroom cloud. His cell phone soon rang. He put it to his right ear. "It's done, Colonel. Everything went exactly as planned." His accent was not quite English, though not quite American either.

"Excellent work, soldier. You were the big star of this play's final act, but a new play will soon begin: a New Dawn is coming! I will contact you in the next few days with further instructions."

"Yes, Colonel."

The Colonel, a gray haired military man, who sat behind an oak desk in his enormous mansion's Library, hanged up and soon called another number. After a few rings, the person on the other end picked up, *"I trust you have good news for me, Colonel?"*

"Couldn't be better: the operation was a great success, Sir. We can now proceed with the next phase of our plan."

"Have you made sure they will find enough clues to incriminate the right parties?"

"Without a doubt! We've planted more than enough evidence to implicate the terrorists and tied any loose ends that could potentially lead back to us. Plus our people in the Media will say exactly what we told them to say. As always, of course, the suits will do their usual investigations and, like the dumb *animals* that they are, will conclude the terrorists were working alone. What a bunch of stupid assholes!"

"But they are useful assholes, Colonel; we still need them to help us solidify the New Order."

"Not for too much longer; when the war is over and our rule finally becomes overt, they'll suffer the same fate as those useless eaters they now police."

"Indeed. We must be patient, however: we can't control the world without our trained dogs there to keep everyone in line; at least not yet we can't. Goodbye for now, Colonel. You did a commendable job today." said the man and hanged up.

A few hours later, John and Xander were holed up on the tenth floor of an empty, twenty storey construction site. They sat on the ground next to each other, their backs against the south wall, looking out of the newly installed windows around twelve feet across from them. Nails, small pieces of wood and used up sandpaper lay scattered around the dusty, cement floor. An empty, five gallon paint bucket stood in the middle of the room; the scent of freshly painted walls filled the air. As if this day did not contain enough bizarre synchronicities, the small portable radio a few feet in front of them provided what seemed to be the perfect background music: the melancholic voice of Jim Morrison singing *The End*. Both men were silent, thinking of all the people they'd known in University that were now gone forever. Even though J.C never liked the academic aspect of college much, he'd enjoyed his time there overall and had some fond memories. He still couldn't believe this had happened. He thought about his most recent girlfriend, Anne O' Narkey.

She was a blonde cheerleader turned lawyer and when she had been accepted into Law School three years earlier, everyone, not least herself, was dumbfounded. John could never understand how the hell she did it. He and Xan would often joke about the fact that she'd probably sent several of her cheerleader friends to take the entrance exams in her place: she and her blonde girlfriends looked so much alike that John could sometimes swear they were all clones! J.C chuckled at the thought and it somewhat lifted his spirits.

Then he remembered her last words to him a couple of months earlier, before she slammed the door of his dorm room shut on her way out: *You're a tin foil hat wearing loser...and you'll always be a tin foil hat wearing loser! Get a life!* It was right after a three hour argument they had about 9/11: she was adamant the official story was actually true and would not budge. This was the final straw for J.C; for the first hour of the fight he was positive it was just a bad dream he would soon wake up from. He couldn't, for the life of him, understand how somebody could be so ignorant in the real world, you see. They broke up a few weeks later, of course. After being with

Anne, John had sworn he'd never get married unless he found someone who was on, or near, the same wavelength as him!

But now he reconsidered; he wished he could see her one more time...try and be a bit more tolerant of her ignorance, maybe even make it work again. "Man, I wish I could turn back time and see Anne again, even if it was just once; try to talk things through..." his eyes watered and he swallowed hard to get rid of the lump in his throat. He turned right and looked at Xan, "I – sometimes I can be such an ass, you know? Just 'cause she wasn't a hundred percent, *exactly* on our wavelength with all this Truther shit, I was a bit –"

"I know, dude...I *know*. It's okay; I'm as shocked as you are," Xan let out a deep sigh, "listen, this is probably the last thing you wanna hear right now, but at least we made it out alive. That's still somethin', right? And we can thank your chronic tardiness for that: if we were on time, we would've been blown away too!"

John looked ahead again and nodded in agreement. "Yeah..." he then slumped his head down between his knees. A moment later, the song was interrupted by the latest news update. Xander grabbed the radio and brought it closer to them.

...the FBI has released an official statement claiming they had Intel pointing to a potential terrorist attack being carried out on New York, but, just as it happened over ten years ago, the Intel was apparently inconclusive, so the government didn't act on it...

The attack seems to bear the mark of the Iranian radical group, Arabian Knights –the fanatical supporters of ex-Irani President, Mahmoud Ahmadinejad– whose members promote the anti-Semitic propaganda that America's supposed Secret Government, led by International Bankers, has been manipulating the Iran-Israel¹¹ conflict in order to spark World War III. Ironically, just like a self fulfilling prophecy, it will be the group's own terrorist act today that will likely spark another World War...

"I knew it!" John looked up and faced Xander again. "They finally pulled it off: they'll get their damn war now. The US will try to hit the *terrorists*, knowing full well that Russia and China will side with Iran. Israel seems to have fulfilled the purpose it was created for; and it all went exactly as described in the *Letter to Mazzini* almost a hundred and fifty years ago!"

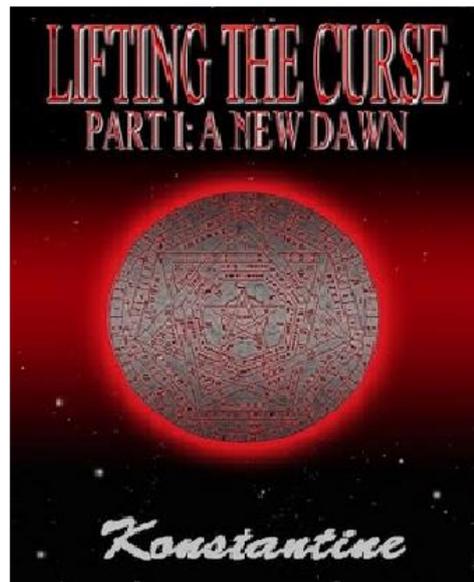
"God knows how many people will survive this, John..."

"Well, whoever *does* live through it will get to see the Global Fascist State we've been talking about all these years. And, by the way, if we're fortunate enough to be among the survivors, we gotta find a way to *stop* these maniacs once and for all!"

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¹¹ **Israel:** nation created by the [International Banker](#)-led arm of the Illuminati in 1949, under the pretense that it would serve as a homeland for Jewish people. In truth, however, the Illuminati (who were not Jews, but mainly of Germanic extraction and strongly affiliated with the Nazis, Knights Templar and the [Jesuits](#)) did not care one iota for the Jews in Israel. The real reasons behind the creation of Israel were actually as follows: a) to create the necessary tension between Jews and Muslims in the Middle East that would eventually lead to World War III b) to use the Jewish people and Israel as a convenient scapegoat whenever Illuminati activities were scrutinized. As high-level Illuminati insider and whistle-blower, Simon Parkes (a confirmed Reptilian-Human hybrid, by the way), says at approx. the 1:03:00 mark in this video [here](#), the Jewish/Israeli faction of the Illuminati bloodlines was allied with a race of Aliens, generally known as the [Anunnaki](#) to Conspiracy Theorists, that had come down to Earth in the Babylon area, in about 5,000 BC (we will delve more into the Anunnaki issue at a later time). This is the real reason why the Dark Illuminati Cabal showed such a huge interest in the Middle East. It had nothing to do with the various, 100% Emotionally based, fairy tale-like reasons given by Organized Religion.

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