

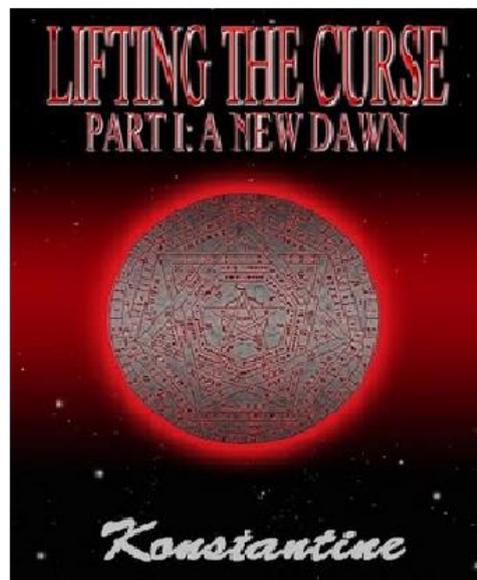
LIFTING THE CURSE

PART I: A NEW DAWN



Konstantine

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CHAPTER 3 FREE EXCERPT

“I’ve barely mentioned the *lizard people* on YouTube; why bring it up out of nowhere?”

“Well, you know, guys like you always seem to find a way to throw the Reptilian theory into the mix. For some fucked up reason, seems to be all the rage in the Truther scene these days. And, while we’re on it, take it from me: that so-called *theory*,” he waved his hand for emphasis, “total fantasy! Bright young man like you, there’s way better things to spend your time on.” John then noticed the red, Maltese Cross-shaped cufflinks on the end of the cop’s sleeve. *What the fuck! Who are these people?* The Sergeant returned from the car. “The Chief just said we’re free to teach this little punk some manners,” he gave John a derisive look, “truth warrior my ass. You look more like a *slave* from where I’m standin’, boy!”

“What do you wanna do with him, Sarge?”

“Just get him on his feet and follow me.” he then started walking into the woods on the side of the road; Officer Blake forced J.C up. John protested. “You can’t do this! It’s unconstitu –”

“The constitution doesn’t really *exist* anymore, pal,” the policeman snapped, speaking into John’s right ear from behind. Sergeant Thomson then stopped and spun around. He pointed at a pine tree to his left, “Over here; hurry up.” Officer Blake walked John up to it, turned him so that he could face them and then pushed him. J.C stumbled back and crashed against the massive tree. His lower back took the brunt of the impact and he screamed out in pain. “I think he likes it, Sarge.” the Officer jeered. A moment later, John’s legs gave in and his back slid down the trunk. He just sat there at the base of the tree, helpless, looking up at the two men and wondering what on earth would happen next.

“Like the good Officer here said: constitution’s only there on paper, so people can think they’re living in a democracy,” Sergeant Thomson explained, “but, soon, when we bring in our new laws, it’s gonna go completely. And, you know what, I say good riddance! No more of this bullshit red tape to tie our hands; we’ll finally be able to bring *order* into this chaos you laughably call *society*,” he turned to Blake, who now stood to his left, “can you believe these jokers think [Anarchy](#) is actually feasible? Ha! Whenever there’s a problem though, who do they call...?” he looked down at John again, “That’s right, dirtbag: you call the *pigs*, don’t you? Scum like you just love to accuse us of being murderers for hire, but – but when you have the slightest little emergency, your fingers always seem to find their way to your phone’s number nine and number one keys, don’t they?”

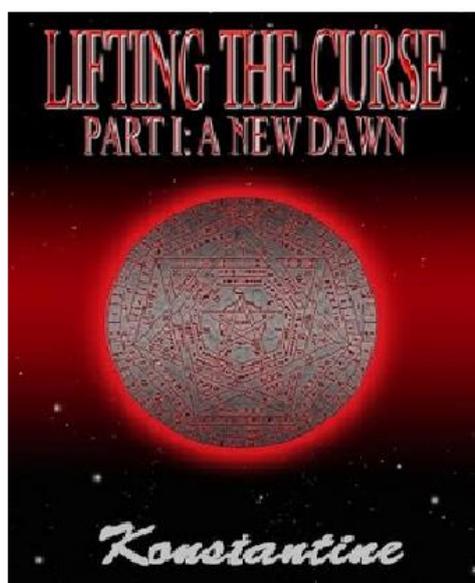
“If you really served and protected *us*, you would go and arrest the Banksters and all the politicians they have in their pockets instead! Not to mention other big players, like the Military Industrial Complex, the CIA, NSA¹,” the tall, stocky Sergeant grimaced at the mere mention of the three letter agency and exchanged knowing glances with the shorter, slimmer Blake. John, realizing he’d struck a nerve, decided to push their buttons even further, “yeah, that’s right, I fucking said NSA! And I know all about that cheap [itanimulli.com](#) ploy, too: they come out and say it’s *just a prank*, but no one tells you the guy who owns that domain used to work for [DARPA](#). Prank my ass. I can’t believe so many people have bought into that bullshit explanation! If you ask me, your bosses are trying to tell us something with this *most peculiar* of URL forwarding cases.”

¹ **NSA (National Security Agency)**: one time head of all US intelligence agencies; mother agency of the CIA (Central Intelligence Agency). It was known to have access to technology that was many decades ahead of the accepted, publically admitted technologies and was involved in a gigantic spying operation aimed against the whole the planet, via its Echelon Spy Network. By using very advanced satellite technology, they could eavesdrop on any phone call, or any other type of electronic communication (such as email, Facebook messages, sms, etc.) on Earth, without anyone being able to stop them. Unbeknownst to most Earthlings, it was an Illuminati created/controlled organization from the beginning. As the reader has likely come to realize by now, the Illuminati’s actions were chiefly centered around control and domination, so, of course, creating something as powerful as the NSA –with the near-invincible Echelon Satellite Network and other similar technologies at its disposal– would be something we would surely expect of them. Funnily enough (though I very much doubt it is *actually* funny), the Illuminati had decided to play a rather wry joke on the public by commissioning a low level, former employee to set up a domain name called **www.itanimulli.com** (which is Illuminati spelled backwards), and other similar ones ending in .org, .net and so on, that, when clicked on, led straight to the official government site of the NSA! Previous to this footnote, I had not made mention of the fact that these sick people within the Illuminati networks had an equally sick and taunting humor, preferring to tease their slave populations and, often times, show them the Illuminati Agenda, quite blatantly, through films, television shows or disturbing “jokes”, such as the one mentioned here. The reader is free to confirm the veracity of this shocking claim by doing some simple research on the recently released CHIEFs (Complete History of Internet Earth Files), which can be readily, and freely, found when using any public or private HILL (Holographic Intranet Limbic Link-up) Machine in our galaxy.

Sergeant Thomson composed himself and fired back. “Christ, you Conspiracy Theorists, you *never* learn do you? We’re the good guys, son, that’s what you don’t get. All we want is a world without war, without theft...without murder! And these so-called *Bankers’ Wars* you keep yappin’ about on the Net, you’re barking up the wrong tree: the Bankers don’t cause the wars; they’re just shrewd businessmen taking advantage of certain, well...” he paused and the left side of his mouth rose, forming a repulsive smirk, “*opportunities*. Wars would happen regardless. People have egos, they fight; they all wanna be top dog. Every country wants to outdo the neighboring one. Now, tell me: did the *Bankers* do that? Guys like us want to see a peaceful, orderly Brotherhood of Man spread across the world. If it means we gotta get a little rough and do some unpleasant things once in a while in order to get there, then so be it. You can’t make an omelet without breaking a few eggs, can you now?”

“So that’s what *guys like you* call a Global Police Dictatorship? A Brotherhood of *Man*? And you think that by – by roughing me up, you’ll stop me from saying the *truth* about it on the Internet??”

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