

Thomas Saxe
Street Address
City, ST ZIP Code
805-625-1963
theunknownsockpuppet@gmail.com

83188 words

WORKING TITLE: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(THE DEAD ARMADILLO STORY)
A COLLECTION OF SHORT STORIES AND ESSAYS
By Dr. T. C. Saxe, DD, RSISHE

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 2

FOREWORD

Why do people write, and why do people read what other people have written? In the case of a book or story for children as an example, about a mythical dragon discovering what true kindness and compassion is all about. It's entertainment, and at the same time, it includes that positive message/lesson or two that the author is trying to convey to his or her young readers.

With most subject matters, the writer is hoping to intrigue the reader enough that the reader just can't put the book down. Make the dragon purple, oh, and it loves marshmallows. Or maybe it's a story about "Ralph the Mouse" and his family's journey through a treacherous and seemingly impossible maze of circumstances, but it still contains a message/lesson for the children that the author purposely has included.

It's not a technical presentation like in a scientific or medical journal meant to inform other scientists or medical professionals of a better "mouse trap" or break-through discovery for a new cure for a disease. It's not a "How to change the spark-plugs on your Harley" manual or video, and it's not the directions on a bottle of some opiate drug that has been prescribed to make you more insane than you already are. With "Ramblings of an Old Fart", it is purely meant to be entertaining, but it also includes a few subtle but positive messages once in a while for all my readers to grasp on to, to be enlightened, or not.

With a fictional mystery novel, the writer has laid out clues along the way, the little bread crumbs, hoping that the reader will be intrigued enough, curious that is, to continue reading because the book is so masterfully written. Written in such a way, that the reader is excited to try

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 3

to figure out the "Who did it" and why that person or persons did what they did. Or perhaps the reader solves and correctly answers some big question, no matter what that question may be.

As in the case of many successful writers like Stephen King and the "Horror" genre, as an example, the process of scaring the shit out of you, as you read one of his novels or watch one of his movies is in his style of writing, i.e., how he presents his story, and how he captures the reader's attention is what has made him a successful writer. It's entertainment, if you like horror stories. I don't claim to be another Stephen King or even another Ernest Hemingway. I just hope that my writing style IS entertaining enough to cause you to keep reading, and not put the book down.

With this my first book, I have compiled many of my writings from my website, cherry-picked from almost seven years of writing, it's meant to entertain you, the reader, and also to convey a few messages along the way. Over the years, I've had many friends request, ask me, to publish a book of my website material. With over a million visitors from 181 countries, I finally have. I share with you, the bits and pieces of hardship and struggle, and the ability, that we all have, to overcome extremely negative circumstances that so many people face in life.

With this book, I share my life's difficulties similar in many respects to what we all face in one way or another. I have included messages of hope and persistence, forgiveness, and compassion, mixed with a little comedy, which ultimately transformed my life, and I sincerely believe it will transform your life in a positive way as well.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 4

*I've traveled my own road. Hard times and good times. I haven't completed my journey yet
but I made it this far on optimism and compassion for others - Dr. T. C. Saxe, DD, RSISHE*

Ultimately of course, I want my readers to be entertained. It will be wonderful if they also
"get" the messages of forgiveness, persistence, optimism, and what true success in life really is
all about.

Shelton takes a crap OUTSIDE and I see a UFO

From one of my Facebook postings: It's now a little after Midnight. This story is TRUE, and it happened last night. The reason that I've used a photo of a dog that happens to be a mirror image of Shelton (a West Highland White Terrier), is because I think more people will be interested in actually going to my website (by "Clicking" on the photo) because it's a cute little doggie photo. Right?

Friday the 31st of July, 2020, early evening, about 7:50 PM. The full moon is south of me, to my left from where I'm sitting facing the beach, and there's not a cloud in the sky. I'm outside with Shelton, that I have been babysitting for about a month. I have a favorite spot where I sit, to give Shelton his freedom several time a day (or try to convince him) to take a crap outside instead of in the Casita on the beautiful Oriental Area Rug in my living room.

So, as Shelton is roaming about tonight, chasing one dude on a small motorcycle, lifting a rear leg on the neighbors left-front tire, sniffing the ground as he walks around, like all dogs do, I'm sitting there smoking my cigar, having a beer, looking north towards Rosarito Beach when I begin staring at two red lights SLOWLY traveling south along the coastline. Not just one light, but with my poor eyesight, it appeared to be several lights on each object. Not over the ocean, but just sort of following along the shoreline, perhaps a hundred yards in from the ocean.

To me, at first, the two dark objects with the red lights could have been airplanes, but as they got closer to me, I recognized that they were moving way too slow to be airplanes. Of the two

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 6

objects, one object was much larger, and was ahead of the other smaller object. Then all of a sudden, the larger object just stopped, like stopped on a dime, as if to wait for the smaller object to catch up. Hovering? I don't know, those small radio-operated helicopter- type drones that people have can hover, but not a hover that is completely motionless, with no wind/breeze-caused drift of its hovering.

This larger object began to move again, slowly, as the smaller object was catching up. Then I thought, balloons? Nope. Balloons don't stop on a dime, and whatever wind or breeze is up there, if it was two balloons, there would have been some kind of movement caused by the wind or a slight breeze. When the two objects starting getting closer, the lights went out, but there was still enough daylight left to clearly see the objects, which appeared to be dark, possibly black in color, moving. I don't have good eyesight as I did when I was younger, so I still could not quite make out the shapes of the two objects or the actual number of red lights on each object.

As the larger object got closer, it's like my field of view made me think that it was also descending a little, still moving very slow for anything that I could imagine. Then, WOW! MAJOR GOOSEBUMP TIME! The larger object was almost directly overhead, from my vantage-point, and all of a sudden, the entire object began glowing, brightly, with a whiteish-pinkish-yellowish hard to describe color. This eerie glow came on as if pulling the string on a bare lightbulb in your basement. It gave me chills.

When this eerie bright light-glow came on, it had come to a complete dead stop again, almost directly over me, and the glow was not so bright that I could not look directly at the craft.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 7

It was like the glow was bright, but also dim enough for me to continue to stare at it, almost like a light-bulb that is on, but not so bright that you can't stare at it. That's what was eerie about this object's glow. AS I STARED AT IT, I COULD CLEARLY SEE A PERFECT, ROUND DISC-LIKE CIRCULAR SHAPED THING IN THE SKY.

My best estimate was that it was only a few thousand feet above me at that time. It was kind of hard to tell how high it really was, and how large it was. To me, it appeared to be a very large object if it was only a few thousand feet above me. Size? If I was somewhat correct on the altitude of the object, I would guess it was at least a three or four hundred feet or so in diameter. Picture that in your mind, that's the length of a Football Field.

The "Glow" of the larger object snapped off in about a minute or so, and began slowly moving again, There still was enough light of dusk to see the blackness of the larger object, "hole in the sky" black, no "Running Lights".

I yelled out to Arthur, Molly, and I'm guessing it was Nicole and Garrett, whom they were talking to, "Hey! Come out here! Look at this! They didn't hear me, and by now the two objects were slowly moving across the sky south of me, disappearing out of sight past the top of a hill, heading towards Ensenada. I was so fixated on the larger object, I can't remember for sure if the smaller object was still glowing, or if it was back to a red "navigation" light.

I'm 71-years-young, and I can say in all confidence and sincerity that I DO know the difference between airplanes, helicopters, drones, weather balloons, kites, and a couple of witches on their brooms. What I saw tonight was otherworldly for sure.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 8

Twice tonight, Shelton and I have been compelled to go back outside and stare at the sky. I've always been intrigued and entertained by all the UFO stories, going all the way back to the first public discussions of the Roswell Incident. I became a real believer tonight.

P.S. This experience tonight was not cannabis inspired. I didn't load and light up my bong until AFTER I wrote about it. Here's an additional thought after getting slightly stoned: Putting it in a different perspective, if the larger craft was a few miles in altitude, the craft that I saw tonight would be three or four thousand feet in diameter instead of three hundred feet.

The objects were moving so frikin' slow! To give you an idea of how slow, when I first looked at the two objects as I was looking north towards Rosarito Beach, they were approximately 20 degrees above the horizon, and my last glimpse as they were heading over the hills towards Ensenada, about five minutes had gone by. Certainly, enough time for me to run to the Casita and grab my cellphone. I was just too mesmerized, startled at what I was witnessing.

Bravery/Fearlessness in the face of whatever YOUR enemy is

Tonight, Paul and his close friend Loon, are playing/live streaming this game called EVIL DEAD, and in the game Paul's character "Has found the Light", something I didn't quite understand at first (lots of symbolism in video games for the religious types to muse over). Something he failed to do in 3 or 4 other previous attempts in the past when he was dual-role (2 playing) in the same game with Loon.

Now, as a non-gamer "audience participant", I must say that the video "Game" EVIL DEAD is as violent and bloody as it can be, but for myself and most normal people, it is pure fantasy, something that is purely entertaining and believe it or not, stress-relieving for many gamers who just want to chill out and absorb themselves in a "Game" as a relief from a really rough day at work.

It's NOT going to drive me or ANY other "Normal" person to all of a sudden in some bizarre insane moment, run out and by a fully-automatic AR-15 and murder 63 people at Walmart and/or at the Baptist Church down the street.

In almost every case, regardless of who the shooters are/were, they ALREADY had "Mental" issues going on way before the mass-murder took place. Issues that in many cases for the younger killers, their parents knew about it, but gave up on trying to heal/restore "Jimmy" back to something close to normal, mentally.

So, for all you denouncers, non/gamer / non-educated- in-gaming folks like I am, use a little common sense, do the research like I've been doing for a year now, and discover the hidden

treasures in video “games” like Loon inspiring me tonight by saying, “The light reduces fear”. I digress.

So, as it played out tonight, I sometimes have what I call a “Technical Question” during their game play. I asked the question, “Is that “Light“ source some sort of rejuvenating force/entity in the game?" And Loon responded, “Yes, each dose of the light reduces your fear”.

Now, I thought to myself, “That same thing as an analogy applies in real life. For soldiers, they are conditioned/trained to lose or reduce fear in order to survive against an enemy. I’m thinking that reducing fear, for the soldier, increases optimism, and vice versa.

“Bravery/Courage” on the battlefield is a result of that soldier being optimistic that he/she will route the enemy and be victorious, just saying.

For a homeless single mother and her two children living in their 1991 Chevy Sedan in East Bumfart, New Jersey...(or wherever),.....That mother eventually crawls out of that gutter of despair, because she grew from fearful to unafraid, I.e., she consistently over time, reduced her fear, eventually found work at a child-care facility/home , (taking along her four-year-old daughter and three-year-old son to “Work” every day, giving THEM a better environment to grow up in.

Now, living in a one-bedroom apartment, that Fearless = Optimistic, Optimistically Fearless mother one day gets her law degree via two years of online courses and night school. She graduates, passes the "Bar", and is hired by a law firm that specializes in human needs, helping

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 11

their state legislature write and pass bills to make all our lives better in some way or another.

Plus, now her and her children are living in a \$500,000 Townhome.

That once fearful, homeless mother with her children, became FEARLESSLY OPTIMISTIC AND OPTIMISTICALLY FEARLESS.....AND, SUCCESSFUL. How wonderful is that!

I don't think it's so much about having "Courage" against an "enemy" in your life, regardless of what that enemy is, but having optimism which does reduce the fear, in general, i.e., BEING optimistic brings on the courage to be less fearful making you ultimately, a winner. Inspired by a video "game".

It's not about "Hope", "I hope to get a job soon and straighten my life out". To me, "Hope" is baseless/fruitless, because you have to actually DO something, like that mother first did. She was optimistic that she would find work, that she would put in a day's work, and eventually study law which was her strong goal and desire, to better her life and her children's lives.

We Serve Whites Only....Could you pass me the Truth Serum please?

I've used the expression, "I've slept under bridges, so I can sleep anywhere", many times in conversations. As an example, one time when a friend offered her couch for a few nights, hence, the term "Couch-Surfing".

IF in a conversation you hear me say that for some reason, I'm not wearing that statement as a badge of honor or representing some great accomplishment in life. I'm simply sharing what I've experienced as a comparison to what millions of homeless people experience every single day of their lives which is much more tragic than what I've experienced.

My experience with this bridge thing was for two days in early November in 1963 shortly after my mother was buried. I can't remember what bridges they were and exactly where they were, I just recall those two bridges were somewhere in the state of Mississippi, about ten miles apart, and it was raining.

Rain in early November in Mississippi is a hell of a lot better than freezing to death under a bridge anywhere in Minnesota. That's why the homeless head south for the winter like the birds do.

The other thing I remember is that I had hooked up with another kid my age. We both stuck out our thumbs with no luck. I was clueless as to why cars kept passing us by all day long for two days. Could it be because my hitch-hiking buddy was a black kid?

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 13

Some vehicles zoomed past us with the passengers' yelling expletives and honking their horns. I was still clueless. One dude threw a beer bottle at us as he drove by, laughing. Still clueless was I.

I can't remember the kid's name walking that two-lane highway with me. Let's call him Joey. All I remember is that he was a cool dude that liked basketball, comic books, and girls.

We walked together for two days. Never did get someone to stop and give us a ride. Even people of color refused to stop. Maybe because I was a white kid?

The second day that "Joey" and I were walking (it wasn't raining too hard), we came upon what people call a "Roadhouse". A combination cafe and bar.

We both were starving. I walked up the front steps onto the porch and to the front door thinking "Zowwee!! We gonna eat!". I still had about 20 Silver Dollars left in my Hobo Bag that I had "Borrowed" off my Cousin Sandy's Dresser in her bedroom when I left Minneapolis. She was at the movies with her girlfriend that night.

Late October, 1963. EVERYONE, adults that is, about twelve aunts & uncles from both sides of our family, were downstairs in the kitchen discussing my fate.

With my Baby (half) Brother Johnny, no problem or playing guessing games with him. He obviously was going to stay living with his father.

Me? Different story. I was in the upstairs bathroom laying down at the Heat Register in the floor with my nose pressed against said register. With the Register Blades in the fully opened

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 14

position, I stared at the few of them that I could see, sitting at my Uncle Bob and Aunt Kaye's kitchen table directly under the Register.

I could hear everyone's voices and everything that was being discussed that night. Good thing nobody sitting at the table ever looked up. From their vantage point they would have observed this teary-eyed 15-year-old, as I watched and listened to them having a great time.

"What the hell are we going to do with Tommy? If he goes with Ed, Well, Ed might kill him". Ed for obvious reasons was not invited to this party that night.

They were having this discussion about me while they were getting drunk, playing Canasta, laughing at times, talking about how much they loved and missed "Evie", my mother, bragging about a big Walleye, or a new pickup truck.

Now, I did NOT want to go back to live with that scumbag that beat my mother to death and got away with it because she "Fell down the Stairs" again....out of fear of losing MY life.

I had no fear of going back to live with him because I was fully intent on killing HIM someday, just not right away. I just knew that if I were successful in sneaking Rat Poison into the Rice & Beans next Tuesday, I would probably go to prison on Wednesday, and leave seven year old Johnny fatherless.

I didn't want to go back to Ed right away because I wanted to wait until I was older, bigger, stronger, so it would be a fair fight. Well, sorta fair, I would have been wearing two pairs of Brass Knuckles, and I would have trained in the Martial Arts for years....Or perhaps just used one of Ed's guns on him, which was the fallback to the Rat Poison idea.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 15

So, I “borrowed” some money from Cousin Sandy, walked out the front door, walked to the city bus stop half a block away and as they say, the rest is history.

The words that made me get off that bathroom floor after listening and staring for two hours? “Okay, what’s it going to be? Back to Ed’s or to an orphanage?”

I guess I explained all of the previous part of the story to tell you why I was sleeping under a bridge in Mississippi in early November of 1963. Whew! That WAS a long one, TLDR! Hahahaha! Giving you the background to do what I call a “Full Circle”, back to a few unrelated points that are the REAL essence of my essay that I’ve been inspired to share with you today.

First, imagine that it’s 1963. I grew up on a farm in Minnesota, as far as I was concerned, Racism was non-existent. I had never heard the words “Racism, Racist, Racial” growling up.

I did hear the “N” word occasionally in Grade School along with other degrading slurs, but I never made the connection to racism. Never heard Dago, Wop, or Red Neck, etcetera, because our community was mostly Swedish and Norwegian.

There were a few German families, which encouraged the use of the word Nazi at school occasionally. After all, we DID defeat them in WW2. There was a local farmer and his family who happened to be black. I went to school with the son. He was a friend. Skin color meant nothing to me. Didn’t then, doesn’t now and never will.

Now fast-forward to the earlier part of my essay. “Joey” the black kid and I are approaching the door of that roadhouse that I mentioned earlier.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 16

I walked up the three steps to the porch entry door going into the bar portion of the place. I could see the bartender watching me through the screen door as he yelled out, “Is that nigger boy with you?”. “Yes sir, he’s my buddy Joey sir”. “Then you can march your asses go out back to where you niggers eat. Get off my fucking porch, NOW, before I let Fido loose on ya”.

There WAS a sign that I noticed that had an arrow pointing to the right, to the pathway leading around to the back of the roadhouse.

Wooden picnic tables, bench seats, plus folding metal chairs, no patio cover or awning, the wonderful smell of Fried Chicken, and about fifteen men and women of color, eating, drinking, talking., playing Dominoes, fixing each other’s hair.

Joey introduced me. A really nice lady bought us Fried Chicken, Collard Greens, and Creamy Mashed Potatoes....and a Root Beer.

1963 was NOT a good time anywhere in the south for a kid from the “North” like me. I’m lucky that I didn’t end up “Accidentally Drowned” in some creek or somewhere in a shallow grave with a bullet hole in my head. 1963 was right in the middle of some really serious shit going on in our country, especially the south.

All my life since then, I have never considered myself to be racist. In my retirement years, I’ve studied the subject and essence of RACISM. How it has always been a part of our species’ evolution and history in one form or another, in one era or another.

How America in particular evolved from owning people as if they were cattle, to today, with racism STILL a major issue in our country, and around the world today is amazingly ludicrous to

me. If you look at the roots of racism, at least in America, it is and has always been, a “Learned” societal cancer.

It’s taught to children from the moment they pop out of their mother’s womb.

The fact that this Cancer ”Racism”, is still being taught to children today is appalling, sickening really, but there IS a way to change this in a positive way, to rid society of this Cancer.

FORGIVENESS is the key word. I’m talking about the real forgiveness that I had for my stepfather when I was in my early 30’s. I stopped looking at the past when I forgave him, and that kind of real forgiveness has taught me how to forgive and forget in many other situations in my life. It’s not all that easy, but it can be done. For me? The lesson of FORGIVENESS took another thirty years or so to evolve within me.

Can we, as a species put the past IN the past? Almost seems impossible. Children are still being raised by their parents to discriminate against any and all others who differ from them. I’m talking about ALL discrimination/racism. White versus Black AND Black against White. White/Brown/Brown/White, and every conceivable color combination you can use on your palette.

HOWEVER....There is always going to be something that is unforgivable, like, how do WE forgive a political regime masquerading as a religion that uses their power gifted to them to systematically wipe out another race of people?

Zionism is not a religion folks. How can they be forgiven? Only after they are extinguished from our planet can we look back, forgive (maybe) and never forget.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 18

Without FORGIVENESS there can be no Love, no Compassion, no Humility, no Empathy, no Kindness, no Gratitude, no Mercy, etcetera. Not living in the past means to forgive AND forget.

Get on with your life. Stop thinking that someone owes you and/or an entire race of people apologies and financial reparations for something that your ancestors suffered through for hundreds of years. It's over with. Long gone.

With real forgiveness comes acceptance. For me it was finding out the facts AFTER I forgave my stepfather. Finding out, acknowledging and accepting the fact that he was mentally ill most of his adult life because of being tortured as a spy for the Allied Forces towards the end of World War Two.

Experimental Truth Serums, and physical torture. What a terrible combination. While Ed was alive no one including his parents knew the story. After his death, Uncle John, Ed's oldest sibling, was finally released from a life-long promise and shared his story with my brother Johnny and I.

Ed's ashes were buried at Fort Snelling Military/National Cemetery bordering Saint Paul and Minneapolis in Minnesota with full Military honors, (21-Gun Salute).

The story of what his role was in the war, and how that helped affect the outcome....and the torture he survived as a prisoner of the Nazis, is the kind of story that they make movies about. Screenwriters, if you're interested, contact me privately.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 19

Did he really survive the war? My mother would say no, not the war in his mind. The various VA Hospital Shrinks that gave him shock therapy would say “How the hell do we know?”

Forgiveness? Yes, it has worked for me. It can work for you as well.

HO-HO-HO-HO-HO-HO-HO-HO-HO doesn't work either

There is one reason why we don't say "Holy Christmas" instead of "Merry" Christmas like we all are used to saying as a happy, merry, greeting amongst friends and strangers.

Hundreds of years ago, the short two words celebrating the birth of Jesus WAS "Holy Christmas" as a greeting/salutation.

It was during a time in our history, that anywhere the Christian Religion I was dominant (which WAS Catholicism ONLY at that time), there was year-round misery for those that although they still believed in Jesus Christ, they did NOT believe in Catholicism. They were scorned, tortured, and in many cases, crucified for not adhering to the Catholic religion.

The Inquisition was a powerful office set up within the Catholic Church to root out and punish heresy throughout Europe and the Americas. It's unbelievably disgusting what the Roman Catholic Church did to humanity.

Beginning in the 12th century and continuing for hundreds of years, the Inquisition is infamous for the severity of its tortures and its persecution of Jews and Muslims, and non-Catholic Christians.

If you were a native of South America, and many other third-world countries, you were put to death if you didn't convert from paganism or whatever, to Catholicism.

In Europe, that persecution continued up until the time when larger and larger groups of people, who were followers of Martin Luther, truly began to achieve religious freedom. The Reformation. The beginnings of all the various Protestant denominations, key word, "Protest".

Prior to the advent of the Protestant movement, Persecution, and death mostly, for those true “Christians” that could not be converted to Catholicism.

So, Merry? No, but Holy Christmas. Then later, Christmas became a holiday that was filled with joy and laughter, and.....wait for it.....SINGING!

Imagine singing “Holy Christmas, maybe repeating it over and over again, “Holy Christmas “Holy Christmas “Holy Christmas “Holy Christmas. People hadn’t yet started writing what we now know as Christian Christmas Carols, limited language.

So, if you can imagine a small family of the persecuted Christians trying real hard to feel “Merry” celebrating the birth of Jesus while being chased by the Catholic Church’s death squads.

After a bit, one would think, the persecuted Christians are saying, “Holy Christmas! Nothing Holy about how those asshole catlicks treat us”.

Then, someone suggested “Happy” as in “Happy Christmas”. No, that didn’t quite work either.

Then someone came along and suggested “Heiter” which is German for “Merry”. It would have been different if the German people were saying "Heil Heiter" instead of "Heil Hitler".....Heil as a verb meaning "to greet_", so, "Hello Merry, or joyful (happiness)".

Singing “Merry Christmas” worked. Sounded silly repeated many times like “Holy Christmas”, so that’s why we say Merry Christmas once, followed by a “HO-HO-HO” three times. The H0-HO-HO came along after Saint Nicholas (Santa Claus) came along. What a scary thing for a small child. A fat guy dressed weird, loudly saying, "Merry Christmas, HO-HO-HO"

as your mother is forcing you to sit on this strange fat dude's lap. Never mind that he smelled weird (whiskey) and his beard scratched your face.

Doesn't work saying "HO-HO-HO-HO" (well, for some people, yes, it works).

Not two, "HO-HO"s, as in "Merry Christmas HO-HO", and Definitely not one "HO", as in "Merry Christmas, Ho".

I prefer saying "Merry Christmas" with four "HO's". Works for me anyway.

Postscript: For myself, Atheism didn't drop in on me all of a sudden. It took a few decades of study.

Postscript 2: As a species, we have been crossing over the 150 year threshold between the "Age of Pisces", referring to the Age of Religions and Wars, into the "Age of Aquarius" known as the Age of Technology and PEACE. Times they are a'changing folks.

“The REAL Joseph, Mary, and Jesus Story”

So in the opening scene, Joseph and Mary have been traveling through the wilderness for ten weeks now. Joseph always on the Donkey, and now 9-month pregnant Mary always walking alongside.

Mary’s been muttering under her breath for at least a month, “You fucking asshole, I’m with child, when do I get to ride that goddam donkey?”

At dusk, as they get closer to the lights of the motel outside Bethlehem, Joseph not wanting to be seen as an autocratic leader of his household (and an asshole), when they arrive at the motel, tells Mary, “You can get your ass up on the Donkey now”.

Finally arriving at the motel thirty minutes later, Joseph and Mary are told by the night clerk that the motel is fully booked.

The clerk offers the stable (barn) which Joseph gladly accepts because it’s half of what a motel room would have cost him anyway.

Jesus is born that night in that barn where there are several animals sleeping, walking around, defecating....It IS a BARN folks, cow shit, donkey shit, goat shit, sheep shit, etcetera, everywhere.

Now, you have to consider the fact that for nine months, Mary has been telling Joseph that God himself has fucked her. And he didn’t use a condom.

Consider the possibility that Joseph is a pretty stupid dude and although he questioned her eight months ago, he is fully on-board this bullshit story.

At first, months ago in the early stages of Mary's pregnancy, Joseph was rightfully upset at the possibility that Mary had fucked around on him. He had suspected Babak the Midget who lived next door at the time. She certainly had not allowed Joseph to get any except for some occasional anal.

If you repeat something to someone enough times, it can eventually sound like, and become the truth, which in Mary's case, she had totally convinced Joseph. "I swear Joseph, this baby inside me is from our loving God above. I'm still a "Virgin", and I'm saving myself for you when we go to Las Vegas next year".

Joseph swallowed that Bullshit hook, line and sinker alright. Mary's fairytale became easier for Joseph to swallow over time as she must have repeated her "God made me pregnant" story a thousand times. Repetition works great, especially if you're talking to a nitwit like Joseph.

Imagine this next scene. Mary has given birth to Jesus, and now she's milking a goat or two. Baby Jesus is laying in the Manger, eyes closed, big smile on his face, sucking a thumb. Joseph, is twenty feet away laying in some hay, masturbating, which is typical for him (other than the occasional sheep he shags). It's all he can do since he's only had anal with the "Virgin" Mary twice in nine months.

Later that night, along come the "Three Wise Men" on their Camels. Well, you guessed it. They weren't very wise at all were they. They also swallowed Mary's Disney-Like story, hook,

line, and sinker. In fact, Mary expands on the story and convinces the three idiots that her family in Nazareth was extremely wealthy and owned the largest spice and silk trading business in the area.

So, hoping for some future business arrangement with Mary's fictitious family, they heap all kinds of presents on her and the Baby Jesus.

All's well that ends well. The fictitious story of how Jesus grew up, became a carpenter because he was not the grandson of wealthy merchants, chased some money-changing dudes out of a temple, healed a bunch of people, walked on water.....Well, you know the rest of the cock & bull fairytale.

Many people wear two faces. Knowingly, or unknowingly, both publicly, and privately.

When a person like a celebrity is in the public eye, and their presenting of a "Face" that they want the public, in many cases, their "Fans" to see, admire and respect, they "wear" a "face" that is full of goodness and all the positive attributes that their PR firm can muster up. Their fans post their fanship on all the social media platforms, "Oh, Johnny is my hero! He is such a great person".

When it IS a widely known celebrity, they do have the luxury of having a PR (Public Relations) firm to coach them in the essence of what their celebrity profile should be, in what is good, and what is bad, for BUSINESS.

If you are just the average person, when we are younger, and growing up, our parents are always coaching us, constantly instructing us to be on our best behavior, "Tommy, be nice now.

Don't start a fight with your cousin Mikey"., or, "Tommy, please don't go potty on Grandmother's Roses again. Two of her Rose Bushes have died".

As adults having gone through that learning curve as children, we do our best to be normal in public and/or in a crowd of friends, unless we are psychotically challenged.

If you present yourself to everyone in a way that shows your "Character" or what appears in public as "Characteristics" of everything positive and publicly acceptable, but privately you're an asshole, if you're a celebrity, you have to thank your PR firm for their incredible achievement. If you're an average unknown person, there's nobody to blame but yourself. 99% chance you can't blame your parents for the total prick you are. You, are a two-faced schmuck.

If you are genuinely nice to others both publicly and in private, many of us can either thank our parents for raising us right, or like in my case having lost my parents and being on my own since I was 15, thank the ups and downs of life itself for, those life lessons for turning out somewhat okay. Not a huge drawback or concern is if you are not two-faced, you sometimes will be getting IN someone's face. Right or wrong, we're not perfect, but we ARE honest. My only real issue is sometimes my "Filter" isn't turned on, if you know what I mean.

The interesting lesson I have learned over the years is to be able to spot the difference in others. This does not apply to how most people have to treat a boss who is a big prick. Most people will smile and laugh, and do everything except suck some asswipe's dick, well, that happens a lot too. Myself? Throughout my career, I never kissed anyone's ass, I was many times bluntly honest when a superior/supervisor was wrong, incorrect, or just plain stupid. Because of

that I had a reputation of sometimes being difficult? Give me a fucking break. I also was told by my customers that I was the best salesperson they had ever dealt with, and my peers whom I worked with felt the same way. Me two-faced? Never.

The difference between being two-faced as I have seen with a few others that I crossed paths with, like Steve Garvey, one of the greatest examples of being two-faced and a BIG asshole....Or, a few other celebrity types that I've met over the years with some being more than just an acquaintance...

And common people that cross my path. The so-called friends or acquaintances that show two faces which are very few and far between as those folks (men AND women), are really in the acquaintance category and not really a friend. Those who ARE my friend, are not two-faced and they know I'm not either.

Do yourself and the rest of the world a big favor. Look in the mirror. Do you see two faces?

You can love or hate my writing. Agreeing with my thoughts, or disagreeing. Saying that I'm wrong or opinionated or totally agreeing with me about whatever.....is Okay with me.

The one thing that you WILL agree with is that I have as much right, as everyone else, to express myself. My serious writing is always based on research and/or my own life experiences. Take it or leave it.

All I'm doing as an example with this essay, is to share what I believe, to be honest, maybe inspirational, and perhaps life-changing for a few. In my own small way, while I'm still breathing, I'm trying to make a positive difference in people's lives and perhaps in the world.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 28

Obviously, racists are going to fundamentally disagree with this particular post. Oh well, I tried. If you're the type of person that can only comment with TLDR, I DON'T CARE! It's your life, perhaps your loss (or not) if you didn't read my post. Wither you like what I wrote, or not, is not a biggie to me.

Murphy's Chevrolet, sign "Humming" above me

I was one fucked up dude. Childhood PTSD is real. I was AWOL from the Navy. Working for a Carnival Midway at the New Jersey State fair putting up the "Hootchie Cootch" show tent for a once famous stripper that I had hooked up with several County Fairs earlier beginning in Maine. I ended up hitchhiking south for reasons that I will get into as we go along for the ride.

It was about 2 o'clock in the morning. I had been hitch-hiking for three days from Trenton, New Jersey and was now walking through a small town of Folkston, Georgia. No skyscrapers, and you couldn't find the sidewalks because they rolled them up at midnight. Quiet, so quiet as I walked down the main street of town. The only sound being this interesting sound of electricity coursing through the power-pole-top transformers, and the even more interesting sound, hum really, of one lonely neon sign, humming, "Murphy's Chevrolet". Bugs. You also could hear the night time bugs. The large bugs flying around the six street lights, mostly moths, the other bugs, like the crickets, who apparently, we're suffering from insomnia.

Not like there actually was a brick and mortar "Downtown". There were no tall buildings to leap over in a single bound, and I didn't run through it like a speeding bullet. I certainly wasn't more powerful than a Locomotive, just a very tired, very hungry, scrawny teenager walking past Murphy's Chevrolet, sign "Humming" above me. Well, not quite past. I ended up walking around the lot with all the new cars lined up in three or four rows. Dead balloons. I remember all the different colored, mostly deflated balloons lying limp, you know, all the helium had leaked out,

some had just enough helium left in them, that they were still sort of round, and not totally out of gas, constrained by the string that bound them. Two of the balloons were still defying gravity and were floating just a little.

Well, look at this one! Brand New Shiny Red 1968 Malibu Super Sport with the 396 emblems on its front fenders. I peered in the driver's side window. Cool! It has a 4-speed Stick! A few minutes later I was at the back of the building, crawling through an open window. You know, the industrial kind of window that cranks open from the centerline. Window WAS already open. I never would have entered the building, i.e., never would have broken a window to get in the place. The window just happened to be cranked wide open, inviting me to explore further.

Raided their refrigerator. Leftovers of every imaginable kind. Did I mention I was hungry? Actually, I really hadn't eaten a decent meal in two days, so yes, I was hungry. I ate someone's leftover tuna salad sandwich, 2 bananas, some soup, and what was left of a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. After this wonderful gourmet meal, I washed it all down with some Jack Daniels & Dr. Pepper. I decided to explore a little further. In those days, auto dealers didn't have the sophisticated gadgetry and electronic doodads to monitor and control all the keys to all their vehicles. Nope. Just a big peg board with pegs of car keys hanging, new & used. No Nobel Prize for new technology here.

I went back out to the shiny brand new 1968 Malibu with pencil and paper in hand, (I didn't find ONE ink pen). They hadn't invented Post-It pads yet, otherwise I would have used one. So, I wrote down the special code that was written on the front glass on the driver's side. 68Mr4. That

stood for 1968 Malibu Red 4 Speed. It took me a minute or two to figure out the coded location on the pegboard. There was a total of 40 pegs. Thirty pegs had keys dangling, ten pegs were empty. Ahhhhh, see? Simple. As I grabbed the keys with the correct code hand-written on a small circular paper tag in pencil, I noticed that this tag was almost worn out. Codes had been written and erased so many times, many of the tags were dying of overuse. Anyway, not exactly a clever system. Was the owner of the dealership Scottish? (how much do paper tags cost anyway). Then came the exciting sound as I first listened to the revving of that 396 V8, putting out 350 horses.

Along with two bottles of Dr. Pepper, which I had stuffed in my pockets along with all the "desk" change I could find in the unlocked desk drawers, I had grabbed some bags of potato chips, cigars & matches, and a typewriter. OK! This was exciting! I made the trip through the window and back inside one more time and snagged one of those mechanical adding machines and put it in in the trunk with the typewriter.

Down the road I go at three-thirty in the morning, heading south to Florida, only now I'm not walking. In the headlight's glare ahead of me I could see the wooded areas, then open areas, then wooded again then open, wooded, open, wooded, open, etcetera. I couldn't really tell what the open areas consisted of because by the time the scenery was zooming by on either side of me, (in my Red, 1968 Chevrolet Malibu, 396 with a four-speed-on-the-floor), it was dark again, i.e., no longer in the headlights. Three miles to the state line that sign just said? Folkston is the last

small town off U. S. Highway 301 before crossing over the St. Mary's River into Florida. I was 54 miles from Jacksonville, Florida.

I had a map when I drove away from Folkston. I'm on a Southern Georgia two lane country road at now 3:45 AM, almost to Florida. Beautiful starry sky, nothing but dark on either side of the road. No other headlights in sight that time of the night, well early morning. I did see one alligator crossing the road early in my drive. I guessed correctly that some of those open areas at the sides of the highway were swamp.

It was not a deer in the headlights I suddenly came upon. To me it may as well have been a dinosaur, or some creature from Mars. Seeing it from a distance, this strange creature was big enough to notice, and sat there, frozen in the high beams like Bambi. I stopped in the middle of the road about ten feet from this strange creature, got out of the car, and walked up to it to take a closer look. This thing was slowly crawling in its quest to cross the road, in spite of having the headlamps of my car probably blinding it. I picked this odd beast up and walked back to the car. Putting this monster in the trunk, I thought to myself, "Gee, maybe I can sell this thing to a zoo when I get to Florida". Try to guess what I almost ran over? No, it was not an alligator. What rhymes with skunky pillow? Armadillo, a very dead one.

DAADAADADATTTDADAAA!!! (CHARGE!!!)

Postscript Up Front: I've decided to pitch this as a beer commercial, preferably Coors Light.
Final scene at the end ties it all together.

I wrote a new bit for my "Stand-Up" routine. This white dude, a "Cable Guy" that stopped in for his first time, on his way home (for a beer after a long day installing satellite dishes, which was the rage thirty years ago), was sitting at the bar in the Walk Right Inn. The way it got the name? It was named after a Chief from back in the mid-1800's, Chief Walks Right because when he walked, he never walked in a straight line. He always leaned to his right when walking, so even just crossing a Wagon Trail just trying to get to the other side, it wasn't easy for him, it would take him a little time, longer than normal, i.e, abnormally longer than normal. He WOULD get there eventually.

Anyway, this nice little "Neighborhood Reservation" bar named for that old Chief, was opened in 1954, and was the only decent place to go. The Walk Right Inn was packed being a Friday night, and the only non-Indian dude in the place was Chester the "Cable Guy". In between nakareokanana songs, which in Indian means "Karaoke", Chester's cell phone goes off (incoming call), "DAADAADADATTTDADAAA!!!", the sound of a Cavalry Bugle Horn blasting out, CHARGE!!

Needless to say, you COULD hear a fuckin' pin drop. The silence, which lasted for another four seconds, now was replaced with about eight or nine BIG INJUNS voices getting louder, which escalated to one of them saying, "Kimosabe, yes you with the yellow hair, you have less

than ten fuckin' seconds to get out of here alive “, and a split-second later, about 35 Indians.....Sopranos, Bass, and Tenor voices, in beautiful three-part harmony, yell out, “DAADAADADATTTDADAAA!!!”.

Needless to say, Lester did a Gold Medal Olympic performance dashing to the door. The photo for the Meme is one taken last night from my front yard. I said, “So beautiful, maybe I’ll paint that (thinking oil painting). Hey! I know. I’ll add a little Indian on a horse....Hey! I know! I’ll add some Calvary Soldiers chasing the Indian!”. To which my roomie simply made the Bugle sound for “CHARGE!”....“DAADAADADATTTDADAAA!!!”. So, not an oil painting, a Meme. to go along with the “Routine”. hahahahahaha

Postscript: Camera pans in on Chester the “Cable Guy” just before he sprints for the door, as he slams down the full glass of beer that’s sitting in front of him on the bar. Narrator: “When you’re in a hurry, and you HAVE to leave, make sure that beer your slamming down is a COORS LIGHT”.

Postscript 2: If you read between the lines, this is a wonderfully positive commercial (and message) for the “Originals” as I prefer to call the descendants of all the various peoples who were here long before the “White Man” ever stepped off of a boat onto land here in America”. If I wanted to piss off the “White, Rednecks”, I would have made Chester “The Cable Guy” character some fat dude with his butt-crack showing. If I wanted to piss off the LBJYQ or whatever they are called, I would have written Chester as a sort of flamer. Instead, Chester “The Cable Guy” is just an average white dude, probably in his mid to late thirties. The fact that his

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 35

cellphone plays the Cavalry Trumpet call when it rings is just his ring regardless of any intentional racism because it pictorially represents the fact that a very large percentage of the population in “America” has been indoctrinated for generations into a false sense of superiority over many races, not just the “Originals”. The ending is was it is, the triumph over all of our wrongly applied philosophies, ideas, and habits over the past 400 years or so.

Before, After, and WAY After

I reckon one could say that “Speaking” one’s way to a positive outcome, “I AM healthy, I’m going to beat this Cancer” or “I’m going to excel at my new job”, or “the Highway Patrol is NOT going to ask me to pop open my trunk because I have six pounds of really great grass in there”, or whatever the situation is, we certainly CAN “Speak” words of OPTIMISM and “Speak” that positive outcome into existence in our lives as well as in the lives of others.

Sort of sounds like praying doesn’t it. Only you’re not beseeching some “supreme being/entity”, you’re talking to yourself, really, and you’re not even crazy, right? I talk to myself in THIS manner all the time, and I don’t care if you think I’m crazy. Hahahahaha!

For me, a wonderful example is a few years ago when my dog Shelton and I became permanent buddies after a tragic accident took my next-door neighbor Annie’s life. I cried. This was two days after Annie had returned and I no longer was babysitting Shelton as I had been doing so for four months while she was in Rehab in San Diego.

Shelton did not sleep for a week after the accident. At night he would lay close to me with his head next to mine, shaking and shivering constantly from the trauma while I would caress/pet him, and whisper words of LOVE and assurance, telling him that things were going to be alright, until I fell asleep.....HELLO!.....OPTIMISM!.....

I whispered those words in his ear every night for that first week after the accident (he was in the front passenger seat of the vehicle depicted). He finally slept that eighth night.

Check out a book from 1952, “The Power of Positive Thinking“ written by Norman Vincent Peale. Although I’ve never read it, I HAVE lived it. I was 4-years-old when the book was first published. I don’t hang a plaque on my virtual door as a professional, seeking to counsel people for a fee. I DO share the wonderful positive feelings that OPTIMISM can bring into our lives with my true friends and with strangers, and have done so for many years with the only compensation being the satisfaction and joy I dwell in because a few words of OPTIMISM that I shared, really did help someone else in a positive way.

You see, not just optimism for and about my own life and goals, but positive words of optimism as it relates to another person’s state of mind and their desires and future goals, their obstacles/problems, their whatever.

Those of you that read my comment can contact me for a simple daily exercise/routine of “Speaking” something optimistic into reality in their life. It works, and it’s not “Hopes & Prayers”.

Optimism requires real action on YOUR part whereas hopes and prayers from others are benign. If world-wide collective praying worked, we would have no need for hospitals, there would be no wars, famines, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera, and your priests/pastors/televangelists would be out of a job.

Your OWN prayers for yourself, about yourself, regardless of what faith/religion you practice, are powerful as well, I just believe the power comes from within. Think about it. They’re YOUR words.....FROM WITHIN YOU!

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 38

As I've stated, optimism comes from within, not from some outside source. Speaking optimism to another person or to yourself DOES trigger that part of your brain/psyche that's responsible for and/or triggers that flow of optimism from inside you, as it was there all along since birth, and it didn't take some religious hocus-pocus magical incantation "Hopes & Prayers", or "Laying on of hands", or anointing with vegetable oil to get the job done.

If sharing moments with your pets and our babies can release certain "Feel Good" chemicals in our brain, so too can OPTIMISM trigger things that begin in your brain and end up with real action and conclusion. Think about it.

“Beam me up Scotty”

Most of the time, when I post an essay to Facebook, it’s either 100% serious or 100% Satirical/Comedic. Never in between. (unless it’s about my Westie, Shelton). This time I have written about a serious subject matter, phenomena but added a satirical/comedic portion/routine as in “Stand-Up” routine as the preamble or “Forward” to the serious subject matter and still relating the satire to the subject matter. Whew! That was a long paragraph.

Let’s just say it’s an experiment on Facebook to see how many friends and others will read this post in its entirety. Some folks can’t get past the first few paragraphs if they detect comedy, and vice versa, some folks can’t get/read beyond the first few paragraphs if they detect that I’m posting something serious.

For myself, I consider this essay to be MY “Mother of all Essays” in that I believe that with a ton of research and years of study, I have discovered something that WILL help lead our species into an age of peace, with no more wars, with no more apartheid treatment of people, with no more starvation, etcetera. Take a full read when you have time, then, if your curiosity or commitment is peaked, Private Message me for more information. We intend to use Technology, this particular technology, to benefit our species. “Beam me up Scotty”.

Back in the “Little House on the Prairie” days, you saw your neighbors when you went grocery shopping in town, at “Joe’s we sell everything here” store where YOU could buy a bag of flour and Smith & Wesson at the same time. Probably the only other time you had “Face Time” with anyone is when you saw/met your neighbors at church, EVERY Sunday.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 40

Thanks to Technology, we don't have to see your faces at all. And, I mean anybody. Your neighbors, your relatives, or your enemies. One hundred plus years ago and up until the invention of the telephone, if you saw an enemy, more than likely you had to be faster on the old draw better than your enemy, to survive the conversation. Today we are lucky if we even run into a neighbor, relative or enemy at Walmart or the tons of other stores available to us.

Of course we all have had the experience mostly regretful, that every Thanksgiving we have to put up with 42 cousins, aunts & uncles (all on the wife's side) not counting the children, and I can guarantee you that SOMEONE there, continually, year after fucking year, commands the audience with....wait for it.....POLITICAL BULLSHIT! Wanna see a battle between Trumpers and Liberals? Come to my wife's Family Thanksgiving that I'm obviously obligated to attend.

Here's a free ticket! YES! We all had to purchase a ticket to eat some turkey and see all those Sheeple we hadn't seen nor heard from in a year, and the fact that I paid \$100 for my wife and two kids tickets (\$25 each) had absolutely nothing to do with preventing my escape from that awful day from Noon on (most families have the dinner time set at 3:00 PM in order to have a few hours of watching Football Games).....

Thanksgiving at Uncle George's began at 12:00 Noon. Now, there was a room about the size of, oh let's say, Uncle George's and Aunt Alice's master-bedroom suite that had one of those new projection type television/movie projectors projecting on the wall, about ten feet wide, plus

that projector was split-screening four of the major college football games on Thanksgiving Day....

BUT, and it's a BIG BUT, you had to purchase a \$5 ticket to get in "THE ROOM" as many of us called it, PLUS, get this! Uncle George was THE Grand Poohbah, he only let ten other dudes in "THE ROOM" at one time. That means if you were not there by 11:00 AM Thanksgiving morning to run to "THE ROOM" to grab a folding metal chair, bringing your KFC bucket and a six-pack, you had to wait in the line outside the bedroom door in the hallway with the other dudes to get in, if and when some other dude left "THE ROOM".

Like when some dude not wearing a diaper finally just had to go pee in the hallway bathroom which many times had women waiting in line as well...when the master-bathroom was occupied (I really think some dudes DID wear diapers). That's how us other dudes got into "THE ROOM".

I would normally say "In conclusion", but this is the beginning of this essay. Although technology is freeing to some extent, not so on Thanksgiving Day. While personal contact is good depending on whether you're meeting a friend, a relative, or an enemy, with today's technology like the cellphone and personal computer, I say that it's a good thing most of the time as we can cut off/close the "Personal Conversation/Encounter" simply by....Wait for it....HANGING UP! Later blame it on a dead cellphone battery.

Not so, on Thanksgiving Day. No escape for me, we drove 350 miles to be there every year. My wife is having a great time. My kids are having a great time. Just one time, what would turn

out to be our last Thanksgiving at Uncle George and Aunt Alice's house, I shut down the Trumpers, the Liberals, and the religious folks. I did so in a manner that Mark Twain, Abe Lincoln and Einstein would be proud of.

I didn't buy a ticket to "THE ROOM" that last year. I stuck around the dude that was the loudest, he was the first dude I shut down in the political "category". I digress no further. Wither it's a friend or relative that steers the conversation in a direction that you didn't want the conversation to go, this time I stuck around for the comedy-relief of listening to the Sheeple because I knew I would eventually take part in the conversation and expose the Sheeple for who they are. Oh! But I may have angered a few dudes enough to place them in the "Enemy" category as far as THEY were concerned.

Back in the Wild West, I would have been prompted to kill them as I'm the fastest on the draw when it comes to sharing facts and proving that they are facts, oh, and I'm good at table-talk in Poker. That one last time, giving many enough food-for-thought to perhaps turn some from a Sheeple into a people.

Here's another example of "communication and the art of hanging up". How about arguing with someone over the phone, someone that owes you a lot of money for that great tip on the Super Bowl this morning? That Matthew Stanford, the Rams Quarterback was juiced up today, I.e., with medically-correct amounts of two different Schedule One drugs. "Congratulations to the Rams. Buddy, you owe me \$350,000". And the conversation heats up to the degree that one of you mentions a baseball bat, just saying, and his threat turns out to be fruitless as your close

friend Dale is a member of the Hells Angels. Dale and five other dudes HAVE appeared at the dude's nightclub and after a warning to never touch a hair on my head, the dude handed Dale a large satchel. "It's all there, right? I really don't think you need me to come back", Dale said. The dude pulled out a stash of \$100 dollar bills from both best pockets of his suit, from his underwear, and from his shoes. End of story.

Moral of that story? If you're the dude refusing to pay up, and you are on the other end of the line, you should have known to hang up the moment you heard my voice. Then, immediately after hanging up, you should have grabbed the money from your nightclub's safe, jumped in your car, and drove away, screeching tires kind of driving away, never looking back.

Yes, all he had to do is hang up his cellphone. In the Wild West, there would have been at least a shooting or two. So, what I'm saying is that with today's technology, You can just hang up and later say, "My battery went dead".

Me, the dude with the great tip on today's Super Bowl? I was in the Doctors/Clinic/Emergency Room this morning when the Ram's Team Doctor, Doctor Neal ElAttrache administered the Schedule One dope through a vein in Stanford's anus (perfect place, hard to detect). I'm "The Bodyguard". My little bet was placed at Noon in Las Vegas today along with my buddy/client's-client's bets in the hundreds of millions of dollars. Stanford is still running around his house, nonstop, leaping over couches, sometimes diving to the floor covering himself up in the Fetal Position, then a second later, jumping up and running around the house again.

What a great honor for Wide Receiver Cooper Krupp to receive the MVP Award, which means that for the passes from Stanford that really mattered/counted, Cooper caught them all, so this is also a great accomplishment for Stanford. He was just too juiced to be the MVP because of all the after-game interviews required. “This Bodyguard work is fun”. I made a ton of money today!

Postscript: Most of the preceding is fiction, for entertainment purposes. The rest is serious. All of what I just said is a preamble to the following. After moving back to the states from Mexico and living with a “Gamer”, I have discovered a whole new method of communicating using just the computer. You can almost say that except for emergencies and communication with close friends and relatives, the cellphone is useless to the gaming community, especially with a platform named DISCORD. Similarly, for as many negative aspects about Facebook, it does build real friendships via Facebook.

In fact, I can say that I’ve made real friendships/relationships all over the world using FaceTime. What I have discovered in the gaming community is that DISCORD goes much farther beyond Facebook in that certain multi-player games like STAR-WARS and MORTAL ONLINE 2 have tons of individual channels and sub-channels on DISCORD. In One game when you listen or take part in the audio conversation amongst players, you are discussing how to get more goodies to build up your character and in the other game, if you are in a “Guild” all that’s discussed is how to KILL another player that is not in your particular guild, in other words, survival of the strongest.

One guild in MORTAL ONLINE 2 is the largest and IS the guild that my buddy/roommate and another mutual “Gamer” friend joined. They both had to “Interview” for acceptance into LEGION, the largest guild on DISCORD for the video game MORTAL ONLINE 2.

As a non-gamer audience sometime conversational participant, and Co-Host of THE DUDE SHOW, I began analyzing this whole scenario, the conjuncture between these two completely different on-line programs, one a video game platform and the other a communication platform. Now, when you look at DISCORD as a separate entity, it’s a wonderful platform for COMMUNITY BUILDING and building real relationships/friendships. Wither you are a member of a DISCORD Channel for people that like to raise ducks, or your channel is for all those weirdos that like to spin their brush-hair into human-hair “wool” for sweaters, or.....wait for it.....you are a member of the largest guild on DISCORD (LEGION) for MORTAL ONLINE 2, you are making friends, in many cases, real friends.

The vast majority of folks are there on DISCORD because of the friendships they develop along with advice on how to train your pet alligator, how to circumnavigate the globe on a Skate-Board, or learn to play a video “game”, DISCORD is the place for you. For the players of MORTAL ONLINE 2, you are on DISCORD in a PRIVATE channel only because the guild you are in accepted your application.

Many of these game-related guilds accept anyone as a member as long as you’re not a robot. They are small guilds compared with LEGION, and they’re desperate to grow their membership. I have listened to the discussions in the LEGION GUILD and each time I listened (because my

buddy/roommate is a member), all I have heard is discussions on the various strategies and methods pertained to KILLING anyone and everything else that is not a member of the guild. Want to learn how to kill a non-member's horse and pull the underwear over the enemies' head before you kill him/her? Become a member of LEGION.

Now, I suspect that the hundreds of smaller guilds are ALSO discussing THEIR battle plans as well. I predict that some of the largest of the guilds will also be negotiating MERGERS with the strongest in order to combat LEGION. But guess what? LEGION will continue to grow as well and will never lose their position as the number one, killing-est union.

As a student of the evolution of our species, not Ape to Man (Darwinian), but the evolution of cultures/society and the evolution of political ideologies, which I always refer to as the "Sticks and Stones (as weapons), all the way to modern technology nukes, etcetera", I view this type of evolving communication trend to be a key in our species evolutionary experience.

Think about this. As I mentioned earlier about the "Game" being all about killing, the KEY phenomenon on DISCORD that beats Facebook and all other platforms, is the way the players are....wait for it.....ORGANIZING! Most of these players have no clue what's happening other than the joy of killing the enemy. They are in a video game where they are required to join a guild on DISCORD, they're not going to run amuck killing people in real life or anything like that!

"Gamers" as I have come to discover, are mostly very intelligent, above average IQ people. One of my "Gamer" friends is studying Physics to one day become a Physicist. Wither they

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 47

know it or not, they ARE in the beginning of an era where TECHNOLOGY WILL eventually defeat the global puppet-masters as our species finally crosses over the estimated 150-year threshold between the Age of Pisces (age of religions and wars) into the Age of Aquarius (the age of Technology & Peace).

I believe and predict that the types of community/friendship building platforms will continue to evolve and eventually will be the one critical achievement that allows humanity to ORGANIZE COLLABORATE and create the SYNERGY to change our world for the better. Sure, we as a species and planet will still have to endure and survive some really terrible shit.

We are at the tail end of the Age of Pisces so that “Wars & Rumors of Wars” kind of thing is still with us, give or take a huge Asteroid hit or two. I believe, as a species, we are coming to a fork in the road. One path leads to the extinction of our species, and the other path leads us fully into the Age of Aquarius.

Technology will be a huge part of creating a long couple thousand years of Peace, exploring the Universe, meeting other intelligent life-forms/beings (although they are already here). Think Star Trek for potential future technical advances, “Beam me up, Scotty”.

What is TRUE Love?

I'm a "Drug Addict". Let me "splain" it to you. I have a five-year-old Westie named Shelton, a West Highland White Terrier, and my close friend and roommate Paul has a Miniature Poodle named Max that's six months old.

Not all the time, but once in a while, Shelton and Max will be in my bed chilling with me as I'm napping. Normally I sleep on my right side and Shelton will be snuggled up against the small of my back and I'll reach over with my left hand and pet him while he's lying there. Max, will quite often be laying there on my left hip or leg and just be chillin' out like Shelton, (after he's finished licking my face and any other part of my body that's not under my blanket like my arms and hands).

Tonight, as I was lying there awake and just about ready to get up, I turned over onto my back. Shelton was in his favorite position on his side, still along my left side, and Max was on my right side in his favorite sleeping position on his back with his legs in the air. I laid on my back for 45 minutes, petting Max and Shelton the whole time, gently rubbing Max's belly, and petting/rubbing Shelton in a similar manner.

What happened next, gradually over those 45 minutes we ALL have experienced and most if not all of us understand what happens in our brain when this experience occurs. Certain chemicals are released in our brain that give us that "Happy" feeling we all have experienced (Google it).

You know, that warm fuzzy feeling that only happens with our furry friends and with our human babies....Our toddlers like when I used to sit in my recliner watching TV with my one year old son sleeping on my chest, and years later with my daughter, asleep in the same comfort of my unconditional love

Tonight, was special in that I laid there on my back for 45 minutes experiencing a gradual rise of “Happy” culminating in a brief moment when I was taken back to 1953 when I five, and my dog Trixi. Tears, just a few, welled up in my eyes as I laid there on my back, giving Shelton and Max love, and for that moment remembering her, and the shared unconditional love that we had between us. Those tears were tears of an almost euphoric happiness as I experienced that part of the 45 minutes with Shelton and Max. Now THAT, is why we love our furry friends.

I also have to say that we ALL have from the moment of birth, that natural ability to love in that special, unconditional kind of way that is different than sexual attraction and other types of love, like love for our muscle-bound body, or bag of golf clubs kind of love.

We ALL have within us the natural ability to love each other UNCONDITIONALLY instead of what we see and experience all around us, in our world filled with hate and aggression towards one another in one form or another.

I’ve included separate photos of Max and Shelton as a Meme only (for FB) because I obviously could not capture the real moment of them asleep next to me on my cellphone camera tonight.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 50

Yes, I'm a Drug Addict, I'm addicted to UNCONDITIONAL LOVE and all the good chemicals released in my brain that makes me feel the way I do, happy.

That kind of love has no boundaries. Not religious, nor social, racial or political. I truly believe that as a species, we already have the natural capacity to love one another with that innocent unconditional kind of love. Our species will eventually evolve to that kind of love for ALL our fellow citizens of this wonderful planet we call Earth.

“Give me two Cheeseburgers Fries and a coooooke”

Fast Food Restaurants. There was a time, many galaxies away, when the majority and typical employee in ALL of the “Fast Food” restaurants like McDonald's, Burger King, and a dozen others, was white teenagers over 17, and little old ladies over 65. They ALL spoke English.

Now in the galaxy we are in, if your galaxy happens to be Las Vegas, 99% of the staff are, let's face it, mostly Mexican, with some Central American thrown in there. 100% of them DO NOT speak English. Why am I writing about this?

In this essay I am talking about the cultural/societal changes over the past twenty years or so. This analysis only applies to areas that have a large percentage of Spanish-speaking people, as opposed to the opposite. Like comparing Las Vegas today versus Ham Lake; Minnesota.

Fast Food restaurants? This isn't about just your average Burger King in Las Vegas or East LA. This societal metamorphosis applies to Donut Shops, and any other service type work/job where if you're a Mexican or from Nicaragua; chances are that you cannot speak a lick of English. If you could, you wouldn't be working in a Fast-Food joint. You won't find ANY white people picking Strawberries in Oxnard either.

If you are a white dude in the ages between 18 and 21, you MIGHT still work in a burger joint to help with college expenses, but the stores you prefer to work at are in the predominately white neighborhoods. If you're a younger white person you might even take public transit to the

nicer parts of the city if you're a average middle-class dude or dudette. In other words, at least there would be more than one employee that speaks English.

Now let's put'r in Warp Drive and cruise on back to the Ham Lake Galaxy, which is 1963. Take the same/similar areas, and you will see that the majority of the populations are English speaking. Even in Las Vegas. In that galaxy, housekeeping staff at all the hotels were whites and blacks. Now it's mostly Hispanics.

Over the three stages of transformation/evolution, the shift went from the all-white staffing to more and more staffing of women of color, then eventually shifting to a vast majority of Hispanics. Even in cities like Minneapolis you'll find a high percentage of "Foreigners" from somewhere working at the burger joints.

I'm not talking about prejudiced hiring practices. Just the change in who's willing to work in a burger joint now, compared to the past, and the shrinking of the middle-income class, and the growth of the lower income class. Over the past twenty years, the Federal Minimum Wage has gone from \$5.15 an hour to \$7.25 an hour. Not a big difference over twenty years.

Compare the changes in the demographics since 1963 and today. Compare the three different galaxies or stages. Myself? I'm 74-years-young and I can tell you all about what it was like growing up in the 1950's, and the societal changes that I have seen in every area of our lives, both pre-integration and post.

So, that's the warm-up to the meat of this story. On Planet Las Vegas in Galaxy 2022; if you are retired, on disability benefits, and you aren't necessarily looking for a job, and you happen to

feel inclined to work part-time because a local (famous) upscale Fast-Food restaurant that is being built near you is paying \$15 per hour, you jump on it, and get hired. Oh, and you're a white dude. Note: The Hispanic management doesn't make that much, so I wonder what they pay a Hispanic dude versus yourself.

Now, there is an extensive training period, from learning how to program the French-Fry Machine, to how to properly sweep the floor. Because the store near you where your job will be is still under construction, the training takes place in Las Vegas. The corporation that owns yours, (which is in a predominately white area), owns 300 more stores spread over Nevada, Southeastern California, and the northern part of Arizona.

Since your yet to be opened store is 45 minutes from Las Vegas, it makes sense that your training would be accomplished in the Las Vegas/Henderson/ Boulder City area. It's great! Until your first shift for training at a store in Las Vegas.

I'm guessing that a shift is comprised of about ten employees. You, the happy retired white dude from Minnesota who only speaks English, and the other nine on your shift who only speak Spanish and not a lick of English. Maybe that's why they had to invent the numbering system on the menu. The person who DOES speak and understand English is the Hispanic woman who is glued to her headset her entire shift except for a pee break, and she certainly doesn't know how to set the automatic timer on the French Fry Machine, The Hispanic shift manager is amongst the nine others who "No entiendo ingles".

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 54

Imagine the nightmare if you will, and we all know it's not rocket science flipping burgers; but if it were I.....I certainly would want to receive my instructions in English whilst training. When I was told this actual story, I admit it was hilarious to me. Like it could be a SNL skit with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.

Visualize it yourself in your mind, if you're creative like myself, your Shift Manager trying to explain how to clean the toilets, in Spanish, or setting the automatic timers for the French Fry Machines. To most of the jabbering, all you can do is nod your head up and down and pray that it's something Juan is saying which requires a shake-head-back-and-forth motion, signifying that you understand. Like learning how to sweep the floor, "empuje el cepillo hacia adelante, levántelo y tire hacia atrás, luego empuje el cepillo hacia adelante nuevamente. Repita el proceso".

Like, in Spanish, Juan is saying, "You're not the type that love to give employees and customers blow-jobs are you?" to which your response.....had you known Spanish, would've been something like, "No Señor, yo amor mujer". Instead, you nod your head up and down in agreement.

Postscript: I once served the greatest poet/songwriter of all time, (the only song writer to be awarded the Nobel Prize for his category).....Two Cheeseburgers, Fries, and a Coooooke! I was working at Robby's hamburger joint in Dinkytown, which was on the University of Minnesota Campus in Minneapolis. I had no idea who or what he was at the time, until I heard him later at

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 55

the local "Coffeehouse", which in those days, was a venue for up and coming Folk Music Artists.

Guess who he was.

A few rotten apples can spoil the whole basket

I believe that in the future, like maybe 100 years or so from now, when children are reading their history books, learning about the past, the word “politician” will be synonymous with “crook, racketeer, or swindler”.

For the past sixty years or so, the business of “Politics” has been making a LOT of politicians’ wealthy beyond their annual salaries primarily due to the nature of the “business”. I’m sure the corruption goes way back, perhaps 100 years

Lobbyists of businesses and some foreign countries like zebrael, pay money for influence, and sometimes the purchase of influence, or reason to pay a politician massive sums of money, is not about serving our best interests as a people, and nation.

The idea of “Government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth” as stated in Lincoln’s famous Gettysburg Address on November 19, 1863 has unfortunately, perished in deed. Lincoln gave a great speech, but he would be sad to see what our political system of influence peddling has become.

America’s political and legal systems are “Rotten to the Core”, an idiom that originally described a “Bad Apple”, and in it’s usage in the English language refers to a person being very bad or dishonest.

If America (its citizens), were considered to be the good “apples” in a basket, you would normally remove the “Bad” apples” from the basket, right?

It is time now for dramatic changes in how we govern ourselves, and how the rest of the world does as well. Democracy was okay for a few hundred years, but the future of our own country and the rest of the world begs for something new.

I'm not a socialist, but I believe that this new system of governance will incorporate all the positive attributes of what our species has experienced before.

I call this new system INCLUSIONISM. Root word: INCLUDE, i.e., we ALL will have an active role in governing our country and our world.

I'm sure that the end result of re-inventing our system of governance will have a positive impact on how we function as a nation, and how our global community will function together as well.

I'm not prepared to get into details in this essay on what we as a people can and cannot do to make the changes we need, but I do have my own thoughts on the steps/processes to achieve the goal. The goal being a better world, with no more wars, no more famines, no more homelessness, no more poverty.

Eve of Destruction

History tells us, and a majority of people believe, that the beginning of the end for Communist USSR, was when the Berlin wall came down.

The Berlin Wall, as you may recall, was a wall that divided Berlin, with the USSR controlling the eastern half, and the United States (and it's Allie's) owning the western half. The city of Berlin was in Eastern Germany, which was controlled by the Soviet Union (USSR), and this was how Germany was split up after World War II.

It was unfortunate for those Germans living in East Berlin because they WERE oppressed. Many with family in West Berlin. Some of us are old enough to remember when Ronald Reagan said, "Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this wall", as a statement in his famous Berlin Wall Speech, in West Berlin on June 12, 1987.

Something Diane Sare said in her daily podcast/update today triggered this thought/inspiration today.

Just as the destruction of the Berlin Wall signaled the eventual fall of communism in what is now known as Russia, I think that there has been a slow crumbling of an invisible wall surrounding the USA and it's primary partner in crime, Great Britain (Wall Street and the City of London) for years.

This "crumbling" of the wall surrounding the western powers is evident in the fact that people, whole societies really, have been slowly waking up, thanks to social media, and the rise of the "Truth" as it's shared on numerous platforms outside the "Main Stream Media".

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 59

In the USA, the legal system has been weaponized for several years, as you can see that in spite of Congress proving that scumbags like Fauci had lied, that Hunter's Laptop is the real deal, that the DNC elites had suppressed the truth on Social Media platforms like Twitter and Facebook, AND our Demo-Rat controlled justice system will not prosecute cases BECAUSE, they have weaponized the justice system.

Many folks agree that the origins of the shit-show began prior to World War I, and by time WW2 was over, the military/industrial complex, run by the elite/cabal was well entrenched. Eisenhower warned us in his final speech. JFK talked about it. Look where that got him.

So, right now I speak of the evolved process that has been occurring over at least the last two decades.....since 9-11, and as more and more people discover that they have been held hostage by a system that has served only the most wealthy, we ALL are saying, "The gig is up assholes, it's OUR time now".

Although this "Crumbling of the invisible wall" has been a slow process that may continue for another decade, I believe the final death blow is in maybe six years.

What changes are coming for the western powers, nobody knows for certain. At the same time that this breaking down of the West's invisible wall seems apparent, the other "side" which includes dozens of countries all over the world are getting together in ways never thought possible before, when the USA had more control.

Look at BRICS. From Wikipedia: BRICS is an acronym for five leading emerging economies: Brazil, Russia, India, China, and South Africa. The first four were initially grouped

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 60

as "BRIC" (or "the BRICs") in 2001 by Goldman Sachs economist Jim O'Neill, who coined the term to describe fast-growing economies that would collectively dominate the global economy by 2050; South Africa was added in 2010.

Another signal that the USA and their partners in crime are slowly losing their superiority is the movement away from the U.S. Dollar as the reserve currency. Earlier this year Russia left the U. S. Dollar crying in the road like a poor Coyote about to be turned into road/kill when he put the Russian Ruble on Gold as a standard. One could say that the invisible wall surrounding the western powers has been a financial one.

Look at China. They practically own the USA. The elite/cabal wasn't thinking too clearly thirty years ago, when they first began shifting their labor/intensive assembly-line work and critical industries like the Steel Industries to China. It was good for the shareholders and bad for the American economy and citizens.

The elites knew that they would become billionaires, but they also made China very wealthy as well. Now China is in a position of world-wide significance, (go research BRICS). China and Russia are the key shareholders.

Of course, there are several other key indicators that the west is collapsing, (that invisible wall). Look at the trillions of tax-payer dollars going into the elite's pocketbooks for a senseless involvement in Ukraine.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 61

Share your own thoughts and research. Add to mine. Is a real "Revolution" slowly taking place already, or, will the USA/System fall, and change, due to a real bullets flying kind of revolution?

"But you tell me

Over and over and over again, my friend

How you don't believe

We're on the eve of destruction"

Weeping mothers in Ukraine, and thirteen other countries around the world

All mothers weep when one of their children dies, whatever the cause of death. I would imagine that even Jeffery Dahmer's mother cried at least one tear for him, right? But most of the weeping and gnashing of teeth on her part were for his victims, and for her tormenting regret that she ever brought him into this world.

Today I saw a MSM article on Facebook about a Ukrainian woman who was weeping over the loss of her second son within a week in the "Conflict" in Ukraine right now.

Yes, "War is Hell". Why doesn't the MSM post articles about the horror of that war from the Eastern part of Ukraine? You know, images of the Russian speaking mothers in the Donets Basin (Donbas), weeping over THEIR dead children that have been killed by the Ukrainian soldiers.

The native language of 74.9% of the population of the Donetsk region is Russian, compared with 24.1% Ukrainian.

Hey, MSM, how about all those mothers in Yemen holding their dead child in their arms?

I think I smell a capitalistic rat here folks. Research the spread south and east of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) over many decades which originally was set up for the countries IN and around the "North Atlantic" at the end of World War 2.

Then research how many USA Military Bases are in the NATO countries. Then research the companies that produce weapons of war and who benefits financially from the military/industrial complex that Eisenhower warned us about in his final speech as POTUS.

I have always agreed with that first person that coined the phrase, "Follow the Money".

What political leaders are personally benefiting from what's going on right now in Ukraine?

It's become obvious over the past fifty or sixty years that Main Stream Media (MSM) has become a propaganda weapon/tool, more and more, increasingly obvious to the majority of people around the planet with real knowledge and "Common Sense".

What can we do? As much as we despise attributes of certain social media platforms, we DO use it to express our own beliefs about a given subject. We see two sides of the coin regarding the current situation in Ukraine for example.

People are casting shit at Putin, and people shoveling shit on Biden and the rest of the Western Block that pretty much drinks from the teat of the USA.

Check again the ownership of the top forty companies that are part of the military/industrial complex. Mostly USA companies, some British, some French, etcetera. How about a major campaign to talk some sense into those who own stock in these companies, to provide them with the financial reason and the moral reason, to divest themselves of ALL their stocks related to war, weapons of war, even the fucking underwear *Skivvies" that the soldiers wear.

Whoever coined the phrase "War is Hell" is my Soul Brother. No one has the power to predict the future, but millions of us know that what's happening right now has no predictive end. Some say all-out Nuclear War & Devastation. There are many groups/organizations that you can join and become a part of that are strictly focused on the total elimination of nuclear weapons if that floats your boat.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 64

There are many groups that are strictly focused on Environmental causes. Join them. There are a ton of Pro-Palestinian Groups/organizations all over the world, yet one would think with that massive world-wide support, the Palestinians would have received the thumbs-up from the United Nations (we all know who runs that circus), and the Palestinian people would be restored to their homes and dignity....AND, wither it be some joint-state agreement, or whatever other satisfactory arrangement, zionism would be extinct. Obviously, that IS one cause that I'm passionate about and take part in.

Regarding the current President of Ukraine. Some people have been complaining that he is a Nazi. Then others point out that he's Jewish. WTF? I would say if he is a zionist (purposely not capitalized), that tells the whole story. This purely political system called zionism is a scourge upon our planet. If he is like millions of others who follow the Judaic religion AND support the Palestinian cause, then THAT'S a whole other story.

Unfortunately, until someone comes up with factual knowledge, I have to believe that he's a zionist, AND, that "Child Sniffing Biden" and ALL of the leading political power-brokers are merely puppets to the zionist puppet masters.

Along the way Biden and his family and a whole slew of others are making tons of dinero off of the sales of weaponry as well as kick-backs on the natural resources such as Natural Gas. So, he's a comedian? SFF? (Or, so fucking what?).

Bottom line? ALL like-minded Groups/Organizations/People need to ORGANIZE! Through ORGANIZATION comes SYNERGY and COLLABORATION. Revolution always comes when and with people “Organizing”. Pick ANY Revolution throughout history and you will see that the “People” organized before they revolted.

Revolution wasn’t always centered around good causes, people, or philosophies, but it WAS always organized. Whether it was organization by word-of-mouth, leaflets, posters on walls of buildings, secret meetings in thousands of homes and offices, or via “Social Media” like it is today, eventually, when people have had enough and desperately want massive changes, they/we WILL organize, and we WILL REVOLT.

Today it’s easier to spread the truth, and with the current social media platforms, we see a haphazard attempt at “Organizing”. I say haphazard because as I’ve said thousands of times, we ALL are like a “Single Fly, Farting in the Wind” BECAUSE we are not organized.

Soon, we shall see true organization take place, wherein we WILL get to that tipping point when we become world-wide, organized, anarchists, and REVOLT against the puppet masters. They will lose, and lose in a mostly non-violent way. I say mostly because like in all revolutions, someone gets their head chopped off.

The primary tools we will use to finally organize on a world-wide basis WILL be via a “Social Media” platform that hasn’t been created yet. I believe it will have some of the bells and whistles of platforms like DISCORD. For more on this subject browse through my library for past essays/articles.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 66

Finally, I used the image of President John F. Kennedy's funeral shot of "Lying in State" because his mother Rose was certainly weeping for her son that had been murdered by the "Deep State"/CIA/MOSSAD/whoever, but the big difference between that Ukrainian woman and Rose Kennedy, WE ALL WEEPED for JFK, for our loss.

Point is, if WE ALL can feel that level of compassion and empathy for a President, but feel that way for that mother in Palestine/West Bank (live prison) that just lost ALL her children AND her husband, her sister and her family, and a few uncles and aunts in a IDF Airforce bombing exercise, perhaps we will see peace.

My Steve Garvey Story

Tonight my roommate “Baby Brother” Paul and I were sitting on the front porch shooting the shit, sharing a few bong loads.....well, maybe it was five, I can’t remember. I happen to be wearing a T-Shirt that was the starting point and inspiration for my Steve Garvey Story. The T-Shirt that I was wearing was my Minnesota Twins World Series Championship T-Shirt from 1991 when the Twins won the World Series. Paul inquired about the T-Shirt so I stood up so he could see the front of my shirt clearly.

Paul: I see that you are wearing a new shirt I haven’t see you wearing before.....

Me: (Standing up) Oh, this is the T-Shirt celebrating the Minnesota Twins winning the World Series in 1991. The Twins gave me serial number 1 for singing the National Anthem for that final series winning game.....

Paul: You sang the National Anthem? Wow....at a World Series?! I knew from other stories that you were a singer; I remember you had briefly mentioned singing at Dodger Stadium".

Me: Just kidding. A cousin of mine from Minnesota sent it to me for Christmas that year. I DID do the anthem at Dodger Stadium and it’s an interesting story that will surprise you in an unexpected way. It’s what I call my “Steve Garvey Story”, so this story is not titled “I sang the National Anthem at Dodger Stadium" story. Here’s why.

It’s kinda interesting, how I managed to be invited to do the National Anthem in the first place. A vendor of mine at that time had a daughter that worked for the Dodger’s front office. My vendor Bob, knew that I sang pretty good because he and I and a few other friends would do

the Karaoke thing once in a while. I reckon I've always had a singing "Voice" that was recognized by others. At five-years-old I sang "We Three Kings of Orient are, tried to smoke, a Rubber Cigar" in church at Christmastime", taught "Voice" in Junior College, and did a little singing in Nashville when I was a young man. One day he asked me if I had any interest in maybe singing at a Dodger game sometime. I responded with curious excitement, "Well, I think that would be awesome. Why do you ask?" Bob then explained about his daughter working for the Dodgers front office and said that he had mentioned me to his daughter Susan at dinner a few nights earlier. All Susan needed was a Demo on a cassette tape. I gave Bob a tape within that week, and a week later, I think it was late May or early June, I received a call from the Dodgers, and a date was set for me to sing a few months later. August 13th, 1981. That was the day that I will never forget. I sang the National Anthem that day, and met most of the Dodger players and the team Manager Tommy Lasorda, coaches, and other staff.

My son Tommy was just a few days past his one-year-old birthday, so here we were, my wife Trudy, my son, and myself. Trudy and Tommy were seated in a section in the stands behind Homeplate that was reserved for all the player's wives. Trudy was sitting with Steve Garvey's wife Cyndy, and all the other player's wives. After the anthem I would eventually take a seat with Trudy and Tommy to watch the game. Later, my wife would share with me how she had held Tommy up to see me singing, and just before I started singing, she exclaimed with much exuberance, "Look Tommy! There's your daddy! He's going to be singing our National Anthem!" Knowing my wife at the time, I'm sure she screamed it out loud enough that folks in

Torrance could hear her, hahahahaha. Good for her. It was a proud moment for her. I should have bought her one of those battery-operated megaphones.

I had what's called a "Dugout Pass". It basically let me go anywhere in the stadium. I was escorted under the bleachers eventually ending up under the centerfield bleachers/seats. I noticed that as my escort and I were getting close to the center of the centerfield area under the outfield seats, there were about 50 to 60 people, adults and kids, gathered along a line just before that part of the stadium where the thirty-foot-wide double field gates were, the gates that were the entry/exit point for the vehicles and large equipment. The gates that would be opened for me to walk out to the microphone in deep center field. Those 50 to 60 people were there every game, seeking autographs from whomever big star or celebrity that had just sang the anthem, like a Tom Jones, Cher, Elvis, etcetera.

Now, the way the Dodger management did the anthem singer bookings is this. 90% of the year/season, it was a major star/celebrity that sang, and those were booked well in advance for the entire year/season. The other 10%, was what they called "Public" bookings. 99% of the "Public" bookings were generally small groups, like the "Singing Cadavers" Barber-Shop Quartet from some retirement "Old Folks" home in Pasadena, or a bunch of Girl Scouts from Hawaii, or whatever. That 1%, was THE only, solo gig that year in the "Public" category, and that was me. It was not common to just let anybody, any dude like me, sing the National Anthem. What an absolute honor and thrill it was.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 70

At that time, there was a Dodger second-baseman named Steve Sax. My last name is Saxe. Remember all those fanatics under the centerfield bleachers? They could not see the huge screen over centerfield where a live shot of me was played with my name “Tom Saxe” as I was about to sing. All those dedicated autograph seekers could only “Hear” my name when Vin Scully announced, “Now here to sing our National Anthem is...Tom Saxe”.....(booming applause). Now, the folks in the stadium that COULD see the giant TV, SAW my last name had an “E” on the end of it, making me NOT Steve Sax’s brother. All those dedicated fans waiting for celebrities to sing and come back by them in the tunnel every week? They only “Heard” my last name, and assumed that I was Steve Sax’s brother. Of course, they’re going to want my autograph. I was Steve Sax’s brother. Who knows if it might be worth a lot of money some day.

After doing a pretty good job with the anthem, as I was escorted back and through this crowd of 50 to 60 fans, I think I signed my “Autograph” for at least 35 people, more or less. I purposely signed my name, “TOM SAX”, hahahahahahaha. That was the comedic nature I had back then that I continue to enjoy today. I purposely wanted all those people to continue believing that I was Steve Sax’s brother and hold that autograph of mine dear to their hearts. I think it would have been a huge disappointment for them and myself if I had tried to explain that I was not related to Steve Sax, that there was an “E” at the end of MY “SAX”. They may have shown their disappointment by a lack of enthusiasm, if not downright saying, “Who the fuck are you?”, So, I signed my name, TOM SAX, just like Vin Scully had announced it, with a silent

“E”. Over the years, some people have mispronounced my last name and made the “E” like a separate part of two words, TOM SAX-EEE, as it would sound.

After getting through the crowd, my escort and I eventually ended up in the bleacher section where my wife and son were. Alice, my escort had suggested that we first go up in the bleachers to get Tommy, before heading for the dugout for the photo-op part. How awesome was that?

I’m now in the Dodger dugout getting their autographs, posing for photos with several of the Dodger players. That’s where all the celebrities would go to get their photo-op with the players. I was doing the same. Photos, and chatting with the players prior to the start of the game.

It was great, like I said, something in my life that I did that I will never forget, and tonight, I’m writing this story to share publicly for the first time. God knows that over the years since, I have verbally shared this story probably hundreds of times with friends. Tommy’s friends, my daughter’s friends, and anyone that brought up the subject in a hotel bar because I used to travel a lot for business back in the day.

Here’s where the “Steve Garvey” part of the story begins. If you are old enough to remember that era, you will remember that during that period of time, you never heard one bad thing about ANY sports figures, baseball, football, basketball, golf, tennis, swimming or professional basket weavers. They were ALL just wonderful examples of human beings that were role-models that our kids could look up to and emulate, that most adults admired, and a few people that were downright fanatic about, even to the point of stalking, by the “I want to bear Jack Perciano’s child” stalker type of fanatic.

Steve Garvey was one of those sports figures that was ALSO well known beyond the baseball world, appearing on talk shows etcetera. At least for California folks, Steve and his beautiful wife Cyndy Garvey were like a Prince and Princess, viewed by the fans and the general public as Mr. Goody-Two-Shoes-Do-No-Wrong and his beautiful “Every Woman wants to be her”, Princess, Cyndy.

I ALSO admired Steve Garvey, like everyone else did. I hadn't heard about their impending divorce shit yet. I mentioned earlier that I was able to spend some photo-op time in the Dodger dugout prior to the game. During those fifteen minutes or so, I had an absolutely wonderful time meeting the players, getting several photos and autographs.

It was interesting to me that the players and coaches (and maybe some fans) had a superstition that if some celebrity had botched the National Anthem, they felt that they were surely going to lose that game. If the anthem singer did a good job, they would win. Weird superstition. I received a lot of compliments, so I figured I must have done a good job, so the Dodgers would win. Incidentally, they won that night. I've forgotten who they beat.

All this time Steve Garvey was out in that grassy area where there was a chalked circle where you see players warming up prior to going up to home plate to bat. Towards the end of the photo-op time, with my son Tommy in my arms, I walked up to Steve Garvey who was exercising in this “Warm-Up” circle.

Steve had his back towards me when I said, “Mr. Garvey, can I get a picture of you, with my son and I”? Without turning around, he said, “Get the fuck away from me “. WOW! This blew

me away. My instant reaction was one of shock. This was the “Saintly” Steve Garvey! A microsecond later I was thinking, “What a rude fucking egotistical asshole HE is”.

At that moment in time, I was one of the few people in the world that knew what an outrageous egotistical prick he was. The other few people were people close to him, like his beautiful wife Cyndy, some of the players, coaches and other staff. Although Cyndy may have had a few things that she did wrong in their marriage that led to their divorce, you know, the old saying, “It takes two to Tango”, Steve and Cyndy were already embroiled in divorce proceedings that would go on for a few years, because he WAS a big prick. Maybe the divorce shit was part of the reason he was so nasty with me.

The public opinions of Steve were in a slow decline in 1981 because of Steve filing for divorce, and because of the little bit of information about their private lives that was slowly getting out into the public. Except for myself and a few of my close friends and family, for the next few years however, the general public would still continue to admire, worship, and wish they could fuck Steve Garvey. Funny.

In later decades, the public relations folks could no longer protect all the asshole sports figures, with stories getting out about the ones who were arrested for spousal abuse, smuggling Cocaine, raping a 12-year-old boy, or whatever the nasty news was. By the time of the Garvey divorce really started hitting the major media, TV, Radio, magazines, and newspapers, I reckon I had shared my “Steve Garvey Story” with perhaps fifty people, so in addition to the millions of

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 74

adoring fans, Steve also had a small but growing number of people that had a completely different view of who Steve Garvey really was as a person.

From that day back in August of 1981, I no longer had the same feelings about baseball, and sports in general. I guess you could say I experienced something that was unique at the time, AND, an eye-opener. That's why what I would normally title, "The day I sung the National Anthem at Dodger Stadium" is titled, "My Steve Garvey Story".

P. S. August 13th, 1981 was a "Friday", "Friday the 13th" and that's why the anthem was not being performed by a famous celebrity. No one wants to sing on a "Friday the 13th" and potentially be dragged through the media sewage if they screw it up. That was a lucky day for me AND the Dodgers (I sang, and they won). Hahahaha!

Urinal versus Toilet, "Let's go back to the Rice Paddies", and walking behind the elephants in my Brooks Brothers suit

What do you get when you cross a floor-mount "Urinal", a tall, porcelain thing where men stand and urinate, (notice that it is tall enough, for a man eight feet tall to pee without crouching).

Compare that with a "Toilet" a short squatting porcelain thing that both men and women sit on for crapping, and men also get to stand up in front of, to pee, and hopefully lift the seat before, and lower back down after use. It must have been a man who invented the toilet because the lid and the seat are hinged to swivel up and down.

If a woman had invented the "toilet" the seat would be in a fixed position, down. And wives/mothers would be constantly harassing the boys for peeing on the seat. Now, if you happened to grow up in a house full of girls, and you were my second cousin named Henry, on my mother's side, your mother raised you from day one of potty training to "Sit" when you crap, and also to sit when you pee. You will naturally leave the seat down at all times. Right?

So anyway, What do you get when you cross a urinal with a toilet? A "Yoy-Let" ? What would a yoylet look like anyway? Why doesn't the word, "urinal" start with a "Y".

Would it solve the fight going on right now over trans-gender "Freedom Of Bathroom Use?" So, men who dress like a woman, can use the women's bathroom as long as they squat. If that person pees standing up and doesn't put the seat back down, then you shoot him because he really is some pervert after your daughter.

Now the other side of the coin. This dude happens to walk into a MENS Room that doesn't have any toilets available. No, they are not occupied. one has a hand-written note that says, "out of order", one has no door and a hole in the floor where the toilet should be, and you open the door of the third toilet and it also is apparently out of order because it is so full of paper, and shit, and multiple, unsuccessful attempts at flushing.

So, the "Tranny Dude" has to stand in front of a urinal? The place is empty at the time, so you're thinking to yourself, as opposed to saying it out loud so everyone can hear, "I'll just back up to the urinal, with my pants down, and squat to pee", "just like I do in the woods when I'm camping".

At the tail-end of this split-second idea, you hear footsteps as a "Real Dude" walks in. Since you are squatting, with your ass facing the urinal, you pretend that you are crouching to pick something up. "Dropped a contact", as you stand up and faced the urinal. The real dude happens to be a six foot three, three-hundred-pound leather-jacketed biker dude.

Imagine this John "Lucy" Wayne. You are standing next to a real big biker dude that has just whipped out his ten-inch Cock like it was a fire hose, and you are slowly unzipping your Levi's, praying that the MAN next to you will finish quickly and walk away.

Just as hook & ladder #10 walks away, another man steps up next to you and you pretend that you are just finishing up, as you zip up vigorously and exclaim in a manly voice, "That felt good".

You walk out of there with a still-full bladder, and remember that you are not at the mall where you can just go and look for another MENS room. You are at some truck stop along with several truckers and about thirty bikers and their biker babes.

No, you're not a Transgender Biker, you just happen to stop there on your way to Phoenix. You are a woman who happens to associate her existence with the other gender.

You act like a man, dress like a man, and wish you had more money to spend on your girlfriend or wife, not a surgical transformation. You are not a Transsexual, saving her money for a penis.

I really think that would be different from the lesbian that takes the character and role of the MAN. She really isn't that bothered having to use the girl's room, and she could care less what the straight women are thinking about her. In most cases she really does look like a woman in drag, and she is not trying to attract men.

The ones that want their breasts removed, grow a beard and get a penis surgically created, pretty much are what we call trans-sexual, not trans-gender. But even with their new penis, they are going to stick with the cute little blond that she came in with, i.e., their significant other will still be a woman.

I don't think a woman would go through the process and have a penis created in order to fuck a guy. Back in the early 1970's I knew a dude that dressed like a woman all the time. For work. Out with friends, or at home with his family. He loved his wife and two kids, and just liked wearing women's clothes. He was OK with having a penis, and was a good friend. He was

trans-gender. I sometimes went to his house to watch football with my girlfriend that worked for him.

So, there you are, sitting in your car, waiting for people to leave, and you can't just walk into the WOMEN restroom with women using it cause you're dressed like a man! Finally, at eight pm, you're able to use the WOMAN restroom, because even though you are dressed and look like a man, you still have to sit down to pee!

Think about it! I really don't think that there are trans-gender women. They are women who love someone of the same sex. Who dress and act like a man (butch) and have no qualms about using the "Ladies" bathroom. They could care less what anyone thinks of their looks. They are not trying to look like a man to attract a man or prey on little boys.

Shoot, we really don't need MENS and WOMEN signs anymore. Just a single sign with a stick figure taking a pee, facing a stick figure taking a crap, (or a stick figure taking a pee if your name was Henry). Except two guys facing each other taking a pee standing up looks a little campy.

I also think that some pedophiles MAY cross-dress to go into a WOMAN restroom, only if the pedophile is a man, and he happens to like little girls, instead of little boys. If the pedophile is only interested in little boys, no problem transgender people, he'll use the MENS room.

Maybe the answer is to offer a "Third" choice for a bathroom. One that ANYBODY could use, called a YOYLET. Or, how about we get rid of bathrooms altogether? No matter where you are, in the woods or at the mall, when you get the urge or feel the need, you just go.

Think of all the jobs that would be created, especially in the malls, sweeping and mopping up after everyone peeing and crapping. Fifty years ago in South Vietnam, if you were working in the rice paddies and had to go, you did. You lifted up your skirt, or pulled down your pants and took a shit. You didn't go looking for the nearest porta-potty. Women dropped their babies in the rice paddies as well.

Reminds me. Long Beach Auditorium, 1966, Barnum and Baileys Circus. There I was, walking after the elephants, with a big push broom, sweeping up the shit. The audience pointing and laughing thinking I was just another clown. Maybe I should have worn something else?

I wasn't wearing my navy whites; I was wearing an old dark blue with red pin-striped Brooks Brother's suit that I bought from the thrift store for fifteen dollars the day before. I diligently swept that elephant shit into piles while another guy came behind me and scooped it up with a shovel. I really thought that the audience was laughing at the real clowns.

The bathroom issue is complicated. Although I don't totally agree with the lifestyle and belief systems of trans-gender people, I believe that they should have the right to be who they want to be, or "Be everything you can be", in the ARMY. Hmmmm, does the Army want the male soldiers to wear dresses?

Everyone should have the same rights. I don't think it should be an issue, except for catching the Perverts. That will be harder to do. I just think representatives from all sides should sit down and negotiate an agreeable resolution to the problem. Excluding pedophiles or other deviants.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 80

Taking a dump on your neighbor's lawn. Shouldn't that be a right? One big Co-Ed high school locker room and showers? Wouldn't that be exciting. You could save energy by showering with your friend, "Hey, soap me down Susie".

Can I have some Peppermint Schnapps with my ADHD?

Foreword: To all my farcecrap friends (and others). Unless you have the adult version of ADHD, or some other mental affliction, read this entire “Sermon/Manifesto”. Thanks!

REACT AND RESPOND. We all “React” on social media with our loves, likes, anger, sad, etcetera buttons, and if we REALLY are moved by a thought, idea, or Meme, etcetera. we “Share” “Retweet”, etcetera, that thing that moved us to take action and “Respond”. BUT, and it’s a BIG BUT, it’s ALL like a “Single Fly, Farting in the Wind”, if we don’t take it a step further and REALLY RESPOND.

What do I mean by that? The same thing that I’ve been preaching on for several years now. Unless we ALL can ORGANIZE, bring all of our efforts TOGETHER under one umbrella/entity, world-wide, everything we do or say, is “Useless as Wings on a Penis”.

Sure, it DOES help to get the word out, in hopes of waking up the “Sheeple” to one cause or another, but the end result is still the same thing, lots of awakened people, and no organization at all.

There are hundreds, really, thousands of individual organizations that are doing great work individually to save the bees, plant some trees, feed the hungry, house the homeless, inform you of SOME truth, like the 9-11 Truth movement, or the apartheid treatment of the Palestinian people, you know, those various organizations ARE making a difference, for sure, in their own small way, BUT, and it’s another BIG BUT, there are only a few organizations/groups, looking at the overall picture, that are awake and concentrating their efforts on changing how the world is

governed.....as opposed to what our species has evolved to, a species, and ultimately a world governed by a very small group of people, the group most of us who are awake call, the “Elite/Cabal”.

So, you belong to a group that is trying to politicize radical thoughts and/or tyranny/change in some fashion or another. How’s that working out for you so far? Or you belong to, and support a 9-11 Truther organization/group. I would ask that same question....How’s that working out for you?

It’s great to awaken the masses, even if a vast majority already believe what you are preaching, as an example, that 9-11 was NOT caused by a bunch of radical Muslims. That the CIA, Mossad, Deep State, have their fingerprints all over this one. Even if you are amongst the millions that believe the later, it will never amount to anything positive because, the people at the top of the Pyramid of Power control EVERYTHING which includes the courts/legal system, main-stream media, etcetera.

What’s a little frustrating for me is when I post a really long essay on my usual subjects, and I realize that MAYBE, 10% of those that actually DO read what I post, have read every word. I admit that I do the same thing most of the time with posts by other like-minded individuals.....I skim over each paragraph and hit a “Like” button or another button depending on the content in the “Post” (referring to farcecrap posts). I DO “Share” posts when it is important information, and when I have felt that the information needed to be shared.

For the “Awakened” individuals, groups and organizations, regardless of your “Cause”, it’s just not enough.

It’s like all of our efforts are like individual flies buzzing around separate piles of dog shit which is why I came up with the phrase, “Like a Single Fly, Farting in the Wind”, no one really hears us. For those friends of mine that DO share my posts, don’t stop, it’s still worth all of our efforts to get the truth out, we just need to take those truths to the next level.

Historically, all the bad shit that is happening in our world, and continues to happen, goes back much longer than most people realize, 150 years or so, when the bankers and the people at the top of the Pyramid first wrapped their bloody hands around our species and their idea of global management/control. That grip/hold evolved into what we see today.

All of mankind’s advances in every area of our lives has evolved. Medical, technical, political advances, etcetera, that in many cases, has morphed/evolved into one giant cluster-fuck. From single shot Flintlock Rifles, to “Weapons of Mass Destruction” as we call them, from blood-letting and attaching leeches to our bodies, to amazing discoveries and advances in medical care and technology like surgical methods and breakthroughs, and wonderful discoveries in how to treat and cure illnesses/diseases, stick a new heart in your chest, to now a real possibility that the elite/cabal has been using medical research in viruses to kill, cull the world’s population.

In every case where some advance has been made, some bad shit has also been developed, and the folks at the top of the food-chain? They’re laughing all the way to the bank. Good

outcome? Money in the bank. Bad outcome? Money in the bank. When you look at our species with a historical and evolutionary view, it begins to make sense. Not good sense though, as this evolutionary process has had a handful of people at the top of the pile of shit gaining more and more control over THEIR perceived/planned goal/outcome.

“Common Sense”, “Evidence”, and “Justice” (or a justifiable conclusion). When you apply Common Sense, add it to, Evidence, you come to many justifiable conclusions about all the hot topics. From how wars are funded and who gained the most from the death and destruction that wars bring, to who really murdered JFK and why, to who really had the most to gain with the tragedy of 9-11 and twenty years of war, (think about the bullshit that’s been happening in the Middle East for the past sixty-plus years), to the world being turned upside down by a well-planned, and purposed health crisis, all of these can be looked at from a financial perspective. Who gains, and who suffers. Follow the money.

In ALL of these situations that have had a negative impact on our species and our planet, and some I haven’t mentioned, one only has to use “Common Sense” and look at the “Evidence” to see/discover the truth. It’s how we “React” that makes or will make, a difference, a “Justifiable Conclusion”. That difference being a positive one for our species, our planet, every living thing on our planet, and our future.

How do we, as a species, overcome what seems to be, insurmountable odds?

ORGANIZATION! It’s not enough to be aware/awake, it’s not enough to stand on a rooftop,

alone, screaming out the truth to deaf ears. The enemy is few in number. We CAN defeat the enemy, but we HAVE to ORGANIZE! Otherwise, mankind MIGHT be doomed.

It has nothing to do with what many believe are the “Signs of the Times”, the religious belief that an “Anti-Christ” will swoop down and lead us into the “Final Days”. It has nothing to do with the likelihood of some “Alien” invasion, or the possibility of some catastrophic event like an Asteroid wiping out our species. I truly believe that as a species, we will survive, and usher in a new age. From Pisces, “The Age of Religions and Wars”, into the Age of Aquarius, “The Age of Technology and Peace. Gee, and all we have to do is ORGANIZE. Fancy that! The early stages of "Technology", like the "Industrial Age", gave the elite/cabal their power, and ironically, the later stages of "Technology" is going to take them "Out behind the Barn" for the opening of a huge can of "Whoop Ass".

Now, how do we do that? How do we ORGANIZE? It’s going to take some really innovative/revolutionary thoughts and action. AND, MONEY. No this is not a get-rich scheme on my part, at my age it doesn’t matter to me, but my own Common Sense tells me that we must battle the enemy using THEIR Modis Operandi, MONEY.

To organize on a world-wide scale that I’m talking about is going to require a LOT of money, common sense, and innovation. We already have some of the tools available to us, things like the Internet, the emerging financial technologies like “Crypto-Currencies”, etcetera, we just need to create a system, one entity that will bring everyone together.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 86

Every time that I have preached this same sermon, I have said that someone like a Musk, Bezos, or someone like Mohammed bin Zayed al Nahyan needs to get out his checkbook and fully get behind this idea of saving mankind and our planet. Can we start by at least talking about the how? Can we start by talking to all the organizations/groups that are like-minded? I think we can.

For those friends of mine on farcecrap that HAVE read this entire essay/sermon, and desire to actually DO something, contact me. Initially we can begin discussions and planning on a platform like Zoom, or some other similar platform. As some dude once said, "Let's get-r done". Don't just "React".

It's your choice. You can just react and/or respond with a "Like" or whatever, OR, if you take this subject seriously like I do, REALLY respond, contact me, let's actually DO something for a change!

"Just how fast do YOU think I was going, officer?"

Here's a little something that could stimulate thoughts, i.e., exercise the brain's "thinking engine", (or not).

I'm sure that the scientists/physicists have already figured part of this one out, as many believe that the "Propulsion System" of "Alien" craft (UFO's) is some sort of "Anti-Gravity" device, well, it is, but not "Anti", I would say it is a "Gravitational Amplifier/De-Amplifier - Accelerator/Decelerator" system. These are just my own thoughts that my "Rocking Pipe" inspired me to write tonight.

What if Alien craft (UFO's) propulsion isn't "Propulsion" at all, in the sense that we/most Earthlings believe the typical "propulsion" system to be, wither it's a jet or rocket engine, etcetera. Most scientists/physicists DO say it's some sort of "Anti-Gravity" system.

Well, tonight as I sit here on my veranda overlooking the early-evening Moon cast its white light over the calm Pacific Ocean, (in a forever straight line from the horizon to the shoreline, up the sand, a fading, dimming Moon light as it streaks through the grass, right up to where I'm sitting, for all you flat-earth versus round-earth folks out there) the proverbial "Light Bulb" went on as I gently set my glass pipe down on the glass-topped patio table.

My pipe has a slight indentation on the bottom of the bowl in order for it to sit in an upright position and not spill out all a person's fucking home-grown bud. So, I set my glass pipe down on the glass top of my patio table, like I've done 1,578,922 times before, and what's it do, like it's done 99.9765% of the times before? It rocks back and forth, slowly at first, geometrically

gaining enormous speed, clicking the table on each side of the pipe until each sides “Power” (gravitational “pull” from each side of the pipe) gets to where they are equal, canceling each other out as it comes to that centered and equal resting stage.

I’m thinking the faster the speed, the lesser energy used, so when the craft is traveling at these insanely high speeds, with G-Forces way beyond what the human body can survive, they are hardly using any “Energy” at all, energy as we Earthlings know it. Like the opposite poles of a magnet, one way the poles attracting and one way the poles repelling, the craft’s “Engine” if you will, has attraction to the Earth’s gravitational pull (if you believe that gravity DOES exist), and an attraction to whatever other object in space that is nearby, the closest, like, let’s say, the Moon. The “Engine” is switching allegiance from one gravitational attraction to the other, back and forth at speeds so high, they are astronomical.

Like me trying to calculate the speed my “rocking” pipe achieves just before it comes to a rest. The only difference is, the Alien Spacecraft “Engine” never comes to a rest until it physically lands, and even at rest, it never “turns off”. If landing somewhere here on Earth, with the gravitational attraction of Earth at its peak via the “engine’s” “gravitational amplifier”, there is still a slight gravitational pull/attraction from the Moon.

Like pointing one of those Spy-Type microphones at a subject in the distance and then having the ability to turn up the volume and hear what two dudes are saying to each other. The “Engine” is a gravitational “Amplifier” able to “Turn-Up” the “Volume” so to speak, I.e., ramp up the gravitational attraction “Pull” at will between two opposite “poles” (pulls). Hence, getting

from “Point A to Point B” and “Point B back to Point A” (etcetera) faster than you can blink an eye.

I never studied “Physics” and I hated Algebra, so I confess, I personally have no clue. So, think about it and report back to me what YOUR thoughts are. If my assumptions are correct, the question is HOW do they do it, i.e., how do they physically increase and decrease the gravitational pulls (plural) between to masses that each have a separate and different unequal gravitational pull?

Perhaps it’s an “Element” or material not found on Earth that when “excited” by another force or element, by rocking back and forth like my pipe, or like a pendulum, or spinning back and forth in some type of enclosure, amplifies one “Pull” (pole) or the other, thereby increasing the “Pull” in one direction or the other, i.e., getting from “Point A” to “Point B” and the reverse. Would that explain the crazy right-angle turns that are seen? Your thoughts?

P. S. Think about, try to calculate, the "Speed" at which two magnets attract to each other, and collide together, versus the opposite "Hovering" or impossible task of trying the same thing when the "Polarity" is shifted, no matter how hard you try, you cannot make them meet together. I think there could be something similar involved.

"Trees, Fences, Garbage Receptacles, and EVERYTHING on any Grassy area"

You know how when you walk your dog (outside) and they never go in the same spot twice? Like they can't stand the smell their own pee? Gott behüte! (Heaven forbids!).

And, if where you live has a (combined) 3,684 "Trees, Fences, Garbage Receptacles, and EVERYTHING on any Grassy area" (my title for this piece) you know what I'm saying. Silly me, I always walk to the first three trees that he ever pissed on. Shelton sniffs at the first tree. 360 Degrees later (walk around the tree), no pee, and Shelton looks up at me with a slight grin as if to say, "On to the next tree, stupid".

Same thing second and third tree, except this time, after the third tree, I say out loud what I only thought of at the first two trees, "I guess you can pee when and where you want to, and I can go sit on that fucking bench over there when I want to", (as I turn and start walking over to the bench, finally, after the first three trees. No, I can't just skip the first or last two trees, because that would be defeating my purpose of always starting with the first three trees which are no more than 50 feet away from the kitchen door of the casa.

Shelton's on a leash, because we live so close to that idiot's house at Mara Lagoo, or whatever it's called. So, I have to say, Shelton always trots along with me, I never have to yank on his leash as a signal. Well, on to number, 1,872 of all the different things he's pissed on, "We're halfway there, dude", I say to Shelton.

Infrequently, I need to find a big tree that I can ALSO take a piss behind. I've always been lucky the four times in that Shelton and I would be on the south side of our estate where all the

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 91

really old, huge Oak trees are at. Today, we are on the west side where all the Birch trees are, if you get my drift (Oak trees big, Birch trees thin). Oh, and every time I AM pissing behind one of those Oak trees, I have this crazy feeling that somebody's watching.

The neighbors say that that dude Frump likes to get off on watching dudes pee on MY Oak trees (yes, my two assistants walk Shelton sometimes and have the same issues regarding how many different places Shelton can sniff out and decide to go on to that Water Fountain).

Maybe THAT'S why frump is looking at THEM, you know, my two assistants that insisted (requested) that they walk Shelton together. Then they get out there in that forest of really Old Oak trees, and wank each other off or something? Is THAT what frump is looking at with his binoculars?

P. S. This story was inspired by my last walk with Shelton, AND...Wait for it....That single small rectangular piece of "Chocolate" that I purchased earlier today. My son was right. Holy Crapola!

Like he said, "Dad, be careful with those edibles. They can really surprise you when they hit, and DON'T take more than one small piece". I can say that it was a very pleasant, relaxing, and inspiring high.

As I finished the above, and published it here on my website, and posted it to approximately 80 different pages and groups on farcecrap, I "Clicked" the switch off on my wireless mouse as I always do when I need to take a break, and it's ALWAYS a good time to take Shelton out to do his business (craps twice a day. Once in the morning, and then late afternoon-early evening, pees

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 92

four to five times a day, (that's a LOT of "Trees, Fences, Garbage Receptacles, and EVERYTHING on any Grassy area"), and Shelton, who WAS sound asleep next to my chair, snapped to when I "clicked" my wireless mouse off....like someone lit a match under his big toe. He knows the "click" of that mouse switching-off sound. Anyway, I walked down the hall to the kitchen mixed myself a Martini (shaken, not stirred, with a twist of lemon, a splash of Vermouth, no olives or olive juice), and then I opened the cupboard where I keep all my munchies, and as I thought to myself, "Gee, there's that "Chocolate" sitting right next to the Reese's Peanut Butter Cups. Hmmmmm. I grabbed the Reese's this time.

What if Eve had been given a Penis, and Adam a Vagina?

What is “Religious Faith in the Unknown?” and the accompanying “Religious Fear of the Unknown?” For many, it is two things. Fear, and the promise of reward. You cannot have "Faith" without the "Fear", as they go hand in hand. The faith/belief (idea/notion) of spending eternity in a good place, like “Heaven” after you die (as a reward for being a "Righteous" person), will always be coupled with the fear of spending eternity in a very bad place called “Hell” for being a "Sinful" person, ultimately rejected by your "God" at the Pearly Gates.

I have known some very religious people that truly lived “Saintly” lives, but they did so with a mixture of fear and hope of that promise of reward. I also have known a few people that didn’t have a single religious bone in their body and lived what we would call, a “Righteous or Saintly” life, and throughout their lives, they never feared "Hell" (or death) and they never hoped to someday be in Heaven. I also have known the ultra-religious types that were the ultimate personification of what we call a “Hypocrite” and really did not believe in ANYTHING other than themselves.

So, what is the answer or point to all this? If you are a religious person, you more than likely live your life trying to avoid the

conscious or subconscious fear of “Hell Fire and Brimstone” that was taught to you all your life, and you believe that your attempt at living a saintly life will get you a Passport to your concept of “Heaven” and your place in the Heavenly Choir, or your 20 virgins that were promised to you, or your reincarnation as a higher life-form like a Cow.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 94

But assuredly, on your deathbed just before your final breath, you will still be wondering if you will end up in your preconceived version of "Hell" because you just once, had a thought in your mind of fucking your neighbor's wife while the neighbor (and friend) was on deployment to Afghanistan. Whatever the so-called past "Sin" in your life was/is, that had plagued you most of your life, it WILL come back to you perhaps with your last dying breath (if you are not already in a drug-induced coma). And then you do die, not knowing for certain whether you are going up, or down. Then some stranger at your funeral says, "Bob is looking down on us from Heaven now, smiling, as he's playing his Trombone in God's Heavenly Orchestra". Then a mourner at your Wake says, "Hey Richard, did Alice make her famous Fried-Chicken? Let's get a beer".....(Sure, so long, Bob).

Fear is bondage. For religious folks, that fear is forever a part of your psyche as well. You can't totally eliminate the fear unless you are psychotically delusional. I have known a few of those types and they are as much unknowingly involved in their madness as hypocrites are knowingly involved in their deception. I believe that an unrealistic hope in the hereafter can sometimes be a form of bondage as well when it takes your eyes off of the here-and-now.

For the truly religiously psychotic who are delusional, their madness overcomes their fear, but the madness in itself is visible to most people, and is damaging to the person and to everyone else around him or her that succumbs to the madness, think "Jonestown" or any other example of madness masquerading as religion.

One of my pet peeves in a similar regard is the madness of following some dude that convinces his "Flock" to donate a huge chunk of their life savings so he can purchase his fifth or sixth private jet (I lost count).....You know the dude, because he just can't fly with all those "Demons" on commercial airliners.

Personally, I was indoctrinated from early childhood into that "Fear and Hope of Reward System" as a "Christian". For me, although I believe that I had always been a normal kid, growing into a normal young adult teenager, then maturing into a somewhat normal adult, for the first half of my life, the fear of eternal damnation was always just around the corner, like a mad dog with rabies.

However, as I matured through my young adult stage into full-fledged adulthood, I slowly began to wake up and understand the differences between "Religions" as a man-made tool of submission and oppression, and the innate nature of humans. to be free, and how applying something as simple as the Golden Rule without all the mumbo-jumbo hocus-pocus of Hell versus Heaven could free a person from fear of death.

This life-long journey of discovery along with "Common Sense" began to ramp up for me when I was in my early fifties, and it has been a continuing learning/discovery process. Now at seventy-two, I can say that I have no fear of death, I do not believe in Heaven or Hell, and I strive to be a practitioner of the Golden Rule every single day of my life. "Common Sense" is a great weapon against fear. When I finally realized for me at least, what a scam on mankind

religion really was, I not only eliminated fear of eternal damnation in a fiery pit of Hell, I also lost all fear of death itself. What a wonderful thing, to no longer fear death.

I don't care WHAT religion you are practicing, if you fear death, because you have been taught to fear whatever brand of purgatory your religion teaches, you are in bondage, plain and simple. However, if you simply follow the "Golden Rule", you will no longer have fear of Eternal Damnation, and you will no longer be hoping for a spot in God's Rock Band "The Five Shepherds", or no longer be hoping for those 20+ Vestal Virgins that were promised to you, or whatever else that your religion may have promised you.

I was inspired to write this little essay in response to a Facebook Friend, a "Religious" person, who was offended, and had responded to one of my recent "God" Memes (see above) that I had published on FB recently. Here is what my initial "Comment Response" was, and then I'll conclude with my closing thoughts:

"It's all in jest, a little comedy in the midst of all the tragedy and suffering around the world today. When people are offended by something intended to be a comedic approach to life, they miss the whole underlying point of the message, and it's a message that can be interpreted in many ways. If you don't understand it, that's OK, but you must understand that it is not my intent to ridicule or do harm to others.

The problems that we ALL have in ALL of our various societies is because of the differences people have with one another based on their particular religious beliefs. I do not apologize for comedy, nor should anyone else. If I was preaching from a pulpit in some church

and actually said some really evil things about a religious belief of one kind or another, that would obviously be a different thing. P. S. I'm pretty sure ALL the "Prophets" way back when had to have had a sense of humor, dealing with everything and everyone at the time. People need to lighten up and take a deep breath, and relax".

In closing, people of whatever "Religious" flavor have had a notion, some for a few thousand years, that THEIR "Religion" is the ONLY "Way" or "Path" to "Eternal Life with God, in Heaven". This always was and still is, a part of the nature of religions because of competition. It's always been, "It's MY WAY, or the Highway, dude, if you don't follow MY Silver Turtle, you will not get to Heaven". Through the short, written/known history of our species, religions have been responsible for more torture and deaths of innocent people than any other cause.

Cultural differences and "Who's on First" as I call it, have also played a role in perpetrating horrendously barbaric acts on others. With "Christianity", it wasn't until a few hundred years had passed when it evolved from a Middle-Eastern religion practiced mostly by people darker than "White", into a white-man's religion which spread from Rome (white dudes) into Europe (more white dudes), who then forced it via violence throughout the rest of the world, (mostly non-white peoples).

Heaven forbid the thought, but guess what folks, Jesus was not a "White" dude. In fact, there's a good chance that Jesus was black, or at least a mixture of Dark-Brown and Black. You don't hear the White folks preaching THAT too often do you.

I am not going to further this thought with a dissertation on the rest of the religions except to say that as a species, people are beginning to wake up and recognize that what we did as humans for a few thousand years is done. It's over. We ate that shitty porridge long enough. So, get over it.

In closing, here are a few thoughts taken from a previous website posting of mine from July 12th, 2019 BEFORE Epstein was either "Clintonized" or whisked off to a Plastic Surgeon in Tel Aviv-Yafo.

It is comforting, and a feeling of gratification that I have lived long enough to not only witness, but feel a small part of this "Great Awakening" portion of our evolution as a species. It has taken decades, with the advent of the age of computers, the internet, and social media, for ordinary people with extraordinary common sense to begin to wake up to this "New Age", which IS part of the beginning, i.e., "The Dawning of the Age of Aquarius".

God is NOT dead. News Flash! He just never existed in the first place, and people are waking up and recognizing that. In place of religion, a new sensibility based on Common Sense and our evolutionary awakening as a species is emerging, as people begin watering the flowers on the graves of "Religion" in their own minds and hearts. This new awareness really isn't new, it's been there all along. It's just more enhanced via technology and the ability to "Share".

Along with mankind's insanely archaic religiosity, what is dying a slow death is everything related to it; Wars, Human Suffering, and so many other negative attributes that our species has been a slave to for thousands of years.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 99

On one hand, it certainly is pathetic how the so-called modern day "Christians" are reacting to the world around them. How can one not be appalled by the recent FB post wherein a so-called "pastor" said, "Immigrant detention centers are good for kids because they can still have church services".

Or how can a normal human being be OK with, justify, and be a part of, the apartheid treatment of the Palestinian people? Look at our U. S. Senate and House of Representatives (our Congress), and see how many of the politicians have Dual-Citizenship with the apartheid government that is currently occupying Palestine. Even the REAL Jewish people are opposed to, and demonstrate against, the so-called State of Israel.

The "Light of Aquarius" has begun to shine brighter and brighter on the malignity with our species that has been there all along, just look at the news. Epstein? He has lived out his usefulness to the Mossad and it won't surprise me if he conveniently and covertly dies of "Natural Causes". If the headlines read, "Epstein found hanging in his cell with a baseball bat stuck up his ass", it won't be suicide, it'll be death by "Bubba". If it REALLY appears to be an unfortunate death due to a "Heart Attack, that will be one of his elite clients hiring a professional "Hit-man". If he mysteriously disappears, along with his money, he will be living out the remainder of his life in the Zionist's so-called State of Israel. Speaking of the Middle East? Shit's going to start happening that the zionists are not going to be happy with.

On the other hand, our species HAS been in the early stages of a great awakening as we evolve. Religions of ALL kinds and types are slowly dying, some religions will take a little

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 100

longer to become just a footnote in our history as a species, but for sure, we are evolving into a different, more honest and humane species.

One of the first to go? Christianity and especially the evangelical zionist christians. Along with them, hand in hand, we will also see the zionists who will be flushed down the cesspool of mankind.

If you follow the Golden Rule, you will see an amazing transformation take place in your life, as you will no longer be guided by the centuries old, and out-lived, part of our evolution as a species called religion, and your life will be guided by the here-and-now, not by the what-was and what-could-be.

**Shelton takes a crap outside, I get "Beamed" up, and take a ride, and come back with
X-Ray Vision**

Part Two of, "Shelton takes a Crap OUTSIDE, and I see a UFO"

Wouldn't it have been awesome that night if that UFO had "Beamed" me up, took me for a spin around a galaxy or two, hooked me up to a really cool "Virtual Reality" machine that not only entertained me with videos of how the Pyramids in Egypt were REALLY built, and by whom, but also included another segment of my time on the machine having real live, face-to-face discussions with my Mother, Elvis, JFK, Martin, Bobby, and Marilyn, in that order, saving Marilyn for last, ending with the greatest orgasm I've ever felt.

Beamed back down to my back-yard, I quickly discover that the other reason those dudes on the space-craft hooked me up to that weird "Virtual Reality" machine, was to somehow, give me a cluster of your basic Super-Powers, (I still don't know how it was done).

I feel like Superman! I can see through solid matter when I take off my sunglasses, I no longer have to use a jack when changing a tire, I can run effortlessly at an extremely high rate of speed, and I'm impervious to things like land mines, bullets, knives, fire, etcetera. Oh, and I almost forgot, I also, incredibly, have the power to heal/cure people afflicted with deadly diseases, with a slight touch, or when someone touches me, AND, I can FLY! Los Angeles to Paris in fifteen minutes.

Now for those just tuning in, I am NOT the second coming of Jesus Christ, and I never claimed to be, and I'm not some other imagined cartoon figure (figment of imagination and fear),

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 102

after all, this IS the Age of Aquarius that we are slowly entering, it just took all of MY 72 years and then some, to cross over t6he threshold from the Age of Pisces to the Aquarium Age (miss-spelled purposely for a little comic relief).

Within weeks of "Beaming" back down from Izzy's spacecraft, the entire world is aware of who I am, and my new "Super-Power Skill-Set". I am flying here and there, preaching, and healing, telling crowds sometimes numbering in the hundreds of thousands, the incredible story of how I first saw the UFO and watched as Shelton took a Crap outside, instead of inside my Casa on my beautiful Oriental Area Rug that night before my 72nd birthday.

But wait! There's more! Guess what! I'm not the only Super-Hero! Within six months of my incredible journey to a few galaxies, and what seemed like only a few minutes on that incredible "Virtual Reality" machine, eleven more people have been beamed up, and back down, six women and five men, all with exactly the same "Powers" as mine. We are spread all over the world, mostly in third-world countries, "Preaching and Healing". Four of us are individually assigned to the four major capitols of world finance and government, Washington D.C., London, Moscow, and Beijing, with the assignment of eliminating the age old "Master/Slave" forms of governance that had plagued humans for thousands of years.

In each "Sermon" that we give, we are telling the congregated masses of people that we are NOT Gods, that we ARE the initial seeds of the coming fruit of the newly-birtherd Age of Aquarius.....and in comparison, Pisces was the "Age of Religions and War" (funny how those two go together), and Aquarius is the age of "Peace and Mind-Blowing Technology".

Radical changes in our species' evolution begin to take place. A new planetary system of governance is created within the first year since I was beamed up and taken for a spin. Unlike any prior systems, like socialism, democracy, and other failed systems, this new system of governance is what we call "People-Powered Planetary Guidance System", (PPPGS).

No longer any need for things like "Borders" and "Border Walls". Institutions like the United Nations are no longer necessary. "Money" as we previously knew it, is no longer required, as a simple system of "Sharing" replaces having to "Pay" for services rendered, or for "Stuff", as George Carlin famously said in one of his stand-up routines.

The "Military/Industrial Complex" that Eisenhower warned the people about is now a thing of the past, written about in our history books for future generations to understand the ancient and barbaric nature that mankind had possessed for thousands of years.

Factories that once manufactured weapons and equipment used in warfare now are producing products that are making life easier for all humans. Did I mention yet that within that first year of this revolutionary and evolutionary change for mankind, we totally eliminated famines and death by starvation, and we eliminated poverty throughout the planet. We totally eliminated the need for and use of carbon-based "fossil" fuels....and with that, we totally eliminated pollution, throughout the planet. As a species, lifespans increased dramatically as medical technologies/inventions totally eliminated major diseases like Cancers, Racism, and mental illness.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 104

Another part of the Age of Aquarius, is the explosion of new technology, (Google the Age of Aquarius sometime). Looking forward just two short years, thanks to the knowledge given to the original 12 "Disciples" by Izzy and his crew, mankind begins to travel to the far reaches of the universe, "Traveling Where No Man Has Gone Before" (think "Star Trek").

This brings me to a concluding thought that although this might be material for a great screenplay and movie, the fact is that as a species, we CAN achieve amazing things if we just put our thoughts and hearts into it. Read my essay titled "Swords into Plowshares.

You can find parts of this posting, as my "About" section on my new website,
www.swordsintoplowshares.net

Start making phrases like "Think Outside the Box" and "Where There's a Will...There's a Way", etcetera, a part of your daily life, and most importantly, learn and live by one simple, guiding rule. What rule? The Golden Rule. End of "Part Two".

I see that train acomin', it's comin' round the bend....

I see that train acomin', it's comin' round the bend....I've got a new story to tell you, where do I begin?....

Where do I begin. It all started when the USA bombed Tehran and began what became a feeble and disastrous invasion of Iran. Zebrael got involved when the mossad detonated a small tactical nuke in an area near Shiraz that supposedly housed a nuclear research facility.

Escalating quickly, this new war suddenly ended just as quickly as it began, with a large nuke turning Tel Aviv into a new portion of the Eastern Mediterranean Sea. Some say it was the Russians, some say it was Iran, some thought perhaps it was Pakistan or some other power friendly to Iran. No one really knew for sure except whoever it was, that nuking which wiped out the zebraists brought everything to a screeching halt. What was left of the zebraists were quickly rounded up by the people.

At the same time that all this shit was happening in the Middle East, the people of America had FINALLY taken action. Tired of decades and decades of deception and war, the American people did something about it. Not just the Patriots, and the armed militias, but the average citizens were finally fed up with the way their political leaders had been governing the USA. The Sheeple finally understood what had been going on, and who was responsible, and joined in what became the vast majority of awakened folks that took control and took back the power of governance away from the corrupt asswipe puppets in Washington D. C. who had driven us to the brink.

It all happened so quickly. New governments were established all over the world, replacing those that had previously been puppets for the zebraists/elite/cabal. Almost overnight, western countries/governments were changing out their political systems and methods of governance. In Great Britain, the “Royals” were arrested and tried for crimes against humanity. This same “Changing of the Guard” was happening in Germany, France, Australia, and other western nations. The United States led the way in disposing of the “Old” and bringing in the “New” systems of true “Governance by the People, for the People”. It was not a lengthy process. All of this change for the good of mankind took six months for the complete transformation to take place.

During this six-month period of change/reformation which would be called “The Great Reformation of 2022”, there were many people arrested, tried and convicted of “Crimes Against Humanity”. Politicians, billionaires like Gates, people in the military/industrial companies, leaders in the various media companies as well as other industries like the pharmaceutical companies were arrested.

“We, the People”, had had enough, and we finally organized, synergized our efforts, and removed the cancer that had been destroying us from within. With Tel Aviv now just a spot in the eastern part of Mediterranean Sea, and zebrael and the zebraists just a new chapter in our history books, changes that were once only dreams quickly became realities.

What was the military folks doing you might ask? The irony of all ironies is that beginning with the U. S. military, they quickly understood that their function was now obsolete, and that

they were no longer needed to “Defend” the Constitution of the United States of America, that their focus on never-ending wars was a foot-note in the history books. Instead of war, we now had peace, instead of prosecuting these never-ending wars, they now had converted their previous abilities of killing people into saving lives instead. Tens of thousands of young people now joined the “Peace Force”, building infrastructure in third-world countries, repairing/rebuilding our own, responding to natural disasters like the major disaster in South America when a large asteroid hit Buenos Aires.

For the first time in our history as a species we were at peace. Instead of using our resources for wars like we had been for centuries, the human race began solving age-old problems like ending famines, housing the homeless, finding cures for diseases like cancer, continuing the process of making life better for every human being on the planet.

Within a year, the new leadership that had taken control throughout the world participated in forming a “World Council”. This council or cabinet of 12 people-appointed leaders eliminated borders, declaring everyone to be a “Citizen of Planet Earth”.

Instead of the “New World Order” that the elite/cabal had spent lifetimes planning for, we are now well established in the “Aquarian New Age Order”, something that I had dreamt and written about for years, but never thought that I would live long enough to see. As I finish this new essay with my Grandson playing outside with Shelton, I truly am thankful for living long enough to be a part of this monumental change for our species.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 108

Do you, as a reader of this essay think it's crazy to believe what you just read? Is it crazy to be an optimist, to believe that WE CAN as a species, evolve ourselves into PEACE? If you believe as I do, then stop talking about it, let's DO something about it. Of course I don't want to see Tel Aviv become part of the Mediterranean Sea if we as a species, can prevent that from happening. I do expect to see dramatic shit happening at some point, shit that MAY kill a lot of innocent people. I say let's prevent, circumvent, the bad shit, and collectively as a species, make the changes required in a peaceful manner. But Tom, how do we do that? We can start by ORGANIZING all the "Single Flies, Farting in the Wind", and then building upon that with SYNERGY, and using that synergy to change the world. If this makes sense to you, let's talk.

Don't be a Turd, spread the word! Share this essay if you agree with it. I might turn this into a screenplay, IDK.

“How long have you had YOUR Yīkuài fèiwù?”

Everything is “Made in China”. I was having dinner at a friend’s house one time. My friend is a Mexican-Born Hispanic USA raised dude that rules over most of East L.A. as the leader of some Biker Gang. Anyway, when we sat down at the table for dinner, and while a “Biker Dude” with some very impressive Tat’s was filling our water glasses (Made in China), and another dude was placing little pats of un-salted Swiss Butter on our bread plates, I couldn’t help noticing that the Place-Mat, you know the place setting mat that many people set on their tables, was a folded over kitchen-size linen hand towel for drying dishes, or wiping the up spilt Tequila off the counter, anyway, the little Tag on that linen Place Mat/Folded Towel was sticking out like an erection and it said.....”MADE IN CHINA”.

Ironic. Homemade Mexican food at Luis’s house, served on a folded linen towel instead of one of those regular purpose-made “Place-Mats” with pictures of some lovely landscape or a deer walking through a meadow somewhere because after those two biker dudes that had earlier served us the water, butter, rolls, Mexican food, filled my wine glass on a regular basis, after THOSE dudes removed our plates and our silverware.....Luis unfolded his “Place-Mat/Towel”, poured a little water on it (from a glass made in China), and he began to wash his face and hands. I followed his example. I noticed that my girlfriend Susie and Luis’s wife Mary had pink “Place-Mat/Towels” (Luis and I had off-white towels). Susie told me later that hers felt silky so it was probably silk instead of linen like the men had. Nice touch.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 110

Everywhere you look, at everything you use in your daily life, comes from CHINA, everything. What inspired me to write this essay was a video/animation of a Bar Chart showing the leading thirty or so of all the top countries annual exports in the world. From the 1960's to 2019. What was cool about the active part of the animation was each year seeing the various positions change near the top sometimes at the bottom and middle, including the estimated dollar amount as it grew or sometimes shrunk throughout each 12-month period, and seeing each decade go by, up to 2019.

Guess who was at the top at the beginning and for fifty years? Yup, the United States. Below the U. S., were countries like Germany, Japan, France and Great Britain, battling it out in the spots below the USA. Here's the link to the farcecrap posting of the bar chart. I could not copy a link to the internet source of the video (still looking for the source's website).

<https://www.facebook.com/pohtiongho/videos/10221632229569519>

Then, all of a sudden China, who hadn't even shown up on the bar chart for decades, peeks its head up from the bottom of this active list replacing Brazil or whatever, and begins a meteoric rise to guess what folks, THE TOP of the bar chart, replacing the USA as the #1 in exports.

It was questioned on one of my facebook posts of this bar chart wither or not the various countries exports included military exports. The answer is quite simple, no as far as common sense would tell you, each of the various countries annual exports did not include anything used by any military, excluding the underwear that soldiers were handed in Boot Camp in every country except the USA (Ours are manufactured in Federal Prisons). It would be a totally

different bar chart if the chart producers had one already or could make one, showing JUST the military exports. The USA would far exceed the closest competitor in military exports.

So, taking this. "Made in China" thing one step further. Imagine if you will, someday off in the near future, we see a commercial where two Italian-looking dudes are stopped at a traffic light in Sant'Agata Bolognese where the Lamborghini are built. Both of the Lamborghini/Ferrariesque looking vehicles are the same model, but different colors. One dude looks over from his exotic convertible to the other dude in his convertible and says in Italian, "How long have you had YOUR Yīkuài fèiwù?". On the screen we see the Chinese Characters for "Piece of Crap". "I picked up MY Yīkuài fèiwù at the factory in Wuhan", the other driver proudly says.

I'm joking really. China has come a long way and in many cases already produce/manufacture a much better product than the USA or anyone else could produce for that matter. So it wouldn't surprise me if their automotive technology evolved, and they eventually were manufacturing vehicles far superior to any other manufacturers.

Everything is "Made in China". That fake pan-demic called COVID-19 that fizzled out and didn't kill millions and millions of people like they designed it for? Partially made in China. The original work began 12 years earlier at an Army Biological Weapons Lab in Fort Detrick, Maryland and a few university labs.

This was the after-effect again of having another patio-chat with my next-door neighbor Cameron over several bong-loads. Our original discussion began with how insane many laws

are, like the Mexican laws regarding the handing over legal rights and possession of someone's dead body so you can give her (Annie) a decent funeral and burial or ashes at sea experience. Annie, Shelton's previous owner/companion was buried in a "Pauper's Grave" in Ensenada in spite of all the efforts to get her body released.

Cameron and I talked about where these laws began, like the USA making Cannabis a Schedule One drug along with Heroin and Cocaine many years ago, and various states now passing state laws making it legal as a recreational substance, i.e., ending up with SOME laws actually being good laws for people, like what Mexicans have recently been celebrating with the legalization and decriminalization of Cannabis in Mexico.

Then Cameron asked a question, "Do you think we will all be forced to take the vaccination?" to which I responded with a briefing on my last post which went into a quite detailed look at being vaccinated AND "Chipped" as well, by force, either in the hand, forearm, bicep, butt, or an inch away from your junk. Here's the link to that essay/post.

Conclusion. Who REALLY has the ultimate power? China certainly rules the roost as far as annual exports to every single country in existence, which is everything non-military (although the underwear that soldiers in most countries wear is more than likely made in China).

What matters is who makes and sells/exports the most WEAPONS AND WEAPON SYSTEMS, like fighter jets, tanks, missile defense systems, etcetera....The USA will NEVER lose THAT top spot on the bar chart unless the American People stand up, and do whatever it takes to make the necessary changes that reduces THAT export figure dramatically.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 113

Which leads to another thought/comment from Cameron, “I don’t think a militia-type/backed revolution will happen. If an attempt was made, the government (troops) would quickly end that kind of shit. The militia-types would be slaughtered, quickly”. I touched on this subject in my last post also, key word: ORGANIZE.

As citizens of this once great country, and as a people, the only way we can win a fight against the elite/cabal, deep-state, military/industrial complex and the dudes at the top of the pyramid, is to continue the fight, somehow, once we start it. ORGANIZE!

Fish Tacos and the “L” Train in Chicago

Not quite X-Rated, but.....It WILL probably offend some.

So, I’m back in the Discord room with Paul and our close friend Gears from Portugal.

They’re playing/live streaming, some video game they’re both into, whatever it’s called, “Starman captures a Nudist Camp on Mars”, I don’t know.

Anyway, they’re talking game talk and I’m just talking my own schtick which they are NOT paying much attention to. They hear about 25% of it.

So as I’m spewing forth some crazy shit, I announced that I have “clicked” on the Live Streaming button turning on the “Stream” of their game.

The word “Stream”, as in water, or as in taking a pee in the lake at four-years old, made me think of my story of being 4-years old and wading in the lake waist high naked when little fishies started nibbling on my penis like it was a dangling worm.

My mother was scared to death when she heard my blood-curdling screams as I ran out of the water.

Funny, strange as it may seem, that slight pain of the fishies bites, which didn’t even draw blood, gave me a tiny four-year old hard-on.

As I began to get into this story, you know, what if there was a tiny “Blowfish” attached to my tiny but hard penis? Hey! There’s goes a Mermaid! Paul says, “So you like Mermaids”, I said, “It’s called Fishy-Style, instead of Doggie-Style”, to which Paul responded, “Fish Tacos”.

Which full-circles to my story about the gal I met at 2 in the morning on the “L” Train in Chicago when I was in the outpatient medical barracks at the Great Lakes Naval Training Center in 1967.

I met this chick on the ”L” (which stands for “Elevated”).

We were both stoned, (well, she was either drunk or on something. She had normal teeth, so she wasn’t a Meth-Head.

I was heading back to the base north of Chicago which is an hour and a half from downtown Chicago after spending the evening playing pool at a famous pool hall that was directly across the street from the warehouse where the Saint Valentine’s Day Massacre occurred.

Where Mary or whatever her name was had been or what she had been doing was a mystery to me. We just were on the same “L” subway/train car.

When Paul said “Fish Tacos” I immediately thought of stinky rotten smelling fish tacos from a street vendor one time in TJ.

After a few minutes of chit-chat, Mary and I started making out. We were the only people in that car. We could have been fully naked, fucking each other’s brains out and nobody would’ve seen us.

Instead of doing it on the train, after about 30 minutes of panting and groping, she invited me home which was about 45 minutes north of Chicago.

I was so stoned I can’t remember the layout of her house. I just remember she took upstairs and into a pitch-dark bedroom.

Leading me by the hand, we walked over to the far side of the bed. It was so dark. She pulled me down to the floor and immediately began dropping her pants.

Fish Tacos. God-Awful smelly Fish Tacos. I started going down on her and as my face got within a foot of her you-know-what, I pulled back from the smell.

What happened next was insane. When I pulled back, I heard a slight cough coming from the bed. WE WERE IN HER PARENTS BEDROOM! HOW KINKY IS THAT! She somehow got off on that.

As soon as her father coughed, I realized just how bizarre that whole situation was. Lucky for me her parents didn't wake up.

In the pitch-black darkness I stood up and quickly groped my way out of the bedroom, down the stairs and out the door.

No goodbyes or kiss on the cheek, just my silent thoughts, "HOLY SHIT! That's her parents' bedroom. I'm outa here". Full circle.

I love the fact that I was able to link the little fishes biting on my four-year old pecker with my Chicago story. Like I said earlier in my "Vape" story, I'm stoned, and I love this vape.

What is desperation? What causes a person to become desperate?

Desperation is born out of every emotion a human can feel.

We can say, “That dude is really desperate. Look! He never made it to the outhouse.

Dropped his pants, and LOOK! He’s spraying that shit all over the basketball court. The Camp Director is going to be really pissed. I hope Mr. Daniels makes Charlie clean up his shit bare-footed”.

See? That’s desperation for ya. Charlie was desperate. As much as he wanted to, DESPERATELY, to make it to the Outhouse....As fast as he ran, he just couldn’t run fast enough to make it to there.

Maybe it’s because Eddie, you know, that new kid from Ham Lake, Minnesota, told me he put some Exlax in Charlie’s Hot Chocolate at breakfast an hour ago.

Charlie DID deserve that one. What a bully he is. I really didn’t expect Eddie to go get Charlie his Hot Chocolate like he was some kind of slave. I reckon Eddie’s a pretty cool dude after all”.

Now it’s everybody else’s turn. Write YOUR own description/narrative about “Desperation”, being “Desperate”

Perhaps you were “Desperately Seeking Susan”.

Or, out of desperation born out of pure frustration you “accidentally” backed over your Mother-in-Law in your combination 4-Wheel Drive Dune Buggy/Golf Cart/Manure Spreader.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 118

“Gee, I’m so sorry Sweetheart, I didn’t see your mother standing back here by your Rose Garden”.

Note to self: “Irene WAS a evil, nasty bitch. You said so yourself Honey”.

I think one could say that the nazi/zionist puppet running Ukraine right now is “desperate” seeing that he just asked the American gubernet to give him another \$800 Billion dollars out of our (taxpayers) pockets.

Anyway, you get the idea here. So let’s see lots of writers writing their own stories about “Desperation”.

Postscript: That Exlax incident actually happened when I was a youngster. The names were changed to protect the innocent. Let’s just say, I was not the bully.

“Fear”

Fear is a powerful reactive emotion that we all feel at times. Sometimes fear causes us to over-react. Sometimes fear destroys lives.

As a child, we fear the Boogie-Man hiding under our bed at night. “Mommy, can you leave my bedroom door open just a little?”. Spiderman or Sleeping Beauty Nightlights did not exist in the early 1950’s.

As we got older, the Boogie-Man was no longer under our beds. He had been replaced with a lot of other things that created fear in our lives.

As we left puberty and entered into our teen-aged years, different types of triggers created fear that terrorized many of us, like that fear of a bully during recess that tells you that he’s going to beat the “Hell” out of you.

Or how about that preacher and his “Hell-Fire & Brimstone” bullshit that he spread every Sunday morning.

Most of us managed to outgrow many of those fears as we matured and learned to confront our fears head-on.

Like finally losing that fear of the school bully, standing up to him and not backing down. Or, as in my life, finally realizing that the fear created by religious dogma can be eliminated by recognizing that it IS, just dogma. Because as we get older, we also begin to question the validity of the unreasonable fear-mongering bullshit coming from the pulpit that’s designed to keep us IN that everlasting fear of that make believe nonsense.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 120

Today, as I write this, millions if not billions of people all over the world right now are struck with fear over the possibility of all-out nuclear war which very well could wipe out 90% of the human race. FEAR NOT!

Take a look at who's instilling that Armageddon type of fear. Our governments, and the main stream media which is owned and controlled by the elite/cabal puppet masters.

It's not so much as what's happening in Ukraine right now as is what has been taking place worldwide for decades. It's not a tired-out phrase to say, "Follow the Money". Think about it.

The Western powers led by the USA is crumbling before our eyes. It's been a long process.

Going to war, creating wars, which is what the USA has been doing for a very long time, because of natural resources like OIL, is going to be coming to an end for the elite/cabal puppet masters. They know it, and they are becoming desperate.

There is worldwide resistance building on the fact that the FACTS have been coming out over the past decade or so. A slow buildup of worldwide resistance that the puppet masters were not fully anticipating.

It's time to ORGANIZE, COLLABORATE, and create the SYNERGY to PLAN the defeat of the elite/cabal puppet masters. Private Message me for the PLAN!

“Libtard”

I was inspired by a friend’s post today wherein the word “Libtard” was used.

I started thinking. Many of my real friends know where I stand on the current state of our politics in the USA, as well as in most of the rest of our world.

This brief essay is for those that don’t know me, (as if it really matters, which it doesn’t).

As far as our own “Democracy” here in the USA, I consider myself to be what is called “Apolitical”, as I’m not convinced that ANY conventional political belief/system is the Holy Grail of Democratic government systems anymore.

Left or Far Left, Right or Far Right, or Center, they all have “The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly” aspects/traits that define what deep shit our world is in today.

There was a time when “Politics” served the “People”. In the USA, I’m afraid that you have to go all the way back to 1776 to find that, but even then, there were issues that today would be considered “Ugly”, like slavery for example.

I kept thinking about this, and realized that if I were to describe where I’m at and what I believe in, I have to say that I’m much farther right than the far right AND much farther left than the far left, far beyond than “Extreme Far Right” or “Extreme Far Left”, there’s no word to describe it, yet.

From a previous essay:

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 122

Words depicting past systems of governance like Autocracy, Oligarchy, Democracy, Monarchy, Republic, Communism/Socialism, Feudalism, and anymore “isms” I left out, will be forever abandoned, but not forgotten.

I believe that our current systems of governance are starting to smell like that dead carcass of a Large Mouth Bass, you know, that huge fish that I threw off the neighbor’s dock three cabins away to avoid the smell.

I had left it on the stringer on my boat for an hour or so and turtles got to it and left it ravaged. What a shame. It was a huge Bass that I was going to have stuffed and mounted. Oh well. That dead carcass of a fish is what our governments are, dead, and I think they ALL stink.

I believe that something akin to a “Revolution” will take place, except I believe that the changes to our society and governing system that’s coming will be MOSTLY non-violent.

Sure, there’s going to be some unavoidable violence. Just not on the scale that everyone thinks about when they think about “Revolution”.

Yes, we may have another worldwide war, this time with nukes, so what’s left of the world’s population may not have to rise up against the elites if there aren’t any elites left to be concerned about.

Okay, I’ll accept the label “Anarchist”, as long as you add the word “Peaceful” in front of it and the word “INCLUSIONISM” as the suggested name for the future new governing system.

When I suggest that a revolutionary change could be mostly peaceful, I’m suggesting that perhaps a minimal amount of violence will have to take place as the elite/globalists will initially

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 123

put up a struggle to maintain power, using a small number of leftover government military/soldiers that remain devoted, and clueless.

There WILL be vast numbers of the military members worldwide that will join the citizens in every country in what could be called a worldwide “Citizen’s Militia”.

This Citizen Militia will more than likely have it’s foundation in what we know of today as Far Right private militias. A Citizen Militia that finally organizes, under one common purpose. Sorry libtards.

What is left of the military that remains loyal to the elite/globalist puppet masters will quickly defect to the citizen/people’s side as the casualties and damage to the elite’s “armies” quickly increase and destroy any resistance. The clueless will defect rather than be slaughtered.

One might ask, if what you’re saying is possible, how do we get there from here?

I’m not sure of the complete trip/map, from point “A” to point “Z”, but I do know that it will take ORGANIZATION and COLLABORATION, which will create the SYNERGY for all of us to reach the goal intended, a world without wars, without hunger, a world of peace.

I believe that we shall see an organized, collaborative process for our species to achieve the synergy to go forward into the future.

As an example, collaboration amongst all existing citizen militias, to have the bullets to back up the process of changing our world for the better.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 124

Full Exposure/New Exodus

The “Elite/Cabal”, or whatever you choose to call those at the top of the Pyramid of Power, and those a few bricks down from the top, have literally gotten away with murder for a very long time now, a few hundred years or so?

As a species, we ALL have been subservient to a whole lot of evil shit for a very long time.

From unnecessary wars, the rape and murder of innocent children, to planned pandemics using engineered biological warfare weapons (the poke), to all the other countless crimes against humanity, as an evolving species, we have suffered enough. Everyone knows that. It’s time to do something about it.

The saving grace of modern technology, computers, the internet, social media, etcetera, is the fact that people have had the access-ability to expose the puppet masters on a worldwide scale never seen before in our history as a species. And that, in spite of deliberate censorship by many of the social media platforms, there is still, “Exposure”.

During this next phase in our journey as a species, we will see many positive changes taking place all over the world. It won’t be easy.

Rule over the masses, government by monarchy, oligarchy, any dictatorships that are left, and what most people consider democracies will be slowly eliminated and replaced with a bottom up form of governance that possibly will contain the good elements, the best, of the various forms of government that we have experienced so far as a species.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 125

Possibly a “Representative” form of governance, but one must desire that it’s truly one “Of the people, by the people, and for the people”. I’m sure that some attributes of socialism could be a part of this new system.

There certainly won’t be any dictators or monarchs left, and the military/industrial complex will be just a memory.

One word to describe this new system of governance: INCLUSIONISM. Key word “Include”.

What we see happening around the world today is nothing compared to what’s coming in the next fifty years or so.

Anarchy? Some. The people have had enough because the undeniable “Truth” is now in their faces.

Non-Violent revolution? Not gonna happen. Could there be a target on the chests of the control freaks at the top? Yes. Perhaps that’s the only kind of “Violence” that will be seen.

Single shots from a sniper’s rifle taking out those who resist the “New Exodus”, purge.

Worldwide organized Citizen Militias, armed to the teeth, not killing off the elite with sniper rifles, but arresting them, if they don’t put up a fight. Then moving these criminals to an island, in that “New Exodus”.

This “New Exodus” relocation will be to a beautiful island in the South Pacific, with wonderful mansions, swimming pools, movie theaters, bagel shops, and plenty of acreage for all of them to raise their own food.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 126

Did I mention that they will own everything on their island named NWO ISLAND and, be happy?

About 3,000 of them is my estimate, happy as flies on dog shit they will be.

For those who are not happy, they can try swimming the shark/infested waters, and/or try navigating their home-made rafts past the thirty or so Citizen Militia Patrol Boats surrounding the island.

The Hooker and the Crockpot

When a hooker that you found on Tinder comes to your house because your wife is visiting a sick sister a few states away, do you greet the \$500 hooker at the door naked or fully clothed? Pick one.

Second part of the question. If you chose naked, what do you say upon opening the door and it turns out to be your wife's mother at the door holding a crockpot of her famous beef stew because your wife had asked her to bring you some real food to you because she knew that you would be eating nothing but Fritos and Reese's Peanut Butter Cups while she was gone.

In camera sequence, what the audience observes is the husband, naked as a Jay Bird, as he pulls down a few of the mini blinds of the living room window facing the street and peers out to see this gorgeous young woman getting out of a taxicab. The cabdriver had been instructed to "honk" once.

The husband walks to the door and gallantly throws it open wagging his junk to and fro as he yells out, "Hey babe, that didn't take you long at all to get here"....

As the naughty husband flings the front door open and yells out his welcome greeting, there's his mother-in-law, standing there in the doorway, holding that crockpot I mentioned earlier, (she parked in your driveway, idiot).

Coincidentally, the hooker in the taxi had arrived a few minutes after your mother-in-law, get it?

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 128

You couldn't have asked for better timing, after the husband, looking out the window, observes the hooker arriving, we watch as he walks to the front door, (maybe leaping in the air one time), and upon throwing the door open, he starts doing his Elvis impression, with his hips shaking his junk back and forth as "Mom" (his mother-in-law) drops the crockpot on the front steps. She hadn't set it down yet to ring the doorbell. She wanted to surprise you with her famous beef stew.

Last voice we hear is the hooker as she's walking up the front sidewalk saying, "You didn't tell me this was going to be a threesome".

See that tree?

Funny. I'm sitting here waiting for Shelton to go potty, and see that tree? He peed on the right side of it. Now, Andy and Mr. Pickles were nowhere in sight.

A full five minutes later, here comes Mr. Pickles. What does he do? Walks up to this very same tree, (out of thirty or so trees, bushes, and a few power poles around the one acre yard), and pees in the exact same spot on this tree.

Now, I DO know that dogs sniff out the same places/spots where they have peed before, and where other dogs have peed, but, ten minutes later, here comes Andy. I know that he was nowhere around when Shelton peed against this tree or when Mr. Pickles chose that same spot, Mr. Pickles certainly didn't see Shelton pee there, but all three of them peed in the exact same spot in a fifteen-minute span. The front yard alone is 1/4 acre.

All three dogs have pissed on about 839 OTHER places/objects including trash cans, car tires, a chair-leg of the chair AS I'm sitting in it, and most of the trees and bushes. Today, as I'm sitting there, all three of them magically zoned in on the EXACT same spot, give or take a few millimeters. Now THAT'S, some powerful noses there folks, hahahaha!

Postscript: Those of you that know me well, know that I write a lot of afterthoughts (after posting). Postscripts, like in this case, this post. This usually occurs when I'm stoned.

The great "Afterthought" is this. Try to identify this tree where the doggies peed by just looking at the trunk/bark (no pun intended Shelton).

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 130

First person to identify that tree's common name along with its scientific/Latin name, will win an all-inclusive 2-week cruise on board my 3,687-foot yacht named "The Unknown Sock Puppet".

Fine print: The winner may have to wait a few years until I obtain my yacht. SO! LET'S GO! NAME THAT TREE!

Postscript Two: As I've been writing all this sitting up with my feet on the floor on the bed, Shelton has been sound asleep on the bed to the left of me. Sound asleep. All of a sudden, he leaps up on his hind legs, acting bewildered.

I instantly knew what was going on in that little brain of his. I spoke calming words of love and empathy to him, giving him the doggie massage, and he calmed down, and laid back in his napping position.

Dogs dream just like we dream. They ALSO have nightmares as we humans do.

Shelton at that moment in his nightmare....his mommy Annie, tried to go off a cliff close to where we both lived in La Mison, Baja, Mexico. He was sitting on the front passenger seat.

Much longer story can be found on my website on how I had been babysitting Shelton for four months before that terrible one-car accident which was the reason for Annie's death two days later.

Shelton had a nightmare again. First one in two years.

God's Will?

Having been around Christianity/Religion all my life, (my mother taught Sunday School in a small "Little House on the Prairie" type of church in Glen Cary, Minnesota where she is buried along with my sister)...and then as a young adult, still in that mental state of mind of fearing the Hell, Fire and Brimstone as opposed to the hope and promise of a mansion in heaven someday....in addition, those early years of raising two kids, dutifully going to church, involving myself in this "Practice" of religion, I heard a phrase that was quite common then and is still widely uttered today, "It was God's will".

A sad but still remembered tragedy that took place in 1982 still comes to mind when I think of that short phrase, those words that were spoken by many of the Christian folks when this particular tragedy took place.

A friend of mine John Smalley, his wife, and six children had been driving cross country to the East Coast to start a church. They stopped at a Christian Commune "Last Days Ministry" in Texas to visit on their road trip. Here's a link: <https://www.upi.com/.../Investigator-says.../1711396849600/>

The leader of the commune, Keith Green took my friend John and his family for a ride in the commune's twin-engine Cessna Chancellor airplane. Upon takeoff, the plane was too heavy to make it above the tree tops at the end of the runway. They all died in this tragic, fiery crash as the plane hit the trees. When news of this tragedy was announced, ALL the members of our church were saying the same thing, "It was God's will". Bullshit! It was the pilot Don

Burmeister's error not to estimate the load/weight of his passengers. NOT a "God's Will" kind of thing. At our church in Simi Valley which the Smalley family attended, there was some gnashing of teeth and anger towards God", but mostly you would hear, "Well, I guess it was God's Will". Sad.

Another absurd use of this phrase, as an example of how ludicrous it really is, is when a well known televangelist, (who owns six airplanes at last count and claims to be the first Billionaire televangelist), tells his Sheeple followers that it's "God's Will" that they must send him more money in order for him to buy another private jet from Tyler Perry.

Of course, all his faithful followers send him the dinero, and he buys that jet, with everyone believing it was "God's Will. BULLSHIT AGAIN!

Shit happens, and wonderful things happen as well. As an Atheist, I see the Good, the Bad, and the downright Ugly happening around the world and I confidently assert that "God's Will" has NOTHING to do with the outcome whatever the outcome.

Prayer? I'm certain that my friend, his wife, their teenage son, their other two children, and their commune friend and pilot prayed before they took off in that overweight airplane.

The pilot's lack of common sense in not calculating the load killed them, NOT "God's Will".

In everything that we do and are a witness to in this godless world we live in, there will always be the human involvement, wither it's some celebrity poet known for his Anti-Muslim writings getting stabbed in the neck, or bombs hitting a hospital in Gaza and killing a hundred

and fifty men, women and children, God, had absolutely nothing to do with it. He may as well of walked in to a bar full of Hells Angels and announced that they all were a bunch of fat faggots.

The blame or praise is solely upon the human element and involvement. Period.

If your child survives or dies from cancer, knowing that their survival or their death is all about what our medical advances could or could not do, had/has absolutely nothing to do with your religious beliefs and prayers, i.e., God had/has nothing to do with the outcome. That's the reality of it. Put the blame or praise where it belongs.

Whatever happens, good or bad, like your child getting shot by a stray bullet in Chicago leaving you with resentment and anger towards God, understand that God had nothing to do with your child's death. It will help ease the pain and remove that bitterness towards a make-believe "God" when you understand that there is nobody to blame but the shooter. Be angry, if you will, towards the people or person that killed your child, but also try to replace your anger and suffering with forgiveness instead. I did.

Grandma's Chainsaw

I'm not sure if I like this particular edible. I took two of these gummy yummy things and 20 minutes later, I knew I was high, and I also knew I needed a nap.

And you know how we normally get inspired, like for me inspired by a dream I had and I'll write about it or whatever IF I'm lucky enough to remember the dream.

Maybe out of thousands of dreams, my sometimes video-tape like recall of dreams is less than 15, and out of the 15 maybe two dreams get immortalized in writing, which is how infrequently I actually write about a dream.

But this time it had to be no less than 20 Nightmares in a row. One after another. All of them shorts, like two minutes or less, to which I would mumble, (after watching myself being stomped on by 5,000 animated bananas in my semi-sleep state), "That shits terrible" as I fall back in that dream state for the next nightmare to pop on my screen.

Here's an example:

This one lasted about two minutes as it starts out with a pleasant scene of some family, perhaps seven or eight people sitting at a beautifully decorated Thanksgiving Dinner table.

With the soft background music of Ella Fitzgerald singing in the background, I can hear the various conversations around the table...Pass the wine...How is Taxidermy School going Andy?...Ya, I love my new Corvette grandpa....

Then this wonderfully delightful dream takes a nose-dive off a cliff into a fiery pit....

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 135

Your grandmother comes out of the kitchen and approaches the Thanksgiving turkey with a chainsaw... And things start to get very ugly and you wake up and say “shit another bad dream”, roll over, on to the 19th nightmare, which was the last. This one that inspired me to write down the “Grandma with a Chainsaw” story. Final camera shot, a lot of blood splattering on the wall almost covering that photo of Trump.

If it wasn't for the fact that most people don't laugh at the Blood & Gore, the “Grandma with a Chainsaw” Schtick would make a great SNL-Type of skit, you think?

Yes, I first thought, “Fuck those edibles”, but then I realized that although my nap WAS nothing but nightmares, perhaps I need to test those edibles another day? Stay tuned.

You are as “Useless as Wings on a Penis”.....Except

“Useless as Wings on a Penis” both are, Conspiracies and Truths/Realities and anything you try to do to cause/make changes because of the truths you have discovered.

Prior to the advent of modern technology, specifically the role the Internet plays in our daily lives today in the dissemination of information in every subject known to mankind, the technology began with radio, then television as the only means of distributing information, and it was vastly limited.

Prior to the Internet, the world-wide general populace was spoon-fed exactly what the elitists wanted the sheeple to know. Now you can find thousands of theories on the World Wide Web related to the suppression of truth, and the plethora of misinformation and outright lies that was used by the Elitists to prevent the truth from being known. Thanks to the Internet, the people have been discovering the various theories, doing the research which sometimes took years to discover perhaps by one single dedicated soul or discovery that truth as you google.

What we were fed via radio and television prior to the internet’s take-over in our lives, was seventy-five-percent PURE BULLSHIT, bullshit that was purposely fed to the sheeple and twenty-five percent real news, real truth. If you grew up like I did back in the fifties and sixties, television as an example was 95% entertainment with commercials, and 5% was news, weather, and sports.

The national news shared the major stories of current events, sometimes as they were happening. People were clueless back then; in that it was like the words “Conspiracy Theory”

had not yet been invented. In the fifties especially, the Main Stream Media was in its infancy, reporting on the national and international news that they deemed worthy of reporting, like a major disaster somewhere, or what Queen Elizabeth visit the Pope was like.

By the early to mid-sixties, slowly the elites began to control more and more of what they wanted the general public to see and hear. Not counting the Roswell incident from 1947 which did invent the words “Conspiracy Theory”, the assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy in 1963 mainstreamed those two words. The advent of the Internet elevated the JFK conspiracy theories to a whole new level.

Today with the Internet, you can find theories about just about anything. From “JFK” to “Aliens”, to “Flat Earth” to whatever. The difference between today and fifty years ago, is that same Internet has given people a vastly larger resource of shared information. Information developed by those individuals or sometimes groups of people that have spent years and years of research that was the basis for their public release/sharing of their final conclusions.

It’s the conclusions of that research that took what was a theory for years, and sometimes decades of research, and either proved or disproved whatever the theory was. There also are many theories that remain so because it lacks one important element or several, to turn it from a theory into reality. The conspiracy theories that matter most to people are more and more becoming realities, or the final chapter to becoming a reality is the “I’m going to see that truth come out before I die” kind of closeness and closure stage.

One such major conspiracy theory is the “9-11” theory that the CIA, Mossad, and the “Deep State” (I like to use the word ELITISTS for this article) was responsible for 9-11, and for ALL the sub-theories related to it. There is so much evidence now based on the years of research by many people and organizations that conclusively proves that all three buildings were brought down with explosives, not by “Jet-Fuel” fires as the Elites want us to believe. I believe that the real truth will come out in my lifetime, and I’m 71. Some dudes are going to be Tarred, Feathered, and Hung from a long rope before I die.

Not only do I expect the truth will finally come out, I believe that every single person that was directly or indirectly involved in this horrific “False-Flag” operation will be arrested, tried, convicted, and executed for their crimes (if they’re still alive). This will also include every single person that was directly involved in the deliberate cover up of this event.

Here’s the one problem that we face, and what I believe we must do to solve that problem. Although we, John Q Public vastly outnumber the Elite, the “Puppet-Masters” pulling on the strings have the advantage. They have the advantage because of their wealth and power. A power that they began to create 75 years ago, some would say longer, some shorter.

Because of this power, and the fact that a vast majority of people are “Sheeple”, those of us that ARE enlightened, that KNOW the truth, almost.....almost have no chance at all in taking the actions necessary to arrest, try, convict, and get rid of this evil scum/disease that has plagued the world. That IS an almost insurmountable obstacle/problem to overcome, except.

Notwithstanding all the other conspiracy theories, like “Global Warming/Controlled Weather” “Who killed Roger Rabbit” or the “Flat-Earth” theories, I believe the major issue that has the number one priority for exposure begins with the “Elitist, Deep State, New World Order” theories that include the 9-11 who, how, and why, and everything else related, like the wars in the Middle East. Many other conspiracy theories will fall into the truth/reality area as the power the Elites/Puppet Masters have been holding over their Sheeple will begin to crumble, and more and more power will be developed by the small percentage, but growing numbers of the folks, the “Enlightened” that have learned the truth and abandoned their former status as an unknowing part of the sheeple class.

I am reminded by a line that George Carlin (Peace be unto him), that he used in one of his famous routines, “It’s a Big Club, and you ain’t in it”. That is the root of the problem I mentioned earlier, MONEY/WEALTH, is the cornerstone of what the Elites have built on over the past several generations.

They had gained control just as they planned. The problem the Elite has had recently (last decade or so), and continues to have, increasingly, is something they have absolutely no control over, and that’s the waking up of the general populace, and the ever-growing number of conspiracy theories becoming realities. This growing realization is weakening the power of the Elite, to a point. The Elite still have the power to hinder or stop the truths from breaking free of the conspiracy theories by imprisoning the major sources of Truth-Proof, like Julian Paul

Assange, or just outright killing them. At the same time, we are outwardly fighting against the Elite to end this obvious suppression of the truth.

This brings me to what I feel must happen to eliminate the terrible disease of the Elite's domination and subjugation of our species, and bring us to that new age as I like to call it. An age of peace and prosperity for all of mankind.

In any kind of battle, whether between two fighters in a cage, or whole nations, if your opponent shows weakness in any way, the now slightly superior combatant will take advantage of his opponent's sudden weakness and turn that into a victory. We can see that a weakness or hole in the armor has been exposed in the Elite. The weakness as we have discovered and discussed is the growing number of truths that once were conspiracy theories, and the sharing of those truths with vast numbers of people instantaneously all around the world. I think the Elite should be getting a little nervous and concerned about this. Anybody have some rope they can spare?

Throughout history, if a dominant or ruling power could eliminate or prevent the growth of whatever the dissident agenda was, that ruling power stayed in power. Today, we have seen some light at the end of the tunnel in that it is now open season on the factors that have previously prevented the many truths from becoming known. The Elite has lost the control over what they previously thought was THEIR weapon, that THEY only had, to manipulate and control the bullshit that was disseminated to the masses, in order to continue to suppress the

truths and control the masses. What did they lose control of? INFORMATION, and how it's spread and used.

We, as the “Enlightened Ones” can take advantage of this hole in the Elitist’s armor ONLY ONE WAY. All of our individual and combined efforts to expose and share the truths, and sometimes combining our shared voices in massive public demonstrations, is like a “Single Fly, Farting in the Wind”, no one hears us. I even have a FARCECRAP page with quite a few members called “Fly Farting, I Don’t Hear You”. My new saying is, “Useless as Wings on a Penis”.

Useless. Absolutely “Useless as Wings on a Penis” UNLESS we Enlightened Ones can ORGANIZE/CONSOLIDATE/CONGREGATE/SYNERGISE/PLAN AND EXECUTE THE PLAN.

First, we must organize and consolidate on a dedicated platform AWAY from the prying eyes of all the other social media platforms and the Elite (which includes most governments). By that I mean really taking the technology that we already have, i.e., the Internet, and build a platform/method to truly organize by developing an Internet-Based platform for everyone involved specifically in that main goal of ridding our species of that disease that we can call the Elitist Agenda and perhaps the Elites as well.

In order to have a “Plan” we must act with the first part, of Organizing/Consolidating. During and on-going from there we will Congregate, and by that I mean using the new “Platform” to communicate similar to farcecrap and other Social Media platforms, with the

ability to bring together a host of like-minded individuals and groups in real-time to discuss and really create goals, and the plan and sub-plans to achieve the goals. Imagine a number of groups in various parts of the world having video conferences, almost like a type of gathering you see at a Church Convention or the gathering of the member countries of the United Nations.

Having the ability to ORGANIZE and CONSOLIDATE, and then to COMMUNICATE as an organized entity, we will develop the PLAN and Sub-Plans, and then EXECUTE THE PLAN.

There is no other way my Brothers and Sisters, no other way. Wither it's my suggestion for a "Platform", or someone else's, it's the ONLY way as I see it. Those of my Brothers and Sisters that have known me for a long time, and have read my articles that I have been posting on my main two websites for almost five years now, have seen my constant push for organizing such as I am describing tonight.

Many of you are members of that farcecrap page I mentioned are also members of my farcecrap group, "The International Tabernacle of Abiding Dudeism". The creation of this group was not a joke or some folly at the time it was created, it was created as a distant cousin to my website, itad-nao.com which was also created for a serious purpose. For those of you that don't know, here are a few things that will thoroughly explain what ITAD-NAO is all about. What it is and is not, and the purpose for it.

First and foremost, it is NOT a religion or cult. We ask that when you enter the "Tabernacle", you leave your "Religious" shoes at the door when you come in. The name was originally chosen to have a public face of a religion or cult, but only as a disguise of sorts. It may

not be possible to disguise the true intention of the organization, it's members, and its function and goals, but if certain steps in its development and implementation can be achieved, the possibility of attack against the organization can be greatly diminished. Half the sheeple will still think of it as some new religious organization, or some new cult. With a well- developed platform, with encryption technology, vetting of membership, and proper security precautions, we will be able to combat and resist the attacks by the governments in each of our localities.

I say localities, because along with the Internet platform, we will have “Brick and Mortar” locations in every major city in the world where “Members” can go and be a part of an ever-growing organization. Members in each location will organize, form committees, and take part in massive on-line video conferences, sharing, planning, and finally, executing the plan and achieving the primary goal.

Build an army? Not in the beginning. Yes we will grow into an “Army” of people, organizing, congregating, and planning, and by so doing I believe that we WILL also build a real armed force of our own within ITAD just based on the fact that we will quickly have a membership that will include those with the proper experience and qualifications to become the TPAM as I call it, “The Patriots Armed Militia”.

So, in conclusion, one that I have stated many times, let's do this, but let's do it the right way. If what I wrote tonight makes any sense to you at all, and you want to get involved, and if you have questions or comments, or you want to join us and you want to help, please write to me, send me a note on farcecrap and I will tell you how to reach me on a secure, encrypted chat

platform. I am open for ALL comments and suggestions, and we who are already members, appreciate you.

If you are making plans to participate in, or you already have participated in a mass demonstration somewhere with a small crowd or millions of people. I say Bravo! Well done. Keep up the good work. Ultimately your efforts really are as “Useless as Wings on a Penis”. If you have a Podcast that reaches millions of people a day, and you are presenting the kinds of truths I am talking about, I say, I say Bravo! Well done. Keep up the good work. Ultimately your efforts really are as “Useless as Wings on a Penis”. So many issues will be resolved, like the positive resolution of the plight of the Palestinian people, so many other problems/issues that plague mankind throughout the world will be resolved, I think I have made my point. Now contact me. Join us. Ask how you can help.

Postscript: In my normal procedure when I am writing a post for my main website, after I am finished, I generally go through several edits as I correct/delete/add-to the document. This was the case with this particular post this morning. I guess I was tired when I wrote this part/mistake, perhaps as a Freudian Slip. I do know that it was the last thing that I corrected probably now three hours after I first finished writing the article/essay, with a total of eighteen edits.

Based on already offending (just a little I think) a farcecrap Friend of the Female persuasion, I wrote a comment back to her that at first I thought of using the saying, “Teats on a Boar” but then I thought, geez, that might offend my Female Friends, so I thought I would change gender

and pick on the guys by using “Wings on a Penis”, (which happens to be Ancient Greek Art). Besides, it would have been extremely difficult to find an image of “Teats on a Boar” on the Internet. So, that may have played a small part in the following last edit that I had to make, nine hours after I first started writing this article/essay. I made this subtle, yet significant change AFTER I had already posted to my nine “Pages” and six “Groups” on farcecrap, which took about an hour to do, including adding that little disclaimer.

Here’s the line as I first typed it:

I say Bravo! Well done. Keep up the good work. Ultimately your efforts really are as “Useless as Tits on a Penis”.

Here’s the line as corrected, see if you can spot the error that I corrected. First person to answer correctly gets a surprise.

I say Bravo! Well done. Keep up the good work. Ultimately your efforts really are as “Useless as Wings on a Penis”.

After I made the correction, I sat and thought about it for about four seconds, and then laughed my ass off as I thought, “Gee, the first way I typed it, actually for some folks, works”. I hope people will see the humor in this like I did.

GENTILE INTOLERANT? Or Pro-Semitic, pick one

GENTILE INTOLERANT?

Is there such a thing as “Gentile Intolerance”? I thought a little about it, and these are my thoughts and opinions on the subject.

Is it possible that there is a people on this planet that truly believes that they are superior than all other peoples? That the “gentiles” are less than human, some compared to dogs?

The reason for my title “GENTILE INTOLERANT?” is the use of the word “Gentile” can only be from a few people, Jews and Muslims. Throughout our know history, mankind has been dominated or ruled by religious groups or peoples. In our semi-ancient past, groups or peoples of one belief (religion) have been subjugated or been subjugated by another group (people) because their belief system was different.

Christians of our past history conquered and controlled lands and peoples. Muslims of our past history also have conquered and controlled lands and peoples. The Hebrew people of our ancient past history also battled other peoples for the same purposes. I reference these three groups of peoples and do not mention any others, like Hindus or Buddhists to make it simple to understand.

Any Group, Race, or People that feel that they are superior to others is just wrong. White Supremacists are wrong in their belief that the White (Gentile) race is superior to all other races. If you were raised in the Hebrew faith, more than likely you were taught that your people were superior to all other races.

I think it's important to understand that the Jewish people consider themselves as a "Race" of people, just like blacks are a "Race", just as "Gentiles" (whites) are a "Race" of people, just like the various Asian peoples are "Races" of people.

If there is any credibility at all to this, you just have to look at our history as a species. It is my opinion that there is a small group of individuals that are part of the scenario that is leading us to a one-world form of government, some call it the "New World Order", NWO. I also believe that before that ever happens, we will have an extinction event that reduces the world's population by 95%. There is a 50-50 chance that the extinction event will either be natural or extraterrestrial, like an asteroid, or man-made, like nuclear world war.

The following are from: <http://www.urbandictionary.com>

Religion

Webster's Dictionary 1828:

1. religion in its most comprehensive sense, includes a belief in the being and perfections of God, in the revelation of his will to man, in man's obligation to obey his commands, in a state of reward and punishment, and in man's accountableness to God; and also true godliness or piety of life, with the practice of all moral duties. It therefore comprehends theology, as a system of doctrines or principles, as well as practical piety; for the practice of moral duties without a belief in a divine lawgiver, and without reference to his will or commands, is not religion.

"Every civil government is based upon some religion or philosophy of life. Education in a nation will propagate the religion of that nation. In America, the foundational religion was

Christianity. And it was sown in the hearts of Americans through the home and private and public schools for centuries. Our liberty, growth, and prosperity was the result of a Biblical philosophy of life. Our continued freedom and success is dependent on our educating the youth of America in the principles of Christianity.” Noah Webster ~ the guy who literally wrote the dictionary

Semitic. Semitic is an adjective which in common parlance mistakenly refers specifically to Jewish things, while the term actually refers to things originating among speakers of Semitic languages or people descended from them, and in a linguistic context to the northeastern subfamily of Afro-Asiatic. Both Arabs and Jews are Semites. by Anti-Zionist April 27, 2005

Judaism. The monotheistic religion of the Jews, tracing its origins to Abraham who is venerated as the model for absolute faith, trust, and submission to God. Judaism, Christianity and Islam are known as the Abrahamic traditions or religions, because Abraham is the beginning point for the story of all three traditions. Its spiritual & ethical principles are embodied mostly in the Hebrew Scriptures, the Torah, and the Talmud. It is the faith of the people of Judah and it's the developed faith of the semitic people known as Hebrews or Israelites. It is recognized as the first religious tradition noted for its monotheism and deep commitment to ethical responsibility. The Hebrew tradition did not begin as monotheism. This developed over time. The theme of truth gained by experience through trial is strong in the Jewish tradition. The Jewish tradition is foundational for Christianity and Islam. Each builds on the context of its predecessors and understanding the others helps to understand each.

Fully developed Judaism, Christianity, and Islam share a common view of the human condition and how this is to be remedied. God chooses to take action to call human beings back to a proper relationship, to bring us in harmony with his will, and to restore order to Creation. In general, all three agree this is important, because there is life after death including a judgment, where all will be rewarded or punished according to their merit. Where the three traditions disagree is on the final means of remediation.

Jews believe in one God. They do not accept Jesus as the true messiah and are still waiting for their messiah. #judaism#jews#religion#torah#talmud#tanakh#kabbalah#god#israel

by 🎵 Highway to Hell 🎵 June 21, 2010

Christianity. Christianity is monotheistic religion which worships one patriarchal all-powerful God. The Holy Book of Christianity is the Bible, from the Greek word Biblios, which translates to 'Book', although technically the Bible is not one book but indeed 66 books.

There are many different denominations of Christianity, and it is incredibly hard to estimate how many Christians there are in the United States because there is no common belief on what defines a Christian. The most liberal view of everyone who says they are a Christian being a Christian would place the figure around 75%, whereas the considerably more conservative belief that anyone outside your own denomination is not a Christian can place the figure as low as 0.1%.

Denominations sprout from the original idea of Christianity because some phrases from the bible contradict each other, and thus to harmonize this people say phrase A is literal whereas

phrase B is symbolic. However, one group might say A is symbolic, but another might say B is symbolic. Thus, there are now hundreds of different denominations preaching slightly different versions of effectively the same source material.

Unfortunately, as Christianity is the 'big' religion of the Western World, it gets a lot of negative press. However, like all groups, Christianity has the best and worst among their number. The Christians who get the most press are the ones who give the stereotypical image of never doing anything wrong, and sitting on streets shout 'REPENT OR GO TO HELL', or something similarly pleasant.

However, many Christians – most, in fact – are decent people who just want the right to practice their own religion, like everyone else (or the right to NOT practice a religion, in the case of some). Christians believe in a single, patriarchal god. by Gunther August 29, 2004

Islam (from Wikipedia): Islam (/ˈɪslɑːm/[note 1]) is an Abrahamic monotheistic religion teaching that there is only one incomparable God (Allah)[1] and that Muhammad is the messenger of God.[2][3] It is the world's second-largest religion[4] and the fastest-growing major religion in the world,[5][6][7] with over 1.8 billion followers or 24.1% of the global population,[8] known as Muslims.[9] Muslims make up a majority of the population in 50 countries.[4]

The bloodied saga of how the Spanish and Portuguese initially fell before the Jihad, but rose once again to liberate their homeland from the Jihadis and reaffirm Spain as a Christian nation

Islam teaches that God is merciful, all-powerful, unique,[10] and has guided mankind through prophets, revealed scriptures and natural signs.[3][11] The primary scriptures of Islam are the Quran, viewed by Muslims as the verbatim word of God, and the teachings and normative example (called the sunnah, composed of accounts called hadith) of Muhammad (c. 570–8 June 632 CE).

Conclusion: If you are ANTI-SEMITIC, you are wrong. If you are ANTI-GENTILE, you are wrong. If you are ANTI-MUSLIM, you are wrong. If you are ANTI any religion, you are wrong. But, and this is a BIG BUTT, maybe I'M wrong, but at least allow me to believe the way I do.

I have come to the conclusion that the human species is full of gullible people that have to have some sort of belief system in order to get to heaven. The true Hebrew faith (Orthodox) is still waiting on their MESSIAH to come for the first time. They also believe that the State of Israel (Zionists) is illegal. Christians believe that their MESSIAH JESUS, is going to be coming back for the second time. The Shiite Muslims believe that their MESSIAH will emerge from a well located behind the Jamkaran mosque. According to many Shiite Muslims, out of this well will emerge one day their version of an Islamic 'savior.'

They call him the Mahdi or the 12th Imam.

Ron Cantrell has written a book about the Mahdi. He explained, "The Mahdi is a personage that is expected to come on the scene, by Islam, as a messiah figure. He is slotted to come in the end of time, according to their writings, very much like how we think of the return of Jesus."

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 152

So, three different MESSIAHS. If what I have concluded is true, WE ALL ARE GUILTY OF PERSECUTION OF OTHER PEOPLE. We ALL are guilty of being ANTI something. More and more of our species are beginning to see the light, so to speak. None of Man's RELIGIONS are the answer to our survival as a species.

The Military/Industrial complex of all modern countries, our banking system, our systems of government, our lives, will one day be erased by an event. For those that survive the coming EXTINCTION EVENT, what will be left is Good Karma; love, kindness, mercy, etceteras, . So why not be Loving and kind now? Why call your neighbor a dog, and take his property? Why not work together to solve the issues facing our world today? Like famines and starvation, like global warming, like major diseases. You have every right to believe in whatever god you choose, as long as I can believe the way I believe. Amen.

I'm a GENTILE, please be tolerant with me.

Swimming with Piranha in Alabama

I was basically "homeless" for a year after my mother died. Not really a "run-away", because nobody on either my mother's side or my father's side took the initiative to take me in after her untimely death.

Between both sides of the family, there were eight sets of aunties and uncles. I've never been angry or bitter about that. It is what it was in 1963, when Catholics had tons of kids, even for a few of them, it wasn't about religion or lack of birth control. One of my aunts had six kids spread between three different "fathers". We all know what SHE was spreading, (rhymes with eggs).

So I was homeless. Not too long after mom left us, and not too long after I found out my relatives were going to place me in an orphanage, (this was less than a week after the funeral), I took off from my temporary lodging at my Uncle Bob's house and headed south. I had no destination, I just headed south. Eventually I made it to California, but that's a whole other story.

By the time I got to somewhere in Bumfuck, Alabama, I was pretty ripe. I had not bathed in two weeks or so. By the time I reached Alabama, I had hooked up with another kid (a run-away?). On this particular day that I am now writing about, i.e., my "Piranha" experience, my hitch-hiking buddy and I came upon a really awesome lake. Time for a bath. At least a great time to cool off as well. I remember this lake,

and the spot where a creek crossed under the highway, where we could climb down the bank of the ditch right where the bridge for the highway crossed over the creek.

At this spot we were about fifty feet from the lake and the entrance of the creek into the lake. Both sides of the creek were cleared of trees and brush, back about 25 feet, so we just walked the fifty feet along the creek, to the lake. The nearest structures were a small gas station, bar and cafe two miles back along the road from where we had just walked.

Interesting side story about the cafe, or roadhouse, whatever it was. It had a sign (this was 1963) above the front entrance that said, "WHITES ONLY". As I opened the door and walked in to the place, (with my hitch-hiking buddy still standing outside on the lower steps),

this old white dude behind the bar/counter directed a quick, almost growling question in my direction, "Boy, you with that nigger out there?", simultaneously as I shook my head up and down signaling a "Yes", he said, "Niggers aren't allowed in here, and since you're with him, you can do an about-face and get the fuck outa here". I found out for the first time in my life what racial discrimination and segregation was all about.

Out behind the building was several wooden picnic tables, a few folding tables, and those school-type metal folding chairs. Ben, my traveling buddy and I had lunch, sitting there with about twelve other black folks. I had fried catfish, hush puppies, and a coke as I recall.

At the water's edge, far enough away from the two-lane highway, I felt comfortable that no one would see us. The nearest house on the lake was quite a ways away from where we were.

Skinny dipping. My pal Ben had already run into the water, having stripped ALL of his clothes off. So, I stripped down to my birthday suit and ran into the water.

If you have ever been homeless, you will know that even if it is, in this instance, a lake, not a bathtub, you are so greasy-filthy-dirty, you begin to soaplessly wash your entire body, and you can feel with your hands that you are also rubbing/washing dead skin off. It comes off in little tiny particles, as well as some larger pieces of dead, sun-burnt skin.

Imagine, if you have ever had pet fish in a fish tank, and as you sprinkle the fish food into the tank, the fish-food slowly sinks, and your pet fish, Hinky, Dinky, Parley, and Vooooo, and their seven other brothers and sisters frantically begin to devour their dinner as if they had been starved for a week.

Not even in the water five minutes, and I notice little fishies starting to munch on my dead skin. "Hey Ben, you ought to see this, I've got a bunch of minnows swimming around me, having a meal on me", Ben acknowledges the same thing.

Little fishies going wild around me, going after the dead skin, dirt, and whatever else. Two minutes later, larger fishies appear, having a field day on all the dirt, dead skin, and toe-jam I am washing off my body. Some of the larger minnows have now attracted even larger FISH to join in the feast.

Mind you, I did not wash off enough stuff to attract all the fish in the lake. I figure it was just the crescendo of activity around me. Now here's a couple three or four or five, REALLY much larger fish, Bass I think, mixed in with the two or three hundred smaller fishies.

I just got bit. Not once, but four or five times, water not quite "boiling" like in the movies, after all, these were not Piranha I told myself, but that's what I suddenly yelled out,

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 156

"PIRANHA!!!!.....THEY'RE EATING ME ALIVE", as I started swimming back to shore from the neck deep water.

Think about it for a minute, you are dirty, buck-naked, chest deep, with a slight marijuana buzz going on, AND this feeding frenzy is happening all around you. You feel something biting your tiny little cold-water shriveled-up penis. That was it.....It took me about a minute to swim back to shore.

You later find out that this particular part of the lake was where the State Fish & Game folks "Stocked" the lake with several different types of little fishies a couple of times a year. Earlier that day, they had dumped about ten thousand of these various-sized little fishies into that stream that fed into the lake. No moral to the story, but I do appreciate you taking the time to read this memory of mine.

THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE TOTALLY CLUELESS

"Groups", "Causes", "Pet Peeves", and everything else people care about or don't care about. There IS some organized entity on social media websites like farcecrap for you to "Join", to be a part of, to satisfy your need to "Belong" to something, or to vehemently oppose. There is a certain category of people that I see on farcecrap once in a while that I call the "Totally Clueless" who just don't give a fuck about anything at all, who don't "Join" anything except maybe their local gym, who have a total lack of awareness of everything else around them besides themselves. They normally don't have much to say or "Post" except for the occasional photos of their pets or a brief description of how someone butted in line ahead of them at Walmart that day.

When they DO "Post" something that they consider to be significant and important enough (in their mind) to share with the whole world, or they "Comment" about someone else's post because they were offended by an image of Trump kissing Netanyahu's ass, 99% of the time their lack of knowledge about a given subject is so out there, that they inadvertently display their outlandishly "Clueless" mentality to whomever happens to see their post or comment. (This special group also includes the mentally-challenged that somehow got their hands on a computer),

"LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT", or if you are hearing the drum-beat differently, "RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT.....or "Left, Left, Left, Left, Left" if you are one-legged. Individuality. For the "Good" and the "Bad" amongst us, everyone,

interprets the "Drum-Beats" in their own way, satisfying their need to support their favorite cause or pet-peeve, to be a part of something they believe in (like a particular religious belief, political persuasion, or Football team), or something you object to and oppose/disagree with (like abortion or sushi). The "Clueless" still have no clue and could care less about Religion, Politics, Football, Abortion, or Sushi, or anything else that others may care about or disagree with.

The people that do present themselves in such a way, that it is blatantly obvious that they are evil mother-fuckers, I place in the "Bad" category, like some asswipe posting a Pro-Zionist image of some dead Palestinian girl laying in a pool of blood, with an equally disturbing caption or statement, or trying to defend the apartheid murders of Palestinian children, so their "comment" lets their Rabbi and the whole world know that they are just

as despicable as that IDF soldier in a Pro-Palestinian posting/image showing his glee after shooting a ten-year-old Palestinian boy in the face. It's easy to tell if someone is in the category I labeled "Good" because it is obvious from what they "Post" or from their "Comments", that they are amongst the "Awakened" folks, that they have heard the "Truth" and/or done a considerable amount of their own research and discovered and believe the "Truth".

The need and desire to be a part of something either for or against, is part of the human psyche. It's easy to find a cause to rally behind, or oppose, there's thousands of them to choose from. Stuck in the middle are the clueless that just don't give a fuck about anything at all, as long as they get their daily medications (in some cases) and their mother gets to see a photo of her cat. The "Clueless", (aside from the truly retarded), also include those folks in the middle that are

self-centered, selfish, ill-informed, and/or are brain-washed, or just too fucking stupid to grasp or recognize the "Truth" when it hits them in the face, you know, the "know-it-all" people that really know nothing about everything. They're not necessarily good OR bad people, just fucking clueless. Not their fault that they "have no fucking clue", just like the mentally ill that share that same category, that are not responsible for their mental condition whatever that may be, or their unyielding stupidity.

The human condition, how we are raised, how we are educated or indoctrinated, and our responses to our individual experiences good or bad, lead us down our individual paths, wither good or bad.

If you are raised by a "Crack Whore" in a trailer-park in Bumfuck, New Jersey, you could still potentially end up being a relatively nice person in spite of your having been raised in a negative environment, or you could end up a really bad product of that same environment.

You could end up an addict yourself and a terrible excuse for a human being, or you could end up becoming President of the United States in-spite of your "Crack-Addicted, Prostitute of a mother", or somewhere in between the two. Same is true for a person raised in a wealthy, protected environment. Your family could be the wealthiest lot of people on the planet, and you could end up a "Crack Whore" OR President of the United States, either a "good-hearted", caring individual or the vilest person on the planet.

The point is, regardless of all the outward appearances of success OR dismal failure in life, in spite of the environment that you were raised in, your condition/position in life, and outward

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 160

appearance, i.e., how others see you, you could still be in reality, an extremely successful but really evil person, or a far from successful person, but a person with a "good heart" and selfless intentions.

So what category are you in, what do you represent and identify with? Are you a "good" person, a "bad" person, or "clueless"?

If you happen to be a church-going "Family-Man" that marches alongside the Anti-Abortion folks on Saturdays, but secretly you enjoy sucking little boy's dicks on Friday nights, there is something wrong with you, you are a twisted evil fuck, and you know it.

For sure you won't see "Working Prostitutes" marching alongside "Anti-Abortion" protesters, and you won't find any "Vegan Deer Hunters" in your "Chat-Room". In this day and age, I also seriously doubt if you will find ANY politicians from ANY party truly representing the "Will of the People", in this case, the will of the "Good" people and the will of most of the "Totally Clueless" people.

There WAS a time in our history, a long time ago, when our government's elected officials truly represented the "Will of the People". The fact is that for several generations now, our elected officials have been representing a small minority of people close to the top of the "Pyramid", the people that manage what everyone calls "The Military/Industrial Complex", which is owned and controlled by an even smaller group of truly "Bad" dudes, the 1% of the 1% whom many refer to as the "Puppet Masters" and/or the "Elite/Cabal", which many believe includes the Elite/ Hardcore Zionists like the Rothschilds at the very top of the "Pyramid".

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 161

With the advent of modern technology, specifically the "Computer Age" and the Internet, it has become easier and easier to attach oneself to a cause, pet-peeve, or just something that you find interesting, like some "Dating App", "Porn Site". or how to "Rebuild a Four-Barrel Carburetor for a 1968 Chevy V8".

You can now join with other like-minded individuals who swear that they are descendants from extraterrestrials, or that they have seen "Big Foot" handing out psychedelic mushrooms at their local Walmart, or any other insanity that a person believes in. "Flat versus Global Earth", "Who's a Tranny", or "Secret Moon Bases", there are thousands of different things that a person can attach themselves to, like a child watching Saturday Morning Cartoons.

Then there ARE the major issues that inspire folks to actually wake up, have breakfast, put on their tennis shoes and favorite hat (MAGA) and "March" to, sometimes joining thousands of other like-minded folks to protest major issues, like "Abortion Rights", or "Corrupt Governments".

We sure have been a busy bunch of people. Sometimes our "Organized Protests" really DO make a difference, like the massive, nation-wide protests that occurred during the Vietnam War, the Civil Rights marches and protests in the 1960's, or other great causes. In those days, somehow, it worked. The politicians listened, changes were made, positive changes. Back then, the media covered the various protests somewhat fairly, and the "Will" of the people was heard, and it resulted mostly in positive changes in our laws, and in our cultures, and society.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 162

Times have changed, dramatically. The major media outlets that once had a bit of freedom to report the REAL news, (and that's the way it is, as Walter Cronkite used to say), is now 100% controlled by the 1%, Elite/Cabal. The so-called "News" is prepared and fed to the public in exactly the way the Elite/Cabal cooks it, including what we refer to as the "Controlled Opposition's" so-called "Truth", all of it like the bullshit Farmer John gave you to spread in your rose garden.

I believe that the United States ceased to be a real democracy a long time ago, some say we have never been a democracy, that our country has been and is a "Republic" (for which it stands, one nation, under God, yadda yadda yadda), whatever, and along with its demise, over the years, many freedoms have been diluted, whipped up in a blender, and shoveled back to the masses via our government's judicial systems, congress, executive branch, and the ever-morphing and manipulation of the "News" by the Main Stream Media (MSM).

The one single thing that the Elite/Cabal did not foresee or plan for, was the ever-growing source of real truth that they are not able to completely control, and that's the Internet "World Wide Web" (www). Like that "Snow-Ball" rolling down hill, the ability to research and discover truths that were hidden, manipulated, re-fabricated over the past 100 years or so, continues to grow un-tethered, increasing in volume and content on a daily, hourly, and even a minute-by-minute frenzy of information (that some have been suicided for, outright killed for, and/or been imprisoned for).

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 163

As the truths are being discovered, (and I'm not talking about your grandma's secret recipe for her version of Hamburger Helper), people are waking up and realizing that they no longer have to be like mushrooms being fed a ton of bullshit every day, as has been the case for generations. Like the official government stories about major events that in many cases decided the fate of entire countries that cost Trillions of Dollars and Millions of lives, were outright lies/deceptions fed to the masses LIKE the proverbial bullshit fed to the mushrooms by the Main Stream Media.

One great example is the years and years of serious research ending up with the discoveries that the assassination of President Kennedy WAS a covert operation by the "Deep State" including the CIA and the Mossad, and NOT the result of a "Lone Gunman". The culprits still have not been brought to justice (some have died of Old Age issues). Another great example that was really suspect from day one, and touted as just a "Conspiracy Theory" for many years, has gained real momentum

recently because of research (and widely shared on the Internet), is the truth behind 9-11, debunking the government's "Official" story, again, the culprits have yet to be brought to justice for the greatest crime in modern history.

Quoting a much-used line, "Everything has been a Rich Man's Trick" is the gospel truth. The fact is, every day, more and more people are being "Awakened" to the truth about serious shit that has affected people all over this planet, and that "Awakening" is also like that "Snow-Ball",

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 164

rolling down-hill. Millions of people have died, and Trillions of dollars have been spent on that Military/Industrial

Complex based on lies. There were no "Weapons of Mass Destruction" in Iraq, and I believe that the lies and deception, the fabricated stories, began before JFK was assassinated. President Dwight D. Eisenhower publicly warned us about the Military Industrial Complex when it was in its infancy, compared to the monster it has become in the past fifty-nine years since his dire warning in his farewell address to the nation on January 17th, 1961.

Well, it IS your "Right" to exercise your "Freedom of Speech" in many parts of the world, so you can continue with your posts and comments about "Anti-Vaxxing", "Pubic Hair Waxing", "Vegan Deer Hunters", "My wife's a Grunter", or "Round versus Flat-Earth", "Arnold's Poodle just gave birth", or "Your Grandmother just knitted you a really ugly sweater"....."Santa Claus IS Real", "You Once Fucked Shaquille", "Let's all MAGA", or the "Clinton/Epstein Dead or Alive Saga".....or WHATEVER boat you're floating. Just keep in mind that old saying, that "Money Makes the World go around". It's the "Money Trail" that you need to aim your flashlight at as our species comes to the "Fork in the Road".

Those who have done the research, and are "Awakened" no longer need a flashlight to see the truth. We ARE sharing the truth with you however, and if you will just calm down, even for a second, and really use whatever common sense you MAY have and listen to us, you MIGHT just learn the "Truth", and what the correct fork in the road is, to continue your journey on this planet.

We, the "Awakened", already know which "Fork in the Road" to take when we get to it. We have been holding out our hand to guide you, constantly sharing the truth with you, but we will not drag or force you to follow us once we do come to that "Fork in the Road". The choice has to be yours, and yours alone. You can only decide for yourself once you have been presented the "Truth", and accept it.

Once you discover what makes governments kill and steal, you WILL understand that ALL other pet-peeves, causes, and other curiosities that you spend so much energy on, pale in comparison. Then, and ONLY then will you have the knowledge of who the enemy really is, and how to defeat them, and by knowing, you WILL desire to actually DO something with that knowledge, instead of posting pics of your sister's boobies.

THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE TOTALLY CLUELESS.....The "Bad"? They are very few in number, they aren't even on the same road, and they haven't been on our road for a very long time. Their road has no "Fork" in it, and it leads straight to "Hell", (if you believe there is such a place). There is no turning back for them. Their road has been, and still is, a "Road" of "Enslavement, Wars, Death and Destruction", and they have been traveling that road, dragging the rest of the mostly clueless human race (Sheeple) along with them, for a very long time.

The millions of "Good" people (the Awakened), jumped across the ditch, leaped over the barbed-wire fence, ran through the corn fields, and discovered a different road a while back and are now traveling down that different road in the opposite direction, a road that leads towards Peace, Harmony and Prosperity for all mankind.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 166

With technology like the Internet, (while it is still available), we will continue to present the evidence and the "Truth" to those of the "Totally Clueless" that will listen to us, in our efforts to try to save them as well. Time is of the essence as they say, we know we are on the right road and no longer have to guess which fork in the road to take as we approach it. We know the road so well now; we don't need flashlights to see it.

The "Totally Clueless" still have to be educated with the "Truth" and discover/accept it just as we did. The "Truth" will tell them which way to go when they come to that "Fork in the Road". If they STILL are "Totally Clueless" when it comes time for them to make a decision, they will be facing only two choices, either to take the road that will lead them unknowingly back to the road that the enemy is on, and ultimately to a disastrous end for them, or the correct road, the road towards real Peace, Prosperity, and Harmony for all mankind.

I'm convinced that we WILL be successful in defeating and displacing the "Bad", the Elite/Cabal, with the "Good" and along the way I believe we have the power in numbers to convince millions of the "Totally Clueless" to come with us as we arrive at that "Fork in the Road".

You might ask how you can help, how you can take part in this journey. Write to me and I'll share what I believe you can do to become a part of this endeavor. Or you might happen to be one of the "Totally Clueless" folks, and something in this essay/message has lit a small candle of thought in your brain that requires more information. Private message me on farcecrap, or write me a message using the form on this website, and I will try my best to answer all your questions.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 167

Bottom line? Get involved, help ORGANIZE, or just continue to "Post" your whatever you post (talking about farcecrap), just remember that your posts only reach a tiny percentage of people, I believe it's less than 7% of even your "Friends List". Having said that, even my own posts on farcecrap (just like yours) are like a "Single Fly, Farting in the Wind", and until we really organize, all of it, every single thing we do, is "Useless as Wings on a Penis".

Rabbit Pellets versus Rabbit Turds

It was 1975, and my wife (Ex), and I were enjoying a great Steak & Lobster dinner at Larry and Malinda's house.

The four of us are eating, talking, (mostly the girls talking), at the dinner table which was in a sort of combination large dining area/trophy room for Larry's body-building awards and trophies off the Family Room.

From where I sat, I was the only person at the table that had a straight-shot view all the way down the thirty-foot hallway, which was where the guest room and Little John-John's bedroom/nursery was located.

That's what his nickname was. Inspired by JFK Junior's nickname. Larry and Melinda were far-left Democrats.

At the end of the hallway was a bathroom with a tub. In the tub, I could clearly see John/John in the bathtub. He was having a great time lowering the water level by splashing and throwing hand-fulls of water, everywhere.

I thought to myself, who would leave a baby his age all alone in a bathtub? Pretty smart I reckon. Sort of a younger version of "Keep him occupied. Where's the Thimble?" And if you don't hear him at all, maybe he's drowning or drowning already so you get up from the table and run to his rescue?

As I continued to listen to the litany of bullshit coming out of both women's mouths, (Larry didn't speak much), I couldn't help gazing down the hallway, and enjoying that dude getting close to abandoning the ship.

I'm sure he and I had made eye contact. I finally had squeezed a few words sideways and said, "HERE COMES JOHNNY! Sorry, John-John, HERE COMES JOHN-JOHN".

In what seemed like five seconds, that little 1-1/2-year-old not yet fully potty-trained little kid had climbed out of the tub, ran down that 30-foot hallway dripping wet and naked, coming to a screeching halt like Tom Cruise in Risky Business.

Looking straight into my eyes, John-John spun around facing down the hallway, and ten feet in front of me, took a healthy crap.

He spins back around laughing at me the whole time, really, at me, as he ran back down the hallway and climbed back into the tub. We ALL laughed.

Plus, other than our laughing, the woman who normally did 80% of the jabbering was my wife (Ex) wasn't talking for a minute or two. The brief silence except for our laughter was wonderful.

After John-John made his exit from the dinner table, Malinda calmly got up and went over with a paper towel and picked up the little pile of rabbit-pellet-sized turds.

Farmers or others who know rabbits, raising them like we did in the 50's for food. Besides, people hunt wild rabbits to eat, right? Why not raise these gigantic rabbits that were specifically bred for eating, not a pet for your kid at Easter.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 170

When you are five, and you're first introduced to the morning chore of feeding the rabbits their food, the "Rabbit Pellet". Mom explained, "Tommy. This is a "Rabbit Pellet" you know, what the rabbits eat, and THIS is the poo-poo from the rabbits, so don't get their food confused with their small round "Rabbit Turds", One taste was all it took for me.

I was curious myself, not remembering the name of the particular breed but I did remember what they looked like. So, I googled it and found an image for the breed Cinnamon Rabbit. Quite rare.

Postscript: Little John-John eventually called me Uncle Tom.

Postscript 2: Larry was a first-cousin of a world renown televangelist. Ask me sometime if you are a slight bit curious about what that connection had to do with me. Or should I say, did TO me.

**Hitting the Blackboard with a Booger is 10 points, hitting the back of the teacher's
dress as she walks by is 20 points**

Is anyone old enough to remember the old wooden desks with the lift top, with that storage area to warehouse all your books and stuff n the desk?

In my school, Glen Cary Elementary, the desk you were assigned was the desk you kept all school year.

The first day of school, when you sat at your desk for the first time, you did two things. First you lifted the desktop up to look inside for buried treasure, pennies sometimes , gum wrappers usually, and if you happen to get Sam's desk like Billy did this year, empty condom wrappers, ewwwww.

Sam was in the last row of desks this year, sixth grade, and Billy was now a fifth grader. Sam used the condoms in the typical teenager way.

Blowing them up like balloons when Mrs. Anderson wasn't in the room. I always laughed the most when Sam pulled a condom over his head.

Back to the desk inspection procedure. The second thing you did after the treasure hunt was to feel the undercarriage of your desk. Mostly gum, hard as a rock, from the mouths of generations of children that had previously sat at that desk. The really old stuff seemed to be part of the desk bottom, welded in place over a millennium of time.

Some gum, wads from last year, was semi-hard, but you could manage to pull at them and set some free, throwing them in someone else's desk when they weren't there. You also always

found dried up boogers and hardened, frozen-like, streams of snot that had been painted on the bottoms of desks by many fingers.

Not every loving mother gave their sweet little idiot a handkerchief to use. If you were really curious, before you tried to scrape anything off with your ruler, if you even had one, or your fingernails, you got down underneath like a mechanic to inspect all the boogers, gum wads, and hardened snot flows.

It was whispered around that Sam, the sixth grader, ate the dried boogers and snot from under his desk

like crunchy candy. Only tried it once on a dare, kinda rice crispies crunchy, sorta like deep fried ants, didn't like it. Like every other kid, I tried a gum wad, didn't like that either, almost broke a tooth.

Also, I do know, because I watched him, whilst sitting at his desk, Sam would casually blow a load of snot between his index finger and his middle finger. His mind preoccupied with whatever book he was reading; he would casually slurp the snot resting between his two fingers.

One pastime every dude enjoyed was booger flicking. A booger had to be of a certain consistency however. Soft and rubbery, with a little stickiness. If the booger was too sticky, it was hard to launch when you flicked your finger. If you rolled it around a little more you could get it to premium launch quality. We had a point system. Blackboard, 10 points, back of someone's head, 15 points, back of the teacher's dress as she walked by, 20 points.

No sound, just a flick of your finger and you could stick it on the blackboard as you walked by. Easiest targets were the girls. Especially easy if you had a girl sitting right in front of you. If you managed to get one in her hair,

at recess the boys would identify the successful targets and we would walk around inspecting the backs of the heads of our victim, saying, "Hair booger!".

The girls would run away screaming, as they frantically pulled at their hair. If you were in the earlier grades, like me in the second, you never spoke to, or talked about "Snot Eating Sam". If you did, Sam would open up a can of kickass on you during recess.

It was also rumored that Sam did dirty things with sheep. It was known that Sam was a few years older than the other sixth graders, so at 12 or 13, the teenaged adolescent hormones had already found their way to his penis.

Looking back, I believe that Sam was slightly retarded as well, so he couldn't help being a bully, an idiot, and an asshole. There is normal stupid, and then there is retarded stupid. I wonder what kind of person he is today, good karma or bad karma.

That summer, a few of us were able to sneak our way up to one of the barns where Sam's dad sheared the sheep. We were able to look in a window and observe Sam without him seeing us. I can testify that it is possible to fuck a sheep.

Never attempted it myself, but what you do is stick the sheep's rear legs in your knee-high rubber farmer's boots so they can't run away. I'll never be able to erase that image in my mind of Sam plunging and moving back and forth with his bare ass quivering. I have heard a female

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 174

sheep baaaaaaa loudly. I have never eaten my boogers, well, I did try one of those "under the desk" boogers just once (in the second grade). I did blow up a condom like a balloon many years later (as an adult).

We sometimes think it is hopeless and against all odds, but hey, we are part of the 99% against the 1% that currently have absolute control. We can and shall overcome the odds, but only if we truly ORGANIZE. Otherwise, we are all just as a "Single Fly, Farting in the Wind".

"Popsicle Ed frozen till dead", "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray....."and "Tent reading my Mad Magazine"

As a young child, five, Six years old, I'm surprised that I didn't suffocate to death in my sleep. When Mommy tucked me in at night, and we said that age-old children's prayer, once the lights were turned off and Mommy had closed my bedroom door, I always did a little "Tent" reading. Flashlight, comic book, and my blanket pulled over my upright knees, and my "tent" held in place by inserting the top end of my blankie under the back of my head.

Perfect! I actually thought that nobody would know that I was reading. Mom would come check on me after watching the Ed Sullivan Show or whatever. I would hear my bedroom door creaking open, and she would say, "It's getting late now Tommy, turn the flashlight off, and go to sleep".

Mom only occasionally said this, because I could remember many other times that I would hear my door creak open, then creak shut, without a word being said.

I'm guessing now that I look back and think about it, that my step-father was the one who allowed me to live in the fantasy land of reading a Superman comic with a flashlight, with the covers pulled over my tent knees and held tight by my tent stake noggin.

I used the "Tent" method for reading for quite a few years, until one day, I just thought, "Fuck it!" I don't need the blanket tent anymore. Too bad I was reading Comic books instead of Homer's Odyssey, Shakespeare, or History of the World Part One. Okay, maybe the Bible also would have been more nourishing than Batman eats Robin's Shorts, part 12.

This gets us to the main part of the story. Once the flashlight was turned off, and I put my legs down in a sleeping position, I ALWAYS kept my head covered until I fell asleep. I always woke up with part of my head "uncovered", the part that does the breathing when you are sleeping, i.e., head still covered, mouth and nose exposed to the Boogeyman. I never suffocated, and I was never eaten by the Boogeyman. Hahahahaha. Go figure.

Fear makes you see strange shit at night, only at night. You can have the crap scared out of you during the day, hence the phrase, "That scared the living daylights outa me!",

but you more than likely are not seeing a Boogeyman. Perhaps a scary monster on TV, or the giant man-eating ants from the 1954 movie "Them" at the movie theater.

As a young child, the "Demons" in OUR house were my fear brought on by a crazy dude, my step-father, who had suffered horrendous things during World War Two. As a child, I had little to no understanding what Dad had gone through, or why he was struggling to maintain some form of sanity.

As I have written about before, my childhood wasn't just one of living in poor circumstances or a bad part of town. We lived on a farm. I didn't grow up with a Crack whore or prostitute for a mother. My mother was a kind soul, giving and loving towards other people. She just didn't live long enough in my humble opinion.

My step-father? He was fucked up crazy as they come. One of the absolute turning points in my life wasn't "learning" how to forgive him, it was just plain and simple, forgiving

him.....With no undue expectations on my part. I simply forgave him, for being responsible for ending my mother's life.

Now this brings me to the religiosity hocus pocus part of my story. As a child who was so afraid to go to sleep at night, that I felt "protected" by covering up my head when "I lay me down to sleep".....What scared the hell out of me, was not Ed's demons. He certainly was fucked up, but demons didn't do that to him, the fucking Nazi's did that to him.

My mother and I? We were just as much victims of World War Two as he was, and I was born AFTER the war, in 1948. My mother knew, somewhat, what Ed was struggling with, but in the end, she just was not able to help him. No one was. Not even the idiot doctors who gave him shock treatments from time to time.

When Ed died, I wrote about this before, he didn't go to Hell, as many good Christians would believe, he simply DIED, froze to death. The Riverside County Coroner said when they brought Ed's body in, he was frozen solid, like a fucking ice cube. Folks, he just died, drunk, and slowly froze. That's it.

He suffered from what we now call PTSD. You can only imagine what the Nazi's did to him during three years of captivity. Did I use to wish that he would eventually go to Hell? Of course, that's what I was taught in Sunday School. Bad people go to Hell.

The simple, surprising act of forgiving my step-father changed my life in a wondrously positive way. Do I think he went to Hell? NO! Looking back on my real father's life, he also was

a victim who lived his "Hell on Earth". As a homeless, "Sleep under Cardboard" wino/bum, whatever you want to call him, he was a true alcoholic.

When he was on a binge, which lasted for weeks, even months at a time, he saw his own demons, you know the "Rat's crawling on the Ceiling" shit, along with a few pink elephants or two. My mother really didn't have a choice when she divorced Harold.

She made a bad choice when she hooked up with Ed though. So, as I now perceive life, these two dudes whose lives had an obvious influence on my life, didn't go to hell, they were just as much victims as anyone else could be. Where did they go? They died. That's it. They did live what we could call, "Hell on Earth", they just didn't get the help they so desperately needed.

Being able to simply forgive my step-father was a miracle for me. What I try to write about now, are these experiences and the positive things I learned, like forgiveness, that helped in changing MY life, and my spirit, if you can get my gist.

Ed's story alone will make a great film someday. A dude that risked his life every day, as a U. S. spy behind enemy lines. A dude that was tortured by the enemy, and carried his experience back home with him when the war was over.

Think about it. My real father's disease, alcoholism, was also because of war related trauma, only he became the lowest form of alcoholic there is, a "Gutter Drinker".

Today, there are thousands of individuals walking among us with PTSD, and other mental disorders, some brought on by the horrors of war, some conditions, life long illnesses. We incarcerate many of these people, when they should be helped in a medical or clinical setting.

Institutional settings? Yes, for some, that's what they need. If they are suffering from ANY mental disorder or disease that makes them a threat to themselves, or others, or they are simply living their own version of "Hell on Earth", they need professional care, not loose change handed out of the window of your vehicle.

There ARE good people that volunteer their time and energy at shelters and so on, and they deserve every bit of thanks AND support that we, as fellow citizens can give them. I woke up in the middle of the night with these thoughts, I sincerely hope that people will get something positive from this post.

If you know someone, a family member, a friend of a friend, that is suffering from PTSD or some other mental condition or illness, find out what you can do to help that person live a good life NOW, while they are still alive. Speak to a professional. Find out what you can do.

If you are a Bill Gates type, direct some of your fortune to helping these people. Help fund further education and solutions to these issues. Shelters for the homeless are one thing, shelters for the homeless that also suffer from a wide range of mental issues, that's a whole different ball game.

For those of you that are suffering from PTSD specifically, don't fight that battle alone. Seek help, through whatever means you can. Start writing down your thoughts, and share those thoughts, with your spouses, your children if they are old enough, and with whomever you see on a professional basis.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 180

I am just beginning to understand and appreciate the good things in my life, and how I can pass along some good karma, rather than bad karma. Keep in mind, that regardless of what your spiritual or religious beliefs are, you CAN live a good life while you are here, in spite of the fact that you believe in a place called Heaven.

You don't have to believe the "Hell Fire & Damnation" crap that have stirred up your fears all your life. How can you believe that you are going to Hell if you live your life filled with love and forgiveness towards other people, while you are still among the living?

If you decide that for you, you want to continue to believe the way you do believe, that's okay, just don't be a hypocrite at the same time. It was hard to do, but I have forgiven the hypocrites in my life. Pass along good karma, reject the bad karma. Love one another. Peace, abide.

New Drug advertisement for TV. Do you have moderate to severe "Shit For Brains?" Try Sticadicolopodine, the once-a-day suppository that you hold under your tongue all day. It smells kinda shitty, and makes you talk funny, like you are afflicted with and suffer from, Shitforbrainsitus. Pronounced "Sheet-4Brain-ITUS" (Hispanically). So instead of the painful and rather embarrassing surgery they used to call.....Wait for it.....a Lobotomy, take the once a day medicine, Sticadicolopodine. Your breath will smell like shit, and you will be talking like you already had a Lobotomy!

The Razor Strop, the Headstone, and the French Fries

I was three years old when Mom married my step-father Ed. I was seven years old when Johnny was born. I was a good "Big" brother. I loved Johnny when he was a baby, and I loved him until the day he died. At five, he turned into the typical kind of sibling that did shit and blamed it on his older brother. Not unheard of, just not really typical because when I got the blame for something he did, I got the "Strap", (that's what I thought it was called). No lectures, no stand in the corner and face the wall like Mom had me do, straight to the "Strap" (Strop).

Ed used the same Razor Strop that his father had used on him. For those of you who have never heard of a Razor Strop, it's a long flat piece of thick leather that Barbers used in the old days to sharpen their straight razors. Eventually, Mom put her foot down and convinced Ed to use a wooden yardstick. Clever on her part.

Over the years, I lost track of the number of yardsticks Ed broke on me. He would still get in a lot of whacks before it broke, but at least he did stop every time he broke the yardstick. I have to laugh now thinking about the look Ed would get from the clerks at the hardware store. Eventually he would purchase five at a time, and if I happen to be with him, the clerks gave me a special look that made me feel better. Ed wasn't stupid. He knew he could have used something else to whip me. I think part of it for him was a game, to see how many times he could hit me before the yardstick broke. I saved the broken pieces and made things with them. One time I made a little airplane.

I cannot recall one single time that Johnny was ever spanked for something. What he endured later is what caused his PTSD. What matters to me is part of the reason I am writing this blog. I believe that children, and spouses, can suffer from PTSD also. Whole families can suffer from PTSD. My PTSD manifested itself in different ways compared to my brother's. None the less, I believe we both suffered from PTSD. Johnny was eight when we lost our mother, and I was fifteen. At fifteen, you are old enough to comprehend what's going on, but NOT old enough to cope with it, at least in my case. At eight years old, Johnny was old enough to feel some anguish and pain, but too young for it to really sink in. In other words, he didn't have to activate his coping mechanism like I had to.

When we buried Mom, Johnny and I had had two totally different experiences growing up at that point. His father was holding his hand and comforting him, and I was crying my eyes out. The entire community came to her funeral and burial. The church and town folk took up a donation for a headstone. They gave Ed the two hundred dollars or so, which he was supposed to give to the headstone people.

I remember visiting her grave over the next year or so, and I recall that she had a pretty nice headstone. I left Minnesota at the age of 17 when I joined the Navy. The headstone was still there when I left. Years later I would visit her graveside and discover that someone had removed her headstone.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 183

The church told me that the monument company had removed it because Ed had failed to pay them. Someone, I think my Aunt Alice, told me that Ed had spent the donation money on booze.

I replaced the headstone with a new one. In 2004, when Johnny died, that summer Tommy and Tara went with me to scatter Johnny's ashes around my mom and sister's grave site. Tara was taking pictures as I was shaking out the box of Johnny's ashes. All of a sudden, the wind picked up, and blew the ashes all over Tara. A Grey Ghost she was. We had a good laugh about that.

Wild Turkey with my brother. When I found my brother after 30 years or so, it was about four years before his death. Johnny was living in Orange County. I drove down one weekend and we spent the afternoon and evening together.

What a reunion that was. We sat up all night long reminiscing our childhood over a bottle of Wild Turkey. We laughed and we cried, and sometimes we just sat there in silence. One of the things Johnny said to me was how, as an adult, he recognized how much more I had suffered in comparison. He admitted that as a kid, he was an asshole for getting me into trouble all the time.

Johnny experienced a totally different kind of suffering than I did. They migrated to Southern California when Johnny was ten years old. Johnny told me that they were basically homeless, Ed was pretty weird, and they were living out of their car. Which was a step up from pushing around a shopping cart.

They found a nice park in Long Beach where they could park the car for days at a time. Imagine how "Crazy" one has to be to actually sell your own 12-year-old son to a pedophile. That's what Ed did. He sold him to some dude that had a special fondness for little boys, and hung around that nice little park.

That night as I shared that bottle of Wild Turkey with Johnny, we talked about a lot of things. Family, life experiences, childhood memories. The good things and the bad things. One of the things that Johnny shared with me was the two years he was held captive by the pedophile in Long Beach, finally escaping when he was 14.

Use your imagination when it comes to the horror Johnny experienced for those two years. Johnny, now 35, had not seen his father since he was 12. He spoke conversational Spanish, and he was learning French. Chip off the old block they say, except unlike his father who was highly educated, Johnny was self-taught.

He was a reader of many books. He credited his French to a Rosetta Stone course, and his Spanish to having been married to a Mexican gal when he was younger. A year later, Ed and Johnny would somehow find each other. Their reunion was not a good one, and they went their separate ways within weeks. That night I shared with him the experience that I had searching for, and finding his dad years earlier. My encounter was a brief one also.

For much of my life, after Mom died, I had a hatred for my step-father that was undeniable and negatively effecting my personality and life. I often told myself that if I ever ran into him on

the street, I would kill him. It was not a great emotion to feel, and I was not a pleasant person to be around most of the time.

One morning I woke up and felt an overwhelming desire to find him. Not to revenge my mother's death, but to tell him that I loved him and cared about him, and that God loved him.

I was 34 years old when I found Ed. I was married and living in Southern California. Our son Tommy was just an infant. Ed had been living in a Halfway House in Los Angeles. A step up from previously pushing around a grocery cart, like so many of the homeless do.

I called Ed's younger brother, my Uncle John, one day, who gave me a contact number, incredibly, in Los Angeles. What's the odds? After 20 years, we end up living so close to each other. Uncle John had told me that every summer, Ed would hitch-hike to Minnesota, stay for a couple of weeks, and then disappear. He thought that maybe Ed would work his way back to California via the Pacific Northwest.

The contact was a free clinic attorney who had been helping Ed get his Social Security paperwork straightened out. Ed had been living on the street for so many years he no longer had a copy of his Social Security card or remembered his number. He had no identification papers at all. One day I drove into Los Angeles and picked him up, and we sat on the grass under a tree in McArthur Park eating McDonalds.

As we sat there, Ed did the talking, and I did the listening. Most of what he said did not make any sense, and I did not mention mother. The one-time Ed brought up her name, he said, "How is Evie doing?" In his mind's eye, I was a ten year old Tommy, and Mom was still alive.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 186

Evie, (pronounced Evie like Chevy), was my mother's nickname, for Evelyn. Everyone called her Evie.

He didn't mention Johnny, and when I asked how Johnny was, he looked away for a second, and then asked for more ketchup for his French Fries. I saw him one other time after that.

In my heart I knew that I had forgiven Ed for my mother's death, even though I never said the words out loud. For me, it was a tremendous burden lifted, and from then on, things would get better and my general attitude towards life improved.

My next contact with Ed would be years later via the Riverside County Coroner's office, and arranging for his remains to be cremated. A Park Ranger had found his remains up in the mountains north of Lake Elsinore. Wintertime, there IS snow in the mountains in Southern California.

Next to his perfectly preserved, perfectly frozen body, was a Ralph's Supermarket grocery cart, filled with crap, and a few empty whisky bottles. This was no easy feat, getting that grocery cart up that mountain. The coroner suggested that Ed had gotten so drunk that he couldn't tell that he was SLOWLY freezing to death. Funny, opposite of "Burning in Hell", isn't it? True FORGIVENESS!

Welcome to America! Grandma loves "Wrestling"

It was 1925, and Ed was five when the Elavsky Family immigrated to America, the oldest of five children eventually. Uncle John was three, and the second oldest. The other three siblings that came later, were born in Minneapolis.

Immigrating from Eastern Europe with his parents and his brother John, Ed was already advanced mentally, they put him in a special school. When their boat landed in New York, Ed was already speaking three different languages, Slovakian, Polish, and German. English, French and Italian he would learn growing up in Minneapolis.

He graduated with a BS degree in Electrical Engineering from the University of Minnesota at the age of 16, and went on to MIT on a Rubik's Cube scholarship. Just kidding. Point is, the word "Electronics" hadn't been invented yet. Everything was vacuum tubes and lots of wiring. If your radio was on the fritz, you called Ed over to fix it. Later in life after WW2, Ed would end up working at Honeywell, working/inventing what would eventually become "Electronic" components for modern day aircraft flight controls.

At 19, Ed was commissioned as a lieutenant in the Army, training in Virginia before being deployed to Europe. His specialty of course was radio and remote battlefield communications. That was 1941.

It wasn't until after his death on that snow-covered mountain in Riverside County that we learned his story about what he had endured for two years in a German prison. Ed was a war

hero! As a spy behind enemy lines, the Nazi's tortured him for two years before he was finally set free by Russian soldiers.

in 1951, he was six foot three, about 185 pounds. Maybe he gained all that weight from eating Mom's "spaghetti-o's". A giant to a three-year-old kid like me. Grandma said when Ed came home from the war in 1945, he was thin as sticks, weighing only 135 pounds. After the war, he spent the first two years in his room, which was on the third floor. According to Mom, Grandmother would have to leave his tray of food outside his door and knock.

The family really didn't know much about his war experiences, other than the fact that he was held by the Nazi's in a prison in Berlin, and that he was so thin after the war. Two years he stayed sequestered in his bedroom, as if he was still in that prison. He eventually did share his story with his brother John, who in turn, shared it with my brother and I after Ed died. Ed had sworn his brother to secrecy for whatever reason, and Uncle John kept his word.

Ed wore a crew-cut all his life. Mom had me try a crew-cut when I was seven. Ed's hair was short on the sides, exposing some of the scars from the beatings he took from his captors. The family was fairly well to do, having owned a small factory which they were able to sell before moving to America.

Their house in Minneapolis was pretty darn cool to a little kid like me, a mansion really. Three stories tall, and a spooky basement. I can remember as a little kid, running up the stairs exploring. Staying clear of the basement, only after the first exploration there. Grandmother had a friend that helped her, especially in the kitchen. I eventually figured out what a maid was.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 189

The best part of the house was the Living Room, because it had a "Black & White" small-screen television. The only show I can remember is Wrestling. I guess the only reason Wrestling sticks with me for so many years is how Grandma and Grandpa Elavsky would get so excited, yelling at the TV as if they were there ringside. I couldn't understand what they were yelling, or why they got so excited, but I joined in with my own 4-year-old version of Slovakian cuss words.

The kitchen was huge and a lot of fun to explore. Ms. Lenka, the maid, would sometimes make me an Ice Cream Sundae. I think Lenka was also from Eastern Europe. She spoke like Grandpa and Grandma, a strange, funny language that Mom said also was Slovakian.

One of the things in the kitchen that caught my eye was this thing hanging from the doorknob. I didn't know what cowhide smelled like back then, but that was what the leather thing my mom called a "Strap" smelled like, a Cow, i.e., it was the infamous leather strap. Grandpa had used it on Ed and his brothers, and Ed used it on me.

21 Gun Salute. After his death, Ed's ashes were buried with full military honors at Fort Snelling on the outskirts of Minneapolis/Saint Paul. Afterall, this crazy dude WAS a frickin' war hero. Uncle John made sure that they put a family-size can of Franco-American Spaghetti-O's on top of Ed's urn of ashes (another whole different story about the pasta on his head). I sometimes think his war experience would make a great movie someday. Forgiveness on my part? You betcha! It had all full-circled to me.

Geriatric Sex and Alice in Wonderland

You know, I'm 70 years+ old, and I have to admit, I still have the sex drive of a twenty-year-old. I need to explain this a little bit so you understand where I'm cumming from. At fifteen years of age, (the first time for me, Susie was sixteen), I really didn't know what the fuck I was doing, I admit that. Susie slavered on the Vaseline Petroleum Jelly on her pussy, and the moment the head of my penis touched her.....left arm, I came.

When you are a studly fellow at the ripe ole age of twenty, you tend to walk around in a constant state of erection. The sex is way better than when you were fifteen, and you feel like you could fuck for hours.

Now you are thirty, just married, and believe me, the sex is awesome.....For the first six months. That's when you and your spouse have discovered a few things about each other that are, well, "Negative vibes, man, don't put that shit on me, Susie". She comes to bed with some sort of Vegan shit spread all over her face, you know, that GREEN MASK. Wouldn't THAT be a Super-Hero for a comic book, the GREEN Mask, in living color, has just crawled into bed with you, she turns to you with her eyes closed tight, and her lips pouted for a kiss goodnight. You head for the bathroom to spank the monkey.

Now you are forty-two, slightly balding, recently divorced, and cruising the Karaoke Bars with the anticipation of a twenty-year old again. Of course, you are carrying several condom's you respond, to some thirty-something that also asked what you do for a living (a way to ask if you are rich enough to afford her). After buying her drinks for most of the evening, and some

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 191

slight touches, and even a few kisses, in walks her Lesbian Girlfriend to take her home. Well, tomorrows another night, great Karaoke over at the Golden China.

Now I skip over the fifties and sixties just a little. This period of time you are just one lucky mother-fucker if you ever got laid, or found a woman that wasn't half to three-quarters "Plum-Fucking Crazy". I guess I was one of the lucky ones.....For about three months.

Because at fifty, I met, dated, and was fucking a gal that was only twenty-six years old. Five-foot, two inch, hundred and five pound "Spinner", and you all know what that means. I approached her at the Golden Vagina (China) one Friday night, right after singing my version of the Kenny Rogers version, of "Lady". She came to my place for dinner a few nights later. We had Surf & Turf, and fucked after dinner. We continued to fuck for three months. There is an end to that part of the story, but I'm saving it for later.

I've had a few other "Lucky" streaks in my fifties, the sixties were "Spank the Monkey" years. Now, I'm Seventy, and raring to go all over again. The only thing missing? M-O-N-E-Y. If a dude my age is filthy rich, and you see a thirty-year old walking by his side, holding his hand, it's the M-O-N-E-Y. At my age and income level, all I can get are little old ladies at the Moose Lodge, pay for an eighteen (sure) year-old hooker, or buy some KY Jelly at the pharmacy. You also do the "Alice in Wonderland" trick and take a little "Blue Pill" (It makes you LARGER). The blood from your brain rushes to your dick, and you faint because you've also smoked a couple of bowls.

My Baby-Brother Johnny

My brother Johnny and I were as close as brothers could possibly be, up until they buried our mother that is. Let me explain. I was fifteen, and Johnny was six years old when Mom died. I have always said that at the time of her death, Johnny was young enough, that although her death did have an effect on him, he was young enough to just not quite understand it all emotionally or mentally for that matter, i.e., it went completely over his head, so to speak. Johnny's issues that he had to deal with, and cope with, had absolutely nothing to do with our mother's tragic death and everything to do with growing up with a lunatic for a father, although he did say that he missed our mom and felt that her death DID contribute to his overall personage/personality.

For myself it was a radically almost insane departure compared to Johnny's coping mechanisms, because at just a few months past my fifteenth birthday, I WAS old enough to fully comprehend, but NOT old enough to cope, at all. I think anyone at that age would have suffered in the same way that I did, a suffering that stayed with me for a very long time.

We shared the same Mother, but we had different fathers. Mom had divorced my father when I was three and she married Johnny's father, my step-father, when I was four. Eight years later she gave birth to my "Baby Brother". I loved that little dude, however, it was a real "Love/Hate" relationship about the time he turned four, because he enjoyed watching me get a whipping, and he was always making shit up, "Tommy hit me Daddy".

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 193

I never EVER touched a hair on his little head. Sometimes, something would get broken, like the time he tried to ram his little tricycle thru the back-porch screen door. Who can forget the time he took a shit in the middle of the kitchen? "I swear Dad, that's NOT my poop".

Guess who got blamed for everything? Me of course. Many broken yardsticks.....broken over my ass, (mom threw the "Razor-Strop" in the trash early on when I was about five).

After the funeral I was living with Ed and Johnny, but that only lasted about a month, as my English teacher, my first class of the day, was the first to notice how badly beaten I was, so she sent me to the Nurse's office. Besides my dual black eyes, I had huge welts across my back, two cracked ribs, and a fractured left arm. Needless to say, I was escorted home by two deputy county sheriffs to pick up my shit. Luckily for them that Ed was at work. I ended up in three different Foster Homes, until the day after my 17th birthday,

the day I stood with about 30 other dudes at the Hennepin County main courthouse in downtown Minneapolis, raising my right hand, swearing to defend the United States for enemies both foreign and domestic as I joined the U. S. Navy.

My real father, Harold Saxe, signed the paperwork at the Navy Recruiting Office since I was "under age", and he died two years later, beaten to death by a few other bums, fighting over some woman is what I eventually was told. Although it was obvious that he was beaten to death, the coroner listed his "official" cause of death as Sclerosis of the Liver, that's what they did back then and that's what they still do, if you are just some "John Doe" homeless bum, and the

evidence shows that you were murdered, they are NOT going to waste their time investigating your death, period.

I would later find out that he told the authorities that it was I that was abusing him and he was just defending himself, what a fucking joke. Ed was around six foot three, and I was about 5'10" at that time. Hears a "By the Way", he lied about how mom was injured, telling the local constable, who was also an Elder at our church, that mom had fallen down the stairs, which were about 25 steps up to the second floor where Johnny's and my bedroom were.

A little further with this "By the Way". Over a period of eleven years, from the time I was four until I was just turning fifteen, Ed had put her in the hospital five different times. Spousal abuse back in the 1950's was not prosecuted like it is today. He liked to hit mom in the stomach because it was easier to hide the damage as there usually wasn't much to see as far as physical damage/evidence, unlike a black eye or two, or a bruised and swollen face.

Two of the times she was hospitalized, there was major internal damage. One time the doctors removed her Spleen, and another time her Gall Bladder. There certainly was damage to other organs as well, just not damaged beyond functionality like her

Spleen and Gall Bladder. I wasn't given the gruesome details for a few years, and it was Aunt Alice that had explained why mom had died at so young an age. She died at Saint Mary's Hospital, the same hospital where she was born. Johnny and I both were also born there.

Basically, what the doctors had told all my aunts and uncles, was due to the fact that mom had to have her Spleen and Gall Bladder removed years prior to this last "She fell down the

stairs" bullshit, this time a Kidney was badly damaged, but the doctors could not operate or do any more "damage control" because due to the years of abuse, "Her insides had so many issues like massive blood-clotting, that they could not do anything to prevent her from dying. She died on the third day of her hospitalization.

I remember that night. Johnny and I were staying with our Great-Uncle Jim and Great-Aunty Erma. That third evening we were taken to the hospital to see Mom. It was late, like 10 in the evening, and as soon as Johnny and I walked into Mom's room, I knew that something was up because EVERYONE was there in the room, aunts and uncles, some older cousins, and out Pastor was there.

There had to be twenty people crowded in there, assholes to belly-buttons as the saying goes. The room was dark and sort of surreal with only the light above Mom's bed lit. Everyone else were like shadowy figures, and no one spoke a word. Johnny sat on one side of Mom's bed, and I sat on the other.

My vivid Memory of her was a look of peace, almost Angelic. We talked, but the only part of the conversation that I remember, was my asking her, "Mom, when are you coming home?" To which she replied, "I'm going home tonight Tommy". It would take me a few years to figure that one out. No, she wasn't giving me false hope, which subconsciously for a few years angered me, she was telling me exactly how it was for her, that she WAS going home, to that magical, mystical, heaven that she believed in.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 196

My Mother was a sincere, and humble Christian, Sunday School Teacher, and loved by EVERYBODY in our little farming community around Ham Lake. When she was buried at the Glen Cary Lutheran Church cemetery, there had to be two hundred people in attendance. Of course, all my relatives were there, which had to be thirty or forty of them, so I figure the entire community was there to pay their respect. Mom WAS loved, as I said. What happened to Ed, my Step-Father you might ask. His parents ended up committing him to a

mental institution for about the fifth time for what they called in those days, "Shock Treatments", goggle that, it's just a mild form of electrocution. The parts of the brain they fry, the brain tissue, is destroyed and never re-generate. It's not wonder he got crazier and crazier over the years.

Back to the earlier part of the story. That day that I was escorted home to get my "stuff" as I said earlier, Ed was at work. Johnny was at school, so the last time I saw him was breakfast several hours earlier, before school, and we did not see each other again for twenty years. We both had parted company abruptly, and we took different paths. I survived in my own way, and learned how to cope, spending the next few years in three different Foster Homes.

The amazing part for me which I have described in other essays, is that twenty years after Mom's death, somehow, someway, overnight, I found forgiveness in my heart for my Step-Father, Edward John Elavsky. For two decades, I had sworn to myself, vowed, that if I ever saw him on the street, I would kill him with my bare hands, (and I had added a couple of inches to my height, and beefed up a bit). I would have torn him apart.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 197

He died, drunken and froze to death up in the snow-covered mountains above Lake Elsinore, "Popsicle Ed, Frozen til Dead".

BUT WAIT, THERE'S MORE!! One day I woke up from a deep night's sleep, and the first thing that popped in my head, and stayed there all day, FORGIVENESS! Go figure! There IS more to that story, but you will have to just go looking for the rest of that story in one of my previous essays. It's Ed's story of how he was tortured by the Nazi's in WW2 for being a spy behind enemy lines, (actually discovered and captured in Berlin). Too long a story for this post, about a true American Hero, you'll find it elsewhere on my website.

Back to Johnny, well, this next part is also about Ed. Twenty years had gone by, and I found Johnny. He was living in Orange County, and I was in Ventura County (California), so we were within driving distance. I drove down one day around lunch time to his apartment in the city of Orange, and we talked, and we talked, AND we talked, for hours, and hours, AND hours, emptying

a bottle of Yukon Jack and smoking about three bong-loads. We talked into the evening, thru the night, until the Sun came up the following morning. Of course, we reminisced about our childhood, that's all we had, other than "What kind of work do you do"....."What do YOU do for a living, Tommy?" I could share the entire conversation with my readers, but that would take a whole other chapter.

I started this essay with a description of our very different coping mechanisms, and how we managed to survive other Mother's horrific life and death, our own horror stories, although at his

young age, and me filling in as the ultimate example of a "Scapegoat", the ending of this brief story IS about Johnny. I'll make it brief so you, as the reader, can fill in the blanks.

Although Johnny was pampered and spoiled by his father as a child, he did not escape his own bout with evil. That night when Johnny and I met for the first time in twenty years, fueled, and liberated by a few bong-loads and an entire fifth of Yukon Jack, one of the stories Johnny shared with me in gruesome detail was how he and his dad had been living in their car at some park in Long Beach, when Ed had dropped him off at some friend's house, telling him that he would return for him in a few weeks. Johnny was twelve years old at the time.

The two weeks turned into two months which eventually turned into two years. That's two years as a captive. "Kid, your dad is not coming back for you. Bob and I bought you. We paid your father \$250 for you". Yes, they were a couple of scumbag pedophiles, sharing my Baby Brother, in every way. He was never allowed out of the house, and there was always one of them home while the other asswipe was out shopping or whatever.

Johnny told me that he was a few weeks shy of his fourteenth birthday when he finally escaped. No need here to describe how he was able to escape, but I can guarantee you that my brother shared enough of a detailed story to convince me. Use your imagination folks.

Bottom line for me is not who, what, and why, of the pedophiles, it's the fact that Johnny had an equally horrific experience compared to our mother's life and death, and he survived. Johnny died twenty years ago of a sudden Aortic Aneurysm. Moral of the story, a vast portion of

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 199

our species has had to deal with terrible, horrific chapters in their life, and for many, the suffering continues.

Many, like my brother and I, had absolutely no help in trying to cope AND survive. In spite of my own horror story, I was able to cope, and overcome. Without any help, Johnny was able to cope, somewhat. When he died, the Riverside County Coroner told me that along with his obesity, (he weighed 390 pounds), his habitual use of illegal drugs also contributed to his sudden death.

If you feel like you cannot cope with whatever you are dealing with, reach out for help, because going it alone much of the time, fails. For me? I guess I was just one of the fortunate ones, my grief and anger was so intense, I was blind to those around me that were reaching out to ME. So, if you are able to recognize that you DO need help, reach out to those who already have their hand reaching out for yours.

P.S. What kind of father would sell his own child to a Pedophile? In Ed's case, there IS more to his story, and the end of HIS story will partially examine why I was able to forgive him. Look for the answer in other essays that I have published here on my website.

“Dude, you ain’t got the balls to do that”

Imagine if you will, you and a whole bunch of friends are having what we used to call a “Field Party”. That’s about thirty-six to forty teenage kids, seven kegs of Grain Belt Beer, and the mostly Ford pickup trucks that brought them there.

There was a field, not just any field, a field of “Cultured Sod”, in this case Kentucky Bluegrass /Hybrid mixture. One of the pick-up trucks has a really awesome hi-fidelity sound system with two huge speakers in the truck’s bed.

All the chicks have brought sandwiches, chips and dip, and it’s a GREAT Field Party. Imagine the scene if you will, a bunch of kids, dancing, laughing, drinking, eating, a few making out, AND, some of Tommy’s BEST home-grown Mary-Ja-Wanna.

Now what I’m about to describe, to the best of my knowledge, only happened that one time, and that entire group of kids (who are still living) still talk about it today, 50 years later.

This lush almost like a carpet, green field where we had that particular Field Party that beautiful Early-Summer Saturday, June 1st 1963, was the only time we used that particular field of cultured sod because Johnnie’s dad, the “Sod Farmer”, said one time was okay, as long as we picked up our trash.

We all thought that it had been okay because THAT’S What Johnny had said. In reality, we found out that next week at school that it was NOT okay, and Johnny got his ass whooped good. I just figured that Johnny was just really trying to do a one-up-man-ship on the rest of us, mostly me, because although we would have our parties at three other farms/fields, everyone liked my

field the best, that is, until we had that fateful “Field Party” that day at Johnny’s farm, we thought, by permission.

His parents were on a trip to Texas to pick up several head of Angus Cattle. What THAT particular fact has to do with this story now brings up my title, “Dude, you ain’t got the balls to do that”. Next to this twenty or so acres of lush, green, cultured, Kentucky Bluegrass / Hybrid Sod/Grass, (which just a few years prior had replaced the traditional crops like corn, alfalfa, soy beans, etcetera as the new cash crop), was another twenty or so acres of grazing fields with several fence-lines dividing that acreage into several sections. Johnny’s dad was the first farmer to also get involved with raising Angus Cattle.

Barbed Wire fencing. That ALSO was the long stretch of fence-line separating the “Sod” from the “Beef”. In this case, one lonely looking bull, an Angus Bull, "General Patton", with a nut-sack that hung halfway to the ground, silently standing about sixty feet from the fence, and the part of the field we were on was about another sixty feet away.

Now, imagine if you will again, a bunch of partying teenagers, music blasting out of the back of Billy’s Ford Pick-Up Truck, and someone comes up with a brilliant “I DOUBLE-DARE YOU” idea. Daring anyone drunk, stoned, or stupid enough....or all three, to try to sneak up from behind, i.e., walk up behind, that Angus Bull and whack him in the nuts with this stick.

There was a financial incentive to this madness, the kids had raised \$78.23 as a "Reward" for my "Act of Courage/Stupidity". I say THIS STICK because there it is, hanging over my

mantle, with a nice plaque, stating, "Tommy whacked General Patton in the Nuts and Survived – June 1st, 1963".

The wind was blowing the right direction for me that day. I was down-wind from the bull. I could smell the bull (the closer I got), and he couldn't smell me. All the kids were standing at that fence-line, yelling, waving t-shirts, rags, their arms, trying to keep the bull's attention.

Susie, my girlfriend, was waving my "RED" T-Shirt, as I had taken it off so not to attract the bull's attention as I was walking way around him, sneaking up behind him.

One whack. Hit him square in the nut-sack from behind. Bull yells, starts running towards the fence-line about sixty feet away, some of the kids, like the girls, screaming and running back away from the fence at the sight of a raging bull, screaming bull-speak for rage, coming towards them at 50 miles an hour.

Me? I ran the other direction. It seemed like a second later General Patton looked around and noticing my dash towards the opposite fence, he stopped, turned around, did that pawing in the dirt with his hooves sort of thing, and within what seemed like a few more seconds, was ten feet behind me, surely to gore out a new asshole for me with his horns.

I made it to, and over the gate, (the only portion of that fence-line that was not barb-wired), just as General Patton crashed headlong into it. What a memory. All my friends cheering, some laughing, Susie crying for joy that I had made it without getting killed. Wanna see the stick?

P. S. Sometimes, I feel inclined to add a "Disclaimer" of sorts for whatever reason, and in this case, I'm adding one for all my friends and readers who may be dismayed at the "Whacking"

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 203

of the Bull's "Balls" in my story. So, for all those who are dismayed and/or offended by the thoughts of "Animal Cruelty" portrayed in my story, THAT part of the story is pure fiction. Yes, there were many "Field Parties" that I attended as a teenager, and yes, one time there was a Bull, and yes, I was encouraged, "Double-Dared", to sneak up on said Bull to whack that Bull in the nuts with a stick, but, no, I did not accomplish that part of my story. In fact, the Bull saw me right away and DID chase me back through a gate that I had walked through. Sometimes, not often, I will remember something from many years ago and "Flavor" the story to make it a more interesting "Read". Thanks for reading this one. I can see that many people are visiting my website and reading this one.

"COUGH IT UP DUDE! COUGH THAT RUBBER DUCKY UP!"

My buddy Shelton (West Highland Terrier) and I had just come back from a quick (by Shelton's standards), "Pee-Pee" walk, and as always, I like to give him a treat after a successful walk to reward him,

simultaneously saying "SHELTON WENT PEE-PEE, SHELTON WENT PEE-PEE, GOOD BOY, SHELTON WENT PEE-PEE (same thing for pooping, just insert the words "Poo-Poo" in the sentence)...This time it (the Pee-Pee walk) took all of about 18 seconds, a record.

So, I admit, when Shelton and I got back up on the deck/patio for the administering/rewarding of the treat (in this case, some really great soft kinda-meatballs), my senses were a little heightened at that moment due to some really good "Edible" Chocolate that I had consumed about two hours earlier.

I adopted Shelton when his Ma-Ma Annie died last year in Mexico, and for the past nine months or so, I have NOT had any specific methodology when "Giving" Shelton his treat other than to either "Pop" it in his mouth, or let him "Take" it with his teeth/mouth in a really polite manner (as he's standing so cute on his hind legs).

So, tonight, I realized the difference in "Popping" it in his mouth (unintentionally by the way, it just sort of, "Flicks" from my fingers), and, letting Shelton take it gently from my hand with his cute little mouth. HAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

I started laughing when I recognized for the first time in nine months that the reason he would act like he was chewing that yummy treat up at first, and then it would appear, out of his mouth

on the deck, after it was unintentionally “jettisoned” into his mouth is because it was in the back of his throat and he was gagging, NOT chewing. THAT’S why the treat was on the floor you idiot! He coughed it up you twit!

He never garfed up the treat when it was gently transferred from my fingertips to his lips! Sooooo, now I know. From now on, no accidental “Launching” of the treat into his mouth and half-way down his tiny throat!

Anyway, along with the lesson in “Treat Insertion”, I really laughed out loud when it happened, i.e., when I came to that "Fullness of Realization" of “Improper versus Proper Treat Insertion after peeing or pooping”. I hope you enjoyed reading this “True” short story that I just posted here for your enjoyment....Or not.

Postscript: Before anyone gets upset and/or judgmental, this, what appeared to me, to be a “Chewing” or movement of his jaw and was actually Shelton trying to gag it out of his mouth only happened rarely,

like 10% of the time, so it was not something that I paid that much attention to, UNTIL, my senses were “Heightened” by that wonderful piece of Chocolate. Lesson WAS learned tonight.

"No man is an Island"

"No Man is an Island". The phrase expresses the idea that human beings do not do well when isolated from others and need to be part of a community in order to thrive. John Donne, a metaphysical poet wrote this as part of a work 400 years ago.

It is true for me in that if I was on an island all alone, by myself, I surely would be so much better off if I had my dog Shelton as a companion and friend. Humans by nature are relationship animals, just like our animal friends that we love, as they also are relationship animals thriving in their environment when they have another animal or human in their life.

If a man or woman has absolutely no one, not even a goldfish in a bowl, and end up talking to themselves, staring into a bathroom mirror, or their image in a pond, it often can lead to abnormal psychosis. At best, being alone CAN be a time of reflection and self-healing or a time of self-discovery/awareness, as a person meditates/reflects on his/her life, as long as such a time doesn't last forever as it eventually can become a psychological issue.

I was fine by myself, really. I had not reached the point of talking to myself, and answering back, as I have had daily interactions with my friends where I live now, and I have always been fortunate enough to have had "Human" friends wherever I have lived. Then Shelton came along literally by "accident" (a whole other story), and has become my best friend and companion.

We ALL need someone in our life, wither it's another human being or a "Shelton". If you are totally alone with no one in your life, and you want a friend to talk to, I first recommend that

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 207

you find an animal friend like a dog or a cat through a shelter or whatever (although I prefer a dog). Secondly, I'll be your friend. We can Skype or whatever.

“No man is an Island”. Don't think you can live your life talking to yourself, especially if you argue a lot of the time.

Slavery, a business versus Racism after Slavery was abolished

Since the very beginning of our species' journey through our evolutionary process on this planet, wither you believe we were created by a supremely mysterious being (God), seeded here by beings from another galaxy, far, far away, or we are simply just a smudge in a giant Petri Dish, we have always looked upon our "differences" in a manner that could be construed as inherently and naturally, "Racist". But that is not exactly a given.

When the various cultures and societies began to take shape, differences such as color of skin, shape and color of our eyes, languages, etcetera, were first looked upon with surprise or shock. Imagine the first time Neanderthals and Homo Sapiens happen to run into each other while chasing a Mastodon, as a result of one or the other doing a "Lewis & Clark", exploring outside their normal boundaries.

First came the big "Surprise" as the two groups looked at each other. My guess is that it was the newer version of human that did the "exploring" and discovered the older version. Next came the "Dominance", with the newer version, the explorers, having evolved with the invention of more sophisticated weapons, i.e., crude versions of "Spears and knives"" against "Sticks & Stones". Guess who won THAT fight. Sophistication overcame brute strength, and the less sophisticated, the dudes throwing stones were eventually wiped out, while the lucky survivors of the lesser version of human, were guess what? Enslaved.

Following that trend in our evolutionary journey, that story continued to repeat itself. Separated by vast oceans and land mass, many different cultures/societies emerged. The Greek,

Mayan, Incas, Egyptian, Oriental, what we call, Caucasians (Europeans), and others evolved. Some evolved slower, some evolved faster. Imagine if the Mayan, Egyptian, or some other ethnic group would have had the ability to travel to "Europe" as it is now called, and traveled there, let's say, to what we now call "Ireland", doing so with, at that time, superior weaponry. Guess who would have enslaved who.

As the various ethnic cultures evolved, modes of travel became more and more sophisticated, and the weapons became more and more sophisticated, AND more efficient, i.e., deadlier.

As some cultures were becoming extinct, and Caucasians/Europeans began to advance from hunter/gatherer to become the domineering cultures, they began to travel across the vast oceans and land masses, and discovered new lands with "different", less evolved versions of our species.

Many of these less sophisticated cultures/peoples were vastly different in appearance, with black or other colored skin, different facial structures, AND different belief structures, like the early "White European Christians" with their advanced weapons and brutal man-made religion, discovering a race of people with black skin and flared nostrils in what we call Africa.

No longer "Surprise" as an initial response, "Domination" was the name of the game. Guess who dominated who, and who became the "Enslaved"? That was the first "Racial" divide. Not really today's modern version of racism, but a view of less superior versus superiority. The dominated and enslaved were viewed as property, i.e., animals, like cattle, to labor as such.

For sure the domineering more advanced cultures looked upon the lesser dominated cultures as no more than goats or cattle, able to pull a plow, work the fields. That was "Slavery" in its early stages. Still, no real racism. How can a "Knight in Shining Armor" be a "Racist" when all he is doing is directing his "Cattle/Slaves" to do his bidding. They were less than human to him because they had different colored skin, and muscular physiques.

For sure having dominion over a people that was "different" was wrong, but it WAS an integral part of our evolution as a species. The words "Racism" or "Racist" did not appear until slavery itself was acknowledged and abolished.

Although we still experience the existence of slavery in many parts of the world today, it is not "Racism" in the true sense of the word. It still is one culture or ethnic group dominating and enslaving another because the "Slave Masters" look upon slavery as an enterprise, a business, regardless of the differences in skin color. Different skin color, or different religious practices ARE a part of it, but today it's mostly a business model and application of that dominance factor.

The modern-day Slave-Masters know that their slaves are human beings, they just don't give a shit, as they look upon slavery as a business, and their slaves, although recognized as humans, is considered as property none the less.

Racism evolved AFTER freedom from slavery, especially in western cultures like in the USA. Since the early days of "Freedom" and the abolishment of slavery, racism has evolved along with everything else.

In the early stages of freedom from slavery, especially here in the United States, the former slaves and a few generations after, looked upon themselves as a people who indeed were grateful for their freedom, yet still living that newly given freedom as just a notch above slavery, as they worked the fields of cotton for meager pay, owing their "Employer" and the "Company Store" more than they earned, in effect, still slaves to their Slave Master.

The evolution of that freedom eventually saw the emerging opportunities for advanced education for the once enslaved, and through that, the escape from the "Cotton Field" plantation life to successful careers as doctors, lawyers, scientists, business owners, and every other career that once was available only to non-colored people.

Google Sarah Boone and what she invented, search for Garrett Morgan and his inventions, how can we forget George Washington Carver? These are just a few people of "Color" that invented items that are commonplace items today, and had slavery not been abolished, they certainly would not have had the educational opportunities nor would they have invented and patented their discoveries.

Today, thanks to "Freedom", we even have a few billionaires who are people of color other than "White". Sadly, racism and bigotry are just as prevalent today if not more.....more than it was a hundred years ago. Also, sadly, that racism and bigotry that originally emerged out of that early "Freedom" has evolved into a two-way unrelenting part of our culture. A segment in our society where "Whites" hate all non-whites, and "Blacks" who hate all non-black.

The dangerous facet of racism today is the rising two-sided militarism, with the white supremacist groups, most of which have been there all along, just deadlier with more sophistication, and the so-called "Black Militants", much more sophisticated than the Black Panthers of the late 60's.

How about some good news? "The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly". Along with the evolution of the "Bad and the Ugly", the "Good" has evolved as well. Thanks to evolving technologies related to how we communicate, such as on-line social networking platforms such as Facebook, Twitter, Instagram and others, a unique and unprecedented "Awakening" has been occurring for the past sixteen years or so., more so in the last six to seven years.

With the evolving sophistication of the various social-networking platforms, has come the ability for people to reach across the globe to even the remotest of locations. Along with the ability to communicate instantly with someone in a distant, previously unreachable land and culture, the unprecedented opportunity for people to gain real knowledge, and real truth has emerged.

Not only are we able to access and share Information about subjects that matter to us on a personal level, like how to give your neighbor's Pitbull a vasectomy, but we are also sharing knowledge and truth of an extremely vital nature, information/warnings of that which can either doom our planet and species, OR save us.

Which brings me to my concluding thought. Personally, I don't care about the color of your skin, the shape of your face, your sex, or any other attribute that may or may not instill a racist or

bigoted attitude and response from other people. What I DO care about is what is in your heart. How you treat your fellow human being is what makes a difference in your life, and the lives of others that you come in contact with.

Regardless of your skin color, your religious beliefs, your political affiliation, the language you speak, or ANYTHING else that makes you, you, as a human being, if you cannot say that you truly follow the "Golden Rule", we need to communicate one-on-one, as I have a very strong, heart-felt desire to share my thoughts with you, experienced-based thoughts that I believe can make a positive change in your life, a wonderful change that in turn, will instill in you, a burning desire to share with others who also need to hear the message, "Do unto others, as you would have them do unto you".

To my existing friends, future friends, Brothers and Sisters all, it's not about our differences. It's not about the color of our skin, it's not about our various religious beliefs, it's not about our political beliefs, it's also not about the size or type of our weapons. It IS all about how we treat each other. It's wither you can say to ANYONE, "I love you as I wish to be loved, and I will do anything within my power to help you, to care for you, and to treat you as I desire to be treated". Once that message is embedded in your heart, you WILL be at peace with yourself, and with your fellow human beings for the rest of your life.

We CAN abolish racism and bigotry throughout our wonderful planet, and in doing so, we WILL eliminate WARS, as we eliminate the need for wars. Love and Optimism will prevail.

**"I don't care about the color of your skin" and, "I don't care about the color of YOUR skin either", then we both laughed, and ordered another Black Label on the Rocks
BLACK, WHITE, BROWN.....ALL LIVES MATTER!!!!**

I'm really appalled at the rampant racism (from EVERYONE) that we have been seeing for several weeks now. Ever since the beginning, after the murder of George Floyd, (if it was a real murder and not part of just another PYSOP False Flag to turn us against each other). This addition to my essay is not about ANY conspiracy theory however, it IS about the insanity of "Bad Apples spoiling the entire basket".

It's okay to protest "Police Brutality" or unlawful acts perpetrated upon average citizens by the few "Bad Apple" members of Law Enforcement. Demonstrate, wave your signs, march on your city's "Hall of Justice", your Mayor's Office, your Police Departments, but, and it's a BIG BUTT, the moment YOU break the law and burn, pillage and hurt other people, you have accepted the "Game Plan" of those few bad apples, the outsiders, that purposely infiltrated your otherwise peaceful (and justified) protests.

Don't you have enough common sense and decency to see that? As individuals, many folks are on the "Fence" between peacefully protesting, and committing acts of violence. They have a right to protest, but, and it's another BIG BUTT.....a lawful, peaceful protest is NOT a license for violence, in ANY form, and the idiots who advocate and encourage violence, including many politicians and others in positions of authority (shockingly), are just wrong, wrong in every way.

The absolute worst part is that many of the “Bad Apples” DO come from your own neighborhoods, i.e., they are "Home Grown". They potentially were not bad to begin with, they were just set off, i.e., someone pushed them off that fence in the wrong direction. Their potential for common sense and decency gave way to their life-long bitterness, anger, and frustration. They gave in to the outside sinister influences as they were encouraged to contribute violence and mayhem, instead of maintaining a peaceful platform and regimen. The “Riders on the Fence” in many of life’s situations really don’t have a choice as to which side of the fence they ultimately fall over, and it’s easier to be pushed towards the wrong side of the fence than the right side.

The “Outsiders” wanted YOU to break the windows, wanted YOU to set the fires to businesses and vehicles, wanted YOU to loot the local places of business, carrying off boxes of Nike Jordans, TV sets, whatever. Guess what? Those businesses that you looted and burned, in many cases, they were owned by decent hard-working people from your very own neighborhoods. Your Mama must be so proud, trust me, people of ALL colors and ethnic backgrounds are NOT proud, they are disgusted with the outcome of the so-called, “Peaceful” protests.

The reason I write this addendum to my story about Kenny Strong, my second-best friend in my life, is because I have had about enough of seeing the "BAD APPLES" beating up or murdering other individuals. People that did NOT deserve to be hospitalized or murdered as a result of this mutual SICKNESS called RACISM. You can say that you were/are a "product" of

your "environment", obviously people, some more than others, are not treated equally, that's the reason for protesting, demonstrating, marching, and holding up your signs.....PEACEFULLY.

There ARE MANY people that DO agree with your cause, for your right to protest, many people of ALL ethnic backgrounds do care, but, and here's another BIG BUTT, I would just bet you that if you are pushed off that "fence", and falling onto the wrong side into that trap of violence, your parents, and your Grandparents, more than likely are not and will not, be proud of you. How can anyone be proud that you took part in beating an 80-year-old man half to death just because he's white, or killing an oriental man that was trying to defend his little donut shop that you ultimately burned to the ground.....Or shooting an unarmed 24-year-old mother of a three-year-old child to death simply because she said "All lives matter". Oh, and that one is not fake news, here's a link to the story:

Bottom line is all of this racism, from ALL sides has to end. The majority of the folks desire a peaceful resolution to this nonsense. So, instead of blaming the "Other" side, how about we all work together to come to a peaceful conclusion? Before you label ME a racist, please read the following essay about my wonderful buddy Kenny Strong:

This is a short story about my good friend, Kenneth Strong, with a few life lessons thrown in. Although they could've been twins, Kenny wasn't a Sammy Davis Jr., married to a white chick, hanging out with the Rat pack. Not disparaging Sammy, I was a big fan of him, Sinatra, and Dean Martin. I actually can say that Sammy's daughter was a neighbor and friend, and that his grandson Sam, remains a close friend of my daughters to this day. The only similarities

between the two of them, was the fact that Kenny was small like Sammy, five foot four or so, and they both could dance like champs.

Oh yeah, the other difference? Even though he couldn't carry a tune in a shoe if his life depended on it, Kenny still enjoyed going to Karaoke with me.

His weight and height was proportional up until when his emphysema progressed. Before he died, he had lost fifty pounds and was skin and bones, ninety-eight pounds (easy to carry up and down the stairs). In his healthy years, Kenny was a muscular dude who worked out and ran a mile every day. Kenny, was an ex-marine and veteran of the Korean War, loved his country and eventually became one of my closest friends. In spite of the fact that when I met him face to face for the first time, I thought he was the biggest asshole I had ever met in my whole life.

Kenny was the only person of color working in his department, so he was an anomaly of sorts. In fact, at that time, there were very few people of color that had risen the ranks and climbed the "Ladder" of success like Kenny had. He wasn't sweeping the floor, or taking out the trash, he was responsible for administering the procurement of millions of dollars in high tech equipment and support for a globally recognized company. I was a sales dude at the time, and my company had not seen any business from Kenny's company in many years. Our only competitor had 100% of the business.

After many phone calls to try to get in to see him, (they were in upstate NY), I made the trip from California to New York twice with appointments to finally see him. Both times he blew me off with lame excuses. First time, I was told that he had called in sick. Second time, he was there.

When I spoke to him from the lobby, he blew me off again, asking me, "Can you come back next week?". Kenny knew that I had flown cross country to see him. Let's just say that I was just a little pissed. Patient, but pissed. The third trip was successful, however disappointing.

Let's just say that for the average salesman, it wasn't just disappointing, it was devastating. I stood in the entry of his cubicle for what seemed like several minutes. "Thank you so much for taking the time to see me this morning", I stated nervously to no avail. No response from Kenny. It's as if I wasn't standing there, gazing at all the accolades and awards on the walls. Glancing at his "Employee of the Year" award, his Bachelor's Degree, and all the other plaques, and then looking back at Kenny, I said to myself, "He can't be hard of hearing, can he?" Lack of peripheral vision?

He was sitting there typing two-finger style, staring at his computer. So, I took a few steps to the side chair alongside his desk, and started to sit down. When my butt was approximately five inches from the seat, still directing his gaze at his monitor, he said in a Drill Sergeant manner, "I didn't tell you to sit down yet". Well, I immediately stood to attention and backed up two feet to the entryway into his cubicle.

I swear I stood there for another two or three minutes before he swung his chair around and said, "You can sit down now". Kenny took the next ten minutes telling me all the things wrong with my company. Needless to say, we did not take lunch together, and like I said earlier, I thought he was the biggest asshole I had ever met.

Now, what he said was true. Our prices were way too high, and our lead-times were way too long. I took these insights back to my company, and within six months, we had reduced both to the point where we started to get some of the business.

After a year, and several more trips, my company was enjoying 100% of the business, and I was slowly becoming a part of Kenny's small circle of friends.

I share this with all the sales people out there as a lesson. Three things. Be honest. Be genuine. Be patient. Take your time and really get to know your customer. Don't get discouraged. Be patient. If you are able to look at your customer with one eye, while reading the documents on their desk upside down with the other eye, you are not my kind of salesman.

Of course, your company has to be competitive in all areas. I was fortunate that my company was willing to adapt to the marketplace. Over time, Kenny became a real friend. We did things that friends would do.

Went fishing. Went to the casino, usually with a few other dudes from his office. My favorite thing was going to the racetrack in Saratoga once a year, to watch and bet on the "Running of the Travers". To our amazement, I actually won a Trifecta one year.

Kenneth and I went fishing many times. Once on the Hudson River, and several times at his favorite spot on the Erie Canal. Every time we went fishing, Kenny would give me fishing "lessons".

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 220

Like the big brother he was, every time he would try to give me instructions on how to fish, I would tell him, "I'm from Minnesota, I was fishing when you were still in diapers". Not really true, since he was about fifteen years older than me.

Anyway, Kenny would retort with, " I don't care if you are from Zimbabwe, you ain't gonna catch anything that way", or, "You're so full of shit, you should have worn a diaper", then we would laugh. I would always tease him and ask him to put my worm on for me (I never used anything other than lures).

I always caught the first fish and the last fish before he gave up for the day. Most of the time, I caught the only fish, which really pissed him off. Fishing on the Hudson

was fun, but challenging because that one time we did go, it was in an old leaky row boat, oars only, no outboard. We always had a great time fishing except for that one hot, and muggy August day (I did most of the rowing), and we caught nothing.

Kenny and I remained friends after he retired. When his health began to deteriorate more and more, his buddies and I would still take him to the casino. I can remember pushing Kenny, his oxygen bottle, and his cigarette through the casino in his wheelchair. No matter what you said to him about his health and smoking, he would acknowledge, "Yeah, I know, I should quit, it's too late for me anyway". He never did quit, and it WAS too late, he died.

The last time I saw Kenny, he had been retired for about four years. He was so sick and weak at that time, when we went to the grocery store or his favorite neighborhood tavern, I had

to carry him up and down the stairs of his condo, and throw his wheelchair in the trunk. That last time I saw him was six months before he passed away.

Kenny grew up in a farming community in North Carolina, so he knew what Racism and Segregation was. I grew up in a farming community in Minnesota. I didn't know what the words meant as I was growing up. We would sometimes have spirited discussions about a variety of subjects, whilst drinking our scotch or having a meal.

The most spirited conversations were when we talked about racism and segregation/integration, i.e., life in general. We mostly agreed on things, and our friendship with each other stayed intact.

One of our most memorable exchanges was this one night, already three drinks into a long night, and I was a little pissed at something Kenny had said. I looked at Kenny and yelled, "I don't care about the color of your skin!", and Kenny paused for a second and quietly said, "I don't care about the color of YOUR skin either".

We laughed at each other, and ordered another Black Label on the Rocks. Kenny was a great friend.

I grieved when he died, along with all of his friends and family. Lesson number two. Folks, Racism, Bigotry, Prejudice and Indifference are taught and therefore learned, not in-bred.

Cinderella's Godmother and pissing on their party

In the story of Cinderella, her Fairy God-Mother creates a bunch of stuff with a magic wand. Remember? Glass Slippers? A fancy carriage made out of a pumpkin. Not once did you hear anything about Cinderella's Fairy God-Father.

"I'm going to make you an offer you can't refuse" (and leave a horse's head in your bed). That's what MY Fairy God-Father would have said to Cinderella's Step-Mother.

Cinderella's real father had died, leaving her to work in her own home as a scullery maid for her evil stepmother and her equally evil stepsisters.

Obviously, and unfortunately, Cinderella's father left no will or other means to care for his daughter. Did he die suddenly after eating a poison apple? No, that's another fairy tale.

I really didn't know who my "God-Parents" were, until after Mom died. I think it was my Auntie Alice who told me about ten years later. My god-parents were very strict Catholics and blood-related, my mother's youngest sister and her husband. I saw them maybe six times in my whole life, including family reunions.

Why bring up religion you ask? Let's put it this way, "Yes, they were not Italian, they were not Italian that day" (to the tune of, "Yes, we have no bananas,") Had my God-Mother's last name been Giovanni, perhaps my brother and I would have received some kind of love and assistance after mother died. Mom had two other sisters and a brother.

Now I see the point about it being a FAIRY God-Mother, its all make-believe. You're not going to ride in a magic pumpkin and you are not going to get any help from your god-parents or anyone else when your mother dies.

Do I hold a grudge? No, not really. I can't really blame my godparents for not being Irish, or Italian, or one of several other ethnic groups with old-fashioned family traditions. Can't blame their particular religious beliefs either, good Catholics that they were. Good Catholics that they were, they had eight kids.

My aunt and uncle had NO idea what a condom was, maybe thought condoms were used to store bananas. So I can see that while I was busy growing up, they were busy having babies. To this day, I don't remember the names of ANY of their eight kids, my cousins.

Everyone had enough on their plates. Every single Uncle, and every single Aunt on both my parents' sides either had real issues of their own, or just really lame excuses. Blood-related god-parents seeing their god-child once a decade is really lame though.

After the funeral, all the adults on my mother and my father's side of the family gathered together at Uncle Bob's house. I guess it was a wake for Mom. Everyone was eating and drinking, some were playing cards. A record player was playing some big band music and the TV was on. I was eventually sent to bed, being told that it was getting late, and that the "Adults" had some issues to discuss.

As I was standing there in the upstairs bathroom taking a pee, I could hear the party downstairs in the kitchen through a floor grate by the bathroom sink. I can still remember how

funny I thought it was, as I crouched down, nose against the heating grate, looking down into the kitchen, directly above the kitchen table.

Although I was already a smoker, my eyes began to water from all the cigarette smoke wafting up through the grate. Okay, I also was crying as everyone had a story to tell about Mom. It was Evie this, and Evie that. Everyone was sharing these wonderful positive tear-jerking stories. She was truly a loving and kind-hearted person.

I lay there next to the bathroom sink listening for about twenty minutes, eyes blurred from tears and cigarette smoke. A single word mixed in with the party noise, and the sound of Benny Goodman's band playing "Moonglow" in the background. That's all it took for me. I clearly heard the word "Orphanage". I got up from my listening post on the floor, and "borrowed" ten silver dollars from the top of my cousin Sandy's dresser (I paid her back years later).

Before I left, I strained to take one last pee. Except this time, I pissed on the floor grate, and let gravity take over. As I walked out of the bathroom, I could hear their reactions to the raining pee dripping down onto their card game. At first, I think they thought it was a water leak.

With the clothes on my back, and the ten silver dollars in my pocket, I ran down the stairs and out the front door. I was out of that house in less than two minutes. That night, the ten dollars got me about thirty miles out of town on a Greyhound, and my thumb got me the rest of the way. All the way to the Santa Monica and the ocean in three weeks.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 225

Everyone in my generation remembers where they were the day JFK was killed. I was sitting in the County Jail in Lubbock, Texas, (I should have stayed in California). Story for another post.

Back to the loving, kindhearted relatives. The concept of caring for the welfare of a god-child, especially if that child is orphaned, should not just be recognized as an ethnic or religious thing to do, it should be the normal thing to do. You normally won't see "Grand" parents turn their back on their grandchildren (except in my case). God-parents, especially if they are blood-related, should naturally have the same feelings of responsibility as a grandparent does. Some do, some don't. Especially in the U.S. Message to all God-Parents, take the title seriously.

If the story of Cinderella was written today, it would be okay to ask your gay brother Tony to be a God-Parent, as long as you don't introduce him as, "This is Tony, my son's Fairy God-Mother". That would not be very kind. It would be additionally uncomfortable if Uncle Tony was gay AND had transgendered over. Especially if Tony is standing there in a lavender outfit, high heels, and a blond wig. It's okay if he is waving around a magic wand however.

That would be terrific. I think I'll write a separate story of a modern day Cinderella, visited by his transgendered Fairy God-Mother, Uncle Tony, with a magic wand. "Uncle Tony, is that really you? Love the outfit".

Rejection and abandonment, along with the shell-shock of my mother's death contributed to my PTSD. Become a Fairy God-Father or God-Mother to a young person who you know needs your help and guidance. Especially if they have returned from combat with PTSD.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 226

Memorial Day is for remembering the men and women who gave the ultimate sacrifice, their lives, for their country. Let's not wait for Veterans Day to honor the service men and women who survived war, coming home with physical, as well as mental injuries. They need our help 24-7-365.

**"Should I get the hell out? Or become a General some day?" "How about a mandatory
psych evaluation?"**

I heard the term, "Military Intelligence" on the news tonight which inspired the following. War is STUPID! If you are a WARRIOR, you're stupid! You're just as stupid, or psychotic, or both, as that dude that killed 49 people at that Gay nightclub in Orlando.

You've heard the term, "Military Intelligence?" I wonder if anyone has ever independently given an IQ test to every single man and woman wearing a uniform for our country? No, has never happened.

How about we give that IQ test and a "Psychiatric Evaluation" when they first enlist, the day they retire or exit the "Service", and every fifth year of service. Why so soon you ask? You can always dodge the IQ test if you choose to do so, just by exiting the military

when your four-year hitch is up. We figure it's a good thing to find out if you learned, increased your "Intelligence Quotient" in four years, i.e., or are you that stupid that you signed on for another four years.

Why every fifth year of service? Do the math, unless you are bare-foot stupid. Like in the fifth year, you really want to know if that person increased their IQ? Or that person is still just as stupid. If that person exits the service, he is obligated to take the test regardless. Unlike the "smarter" dude that got out after four years. We have to consider that the dude increased his IQ. Even if it is only by a few percentage points, he got smart enough not to re-enlist.

I would really like all the data compiled into a graph chart and keep collecting the data for twenty years or so. The interesting part would be to actually find out if killing other humans increases your intelligence? Or your chances of having PTSD? Think about it! Is that retiring Four-Star General any smarter than he was the first day of boot-camp?

In all fairness to ALL officers that went through academies or schools, we expect that you will naturally be smarter than that grunt with a high school education that you just commanded to "Charge!".

You happen to be smart enough out of West point to be, and you are, THE order GIVER, NOT, the order TAKER. You are at a high enough rank that precludes you from actually aiming and pulling a trigger. Killing Someone! If you became a civilian soon after killing the enemy, just one other human being, I'd say you got a little smarter, even if only by a point or two.

Even if you started out as an officer and you were the smartest person in your school, the first time you kill, and like it, you are just plain fucking STUPID! Catch my drift? The ability to pull a trigger and take someone's life, does not require intelligence.

Maybe training with firearms and missile launchers, and how to stick another dummy or used tire, with a bayonet? I don't think so.

I really am convinced that we have always been savages, since the beginning of time. The fact that as a species, we have evolved, gained, "Guess what?". Enlightenment! Intelligence!

What I am saying is that a fairly good portion of humans are possibly, just possibly, smarter than that idiot with a gun. Smart enough to comprehend that killing someone is just plain old stupid.

I also think that should we survive as a species; we will continue to get smarter, and purposely taking another person's life will eventually be obsolete. For the stupid ones, no more war!

It took years and a growth in intelligence before man invented the bow and arrow. We and our technology have evolved to the point where we can be sitting in a secure building a thousand miles away, operating that drone that just took out dozens of people.

I think today's modern deer hunter using a bow is much smarter than that dude with the AR-15 hunting that same deer. I will bet you that my cousin Barry and his daughter Sam, would never invite cousin Jack and his AR-15 on their hunting trip.

Reminds me of another whole story. Comparing the hunters that wait for the deer to come to the salt block (lick) while they sit in their deer stand, and a bow hunter that starts at the edge of the field and woods, with camping gear as well, in case they have to or plan to, spend a night or two, until they have their deer. Or a week because that's how they planned their hunting trip. Canoe and all. You would think my cousin and his daughter were part Chippewa.

I hope my grandson will still be alive when people stop killing other people. It sure as hell isn't going to happen while I'm still alive. I'll be lucky I guess, if I witness an Asteroid wiping out

all of mankind, or full out Nuclear War, which some of us will survive. The sooner we evolve, the happier I'll be.

I'm really not an anti-gun activist. I'm an anti-multiple round clips dude and part-time philosopher.

I had an NRA patch or whatever they gave you when I was pre-teen and barely had any pubic hair. The second amendment does not give you the right to own your own shoulder-held missile launcher. I will give you a single shot rifle. Your choice of caliber or gauge. Maybe a 3-round clip for your AR-15.

Which comes right back around to our discussion about intelligence or the lack thereof.

How about an IQ test before that person is allowed to purchase or possess a gun? I would add that mandatory psychiatric evaluation. Think about it! ANY person that has "Common Sense" is potentially smarter than that idiot over there with the PHD, and especially the ones that have M.D. after their name.

I am not talking about all Doctors. My former brother-in-law is a pretty smart dude. He makes millions of dollars making balding men and women hairy in the right spots. I once asked "Uncle Bob" if he had ever transplanted a man's pubic hair to his upper lip (the dude couldn't grow a mustache). Once the procedure was finished, the patient kept yanking on his nose, HAHAAHAHA! (LOL!)

Certain studies may naturally come with more common sense and exhibit a higher intelligence than say, a PHD in Hotel Management. Compare the PHD in Accounting, with the dude with a degree in Quantum Physics. I have met a lot of highly educated morons.

My baby brother, rest his soul or energy source, never finished the eighth grade, and he was one of the smartest human beings I've ever known. I pretty sure this self-taught voracious reader named Johnnie had a much higher IQ than your average politician in Washington, DC. He was super smart and died way too soon and instantly, of an Aortic Aneurysm.

Final thought. Next time you happen to see someone entering or leaving a recruiting office, or for that matter, a gun store, think about doing a survey. Three questions. How far did you get in school? Do you know what common sense is? Do you have any guestimate what your I.Q. is? write it down, make me a chart.

If you are stupid, and pass the Psych Test, you're OK for gun ownership. If you are stupid or smart, and you tortured your neighbor's cat to death when you were 15, guess what, you ain't getting a firearm. You more than likely failed the Psych Test.

I got a chuckle tonight, actually 4:15 in the morning, as I was turning off the lights and going to bed, I noticed that I had taped a 8 1/2 by 11 sign next to the A/C thermostat that read, "Turn Off" I did this as a reminder to myself when I go to Los Angeles to visit my kids and grandson, which is usually for at least five days.

All lights turned off, and the A/C turned off I jumped in the sack. In the Summer, here in Phoenix, I try to remember to turn the A/C off because at night, I'm not going to lose much of the cool air, at least for several hours.

I started to lay down to go to sleep, and thought to myself, at least I haven't posted a sign in the bathroom above the toilet that reads, "Wipe Ass". That would be real "Oldtimers" disease.

I did find out that I'll have to tape up a sign in the bedroom that reads, "Turn Living Room Light On" in large easy to read letters, before I have to navigate over to my couch, as I did so this morning just before dawn in the dark, knocking over a half glass of juice onto the carpet. All because I just HAD to write this thought down as a memo on my cell phone. I LOVE the creative writing process.

Then, once I was finished, I thought I may as well add this to my blog post this morning because at 4:49, I'm still wide awake. I'm not knocking anything over because daylight is streaming past the shutters at 5:30 in the morning. I think I like this post. Ten revisions by 5:30 am.

One last thought for the day at 6:08 am, "Those of you that are free from sin, cast the first stone please".

It's 11 in the morning. After five hours, I discover that I should have left the A/C on. When I turned it off at 5:45 AM, it didn't take long for the inside temperature to catch up with the outside. Thermostat says 91 degrees. Lesson learned. Usually if I'm not writing, I'm in bed by no later than 9:30 pm and the house stays cool thru the night.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 233

It's interesting to take note that when I finally did go to bed at 6:00, the arthritic pain in my right hip had receded quite a bit. I believe due to that marvelous strain I vaped last night.

Hallelujah!

And you had thought that you were finally going to bed at 6:45 in the morning. You reach for and click the switch on the lamp on your nightstand, and turn the frickin light on because you were momentarily fooled by the full-on sunlight. You quickly turn the light off and laugh at yourself. You also notice that the medicinal effects of that very good strain have worn off.

"The horror.....the horror, like I was shot with a diamond...a diamond bullet right through my forehead".

Three people a day are shot and killed by law enforcement. Every day. That's 1,095 people a year. Many are bad dudes deserving every bullet piercing their bodies, and some, unfortunately are just bad shootings on the part of the police. Anyone with an ounce of common sense knows that.

As I am writing this, the horror in Dallas is unfolding. The crowd is peacefully protesting the police shootings in Louisiana and Minnesota. People of all colors are peacefully marching down the street, shouting "Hands Up! Don't Shoot!" " Black Lives Matter!" Yes, some were "Peacefully" yelling, "Kill the Pigs!"

All of a sudden, someone opens fire with a semi-automatic assault style rifle. Targeting the police, the manic killed five officers and wounded several others. It used to be a very long time ago, that guns were a necessary tool used for hunting wild game, like deer, buffalo, pheasants, duck, etcetera. Now it seems like men are using guns as some sort of extension of their penis, or maybe to pretend that their dick is larger than it really is.

I just saw an excerpt of a show wherein a dude with a lot of tattoos was daring anybody to try to take his AR-15 away. The old "Pry it from my cold dead hands" routine. How fucking stupid is that? His target is a poor defenseless watermelon,

and he's yelling at this melon as if it was some hatred filled enemy. Give me a break. Give this dude a psych evaluation.

What's wrong with America's gun laws is in the gun culture itself. The very fabric of our society is so brainwashed with this bizarre and abnormal interpretation of the 2nd amendment that our founding fathers are not only rolling over in their graves, their rolling over, facing hell and saying, "Fuck this Shit!". I have written before about my own membership in the NRA (National Rifle Association) in the mid-1950's. I was taught gun safety and proper use, not how to threaten someone else who believed differently than I.

What makes you think that a weapon originally invented for war, i.e., for use by soldiers, is what our founding fathers meant for us to own and brandish? We may as well pass a law making fully-automatic weapons legal. The dude with more thirty round clips in his truck than you have, wins. It is absolutely pathetic to think that the gun rights advocates are serious when they say, "peel it from my cold dead hands".

Let's "Open Carry" hand grenades and bazookas. If someone pushes in front of you in a line at a movie theater, shove a hand grenade in his mouth and pull the pin. If some trucker hauling a load of watermelons cuts you off on the I-10 Freeway heading to Los Angeles, open up the sunroof on your Honda Accord and let your wife take that dude out as she stands up and pulls the trigger on her bazooka.

I really think we need serious attitude adjustments across the board. It might sound crazy to some people, but let's put some serious thought into requiring mandatory psychiatric evaluations prior to gun sales and ownership. Reward citizens for turning in their unnecessary firearms. Big rewards, like a new Tesla, or season tickets to the Dodgers.

In the inner cities and ghettos, reward the compliant citizens with decent housing, jobs and lottery tickets and watermelons, (Yes, there would be a lot more melons available if there were no guns).

Seriously folks, American culture as a whole, need serious re-education. I'm pretty sure that the professionals can come up with a fairly simple test to find out if you are inherently homicidal, suicidal, or just too fucking crazy to own a gun.

The tests should be given verbally and monitored in real time by the person conducting the test. Take a nationwide poll. How many people with average or above average IQ's have the same attitude about guns in general as that dude attacking that watermelon with his AR-15? Yes, I smelt it cause I dealt it.

If I have offended any gun-toting strangers, friends, or relatives, please accept my sincere belief in free speech as I'm not going to apologize to you. All this killing stinks. Much worse than my farts or cat shit.

Candidates are evaluated by most law enforcement agencies prior to acceptance to the various training academies. I personally know one person that was denied acceptance by a particular law enforcement agency. In spite of the fact that

he was an Iraq war veteran with a clean civilian sheet and a friend on the force, they found out enough about his character to tell him, "No thanks". Did he torture & kill kittens when he was a kid? We'll never know.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 237

Do all law enforcement agencies interview and/or test candidates the same way? Apparently not! If during his first interview, that veteran starts reminiscing his kill ratio, you might want to put him on a watch list, not a Swat Team. We have too many people who have come home from war with conditions that clearly should preclude them from "Serving & Protecting" us as officers of the law. They need help, not a gun.

When you watch people being executed on our streets by law enforcement officers for no good reasons, you have to wonder, what the hell is wrong with us as a society of supposedly intelligent people? Don't use the outhouse if Uncle Luke just put it down-range. Don't pick your nose and scratch your butt during your interview to be a police officer or a bank president.

Don't sit there and brag about all the flying body parts when your bomb hit the target. If you have spent your life in and out of sanity, and you don't realize it, we all care about you and need to know where your heads at before we give you a gun.

If what you shared with the officer during your interview was full of empathy and understanding for the innocents suffering from war, you just might be a good candidate for law enforcement.

If you throw a puppy in the air and shoot it, and your asshole sergeant laughs while filming it, please stay in Afghanistan, both of you. Don't ever come home. If you do, don't come to my city, and please, please, check yourself in to the nearest hospital for psychiatric care.

On a lighter note, if it's not one thing, it's an Udder. Funny memory from my early teenage years. I think I was 13 or 14 at the time. I shared this incident involving my cousin Billy Bob, with our cousin Vicki the other day and got a laugh and permission to use her name.

Billy Bob was a year older than I, so I was a follower not a leader. Billy says to me, "You want to see something, snicker, snicker?" Of course, I did. So, we walked down and across the street a few houses to where our cousin Vicki lived. It was dark out, early evening. He grabbed a big extension ladder that was by the garage, and placed it against the house right underneath what I soon discovered was Cousin Vicki's bedroom window.

As we reached the top of the ladder, I was giggling a little, and in walked my cousin Vicki who began to take off her clothes. When she unhooked her bra and let loose her boobies, I almost fell off the ladder.

Billy Bob and I stared at this magnificently beautiful young woman, (she was two years older than I?) for about three minutes more. Was I excited? Yes. Aroused? No. Was Billy Bob aroused? Ask him, it was his idea.

We climbed back down the ladder, put it back by the garage, and walked back to his house. Uncle Rodger was a Fireman, so I guess my cousin knew that he was at work that night and wouldn't be coming around the corner to catch us on the ladder outside his daughter's bedroom window.

And on a much lighter note, if you fart in the wind, will it kill your neighbor's Petunias? Just wondering. There are some flowers downwind from me right now.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 239

Why does cat shit smell so bad? How about MMA fights with baseball bats. Are you a
bathtub bubble biter?

Caesar's Salad?

Paul was asking if I had any bleach. I said no why. He says he needs to bleach my sink after he washes Max's butt hole. Why? Because Toy Poodles have a LOT of curly hair around their butts, and poop "Turds" sometimes will stick AND dry, and in Max's case, it was getting out of hand.

The only way to prevent the poop-stickage thing is when you wipe his butt the first sign of poop/turd stickage and/or going to the groomer on a frequent basis.

So, Paul was just being considerate and conscientious asking me if I had any bleach, because it was my sink, he was planning on using, and the distinct possibility that he may have been wondering if I would ever prepare a meal in a kitchen sink. WTF? Spaghetti and Meatballs?

I said, "No big deal brother Paul. It's not like I'm going to be washing my feet in that sink anytime soon".

To which Paul immediately responded, "We were just going to toss you a salad in that sink". I laughed so hard because of the spontaneity of the moment.

We ARE stoned because as Manfred was leaving my Casa an hour ago, he noticed that Paul had forgotten to plug the electric-cooking device back in again. Manfred plugged it in.....AGAIN.

I say again because two hours ago, Paul had filled a large pot with water to heat up, (which he STILL needs) to gently lower Max's rear end into the sink of heated water to soften up those now petrified dog turds.

Yes, plural “Turds”, because each time Max takes a shit, the turd comes out and is blocked by an earlier turd, buildings visibly recognizable hunk of dog shit.

So, full circle, with the first pot of heated water that Paul poured into the filthy/nasty sink (neither of us have turned on our water heaters), an hour after he poured that hot water into the sink, I got up from my chair and noticed that the water was really nasty, I had told Paul that if I were him, I’d start over again because that sink was nasty filthy dirty because I had not used it as a sink since I moved in here, and personally, I would not stick MY dogs ass in that nasty water.

Of course, Paul agreed. He emptied the sink of the heated, now nasty water, and cleaned it spotless, preparing it for the next pot of water.

Then he fills up the pot again, and goes back to his Casa. Before leaving, he set a timer with Alexa for 15 minutes, and I told him it would take two hours with that amount of water (full pot).

About an hour later, Manfred discovered that the hot/plate cooking device was not plugged in. He plugged it in and I said , “See you in two more hours”. I laughed. It was spontaneity at its best. Third pot heating up now as I write this.

Let’s face it. It takes skill to shave curly hair around a Toy Poodle’s butt hole. Paul bought a dog grooming electric clipper and tried. Couldn’t do it. Time to see Janet the Groomer again.

Postscript at 11:02 PM: Paul finally called me and asked me to turn off the hot plate.

While on our Walkie-Talkies, I walked into the kitchen and noticed that when Manfred had plugged in the plug that Paul forgot to plug in an hour ago, I noticed that the hot-plate was off all

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 242

that time because the plug was loose. I first plugged it in all the way, then unplugged it after Paul said to turn it off.

I guess he'll try for the other 50% of what's left of Max's turds stuck to his curly-haired butt hole tomorrow.

Postscript 2: Don't attempt any of this when stoned. If you own a Toy Poodle and you're a Stoner, you'll understand.

Love and Forgiveness, Hatred and Unforgiveness, Floaters, Sinkers and Houdini

I begin this and end this by acknowledging that although "We are only human", as in "Human Race", I believe that we can Love, Respect and truly Forgive each other. That if individually we can do that, we will collectively "Evolve" in a positive way as a species.

If all you have is a hateful and unforgiving spirit, you will continue to have a miserable life. Your tombstone will read, "Here lies Miserable Joe, Hateful and Unforgiving Asshole he was his entire life". Maybe some of us will evolve.

It's really simple folks. In order to truly forgive someone, you have to have the ability and willingness to ask for forgiveness as well. Love and forgiveness obviously go hand in hand. You can't truly forgive someone without loving that person enough to ask them for forgiveness as well.

Not accepting another person's remorse, repentance and petition for forgiveness is also not accepting their statement of love and respect for you, which is an unacceptable display of your selfishness and pride.

How many times have you heard someone say to you, "I forgive you" before you had a chance of displaying your remorse, your sense of repentance, asking for their forgiveness? If in reality, you were expecting the other person to ask you for forgiveness first, you're both wrong". An unacceptable display of your ignorance, selfishness and pride.

Even if the other person feels no remorse and only swallows up your repentance, continue to show love. If they are decent, eventually they will experience their own remorse and seek out

your forgiveness. It takes unselfish love to forgive a unrepenting person, and it takes even more love and humility to ask a guilty person for their forgiveness.

That summer afternoon, sitting under a shade tree in MacArthur Park with my stepfather, I didn't know why I was so overwhelmed with forgiveness for him. I also could not understand my remorseful spirit.

I didn't come right out and say that I was sorry, but I felt sorry. I really had no reason to ask him for forgiveness, after all, he was the person responsible for my mother's death.

I was there because I had forgiveness for him, wither it was from God or Planet Reesespiecesinmyunderwear , it's up to the reader to decide. Maybe I felt the remorse and repentance that he should have felt, or that I thought he should have felt. Five minutes into our conversation, I could tell that his mind was too far gone to comprehend anything I would say, so I never mentioned my mother's name. "How's the Big Mac, Dad?" (we were eating McDonald's).

In his mind's eye, I was still 15-year-old Tommy. It is truly a wonderful thing when you can carry the burden of repentance for the unrepentant, and feel true forgiveness and love at the very same time for that person that tragically changed your life.

All he talked about was the "Farm". I mostly practiced my listening skills. When I asked about Johnnie, Ed was distant and had a hard time remembering certain things. A few years later I would find out from my brother in our first meeting in 30 years, that his own father had sold him to a pedophile in Long Beach, (at the age of ten).

It was that night, a few years after seeing Ed, sharing that bottle of Yukon Jack with Johnny, that I reflected back and understood why Ed had such a difficult time talking about his only son.

I began this and end this by acknowledging that although "We are only human", as in "Human Race", I believe that we can Love, Respect and truly Forgive each other. That if individually we can do that, we will collectively "Evolve" in a positive way as a species.

If all you have is a hateful and unforgiving spirit, you will continue to have a miserable life. Your tombstone will read, "Here lies Miserable Joe, Hateful and Unforgiving Asshole he was his entire life". Maybe some of us will evolve.

Have you ever dropped a big log, stood up, and there it was, floating like a cork? Or maybe you stood up to gaze at your achievement, and it had done a Houdini on you and disappeared? Floaters and Sinkers.

I suppose the Floaters are when you have something light to eat, like Vanilla Yogurt, and the Sinkers are the Steak & Potato kind of Turd. I definitely had a Sinker tonight, felt like a 12 incher, but it still sank out of sight like magic before I flushed.

A few new quotes:

"A man will often be regarded as wise when he is just listening, so a foolish man should just keep his fucking mouth shut and pretend he's wise" - T. C. Saxe

"In a flock of foolish men, only the wise man can tell the difference when the foolish men speak" - T. C. Saxe

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 246

"In a crowd of wise men, the fool dare not speak, for when he does, he quickly and
efficiently betrays himself" - T. C. Saxe

"Jesus, I hope you didn't burn yourself"

Skipping over all other subject matter that are considered to be the source for many conspiracy theories, discussions/debates, much written about and widely publicized, like UFO's, Flat Earth versus Round Earth, Big Foot, etcetera, we are going to discuss what I believe to be the most important issue in our lives today which many would describe as just another conspiracy theory, but I believe it to be a subject matter that has the most potential for the possible extinction of our species or at the very least, the total enslavement of mankind (as if we are not already slaves).

As an atheist, I discovered long ago that I can set aside any negative feelings about any man-made "Hocus-Pocus" religion. I recognize and respect many of the ancient religions for the most part, that have always had good intentions, that is, the religions that preach "Love, Forgiveness, and Compassion" towards others. They are all hocus-pocus mumbo-jumbo as far as I'm concerned.

Rather than extolling the virtues or lack thereof, of every religion and cult known to man, I am writing about a few of the belief systems (not religions) that currently pose the most threat to our species and our future, namely, Zionism and Christian Zionism and their relationship to the Sabbatean-Frankists (put your tin-foil hats on for this if you must, but do your own research).

Most of the religions have always been meant for, and populated with good people, with good intentions and strong beliefs in treating other humans as they desire to be treated, aka the "Golden Rule". Some were also created as a means to control the masses. Where they all have

continually failed is believing that their particular religion is the only "True" religion. When they have taken it to the next level and persecuted, tortured and killed non-believers for not accepting their particular "God" or form of religion, they have failed miserably and pissed in their "God's" face, i.e., what happened to the "Love, Forgiveness, and Compassion" towards others? This is not meant to be an indictment of all religions.

Throughout our short history as a species, in spite of the fact that the various religions have been preaching "Love, Forgiveness, and Compassion" towards others, they have relentlessly persecuted, tortured and killed millions of people for not accepting their particular "Religion" or their "God". The Hebrew Old Testament is chock-full of murder, genocides and general mayhem. An enormous Oxymoron".

The reason for this essay is to also go a little further in examining the differences in many of the various religions, some of which are known, and some completely hidden from view, and concluding with the main subject for this essay, "The Clueless Sheeple includes the majority of Jewish Zionists, and all of the Christian Zionists, who have been unknowingly used by a hidden Elite/Cabal/Cult at the very top of the pyramid". I believe that this very small group of evil people at the top of the pyramid are the practicing Sabbatean-Frankists. These people are not followers/believers of ANY religion, including Judaism, and they have been disguising themselves as Zionists for a very long time. They are the dudes who are in control behind the Elite/Cabal's plan for world domination and enslavement.

As with any religious belief systems not founded on scientific facts, a religion or "belief" can evolve, be changed or morphed over time in either a positive or negative direction, and many of these changes end up branching off in a separate direction from the original "religion/belief system", like branches of a tree, growing out of the same "trunk" but branching off on its own, just as the Sabbatean-Frankists have done with their Judaic heritage and beginnings, only they evolved/morphed into the most vile, evil people on earth.

One example is how Christianity has changed/morphed, sprouting many "Branches" over the years. In modern days we have the Christian Zionists as an example, who have an almost heretical and insane belief system completely centered around what they think must take place before their "Jesus" returns. Because of their beliefs, they feel they must support the State of Israel, "Come Hell or High Water".

If we're not supposed to know the year, month, day, or time of his return, according to many verses in the New Testament, like, Matthew 24:36, "But concerning that day and hour no one knows, not even the angels of heaven, nor the Son, but the Father only" and, Matthew 24:44, "Therefore you also must be ready, for the Son of Man is coming at an hour you do not expect", then why in the hell are the Christian Zionists so adamant and bat-shit crazy about trying to manipulate God? If there IS a God, I'm pretty sure that he/she is NOT asking for, nor is really desperately requiring your fucking assistance, okay? If Jesus IS real, and if God IS going to send him back someday, he's going to send him back when he/she is good and ready to send him back,

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 250

not a day later or a day sooner, not because a bunch of blathering, selfish, and murderous idiots decided to "help" God, and speed things along.

Think of the wars/deaths in the Middle East and how that relates to the "Greater Israel Plan" (also known as the Yinon Plan) and also tell me that 9-11 wasn't murder either. Point is, if you ask a Christian Zionist about the endless wars and the killing of millions of innocent people, they will say, "I'm okay with it as long as it speeds up the return of Jesus, Hallelujah". Otherwise, you would think that they would abhor war as much as most of the human race does, right?

We all can agree that the original "Trunk" of the Christian belief/religion/system is the Roman Catholic Church, supposedly started by that dude Peter, (although I believe that his mother was involved as well). Then several hundred years later, a dude named Martin Luther, (originally a Priest & Monk of the Roman Catholic Church), became disillusioned with many of the church's teachings. The "Straw that broke the Camel's back" for him was what was called, "Indulgences", a belief that a person could "Buy" his or her way into "Heaven" with good deeds. So, Martin Luther was eventually excommunicated from the Roman Catholic Church and began what eventually became known as the "Protestant Reformation", in the first half of the 16th century in Germany. Breaking away from the "Trunk" of the Roman Catholic Church, his activity ultimately created the first "Branch" of "Protestant Christianity" while still maintaining much of the basic dogma of the "Christian" Roman Catholic religion.

Through the following centuries, we can see that the original "Branch" has itself produced many other "Branches" which we call "Denominations", i. e., the Baptists, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Methodists, "Holy Rollers", etcetera.

Other somewhat prominent religions popped up along the way that can only be defined as cults, like "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints", known as the LDS Church or Mormon Church founded by Joseph Smith, an out-of-work Circus Clown, and "The Church of Scientology", invented by a writer of fiction novels, L. Ron Hubbard. Both of these religions are considered to be cults by mainstream "Christians". Both of these extremely wealthy cults may as well have been born from a fermenting dog turd lying on the ground. They were definitely not "Branches" off the original "Trunk" of the Roman Catholic Church like the Protestant churches, or an offshoot twig of one of the Protestant branches.

I suppose one could follow the footsteps of so many others, like L. Ron Hubbard and Joseph Smith, and start a new religion, "Hey, Jesus came to my house last night. He said some really cool shit, took a match, lit a fart, then lit his bong". We can call it, "The Church of the Flatulent Jesus Christ, that's Some Really GOAT Weed". Note to "Christians": Please, try not to be too offended. It's called "Sarcasm".

One of the seeds/nuts that fell off of one of the main-stream protestant branches (or maybe it also came from a fermenting dog turd also) is the Evangelical Christian "Prosperity Gospel" idiots, which in my view is a total perversion of Christianity's original intent and purpose, and is no more than a money-grubbing cult as well. Note: The "Sheep" that donate to dudes like

Kenneth Copeland are truly "Idiots". Kenneth Copland and similar dudes are about as evil as they come, and are laughing all the way to the bank.

Now to the primary message of this article/essay. Let's examine the Hebrew Judaic religion, and Zionism, as this look or study is extremely important to understand, how it relates to the previous discussion on Christianity, and Christian Zionists in particular.

First of all, it's important to understand that Zionism is NOT a religion in and of itself. It is not Judaism. It is like a seed or nut of an entirely different plant that dropped to the ground, grew, and grafted itself onto Judaism, rather than being a "Branch" of the Judaism "Tree". Zionism is however, a part of the average Jewish people's core beliefs in that it has been, and still is, a political movement/ideology, encompassing the fervent desire of the average, might I say, "Normal" Jewish people to have a home-land of their own, after a few thousand years of getting booted out of various countries like Spain, Lithuania, France, England, Germany, as examples.

After the defeat and break-up of the Ottoman Empire, it was convenient for the British Empire to give away that part of the Middle East (Palestine) to the Jewish people (everywhere) with what is known as the "Balfour Declaration". The declaration was contained in a letter dated November 2nd, 1917 from the United Kingdom's Foreign Secretary Arthur Balfour to Lord Rothschild, a leader of the British Jewish community (and co-author of the letter). Google it if you feel the need to read the entire "Declaration", it's only one page.

One could suppose that there is nothing wrong with the basic concept, a "Home Land" for the Jewish people, but for two simple things. First, Palestine wasn't theirs (the British) to give

away, morally or ethically speaking, but then, that's what white dudes did back in the day, divide and conquer, conquer and divide, and then give some of the booty to your buddies, as in this case, the family (Rothschilds) that owned you, kinda like the Mafia? And number two, (and this is the big one), is what was originally intended (read the Balfour Declaration), which was two states, which was in principle, supposed to continue to be include the home-land and rights of the Palestinian people, i. e., Palestine, and the eventual creation of a home-land for the Jewish people i. e., two separate "States" for BOTH peoples.

Here's an excerpt from the Balfour Declaration, "it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine"....

History and the countless resolutions that have been passed by the United Nations has proven that the Balfour Declaration may as well have been written on King George the Fifth's toilet paper because of the total lack of compliance and the clear violation of the basic intent of the declaration, and the continuing apartheid conditions and violation of the basic human rights of the Palestinian people.

The whole world has felt outrage and helplessness at what the Zionists have been doing since the United Nations recognized the State of Israel in 1948. Start with googling the "Ethnic Cleansing of Palestine beginning in 1948". World-wide, it is the general consensus that the State of Israel IS an apartheid entity just as South Africa was. In fact, the apartheid actions/activities of the Zionists are far worse than what took place in South Africa.

Point is, that the decade after decade of horrific suffering beset upon the Palestinian people, is the exact opposite and is a moral AND illegal violation of what was written in the Balfour Declaration. What was supposed to be a promise of peace and harmony between the indigenous Palestinians and immigrant Jewish people migrating to Palestine, turned out to be generation after generation of apartheid treatment of the Palestinian people.

During the evolution of the situation in Palestine, another seed/nut had dropped off of one of the Protestant branches many years ago creating the modern-day "Christian Zionists" which today, can be found mostly within the Evangelical Non-Denominational "Rapture/Endtimes, Go to Hell, We're Going to Bomb the Shit Outa Everybody" crowd as I call them. As I mentioned earlier, they also have become cult-like in their beliefs and behavior, trying to rush Jesus along in his return process by supporting Zionism and The State of Israel.

Here's where the front-gate to Hell opens up for the traditional Jewish Zionists and the Christian Zionists, and they all think it's Heaven's Gate that is opening for them. Here's where I suggest that you take a break from reading this, and watch the video in the following link:

https://youtu.be/_JyDayMOK-g

Getting back to our discussion (I hope you enjoyed the video), if you do your own research and just do the math, it will become alarmingly apparent to you that the Sabbatean-Frankists just didn't disappear, and that they have morphed over time, into the most vile, most evil, secretive cult on earth. Posing as good Jewish Zionists, this small handful of cultists control the government of the State of Israel, and have a huge amount of control over the U. S. political

system, and political systems in other major countries throughout the world. They control International Banking and the monetary system (Rothschild), the Main Stream Media (MSM), Social Networking Media/Websites, Hollyweird, and all the major entertainment outlets/people.

Excerpt from Wikipedia: Frankism was a Sabbatean Jewish religious movement of the 18th and 19th centuries, centered on the leadership of the Jewish Messiah claimant Jacob Frank, who lived from 1726 to 1791. Frank rejected religious norms, and said his followers were obligated to transgress as many moral boundaries as possible. At its height it claimed perhaps 500,000 followers, primarily Jews living in Poland and other parts of Eastern Europe.

Folks, do the math! They just didn't all die off and disappear (see the number above). Their goal IS the subject of many different variations of the same conspiracy theories in that they are methodically, and quite patiently, working towards their end goal, which is the enslavement of mankind under a "New World Order / One World Government" system that will have its central seat of power and authority in Israel (Jerusalem to be specific).

If what I am suggesting here is not some Cannabis-Induced conjecture on my part, not just another variation of an existing "Conspiracy Theory" but is found to be the "Gospel Truth" at some point, or even a good portion of it, just what can we do about it?

For starters, there already is a massive portion of the "Awakened" folks that KNOW that the shit going on in the world today stinks (we can't quite put our finger on it yet), but we know that the evil part of Zionism is to blame. I believe they are the Sabbatean-Frankists. In addition, there is a very large portion of the Jewish people, mostly younger folks, that are also against the

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 256

apartheid treatment of the Palestinian people to begin with, and against many of Israel's other Zionist policies, and they are slowly beginning to educate themselves, becoming "Awakened", and realizing that much of the shit going on really does stink.

The only way to combat that handful of (let's call them) Satanic asswipes, the Sabbatean-Frankists, is to further expose them, to expose their wickedness, and to spread the truth far and wide. The more people that become "Awakened", the more difficult it will become for the Elite/Cabal/Cultists to carry out their plans.

As for those that read my essays on a regular basis, this is repetitive, as I say this again. We MUST ORGANIZE, and do so soon, and do so OFF of farcecrap and all other social media owned and controlled by the Elite/Cabal.

The most ironic part is that most of the various layers of the Elite/Cabal directly under the Sabbatean-Frankists are totally clueless themselves, and unknowingly are being used for the Sabbatean-Frankists end goals. Perhaps even many of the Elite/Cabalists who are not part of the Sabbatean-Frankists Cult will be "Awakened" to the truth as well.

Research the Sabbateans, and the Frankists separately on your own.

Will you go to Harvard Law School? Will you someday have a family and live in the suburbs in that cute little house with the white picket fence?

500,000. Think about that number for a minute. Not 500,000 dollars, which is half of what it takes to be called a "Millionaire". No. 500,000 people who have died in the Syrian conflict. Not 500,000 soldiers. 99% of the deaths are civilians. Innocent men, women, and children. Shame on mankind. Who made most of the bombs and bullets that slaughtered all these people?

Imagine for a moment, you are a five-year-old little boy or girl, playing with your toy cars or your dolls in your bedroom. All of a sudden, with a deafening horrible sound, your house disintegrates all around you in a massive fiery explosion from a bomb dropped from 20,000 feet by a warplane you never heard or seen.

Buried in the rubble, you are still alive as your lifeblood is draining from your body. Remember, you are five years old. Somehow you survive. You are rescued from the pile of rubble that once was your home, and you awake in a filthy excuse for a hospital.

Your left leg and arm are gone, but you are one of the lucky ones, you survived. Your sister, mother, two brothers and your father? Dead. They only found parts of their bodies. Enough to bury though.

What will be your story as you grow Up? Will you go to Harvard Law School? Will you someday have a family and live in the suburbs in that cute little house with the white picket fence? Not if you are that five-year-old little Syrian boy waking up to the horror as you realize that you can still feel pain as if your amputated arm and leg were still there.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 258

As a species, we have been killing each other since the beginning of time. Why should we have or feel any emotion now? The violence towards one another is almost like it's part of our DNA, which is probably a fact.

Most of us DO feel the sadness and despair, but all we do is write about it, take photos and video of it, and maybe talk about it at the local Bar & Grill during commercial breaks, as the live football game is more important than a dead Syrian boy. Or a dead Afghan child. Or a dead person ANYWHERE, ravaged by war or famine.

Isn't it wonderful that the most advanced nations on our planet are home to the most advanced development and manufacture of the very devices that are built solely to destroy things, and people? Oh sure, you say, that's the price AND the cost of freedom. BULLSHIT! When you look at the profit versus death ratio, the military/industrial complex, worldwide, are literally making a "Killing" in the marketplace.

Evolution of our species is responsible? Probably. Can we evolve into a species that doesn't kill itself off? Probably not, but we have to try to convince ourselves that a world without war, violence, starvation, and disease, is possible. At the same time, let's also get rid of bigotry, prejudice, fear and anger, hopelessness and poverty, drug addiction and Brussel Sprouts.

I believe that the good karma will transcend the bad karma. Maybe not in my lifetime, but possibly for my grandson's grandson's generation. Throughout our history there have been the Peacemakers, Prophets and the occasional Saviors.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 259

Our species has managed to distort much of their combined messages into excuses to kill one another, i.e., in the name of "God" or "Allah", or whomever was being worshiped at the time.

Our established places of worship mostly try to teach the lessons handed down by the Peacemakers, and at the same time, cheer on the people that carry on these missions of murder (war).

People put money in the offering plates on Sunday mornings that come from the dividends they earned from investments in the very companies manufacturing the devices and materials of war. During the offertory, sing a polite, peaceful hymn about how our God loves us.

Think about that the next time your stock broker recommends an investment in a company manufacturing "Smart" bombs. Look in the mirror, hold up that photo of a bloody, mangled body of ANY victim of war, and ask yourself if that was a "Smart" investment. If you did invest, go fuck yourself, politely.

What can we do as individuals to change our species? At least allow the option of love and forgiveness, charity, kindness, and peace, to reside and abide in your minds and hearts.

Have you ever heard a Fly fart?

My obvious answer to that question? No, have you? First of all, for all you English Teachers, Wanna-Be Editors, and Grammar Freaks, don't get your panties in an uproar when you see that I have not "Capitalized" certain words. When I write, I purposely do not capitalize certain words as I do not wish to "Dignify" or lend any credence at all to the words, or what they identify, by capitalizing them.

My field of study (besides PTSD) is the evolution of our species. Not Darwinian, "Ape to Man" but our evolution from the first time one of our ancestors first picked up a stick or rock and used it as a weapon, up to modern-day nuclear weapons and other WMD. I'm not into Astrology, but the fact that we are in the early stages of entering into the "Age of Aquarius" indicates that "Changes" are coming. I believe that it is vitally important to the survival of our species, in that what we do now, (those of us that have the courage and foresight), will directly influence our future decisions and help us to determine which "Fork in the Road" we take, AS a species.

I don't expect my "preaching" to reach or inspire the typical trump supporting "sheeple" as they're barely able to operate their fucking cellphones, let alone know how to use a computer. Is it stupidity? Partially, plus a lack of "Common Sense". There's sheeple following all political ideologies. You can find sheeple in the Republican, Democrat, and Independent parties. There's sheeple in Communist Regimes and there are sheeple basically everywhere you look, including in "man-made religions".

As an “Old Hippie” who was part of the “Flower Generation” and experienced it first hand, I can admit that over my lifetime it has been an evolutionary process for me, experiencing, learning, growing in knowledge and awareness. I have experienced the fairy tales, lies, corruption, political assassinations, endless wars, and the general deteriorating condition of our species today and learned from those experiences.

Along with this growth in knowledge and awareness, I have come to that point where I feel the need to share that “Awakening”. I knew much of the “Truth” early on, but got caught up like everyone else trying to be a good citizen, work hard and raise a family. Now, I find myself in the unique (for me) position to write about, and share what I have learned, and what I believe it’s going to take to get us out of the mess our species is in.

This essay started out yesterday with a passing thought about that “Single Fly, Farting in the Wind” (one of my more popular quotes/sayings), and how difficult it truly is to be heard by the masses of humanity. Regardless if you are a major world-wide alternative media outlet sharing the real “Truth” about a given subject, or you are a single individual like myself sharing your thoughts on social media platforms like Facebook and Twitter, it can be quite frustrating.

All “Voices” large and small, that have been, and continue to be, voices for the truth about all the injustices in our societies are heard one day and forgotten the next, because we are all like that “Single Fly, Farting in the Wind”. There are a few voices of reason and common sense that have made great strides in building and sustaining an awareness of some of the issues that plague our species. As an example, the plight of the Palestinian people and the various entities that have

risen up in their support, like the BDS Movement, and the overall growing support world-wide for the recognition that SOME political systems are just plain ruthless and apartheid (like zionism).

On one hand, you have the Main Stream Media (MSM), owned and managed by the zionists, feeding the sheeple exactly what the zionists want distributed to the masses as “news”. The U. S. tax dollars, in the billions, are given to the zionist regime and they in turn use a portion of those tax dollars to influence (purchase) and actually control what our Congress thinks does and executes in the way of writing and passing legislature in support of the zionist apartheid regime. The clueless sheeple haven’t figured that one out yet, and they probably never will. The rest of us who HAVE the common sense to understand what has been happening for decades, and what continues to happen, figured this out a long time ago.

In fact, the slow evolving creep of zionism’s influence on America began when Eisenhower was President. He warned us, but was unable to do anything about it because the zionists had already begun to infiltrate into our politics, corporate business and media. They (the zionists) already had control of the world’s monetary systems.

Now for an important break. If you have never heard of this man, David Icke, or read any of his books, or watched any of his videos, THIS video is the most important and informative video of his, to date. It is long, but important for you, my readers, to watch, and share.

<https://youtu.be/zqM0SgXEEVM>

Back to my essay. Our political system has been, and is, there to support the military/industrial complex controlled largely by the zionists and their supporters. Supporters like the so-called evangelical christians that support zionism because they think that by doing so, they will hasten the return of their dude jesus. Think about it for a minute. If trump declared he was the “second coming of christ”, they would bow down and worship him even more than they already do. Many of the evangelicals already believe that he is sent by god. Combine that idiocy with their “end of time” beliefs, and you can see the task before us. I might add that our political system began morphing into this bizarre apparition that it is today before they assassinated JFK in 1963.

I was part of the 60’s Hippie Movement, and I can safely say that the “Hippies” of the 1960’s got it right with one single slogan, “Make Love, NOT War”. It took decades for John Q Public to figure out that it WAS a really bad mistake going to war in Vietnam.

Even with massive public protests with hundreds of thousands demanding an end to the Vietnam War, did it have a positive effect on the average citizen’s thought processes? Not much. Yes, people became more aware and either were swayed towards supporting the anti-Vietnam efforts or became more “patriotic” and pro-war.

In the end, all the marching and protesting did have a small bit of influence to help end THAT war, but the pro-war advocates became more entrenched up the asshole of the growing military/industrial complex that all the marching and protesting combined, truly was like a

“Single Fly, Farting in the Wind”. Just look at all the wars that have continued to plague us since Vietnam and tell me that it did any good at all to “March & Protest”.

Whatever the cause, wither it's about Abortion, Gay rights, “Gun Control”, or a protest of ANYTHING, for or against, even if your particular protest has amassed a million protesters on the National Mall in Washington, D. C., after all is said and done, sure, you raised awareness for a few days, had a nice picnic lunch, met some new friends, but, and it's a BIG BUT, it STILL was just like a “Single Fly, Farting in the Wind”.

What exactly happened to that Hippie generation, the “Baby Boomers”, who are now in their 70's (or dead)? Some became the Captains of Industry, and allowed their success in life to dissuade them, brainwash them, into becoming what most of them became, egotistical, narcissistic, war mongering assholes. Not caring for anyone else but themselves.

Some, and I believe them to be the ones we all can identify as the really stupid motherfuckers, became sheeple (and still are), lacking even an ounce of common sense, “Eating whatever grass their shepherd leads them to”. And a few who had brains AND the common sense to go along with their higher level of thought and awareness, are the ones the sheeple have labeled as “Conspiracy Theorists & Anarchists”. I'll proudly include myself in that category.

Solution & Target Audience

If you could somehow organize ALL the activity of ALL the like-minded, “Awakened” folks, and add several hundred thousand of the para-military militia types as well, for protection, we could “Take back our Country” from the zionists. Then, and only then, would it be something

to cheer about. I may sound like an anarchist, but I believe the time is coming, approaching rapidly, when people WILL have to take up “Arms” in order to make the changes we so desperately need to make our world a better place. To give our species the proper guidance to make the right decisions as we approach that fork in the road, of humanity’s journey to PEACE instead of WAR, to LOVE instead of HATE, to PROSPERITY instead of DECLINE.

The anti-zionists have already been aware, so that IS our target audience. Forget the actual zionists who kidnapped the Judaic religion in the late 1800’s and are the true enemy of the human species. We might have a little luck with the Orthodox Jewish people, because they ALSO abhor zionism.

Part of the solution is to “Organize” by establishing a strong web presence that is dedicated to defeating zionism and the nwo. Everything else being used today, like farcecrap, is owned and controlled by the zionists. Another important part of the solution is to establish “Brick & Mortar” places all over the world dedicated to that same cause. My suggestion has been and still is, “The Tabernacle of Abiding Dudeism”. I envision the website having real vetting for membership, encrypted communications, and secure firewalls from the eyes and ears of the zionist controlled governments and factions.

Just to dangle an “Anarchist Carrot”, here are just a few thoughts on simplifying our Criminal Justice System, which needs to be done in order to rid our species of the real criminals

“Crime & Punishment”, one simple law or rule:

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 266

Anyone that takes part in harming another human being shall be isolated from the rest of society. That pretty much includes all zionists, many world leaders, politicians, captains of industry, and just plain crazy fucks.

Of course, if your crime is so egregious that it requires a harsh penalty, justice will be immediate. If you are caught with your pants down, fucking a four-year-old child, you will be eliminated right there on the spot, saving the cost of a trial and the cost of incarceration. No judge, no jury, no bail bondsman, just one bullet.

If you are a CEO of a major weapons manufacturer, and you don't immediately begin to transform your factories, i.e., "Turn your Swords into Plowshares", i.e., produce products that will benefit mankind, you will be isolated from the rest of the human race, all your factories taken over and your personal assets distributed evenly amongst the rest of the human race.

Needless to say, zionism itself is a criminal enterprise. Much of our own political system here in the USA is also a criminal enterprise, controlled by the zionists, and there are several other countries that are also controlled by the zionists, so guess what, "We're going to need a bigger boat" as was famously uttered in the movie, "Jaws"

Anyone interested in discussing this further, finding out more about ITAD-NAO and about how we are going to "Isolate" the criminals, please feel free to PM me. Yes, this "Post" of mine is like a , "Single Fly, Farting in the Wind".

Ppfffffffffft! Fly farting in the wind

Blah-Blah-Blah-Blah-Blah-Blah-Blah-Blah-Blahhhh-Yadda-Yadda-Yadda-Yadda-Yadda-Yadda-Blah-Blah-Blah-Yadda-Yadda..... Phfftttt (Single Fly, Farting in the Wind").

So many voices speaking out, crying, protesting, screaming, demanding, marching, and hoping. So many wanting their voices to be heard, for so MANY righteous and unrighteous reasons as well, against so many causes that are negatively or positively affecting our planet, our people, literally impacting all of us as a species. Yet, unless all voices, all screams, all prayers are heard at once, the thunder of what that could be, is merely a "Single Fly, Farting in the Wind".

That's where we are as a species today. Pro-life, Anti-Gay, Women's Rights to kill their unborn children, Anti-Vaxxers, people protesting against De-Deforestation in Pacoima, Pro-Gun Rights, Illegal Alien Rights, 9-11 Truthers, Pro-Cannabis, Impeach Trump, Pro-Right, Pro-Left, Anti-Zionism, Pro-Vegan, Anti-Drugs, Pro-This, Anti-That.....Hundreds, perhaps thousands of worthy and not so worthy causes..... Phffttttttttt (that's the sound of that single fly farting, that you didn't hear).

We think we know more today, and yet we are more confused and separated than any other time in our history, like herds of sheep going off in multiple directions, running off countless separate cliffs. The dumb seem to be just as dumb as they ever were, and although the smart seem to be getting smarter, so many of the smart sheep are still followers, and running off the proverbial cliffs.

Whether it's believing in conspiracy theories or discovering the truth, about every subject under the sun, technology has allowed us to be more expressive with our beliefs and disbeliefs in a fractured unorganized manner. Just so much noise, like a "Single Fly, Farting in the Wind".

Millions of people marching and demonstrating? Phffttttttttt.....However faithful we are to a cause or how organized we attempt to be? Fly fart. Billionaire spending millions of dollars to advertise his "Impeach Trump" campaign? Single Fly, Farting in the Wind. Anti-this and anti-that, pro-this or pro-that? Fly Fart. One religion preaching that they are the "Only Way" or another religion believing that they are "God's Chosen People?", Phffttttttttt.

My thoughts and beliefs, even now as I write them down? I'm just another fly farting in the wind. The difference today, compared to the previous history of our species is that we now have the technology, the evolutionary intelligence and the means to stop wars, stop famines, cure diseases, i.e., end suffering. If you count yourself as part of the 99%, you know that we do have the will/desire as well.

Instead, what do we have? A grossly mismanaged planet, controlled by all the elements that we all preach against, or support. The military-industrial complex, Dictators, regimes, and systems of government, racism and bigotry found in every part of the world. Starvation of millions of people, bombs dropping everywhere.

After a few thousand years, it's still religion against religion, color against color, the haves against the have-nots. And then there was "Social Media". Another tool to keep us confused

(what's real, what's not?) and disorganized. Because of social media, we now are truly like millions of individual flies, farting in the wind for "our" particular cause or belief.

It is almost incomprehensible to get a grip on just how fucked up the human race seems to be at the moment, unless you have studied the evolution of our species in relationship to where we came from, where we are today, and the various scenarios for our future. The wealthy worry about running out of Grey Poupon while millions of men, women and children are starving to death. The small portion of aid that does get through to the people that actually need it, is embarrassing at most, compared to that 18-ounce piece of Prime Rib you are about to stuff yourself with..... Pass the Cannabis/Thyme-Infused Au Jus please. Oh, and waiter, please tell the dude with the wine that we need a few more bottles of that delicious Bordeaux.

Famines and starvation are nothing new, neither is the misery experienced by others. Millions of people have been known to die of starvation throughout our history. Today, people are still dying of starvation while the billionaires watch their investment portfolios grow and shrink and grow again, and shrink again, some days good, some days bad. In one good day of trading on Wall Street, a single investment can surge by hundreds of millions of dollars, enough to stop the famines, enough to provide food and medical aid to all of humanity, enough to provide shelter and/or relief from natural disasters, enough to end the endless wars, enough to cure all diseases. Even on a bad day of trading, the oligarchs of the world still have the resources to rescue those in need. One percent of the worlds wealth can end wars, end famines, end disease

and stop the suffering on our planet. Ask the starving people in Yemen and other parts of the world if they prefer a baked potato or garlic-mashed with their steak.

Warfare because of political, religious and ethnic differences and the historical “Colonization” of our planet. Nothing new, except today, “War” is a “Product”. Conflict and war have taken millions of innocent lives throughout our known history. 2,300 + years without a day of killing so far. Now we use our differences as an excuse to start wars, invade sovereign countries, take down dictators, and steal the natural resources, not because of our differences like a thousand years ago, but to feed the military/industrial money machine and the stock portfolios owned by a handful of people (if you trust in that theory).

Today, children are being imprisoned because they “slap” a soldier in an effort to stand up to an apartheid regime. In another part of the globe, a “soldier” is cutting up a child into six pieces with his Machete before raping and killing the mother. All over the world we witness the indefensible acts of one political regime or religious system committing genocide “Ethnic Cleansing” against another people (nothing new).

The greatest of the world powers appear blameless to themselves as each of the powers are in control of every aspect of our lives. Like bullies on the playground, each world power desires control over the other bullies, spending billions of dollars on their military/industrial machines, like those playground bullies each showing their bigger stick or rock, their larger knife or pistol, their more powerful arsenal of nuclear weapons, (all part of our evolution as a species).

The real issue is that the world leaders are as puppets on a string, and the puppeteers are the 1% of the 1% in control. Think about this. 200 to 400 years ago, the world powers were colonizing the world, fighting each other once in a while as they conquered (colonized) the world, ending their conflicts with treaties and inter-marriages (example: the current royal family in the UK are mostly Germanic origin). Now there is the evolved New World Order (NWO). Google it. Start with Rothschilds and Zionism. Oh, and "Follow the Money".

As a species, we have accomplished some amazing things. We have discovered the cures for, and vanquished many diseases. Our technological achievements in the past 100 years have changed how we live and how we interact as a species.

Our history, and our evolution as a species tells us that we are coming to a "Fork-in-the-Road" on this planet. We all talk about a multitude of issues, sharing them on social media, discussing, marching, creating signs and memes, but doing nothing really, because our separated voices are like that single fly, farting in the wind.

One man's religion, or lack thereof, is scorned, rejected and punished by another. Another person's thoughts of good will and mercy are beat down by another because of skin color, or what part of the planet we are from. Throughout our history as a species, too many innocent people have died as the result of wars, starvation and genocide, not because we don't care, not because of the lack compassion and mercy, but because even our combined voices, are never really heard, like that "Single Fly, Farting in the Wind".

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 272

When you look at what has been occurring over the last one hundred years or so, it becomes more and more obvious that we (mankind) are evolving, with our advancements in technology evolving faster than we can handle them (how about a microchip implanted in your brain at birth?).

Institutionalized, and evolved, our various religious beliefs, and ideas of governing/controlling the masses are owned by the dudes holding the keys to the BANK. They have evolved along with the rest of us. The “Elite” or 1%, as we call them own the Chess Board, the world leaders are their “Chess Players”, and we, the citizens of Planet Earth, aren’t even the chess pieces in the game. The wealthy are not listening, they could care less what we think, or say. We are merely flies buzzing around the table. Phffttttttttt.

The only thing in common with the elite? Just like you and I, they WILL die eventually. They WILL be just as much food for the maggots and worms and although they “can’t take their wealth with them to their graves”, they certainly have had, and still have, the power to leave their treasure to their children, their children’s children for generations yet to be born. Another conspiracy theory?

Connect the “Family” dots for the past 200 years, in Europe and the USA especially. Do your own research. Mankind’s religions have always placed us in conflict with others, as it suits the powers in place at the time. Regardless of what you believe or don’t believe in, in the end, your body still becomes food for the maggots and worms, i.e., “From dust to dust”.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 273

Is humanity still suffering from indifference, fear, hatred, bigotry and racial inequality? Yes. Does our species still suffer because of religious and/or ethnic differences? Yes. (connect the dots). Is there a possibility that we will make the correct choice as we approach that fork in the road? I believe we will. The answer? I'm not completely sure, but I do know that a simple thing like the "Golden Rule" will play a large part in the positive transformation of our species. New Age Order, not New World Order. Love yourself. Love your neighbor. Try showing that same love that we have for our children, to the rest of the world.

In closing, I just want to say, Blah-Blah-Blah-Blah-Blah-Blah-Blah-Blahhhhh-Yadda-Yadda-Yadda-Yadda-Yadda-Blah-Blah-Blah-Yadda-Yadda..... Phfftttt (Single Fly, Farting in the Wind). I AM an optimist however, and I believe we will survive our own self-inflicted misery. I believe collectively, we ALL have the solution that will take us from the Pisces Age into the Age of Aquarius. Ask me how.

**So, you want to be a "Sniper"Sub-story, Law Enforcement Training and
Psychological/Psychiatric Assessment (LET2PA)**

This discussion isn't meant to be a negative thing about the law enforcement profession, our brave military who have served, or those who are still serving in the military for our country. It is meant to raise the subject up to a level that can be discussed, and inspire a real national debate on potential changes to the vetting process for admission, i.e., recruitment and training in our various branches of law enforcement.

I have put years of thought, and one night (tonight) of writing into this. The recent culmination of my thought process, began with pondering the many recent unjustified killings of people by our law enforcement folks (cops) and the movie "American Sniper" which I am watching as I write this discussion. To "Splain" this to you, let's start off by taking this back to the 60's and 70's, the Vietnam War era.

Now you may have been some city kid from St. Louis or Los Angeles, or maybe a farm boy Summa Cum Laude from Minnesota or whatever. There is a 99% chance that before you raised your right hand and swore to defend the Constitution and this country, you were just a normal dude. Normal and patriotic. With a normal upbringing, an average education, and a girlfriend who DID wait for you to come home, alive, from the war.

WAR IS HELL

During the Vietnam era, if you were a conscientious objector, you either escaped the draft by going to Canada, or you did what Mohammed Ali did, object, not leave the country, and

suffer the consequences. If you were from a wealthy family, you got bone spurs like Trump. 89% of the young men accepted the draft, maybe 10% patriotically enlisted like I did, and 1% had bone spurs.

Apply this same scenario to the Gulf Wars, up to and including the present day conflicts the USA is involved in. Except we have had a total volunteer military force since 1973. The military draft ended in 1973. Registration with Selective Service ended in 1975. So far, so good. THEN in 1980 registration for a possible draft was reestablished for men 18–25 years old.

So the percentage of drafted was 0%, and the military services had to "sell" the glamour of service to country. For many, a large percentage of kids that grew up in the late 80's into the 90's on violent "Shoot-Em Up" video games,

the prospect of shooting guns and shit was exciting to those generations of high school kids, now a few decades after the almost forgotten Vietnam War. It was for many, a huge carrot on a string. There wasn't much in the way of protests going on in 1965 when I entered the service. By the end of the 60's and into the early 70's the protests took over the narrative at most colleges. The young and dumb had awakened during the era of the protests against war, and then dumbed down again in the late 80's into the 90's. Then along came 9-11 and a huge patriotic surge of young people to "Serve our country and get those evil bastards".

Now let's take a look at what a "Soldier" is. The fundamental DNA of a soldier comes from his training. The basic part of that DNA that is a learned "Skill", is how to kill someone with many different kinds of weapons. A rifle. a pistol, a M2A1 50 caliber machine gun, a shoulder-

held rocket launcher, many other types of weapons.....and your bare hands, feet and a #2 Pencil.

We don't train our soldiers to knit sweaters.

The issue isn't if it's right or wrong going to war, we haven't had a legitimate war since the Korean war (and even that one is questionable). Our soldiers who had fought and survived WWII, and the young patriots who were going to war for the first time, were going for real reasons, although the Korean war was not a repeat of the previous world wars, it still was thought of as a patriotic defense of liberty and justice for all, and defeating "Communism". Who won? The North Koreans.

We did not train our soldiers to knit sweaters. Marines and Army combat soldiers were trained to do one thing and one thing only....how to kill, the "Enemy". The Air Force was trained to drop bombs on the enemy. If you were in the U. S. Air Force, and you were lucky, you spent your entire four-year hitch in Germany or the UK or somewhere other than Vietnam.

Tonight (November 2017) was the first time for me to watch the Chris Kyle story, a full length feature film that came out in 2014, three years ago. I purposely did not want to watch this movie when it first was released because of my personal feelings and thoughts about war, and killing.

I decided to watch it tonight because it happened to be on TV, and I was really interested in seeing what my emotions and reaction would be. Watching it tonight, (movie just ended) and now that it's over, I can say what my thoughts were three years ago, and what my thoughts and emotions reveal tonight. They are the same, in fact the story portrayed in the movie, about a

Navy Seal Team sniper that spent multiple tours in combat in the middle east confirms my emotions and position on war itself, and the horrors that it brings.

Let's go back to the Vietnam era for a minute. For those that survived the war and are still alive, think about the men who served, came back, and at this very moment are mentally unhinged STILL, and homeless STILL. Some of us were lucky enough to survive the war, survive our physical wounds, and survive our mental wounds.

Some of the living Vietnam veterans had a good life, became doctors, lawyers and such. They raised families. Some of the lucky ones, a small percentage of them, even though they had a fruitful, successful life, have hidden their mental anguish all their lives, fooling everyone including their spouses. Except for those "successful" veterans (again a small percentage) that have wreaked havoc and violence upon themselves, their family or the public. This product of war is also seen in every war ever fought, and continues with the wars that we are currently sending our children to.

Which brings me to this important message or thought that I hope everyone understands and agrees with. I do not like war, in fact I despise war and killing. I am utterly ashamed that the United States of America spends Trillions of dollars on wartime activities, the continuing development of new weapon systems, for us as well as our allies. How does this relate to what we are discussing right now, you might ask? Think about this, if we didn't have war, and had no need to develop and procure the latest MOAB's (Mother of all bombs), and all the other tools of war, we would be spending those dollars on bettering our way of life.

We would be building that new infrastructure that our country so desperately needs, building new Bridges, new Super Highways. We would be developing new sources of energy that didn't pollute our planet. Health care for all, and I mean healthcare for the whole world would be free.

With no war, no weapons, with peace and prosperity, there would be no poverty, no starvation. With no poverty, there would be no more crime, or at least a gigantic reduction in crime. In fact, so little crime that policing would be a communal thing, i. e., no more crime equals no more need for a large law enforcement presence. Think about it for a minute. If you COULD reduce crime down to next to nothing, why would you need police? Oh yes, I forgot, we still need someone to write you that parking ticket.

One of my favorite quotes is "Follow the MONEY". Another is "Money is the ROOT" of ALL EVIL". Think of the huge industrial base that supports and profits from war. Add up the dollars. Now spend that on Universal Healthcare for the Entire Planet. Spend it on Environmentally Friendly Power Sources. Spend it on saving other species on our planet, like the Fish, Animals and Birds. Spend it on the Arts. Spend it on renewing the forests of the world, like in the Amazon.

Eliminate all war. Pretty simple solution, with a difficult path to completion. now back to the thoughts from earlier regarding soldiering, war and the connection to recruitment for law enforcement. If you came back from the Vietnam war, or any other war or combat deployment, and were overheard saying in a bar, "I loved killing those gooks", or, "I killed over 600 of those goat fucking towel heads", in my opinion, you are NOT really a good candidate for ANY law

enforcement position. If you happen to enjoy Skeet shooting using small kittens or puppies that are thrown up in the air, you are one deranged MF and need help.

I say this because the real truth of it is that too many of the unjustified "Shootings" or "Chokings" or "Beatings" that result in the unjustified KILLINGS of our citizens, are because that particular officer was able to convince a jury that he or she was afraid for their lives. I'm sure there has been a few unfiled murders where the law enforcement person "planted" a knife or gun AFTER killing that dude in the wheel chair. I wonder how many knives are "planted" in Israel after they kill someone.

This brings me to my major point. I am sure that most of our Law Enforcement agencies have a fairly comprehensive vetting procedure for new applicants or recruits. The problem is that it's not enough. Whatever they do now to evaluate combat veterans mental conditions or any other applicant's mental fitness mostly ignore or just miss the combat experience type of mental conditions that can re-surface during a traffic stop, serving a warrant, or raiding a Donut Shop.

You don't "accidentally" choke someone to death when they are telling you that they can't breathe, especially if all Eric Garner was doing was selling "Loosies". I'm not saying that the officer that killed that dude in New York with a choke hold was suffering from some mental disorder because of his proud service as a combat soldier somewhere, I am saying that regardless of his experience or lack of combat experience, he definitely should have been psychologically screened out and prevented from becoming a police officer in the NYPD. I might get sued for saying that, but I don't care. If you can go so far as to squeeze someone's neck

until they are dead, for a fucking cigarette, you are sick. There should be special hospitals to treat and care for people that sick. The NYPD had previously banned the use of a "Choke Hold". Eric Garner's death was ruled a homicide. The officer was not indicted.

If you shoot someone 14 times, and you don't have a good reason to do so, you need to find a different vocation, and you need to be helped, preferably in a hospital, not a prison. Prison is not the answer.....For so many things. Yes, someone died. It wasn't premeditated cold-blooded murder, that's a whole other subject, but you did cause the violent death of another human being, so instead of punishment, we are going to put you in a mental hospital and cure you. I know, sounds outrageous, but in a Utopian world with no war, no crime, no police, the emphasis would be on "Treating" that police officer, instead of letting him go with a "Not Guilty" verdict.

So, what can we do? What should we do? Strengthen the requirements and the expectations of our law enforcement agencies. Develop tests and procedures to weed out the dudes that should NOT be carrying a gun and enforcing our laws.

The movie I watched for the first time tonight, "American Sniper" and the story it told, did not leave me feeling patriotic or wanting to join the military to become a "sniper". It did confirm the feelings I have had all along, in fact feelings I have had most of my life. Sure, Chris Kyle was a hero. Sure, he deserved a funeral attended by thousands. He was the greatest SEAL Sniper that ever lived. He didn't die in combat, but he DID die in combat.

The dude, Eddie Ray Routh, that killed Chris, and another fellow, Chad Littlefield, I believe, had real mental issues that supposedly were not the result of combat experience. It is pretty clear

in my mind, that he should have been rejected for military service to begin with. So war DID kill Chris Kyle? He was trying to help other veterans, which helped to heal his fucked-up mind. I don't think he should have joined the Navy in the first place. He could have remained a rodeo bull rider. You decide.

The sad part is that he died because of an unjust war. Iraq is/was the prime example of an unjust war, along with the never-ending war in Afghanistan. Some would argue, "He died to save your ass, and to save this country".....BULLSHIT!! Soldiers like him have died for the military/industrial complex. FOLLOW THE MONEY! If instead, there were soldiers fighting an enemy, foreign or domestic, within the United States, THEY would be justified in going into battle and killing as many of the enemy as he or she could, and they would truly be heroes. Unless you are defending our country, all other war is bullshit.

Big assignment. Stop all war. In the meantime, at least scale it down. Change the world through peaceful attributes and attitudes. In the meantime, stop hiring people with hidden PTSD and other mental afflictions to be our law enforcement, i.e., "Police Officers". I'm sure if cities and other jurisdictions followed what the FBI does for screening and training, we maybe wouldn't have as many irresponsible people killing unarmed citizens. Although, the FBI could probably increase their awareness of mental unfitness as well.

In the meantime, how about we put an end to sending various law enforcement personnel to Israel for training. They're not learning how to fire their weapons. They are learning how to manage crowds (suppress). New techniques in "Storm Trooping" on civilians. I've never been on

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 282

the receiving end of police brutality, but if I am ever stopped, or they break down my door by mistake, the first question I will ask the officer is if he has seen combat. If he proudly says, yes, Afghanistan, two tours, I will politely ask him to call in a supervisor, as well as obey every instruction he gives me.

If they do the research, they will discover that most police violence is caused by the mental and emotional state of the officer, not the victim. It's rare, but amazing, to see videos of police officers actually talking a person down from a life-threatening moment, like a recent video wherein the officer verbally talked a dude with a knife into dropping the knife. THAT officer should get a special medal.

I probably will add to this discussion from time to time with additional posts. For the patriotic type, I am a patriot as well, I just don't believe in wars and killing people in other countries for their natural resources. If an enemy, foreign or domestic comes rolling down the street here in Phoenix, at 68 years of age, I will pick up my gun and defend our country.

The Lick'n Kind of Love

Typically, when I'm stoned, and going to bed at whatever time it is in the evening....or early morning if I've pulled an all-nighter, I can generally get into a sleeping position that's comfortable right away.

Many times, my brain will still be writing when I attempt to call it a night, and occasionally, I end up getting up, and writing whatever I was thinking for fear of forgetting by the time I wake up.

The other night I must have tried 87 different positions before I finally found a comfortable position and fell asleep.

Right side, left side, on my back, on my stomach, left leg crooked up, or right leg up, both legs up in a fetal position, both legs stretched out, 87 different positions. Last night was different.

As I crawled into bed, which seemed somewhat impossible because I was stoned and a bit unstable, groping my way to my bed.

My dog Shelton had already assumed a certain position, and I plopped down in a uncomfortably temporary position that became permanent because of where Max had peed in the center of my bed.

I was lying about 3/4 on my right side with my right knee in the air and my left leg and knee right below my right knee and leg. I hadn't yet tried the other 86 positions of frustrations.

Now, here's an interesting observation. Dogs like licking things like your hand, face, or another part of your body. Many people will assume and say that a dog will lick their owner because they love the salty taste.

Shelton is a foot licker, but he only likes to lick my feet at night just as we are trying to go to sleep. Not a day time licker. I usually let Shelton lick until he gets tired of it.

Because of the awkward position I was in, with both feet under the blanket, avoiding the large wet spot, (thanks to Max), Shelton began licking the only thing he could, my blanket-covered right knee positioned about eight inches above the bed in an awkward position.

As he was licking the portion of the blanket covering my right knee, I thought to myself, "He's not licking my right knee for the salt because it's covered by my blanket. He's licking the blanket, and as far as I knew, there wasn't any salt or cum stains on the blanket.

Note: they say that spermicide is salty. I really don't know having not ever tasted it. Women have told me to eat lots of Pineapple before they come over.

He licked that spot on the blanket where my uplifted knee was until it was wet, then he proceeded to lick my left knee, which was under the blanket as well.

Again, no salt or cum stains on the blanket. What did this tell me? Proof positive that Shelton was not licking me for the salty taste.

I firmly believe that his licking was his way of showing his unconditional respect, his unconditional love, his total unconditional faith in me.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 285

After he finally finished his licking, he came up to the head of the bed, licked my face once,
and fell asleep alongside my head. It wasn't for the salty taste.

**"Law & Order, Crime & Punishment", according to all the Rich White Dudes,
and.....ALL the rest of us, of all races, colors and creeds that are tired of being your slaves**

How come we don't hear more about perverts or pedophiles that are NOT "Christian". I'm sure there are some, but you never hear about the Atheist or the Muslim perverts, or the Buddhists perverts and pedophiles because they are all alone, and not a pastor or priest of some church.

The only Mormon perverts you HEAR about, are those dudes fucking 12-year-old girls, on an altar (bed) in the front of their "church".

They are out there folks, many in prison (some should be medically institutionalized), and probably just as many of them standing in front of you at the grocery store check-out line. Just the same, there ARE scores of perverts and pedophiles standing in churches all over the world as I write this, waving their hands back and forth, eyes closed, heads lifted up, singing, chanting, speaking in some unknown (but widely mimicked) "Tongue" or "Language.

Don't let that friendly young man (who says he's planning to go to a seminary) standing next to you, babysit little Johnnie. Just saying, we only hear about the "Christian" dudes (church leader dudes) who garner all the publicity when they are caught with a hooker, like Jimmy Swaggart, (what's wrong with that, really?) or the pastor who is caught on camera, sucking on some other dude's dick, (really, what's wrong with that?), if it's love, so be it.

Now, we obviously draw the line at perverts and pedophiles. If some dude rapes and kills a child, male OR female, that dude deserves the maximum penalty that we can assess as a society.

If he is a priest, and he loves, literally, young boys OR girls in a pedophilic manner, my vote would be to place him with all the non-pastoral pedophile dudes in a mental institution. Let them figure it out from there. Not in a general prison.

We all know what happens to the perverts and pedophiles in a regular prison. Eventually, some semi-normal dude, that's only shot three people to death over a package of Twinkies, will stick a shiv in that child Fucker. So be it, but I really think that these perverted and pedophilic tendencies are desires devised out of a mental deficiency or disorder, i.e., it's not NORMAL.

So don't put Father Lenczycki, OR Jose, in a cell with Bubba, who is twice their size, and lost a son in Iraq. You may as well give that pervert or pedophile a knife so he can cut his own throat.

Even if you give the dude a life sentence, please, put him in a mental facility, NOT a prison. Now, if that semi-normal dude happened to choke the shit out of 37 women, and used their skin to make slip covers for his furniture, he's really NOT semi-normal, is he, he's fucking nuts! Stick him in the Booby-hatch. That's what they should have done with Dahmer. He was one CRAZY dude.

The "Real" prisons should be filled with real criminals, not people caught with some dope. Secondly, "Real" prisons should be paid for, perhaps, with some kind of tax on people making in excess of, pick a number, one million Dollars? After all, it was partially the fault of all the rich fuckers that the poor people have to rob a gas station in order to feed their families.

Let me splain that a little. Rich Fucker owns a sweat shop in Queens manufacturing women's bras, time comes when he has to "Lay Off" half of his employees. Mamasita just lost her \$7.47 cents per hour job, her flaky husband's unemployment ran out 2 years ago, and they have six kids, all under 12.

Jose, who really isn't a career criminal, happens to be Hispanic, or African American, or WHATEVER, JUST NOT WHITE. He wakes up one morning and says to himself, "Self, I really don't need a gun to rob the 7-11 down the street".

After all, Lakshay, his pot smoking buddy from India who clerks the store after midnight every night except Thursday, will certainly hand over all the money, right?

No. Lakshay by the way, even though his name means, "Target", and in spite of giving you free beers at night when you and a few buddies are smoking a little weed in the back room, feels a little betrayed, so he hits you on the head with a short baseball bat (kiddie size) and KNOCKS YOU OUT! You wake up in the back seat of a police cruiser.

Your buddy, Lakshay, pretends he doesn't know you at all, despite all the great Cannabis you have shared with him, and the deep deep discount you gave him on weed, "Officer, I really don't know him. Yes. He does shop here, but I never thought I would be robbed by him. Yes. I hit him with my little bat", all this said in an excellent Indian or Pakistani accent.

Now, Jose, who truly has never committed a robbery in his life, (sold some weed however), is given 15 years and sent to a "Real" prison, where he learns how to be a "Real" criminal. Think about it. That's how the justice system works in America.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 289

Those rich fuckers that I mentioned earlier, they never have to worry about having to earn a living, because they OWN the fucking factory, wither it's a factory making clothes, dish soap, or Cheerios, the rich don't have the same worries as the working poor. The rich do not have to worry if their son or daughter is caught dealing H or perhaps, they just killed three people while driving intoxicated, or your Football hero son just got away with raping an unconscious Co-Ed at a Frat party.

They have the MONEY for the good attorneys, PLUS they're WHITE. Go figure. So yes, our entire outlook towards "Crime and Punishment, and our justice system needs an overhaul. Again, the perverts and pedophiles belong in the same nut house you just sent Father William to for fucking little boys.

What about Jose you ask? Why should you care? Except when he gets out six years later, "rehabilitated", having learned from the best of them (criminals), goes out a week later, and robs that same 7-11 store, this time by gunpoint, and shoots his old buddy Lakshay in the head with a 12-gauge, sawed-off shotgun, messy, but effective.

Remember now, that Jose originally wasn't a bad dude. Lazy? Yes. Criminal? Not really, until he first stepped over the line and got a huge knot on his head as a result of his first robbery attempt. Could Jose have come out of prison, still a good karma dude? Of course. Let's pretend he did. His 12-year-old daughter, Alexandria, is now 18, and pregnant, his wife Angelina still loves him, even though she WAS fucking Jose's cousin Albert while he was in prison those six years.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 290

Even in whatever negative situation Jose comes home to, regardless of whether he found Jesus or not, the odds are against him if he's a nice dude, but still a lazy Fuckler. Teach people GOOD skills while they are in prison. How about Bill & Melinda Gates donating towards prison programs that teach people enough for a four-year degree in Information Technology, and a Microsoft Certification?

Wouldn't that be cool for all the Joses' and Jeremiahs', and Johnsons, and..... You get the point. Think about it. Don't just create jobs for America's main population of jobless. Use prison labor to help repair our roads and infrastructure, some of those "closed" factories might just reopen. Our bridges would be updated, repaired, even rebuilt. Our transportation systems would be reconstructed. And above all, while doing all this, our prison populations will be reduced, and crime will be reduced.

More and more people will be back to work. Poverty, hunger, all the things we despise as a human species, will be reduced dramatically. Back to the perverts and pedophiles, stick them in a Mental Hospital environment, NOT a prison. More than likely, for the "Real" crazies, they can never really adjust to society, so leave the really incurable crazies, perverts and pedophiles hospitalized.

Think about it. More jobs. Train the Bubba's to be guards, AND therapists. Imagine if you will, a dude who really is a good karma dude, but made a mistake and served six years in San Quentin. Under my system, he has now re-entered society as a guard AND a licensed therapist for the perverts and crazies at the local Booby-hatch.

There is much to be done, with so many things in our societies and cultures, can we lead the world in making positive changes to benefit ALL mankind? YES. Just my thoughts tonight, inspired by another person's post on Facebook. Part of my ongoing series about the evolution of our species.

P. S. Again: I felt it was important for people to read this particular comment from Stephen Waters on Facebook. This is what my blog is all about folks, sharing opinions, thoughts, brain farts, and especially comments like the following

Stephen Waters: *Interesting read. I love your narrative writing style. It's just descriptive enough to take you there. I fully agree with therapy for pedophiles, studies indicate their attraction to children may have a biological basis and trauma sourced Origin. I also think every person that goes to prison should earn a college degree including people that will never leave prison. Learning does incredibly good things to both how the brain functions and the student's outlook on life. Unfortunately, many people do earn degrees in prison, some rather advanced, and still can't find employment because of the stigma having served time carries. But instead of making them prison guards, make them paralegals and attorneys. Could you imagine how drastically different our legal system would be if most lawyers and even some judges were veterans of the big house? They would truly understand what rehabilitation is all about in America. Keep writing! Too many people accept what they cannot change when they should be changing what they cannot accept.* Note October 2018: Thank you Stephen, wherever you now are, be at Peace. Stephen passed on some time after he had made this comment. I didn't stay in

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 292

touch with him because farcecrap had deleted my original profile/page back in August of 2018
(along with my "Friend's List").

Caesar's Salad

Paul was asking if I had any bleach. I said no why. He says he needs to bleach my sink after he washes Max's butt hole. Why? Because Toy Poodles have a LOT of curly hair around their butts, and poop "Turds" sometimes will stick AND dry, and in Max's case, it was getting out of hand.

The only way to prevent the poop-stickage thing is when you wipe his butt the first sign of poop/turd stickage and/or going to the groomer on a frequent basis.

So, Paul was just being considerate and conscientious asking me if I had any bleach, because it was my sink, he was planning on using, and the distinct possibility that he may have been wondering if I would ever prepare a meal in a kitchen sink. WTF? Spaghetti and Meatballs?

I said, "No big deal brother Paul. It's not like I'm going to be washing my feet in that sink anytime soon".

To which Paul immediately responded, "We were just going to toss you a salad in that sink". I laughed so hard because of the spontaneity of the moment.

We ARE stoned because as Manfred was leaving my Casa an hour ago, he noticed that Paul had forgotten to plug the electric-cooking device back in again. Manfred plugged it in.....AGAIN.

I say again because two hours ago, Paul had filled a large pot with water to heat up, (which he STILL needs) to gently lower Max's rear end into the sink of heated water to soften up those now petrified dog turds.

Yes, plural “Turds”, because each time Max takes a shit, the turd comes out and is blocked by an earlier turd, buildings visibly recognizable hunk of dog shit.

So, full circle, with the first pot of heated water that Paul poured into the filthy/nasty sink (neither of us have turned on our water heaters), an hour after he poured that hot water into the sink, I got up from my chair and noticed that the water was really nasty, I had told Paul that if I were him, I’d start over again because that sink was nasty filthy dirty because I had not used it as a sink since I moved in here, and personally, I would not stick MY dogs ass in that nasty water.

Of course, Paul agreed. He emptied the sink of the heated, now nasty water, and cleaned it spotless, preparing it for the next pot of water.

Then he fills up the pot again, and goes back to his Casa. Before leaving, he set a timer with Alexa for 15 minutes, and I told him it would take two hours with that amount of water (full pot).

About an hour later, Manfred discovered that the hot/plate cooking device was not plugged in. He plugged it in and I said , “See you in two more hours”. I laughed. It was spontaneity at its best. Third pot heating up now as I write this.

Let’s face it. It takes skill to shave curly hair around a Toy Poodle’s butt hole. Paul bought a dog grooming electric clipper and tried. Couldn’t do it. Time to see Janet the Groomer again.

Postscript at 11:02 PM: Paul finally called me and asked me to turn off the hot plate.

While on our Walkie-Talkies, I walked into the kitchen and noticed that when Manfred had plugged in the plug that Paul forgot to plug in an hour ago, I noticed that the hot-plate was off all

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 295

that time because the plug was loose. I first plugged it in all the way, then unplugged it after Paul said to turn it off.

I guess he'll try for the other 50% of what's left of Max's turds stuck to his curly-haired butt hole tomorrow.

Postscript 2: Don't attempt any of this when stoned. If you own a Toy Poodle and you're a Stoner, you'll understand.

Song Title: Sometimes I sound like a Motorboat.....Sometimes a Velociraptor!

When I fart I can mimic sounds, thanks to my wonderful sphincter.....Sometimes they're smelly and some times not, the worst was in an elevator.....

Sometimes I sound like a Motor Boat, sometimes a Velociraptor!.....Some people think their shit don't stink, BUT I think we all know better....

If you hear me fart, right from the start, you might want to run for the exit.....You might think I'm suffering from Alzheimer's disease, I call it "Can't remember anything fuckin' itus".....

Sometimes I sound like a Motor Boat, sometimes a Velociraptors. Some people think their shit don't stink, BUT I think we all know better....

My favorite one sounded just like a gun, and smelled like rotten bananas.....I remember the time and the place, in a hospital elevator....

Sometimes I sound like a Motor Boat, sometimes a Velociraptors. Some people think their shit don't stink, BUT I think we all know better....

Sometimes it sounds like I'm grinding up food, just like an Insinkerator.....If you listen real close, I think it sounds more like an Alli-gator.....

Sometimes I sound like a Motor Boat, sometimes a Velociraptors. Some people think their shit don't stink, BUT I think we all know better....

That one sounds like a gaggle of geese, there goes an old lawnmower.....Trying not to laugh, I pinch my cheeks, and change back to a Velociraptor!

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 297

Sometimes I sound like a Motor Boat, sometimes a Velociraptor! Some people think their shit don't stink, BUT I think we all know better...

After putting my hands behind my back to see if my fart really lingered....If you looked at me, I'm trying to be, discrete as I'm smelling my fingers,

Sometimes I sound like a Motor Boat, sometimes a Velociraptors. Some people think their shit don't stink, BUT I think we all know better...

Sometimes it's LOUD, sometimes it's not, watch out if I pull my own finger....I warned you before you stepped on aboard, "Take a different elevator".....

Altogether now.....

Sometimes I sound like a Motor Boat, sometimes a Velociraptor!
Some people think their shit don't stink, BUT I think we all know better....

It's okay to feel embarrassment if you shit your pants at the grocery store, you are an old fart. Next time, just wear black or dark brown shorts.

ANTICIPATION versus SURPRISE or SUDDEN AWARENESS, and the subsequent or associated feelings like DISAPPOINTMENT and REGRET. ANTICIPATION can be a positive feeling, like anticipating an event like the birth of your first child or waiting for the Thanksgiving Turkey to finish baking.

ANTICIPATION can also be a negative or anxious feeling as well. Like when you are at your local Walmart, and best estimation is that you are about a football field away from the restrooms in the back of the store.

You know you have been feeling the pressure ever since you got there. You know you should have relieved yourself as soon as you walked in the store.

As you are pushing your cart south towards the rear of the building, where the restrooms are, you feel not only the pressure on your bladder, the muscle ache as you are trying to "hold" it, the tightening of your sphincter and butt muscles as you are sprinting towards the restroom, you feel like you are able to cut solid oak with that pinched off anus.

That's the bothersome kind of ANTICIPATION. You barely get unzipped, standing there, hurriedly struggling to drag the python out of its cage, and you piss your tan khaki shorts slightly. At the same time, your sphincter muscle is still trying to cut salami as the warm pee is dribbling out. A few minutes later, relief.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 299

At the sink, you grab a handful of paper towels and try blotting the wet piss on the front of your shorts, rubbing quickly. Almost looks like a masturbation motion, as you look in the mirror and make eye contact with some dude standing at the sink next to you washing his hands.

How about if the restrooms have those hand blowers on the wall? How many of you guys have at least once in your life, tried holding the front of your wet pants or shorts up to one of those hot air blowing hand dryers, just as some other dudes are walking into the restroom?

I have to admit, twice in my life, most recently at Mirage Casino in Las Vegas three months ago. I admit it looks rather strange, standing there, jutting the front of my body close to the dryer/blower, but it works, quicker than paper towels or toilet paper.

ANTICIPATION versus SURPRISE or SUDDEN AWARENESS, i.e., with no advance warning. SURPRISE or SUDDEN AWARENESS is like when you are just standing there in the produce section, picking out some bananas, and you SUDDENLY feel the pressure of what you thought would be a tiny fart. Relaxing your sphincter muscle just a little, instead of a small fart, you shit yourself slightly.

You feel the wetness around your anus. Instantly, and automatically, you squeeze your sphincter muscle shut, stopping any more leakage of what you know is called DIARRHEA. Pinching so tight, you discover that you REALLY could cut wood with your anus as you are walking the 100 yards or so to the restroom. You are NOT walking bowlegged as you enter the restroom.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 300

SUDDEN or SURPRISE, (without warning and thus without ANTICIPATION), is like getting hit by that bus you didn't see as you started walking across the street looking the opposite direction as you stepped off the curb.

A negative feeling of ANTICIPATION that can also feel insanely euphoric, or positive/negative, like standing there on the railroad track, looking straight at the oncoming train, it's lights shining, horns blaring, announcing the impending danger, "Get off the track! Get off the track! Get OFFTTTTTTTT the track!".

You are ANTICIPATING that the train, traveling at 60mph, is going to hit you, in five.....four.....three.....two.....one.....second. Bye-Bye.

For someone that would do such a thing, it's horrible. It's a tragic, morbid thing to do. It makes a big mess for the railroad crew that has to pick up all the pieces of you that were spread down the track for a few hundred feet or so.

You can ANTICIPATE or DREAM, or WISH or HOPE for an event to take place, like thinking you have the winning numbers in a huge Powerball lottery drawing, but in losing, you obviously feel DISAPPOINTMENT. Depending on how much you "invested" in the largest Powerball drawing ever, you may also feel a little, or a lot, of REGRET.

That's like really, really hoping your firstborn is a boy, and your mate pops out a girl. If there is total ACCEPTANCE with no REGRET on your part, you can turn your DISAPPOINTMENT into an OPPORTUNITIES. As she grows up, you can teach little Susie

how to throw a football, baseball, shoot hoops or exotic wild animals, help you change the oil in your Corvette, you know, the manly kind of stuff.

How many ladies here were taught those types of sports or activities when you were growing up? How many ladies here were not enrolled in sports activities, but participated in dance like ballet, or figure skating? Go figure.

I think maybe the same would be for a mother who really wanted a girl, and has a boy instead. Out of a sick, negative kind of REGRET, will the mother ever pretend just a little and put a cute little dress on Johnny? Or buy him a Barbie?

It's impossible to predict the SURPRISE or SUDDEN event because that would become ANTICIPATION with either hope or fear. So, think positive, desire positive, without it becoming EXPECTATION. This is part of Karma, the Golden Rule.

It's okay to feel embarrassment if you shit your pants at the grocery store, you are an old fart. Next time, just wear black or dark brown shorts.

Turn your DISAPPOINTMENT into LESSONS LEARNED instead of REGRET. Love yourself. Love others as you desire to be loved. There is no SURPRISE in dying in your sleep. If you SUDDENLY drop dead while shitting your pants standing in line in the checkout line at Safeway, you will obviously feel no ANTICIPATION or REGRET.

In conclusion, never look back in REGRET. Think of the future, turning your dreams into plans and positive ANTICIPATION.

**“397,623 years it took from seeding to final results on this one, not bad, it was a couple
of thousand years quicker than the last one”**

As we sing Hallelujah, thank you Jesus, with our fellow Christian Soldiers, guns raised high, as we prepare ourselves for battle, did anyone stop, and ask the question....Why?

Throughout all time, all we've done is kill each other for some god, you have to wonder if all this time it's been just a joke, by the extraterrestrials who left us here, many hundreds of thousands of years ago. Wait a minute though, the ET's allowed us to pick our own gods! How cool is that!

Archeology and known history shows our evolutionary ride started out with simple gods, like the sun, perhaps the moon, evolving to modern day religion. Here we go again, "Onward Christian Soldiers, marching as to war....with the Cross of Jesus, going on before".

A little foxhole prayer doesn't hurt, it also does no good, except maybe to calm rattled nerves until those particular soldiers survive or die. The moment a very large shell (explosive) tears you and three of your fellow soldiers apart, Jesus is not, was not, THERE!

Neither was Allah, Buddha, that famous televangelist from Houston, or the Golden Calf! Now, sit there for a moment, and dwell on this. There are only two choices or outcomes in real battle. You are either alive, survived, or you are dead.

And you are fighting for what again you say? The very worst part about it is all the innocent men, women and children, who didn't "Sacrifice" their life like a good soldier, they were just, you know, vaporized, with nothing to bury except their thoughts, hopes, and dreams, their entire

lives, their futures. Certainly, if you have any body parts, it makes it easier for people to weep and mourn for their loved ones.

I would like to believe that we, as a species, are smart enough to maybe figure this one out. Shoot, we've invented a lot of shit in the last 25,000 years or so.

All religions believe that theirs is the Truth, the Way, and the Life, and that THEIR religion will eventually take over the entire earth. If they are going to do that, a lot more people gonna have to die.

Think about it. Now, I'm not a Doomsday type of writer, but I truly believe humanity will recover. I say recover because billions of people still have to disappear, so to speak, either in more wars, and then a really really big war that almost ends our existence. Or, maybe a huge meteor. Either way a distinction event, natural or man-made, take your pick.

The ones who are left to repopulate our planet will have the foreknowledge, and I believe, the desire to change our ridiculously murderous and ridiculously religious ways. What's the punchline to this you ask? The Golden Rule. That's it, all you need. Love one another, smoke another joint, hope at least that your grandchildren survive and see the utopian world.

Maybe the ancient ones who seeded our planet with man (and woman), will return for a final accounting on our species, take a few thousand of us and go onto the next planet on their list. What's a few hundred thousand years to an alien species that has conquered death, i.e., lives forever.

“397,623 years it took from seeding to final results on this one, not bad, it was a couple of thousand years quicker than the last time”, one alien said to the other alien.

You might be a soldier in a foxhole someday, or handing your son the mashed potatoes at dinnertime, or just standing there in the parking lot of Walmart, looking east as the sky turns into the fire of 200, 100-Megaton Thermonuclear weapons, and you think, “Holy Crap” as you vaporize in a swirl of fiery death.

You are gone, Jesus Christ didn't fly down out of heaven and scoop you up. Nor Buddha, or Allah, or some dude selling pencils on your corner. If you are lucky, someone remembers you.

The time is a coming. Turn away from war and killing. Simple.

Last thought, September 11, 2001 was tragic, and these are my thoughts. Airplanes flying into the Twin Towers and their freefall, demolition had absolutely nothing to do with each other, but not exactly coincidence.

The dude that owned the WTC, had already had the work done maybe years before, to accomplish the demolition for the insurance money. Land has always been worth more than the structures we build. The WTC was an outdated, old set of buildings. Outdated to at least the dude that eventually owned that property, who saw the dollar signs long before the other factions planned and executed their FALSE FLAG operation.

The insiders for the False Flag event knew that Larry A. Silverstein had tons of explosives already rigged at the proper locations in the WTC buildings. All the conspirators knew that

demolishing the buildings would be the icing on the cake to draw the United States into never-ending war in the middle east.

Here's some info on the Silverstein, at

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Larry_Silverstein#September_11_attacks

After the 1993 bombing, which failed to bring the buildings down, the insiders started thinking, for at least 6 years, that if there ever was going to be another attack, they had to have a way of bringing the WTC buildings down, someone in a meeting said, "How about explosives?".

This evil plan was separate from the planes of September 11th, 2001. It was a "When the time comes, we are gonna push the button on that old WTC". Who likely was involved? Think about that one yourselves.

Could the plan have been an Israeli/Saudi/U.S plan to give the U. S. Government the green light on getting involved in the Middle-East. The only surprise for the U. S. and Saudi's was the demolition of the WTC, that was a Mossad job, "let's make sure those fucking buildings fall", as was overheard in a deli in Brooklyn.

All the Americans, Including President Bush could say is, "W. T. F., those two planes did that?", "Well here, we go folks, (Military/Industrial complex), let's go find Hussein's WMD".

The 1993 bombing was a lesson in disguise. Buildings did not come down. Years later, overheard by someone at a Bar Mitzvah in Long Island somewhere, "Yah, I think Silverstein has big plans for the WTC property. Much planning and years later, the conspirators (whoever they really were) finally got to push the button. Last words, CONTROLLED DEMOLITION, not

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 306

really connected to the main plot, but sort of, it did its job. A shame. The dude whispering in Bush's ear in the school room, "It's done, but in addition, it looks like they added controlled demolitions just for effect. Onward Christian Soldiers".

**A little bit of Futurism mixed with a little bit of satire.....Think, "One Flew Over the
Cuckoo's Nest" in the distant future**

Here's the Futurism part.

The year is 2145. There is peace in the world. All of the ancient religions, and beliefs, are just a minor part of some lives now, and long past history.

Although people are free to worship whatever god (s) they choose, the Golden Rule ended up being the winner after all. The world is made up of 97% atheists that follow the Golden Rule, and 3% old time religious folks.

No wars or rumor of wars. The military/industrial complex is nonexistent. There is no monetary system or banking, or investment organizations. There are no borders, and no border walls. Mankind has learned to grow food crops much more efficiently. Hunger is an unknown word.

We have manned bases on the Moon and on Mars. The power grid throughout the planet is from 100% renewable sources, like wind farms, solar farms, wave farms in the ocean. Transportation is advanced to the point that also is totally reliant upon renewable energy sources.

Humans are just beginning to benefit from the many lifetimes of health/life-sustaining medical research and invention, giving people longer life spans.

In the area that used to be called the Southwest California/Nevada/Arizona Triangle Retirement Zone, there are some who were born in the late 1940's who are still alive and active at the age of 197, and is expected to live 200 more years? 500 more years? Forever?

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 308

Citizens contribute to society in various ways, but physical labor by humans has been totally replaced by Artificial Intelligence (AI) and robotics. Most occupations are by choice, i.e., chosen by each individual, and learned during the education phase of their life, which begins at four years old and generally ends at 47 or even into the late fifties.

Since occupations no longer include manual labor of any kind, the word "Work" is no longer part of our vocabulary. Traditional studies still include math, arts, and history, but the primary part of the curriculum is in the computational science and technology fields.

The average of the population is Mensa measurable level, and very involved in the sciences, technologies, and arts. Crime still exists, but less than 1% of the population are actually criminals, and the types of crimes are reduced to mostly non-violent crimes with violent crimes like murder and rape being almost nonexistent.

Although mankind has been able to cure diseases like cancers, replace a heart or leg, or most of your body with cloned/grown body parts and organs, the mind still remains a real mystery, i.e., a tough nut to crack.

Great strides have been made in the discovery of treatments and surgical procedures that cure many mental illnesses. Minor afflictions such as depression and anxiety were long ago eliminated from society thanks to Cannabis related organics.

The major mental disorders being treated include disorders such as Complete Madness Syndrome (CMS), Narcissistic Personality Disorder (NPD) made famous by a well-known President in the early part of the 21st century.

Pedophilia and Kleptomania are among the few of the disorders that were at one time considered to be criminal activities, but now considered to be, and treated as, a mental condition. It's apparent that this handful of mental disorders are treated with Cannabis and hallucinative products, but not cured, research continues.

Although life on Earth is very close to Utopia, a very small portion of the population considered to be INSANE TREATABLE CITIZENS (ITC's) are treated and cared for in regional mental facilities.

The percentage of the population requiring professional care for their mental conditions (and/or criminal activities) remain a very small amount. So small, that worldwide, there are only six combined mentally challenged/criminally insane treatment facilities, one on each continent.

These individuals that are considered socially incapable of living a normal life, are placed or sentenced if you will, to one of these six Continental Mental Health Facilities (CMHF), depending on what continent you lived on. A very small portion of "patients" are those who self-admit, volunteer, to be treated in a CMHF

The average day is a utopia in itself, as seen through the eyes and everyday experiences of the general society. Most individuals go about their day somewhat stoned. So what we see can be described as behavior by most of the population, compared to behavior by the patients in one of the CMHF hospitals. Certainly the "normal" stoned population can have situations that the audience thinks are just a little bit abnormal, or "off".

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 310

Now there really isn't a whole lot of difference between normal society, and the hospitalized crazies, so there has to be a way to write episodes that show the "crazies" aren't really as crazy as we should think, and there are a few "normal" people that should be locked up.

Part Two, The SITCOM part

Sitcom takes place around the year 2145. Obviously, Cannabis has been 100% legal for decades, both for recreational use as well as medicinal purposes, although usage for health related issues are a small percentage compared to recreational use, by this time in our evolution as a species.

In the first episode, we quickly discover that a few of the "patients" assigned to the LASWAGES CMHF, are long-time potheads of average IQ's (not MENSA material) who have self-admitted for treatment for non-threatening, non-violent mental conditions.

Interior sets of the sitcom is a futuristic mental hospital where people with real mental issues are treated with cannabis and hallucinative drugs. A hospital where the doctors and staff are just as stoned as the patients. The difference being that the patients are somewhere between a Jackson Pollack painting and a Van Gogh, mentally.

Artificially created drugs have been replaced 100% with organically grown plants, mostly extremely mutated forms of cannabis. The story follows several characters. A couple of doctors, a few nurses, aides, and perhaps 6 other characters as "patients".

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 311

Not quite fitting into society, (not the brainy type), three of the patients, Becky who is 150 and looks like she's in her 30's, Tom, who is 188 (looks 48) and Micah, who is 194, looks 50, know that the best weed is still the medicinal weed at the hospital where they are being treated.

One of the other supporting main characters/patients is 197-year-old Ex-President Donald Trump, who walks around constantly medicated, dressed like a cross between a middle-eastern dictator and the mascot for Burger King.

King Donald and his little paper crown have been there since the year 2020. It took three years of his insanity before he was physically removed from the White House, and power.

Looking no more than 60 (powerful medicine), Donald is in great shape, physically. A new heart, leg, stomach, penis, both kidneys and hands, and oh yeah, almost forgot, his hair (still looks the same however). Mentally, unfortunately, he remains afflicted with narcissistic personality disorder, and several other debilitating phobias.

The interactions between the patients (old hippies), the staff, and Trump could be hilarious. Just the mention of what various parts of the body have been replaced could be a funny line, "Look at Susie over there, she's gone through three sets of tits and still looks good at 177, Happy Birthday Susie".

Another funny moment.....Trump is walking across the rec room yelling, "See, I have HUGE hands". Another patient, who is a flaming gay male says, "Your penis is soooooo big too, darling!"

The knowledge of good and evil, that's the difference between you and a Baboon

From the moment we are born, we begin to gather knowledge and experience, both good and evil, that we hold on to, and we call it intelligence, a learned habit, an experience, "growing", etcetera. It may differ between cultures and societies, but individually we believe in what we think, or assume, is a good thing, along with everyone else in our culture or society, or state of mind.

Cannibals were humans that ate (as in food) other human beings. It started in Europe approximately 32,000 years ago. During famines, for the Neanderthal's, human flesh was a dietary supplement. Eventually, in some cultures becoming a ritual to ward off evil spirits. For some, it also was a warning to enemies.

Was that evil to those people? Apparently not. Evil to modern day cultures and societies? Yes, unless your aircraft you are on is the one that crashed in the Andes in 1972. Pass the Grey Poupon, please. Cannibalism. Evil or good. Ask Dr. Roberto Cannassa, a survivor. Horrible, horrible thing. Would YOU do it? Pass the Heinz 57, please.

Okay, so I sorta made this a topic NOT to be discussed around the dinner table with the kiddies. Cannibalism versus farting in church. Is farting in church evil? I don't think so, especially if it's a little old grandma type sitting in the pew in front of you.

Just as naturally as the color of our hair and skin, our knowledge of the difference between right and wrong is a sensory part of our brain that separates humans from other species. Just as the animals in the forest naturally nurture their offspring teaching them how to fly, to hunt, to

fish, humans teach their offspring as well, except for one significant difference between the human species and ALL other species.

Humans are the only species with the knowledge or the very ability to think, of the difference between good versus evil, from birth as an instinct, that becomes tainted by external pressures and processes (playground bullies, parental guidance, DUI Court) along life's way. Tainted, changed if you will, by both good and evil.

What is "Good" you ask? What is "Evil?" The very first time that one of our cave dwelling ancestors picked up a piece of wood or a large rock and killed another cave man, there probably was no remorse or thoughts of good or evil.

If the killing was to prevent injury to oneself, or to the others, there only was a good feeling, which eventually would be accepted as the norm. Perhaps the deceased was stealing food, or sexually attacking the mate of the other? There was no remorse.

Eventually remorse became part of a set of human feelings, that differentiated us from all other species. Remorse was and still is, a feeling, not an instinct. Humans are the only species that feels that emotion, as far as we know. When my dog did something wrong, it MAY have shown guilt, but remorse? I don't think so.

An animal attacking another of the same species is seen as part of the familial rise of a leader, and is purely instinct, like two male deer fighting, or two male gorillas fighting. The simple fact is that two animals can fight for dominance is neither good nor evil.

An animal killing another animal of a different species for food is instinctual, and totally without remorse, neither good nor evil. A Lion bringing down a Gazelle is not sport, it's called food, i.e., survival of the fittest. Not evil. The loss of life by natural disasters. Not evil, not good either, and it falls under the "Shit happens" category.

How about the moment a human being feels that power and dominance from killing another human being, it can be considered good, or evil, i.e., you just shot a serial killer who was in the process of slicing your child's throat.....You just took a life, GOOD for you, you're not evil!

Someone just walked into a crowded school and opened fire with an array of semi-automatic weapons, killing 47 children, and 5 adults.....EVIL! Of course not good....If you are protecting your loved ones, it's a good feeling to be the survivor, and winner. And it may come with a little remorse mixed in with your joy.

If you are killing another human being for no good reason at all, then consider it an evil deed. Tens of millions, hundreds of millions of humans have been killed because of the evilness in the hearts of human kind.

The answer to all this philosophical bullshit has been taught since that first cave man hit the other dude with a big piece of wood or a rock. Even if the survivor walked away and left the carcass of his adversary to rot, my guess is that at that moment, he not only was thinking about his first "weapon", he maybe discovered wither "good" or "evil" was real, even though if just a fleeting thought in his mind.

Triumph or sadness, and all other kinds of emotions are discovered. Some emotions, can be "good" to some, "evil" to others. If that caveman was simply defending his "family" and possessions, I'm pretty sure he was feeling good about the ordeal if he was the winner.

If instead, the victor was using his "weapon" to lay claim to that which was previously owned by the deceased, then we could assume that the rush of feelings that the winner felt were based on the evilness of his deed? Think about it.

The people or tribe of the dead man are now feeling fear, loathing, despair, nothing good, and the people or tribe belonging to the winner is feeling nothing but joy and goodness, cheering his victory as they continue with the slaughter of the enemy.

Good versus Evil, it's all relative. The ONLY species that recognize these particular FEELINGS is the HUMAN SPECIES, Homo Sapiens. However, I know that my dog felt joy when I came home. Or maybe that look, that smile, his barking, was because he was hungry?. Basically, I believe I have seen animals show emotions, but not human evil, not human good.

Throughout our evolutionary process, much evil, evil of all kinds, has also been characterized as "good" by many peoples, even entire cultures and societies. That same result is true in the opposite, referring to the millions of people, men women and children that have been slaughtered because of one religious belief or another.

Mankind has been trying to understand these human traits since the beginning of time. Religions upon religions, all the various kinds of worship of everything from the SUN, to golden

statues of various animals, to Man-Gods, have in many ways, complicated our evolution as a species.

Our species is the only species on this planet that has killed, and continues to kill our own species for the cause of our religions and so-called faith (add the other ludicrous reasons here, like oil).

Mankind's experience with religion has always been the isolation and worship of some thing or some one. What I am suggesting is that if we love ourselves, if we love others how we want to be loved, if we treat others as we would desire to be treated, we wasted a whole lot of time, and a whole lot of brick and mortar down through the years, not to mention all the EVIL and wrongful death we have beset upon humankind. My church? I am my church.

"Is God willing to prevent evil, but not able? Then he is not omnipotent.

Is he able, but not willing? Then he is malevolent.

Is he both able and willing? Then whence cometh evil?

Is he neither able nor willing? Then why call him God?

— The Epicurean paradox, ~300 BCE

Boil it down folks. Strain out all the crap. And what you have left is something quite simple.....wait for it.....The Golden Rule.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 317

How simple can it get? Treat your fellow man, as you want to be treated. For me, I hope for nothing but love and goodness from you, so my conscious has a strong desire to love, respect, and care for you. Utopia? Maybe, but we are human, not animal. We have the option. Be good? Or be bad!

If we gather together in a meeting, perhaps at someone's home, we won't call it church, or Sabbath. We won't pray to some possibly fictitious person or God, or image of a young Elvis Presley. We might sing, songs of joy and love for one another, and yes, we may smoke a little weed, eat a little pizza, but not as a ritual.

We will exercise our free will as humans only can, and teach love, not hate. Peace, not war, yadda yadda yadda. How simple can that be? No memorizing words, no dropping money in a bucket, unless you want to participate in the refreshments, whatever you might be serving.

When you meet, you discuss ways to help other people, like the homeless. Food for the starving. Help for the medically and/or mentally challenged. Shelter for the homeless. The list goes on and on. The only difference is you are truly practicing this "preach" in your daily lives.

The church as we have known it, regardless of what or who WAS worshiped in the past, becomes like so many antiquities of our past and our cultures. Perhaps all the churches, synagogues and mosques are turned into living space for the homeless.

The real truth becomes the living reality of how to live our lives in goodness, and how we treat others, and so on. Think about it. Not hard to comprehend. You don't even have to come to my house to hear this simple message, just click "share".

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 318

I love you from afar, no matter where or who you are. If you do come by to say hi, I can guarantee that you will feel goodness while you're here, goodness when you leave, and goodness when you get home. If you have nowhere to call home, we will fix that. If you are hungry, we will feed you. Everything is possible! Be kind to one another. Pass the bong, please. Speaking of bongs, the next story is interesting.

Bong Fart- When you are REALLY bored, while smoking weed with your friends

Parts required:

Some weed

Your bong (medium size, approximately 8" tall)

Matches or lighter

Small kitchen type food funnel, plastic

12" Rubber surgical hose (Optional)

Meat Lovers Pizza

Del Taco "Big and Nasty" One A.M. Burritos

Cheetos, Reeves Peanut Butter Cups, etcetera

Cheap wine or your favorite beer (works better with beer)

Hopefully, you bought a hose that stretches over the small, outlet end of your kitchen funnel.

Be sure to buy a hose that will stretch slightly, so you have a tight seal. If you don't have the plastic kitchen type, use your oil filler funnel (clean before use) from your garage.

Stick the other end of the hose down into the chamber of your bong through the top opening.

Fill your bong with weed. At the appropriate time, place the receiving end of your funnel snugly against your ass, (this can be a discreet activity, accomplished while still in a sitting position on your couch, trust me).

Light bong, filling bong with smoke, i.e., load "fart" first, making sure that nothing escapes, and hand it to your good buddy sitting next to Susie at the other end of the sofa. You have the

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 320

option of walking to the bathroom to "load" your bong. In that case, the rubber surgical hose is not required, as you simply drop the neck end of your funnel into the top of the bong, hold it to the back of your naked butt-hole, and fart into it, and cap it off with your hand. If you have been watching a good movie (I highly recommend "The Big Lebowski").

Trust me, the dude at the end of the couch is not watching you "load" the bong, so to speak. Tell him you are giving him the honor of taking the first hit as you hand the bong to him. Take the hose off before you hand the bong to Billy (hose comes off very easily, trust me). Tell Mary to record Billy taking the first hit.

Tell Billy, "It's really good shit!". Trust me, this has never been done before, let's take this viral. Be the first to share your "Bong Fart" video on "The Unknown Sock Puppet Show" on YouTube and Facebook.

Not quite like biting the bubbles in the bathtub when you were a kid

Disclaimer: This post is meant as satire only, and does not suggest that it is possible to load your fucking bong with Methane Gas, which is what a fart is basically, without some explosion, or as a minimum, burning your face off with the flaming methane as you light your bong. For those who insist in trying the "Bong Fart" we recommend filling your bong with Cannabis smoke FIRST, then loading your fart. No liability is assumed by the author if injuries are sustained.

"Be true to oneself", or as Shakespeare once said, "To thine own self be true"

The phrase "To thine own self be true" comes from Shakespeare's Hamlet. Here are a few my own quotes to go along with it.:

"Don't look back! You know what's worse than failure? The agony of "Regret"

"With every moment you have on this planet, be kind enough to care, humble in your actions. Think selflessly. Then and only then will your caring be humble and selfless, with your kindness shining as a radiant star"

Being true to oneself, will sometimes be regarded as retarded, by those who could give a flying fuck about you anyway

So, if I am crazy, but at the same time, I'm true to myself, am I really consciously crazy?

If you TRULY are true to yourself, you have a chance of being true to others, think about it

If you are consciously trying to be true to yourself, you really might be crazy

I have never met anyone who said to me, I'm seriously going to try to be true to you today"

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 322

What is it to be true to someone? Is it to be faithful to that person regardless of the process, journey or outcome? Yes. Of course

So being true to oneself, i.e., "yourself", sane or insane as it may be, is also to believe in one's integrity, process or journey as a human

Yes, I might be a little off on the compass reading right now, but I will remain "True to my course"

I will remain "True to my course" in spite of spilling coffee on my map.

In other words, if someone you know is a little crazy, just say, "Dude, I think you've spilled a little coffee on your map".

Truth-Seeking can be a lonely road. Although many of us seek the same answers to many of life's questions, the fact is that it's a solitary quest. No amount of like-mindedness or someone else's experience/opinion can convince us otherwise. We all must decide for ourselves what is truth.

I've been trying to procrastinate all day long but I'm having a hard time getting started.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 323

We can truly love one another, just drop the pistol

If we can truly love ourselves with the innocence of a newborn child, then we can truly love
one another

The knowledge of good and evil, that's the difference between you and a Baboon

"Must be God's Will"

Having been around Christianity/Religion all my life, (my mother taught Sunday School in a small "Little House on the Prairie" type of church in Glen Cary, Minnesota where she is buried along with my sister)...and then as a young adult, still in that mental state of mind of fearing the Hell, Fire and Brimstone as opposed to the hope and promise of a mansion in heaven someday....in addition, those early years of raising two kids, dutifully going to church, involving myself in this "Practice" of religion, I heard a phrase that was quite common then and is still widely uttered today, "It was God's will".

A sad but still remembered tragedy that took place in 1982 still comes to mind when I think of that short phrase, those words that were spoken by many of the Christian folks when this particular tragedy took place.

A friend of mine John Smalley, his wife, and six children had been driving cross country to the East Coast to start a church. They stopped at a Christian Commune "Last Days Ministry" in Texas to visit on their road trip. Here's a link: <https://www.upi.com/.../Investigator-says.../1711396849600/>

The leader of the commune, Keith Green took my friend John and his family for a ride in the commune's twin-engine Cessna Chancellor airplane. Upon takeoff, the plane was too heavy to make it above the tree tops at the end of the runway. They all died in this tragic, fiery crash as the plane hit the trees. When news of this tragedy was announced, ALL the members of our church were saying the same thing, "It was God's will". Bullshit! It was the pilot Don

Burmeister's error not to estimate the load/weight of his passengers. NOT a "God's Will" kind of thing. At our church in Simi Valley which the Smalley family attended, there was some gnashing of teeth and anger towards God", but mostly you would hear, "Well, I guess it was God's Will". Sad.

Another absurd use of this phrase, as an example of how ludicrous it really is, is when a well-known televangelist, (who owns six airplanes at last count and claims to be the first Billionaire televangelist), tells his Sheeple followers that it's "God's Will" that they must send him more money in order for him to buy another private jet from Tyler Perry.

Of course, all his faithful followers send him the dinero, and he buys that jet, with everyone believing it was "God's Will. BULLSHIT AGAIN!

Shit happens, and wonderful things happen as well. As an Atheist, I see the Good, the Bad, and the downright Ugly happening around the world and I confidently assert that "God's Will" has NOTHING to do with the outcome whatever the outcome.

Prayer? I'm certain that my friend, his wife, their teenage son, their other two children, and their commune friend and pilot prayed before they took off in that overweight airplane.

The pilot's lack of common sense in not calculating the load killed them, NOT "God's Will".

In everything that we do and are a witness to in this godless world we live in, there will always be the human involvement, wither it's some celebrity poet known for his Anti-Muslim writings getting stabbed in the neck, or bombs hitting a hospital in Gaza and killing a hundred

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 326

and fifty men, women and children, God, had absolutely nothing to do with it. He may as well of walked in to a bar full of Hells Angels and announced that they all were a bunch of fat faggots.

The blame or praise is solely upon the human element and involvement. Period.

If your child survives or dies from cancer, knowing that their survival or their death is all about what our medical advances could or could not do, had/has absolutely nothing to do with your religious beliefs and prayers, i.e., God had/has nothing to do with the outcome. That's the reality of it. Put the blame or praise where it belongs.

Whatever happens, good or bad, like your child getting shot by a stray bullet in Chicago leaving you with resentment and anger towards God, understand that God had nothing to do with your child's death. It will help ease the pain and remove that bitterness towards a make-believe "God" when you understand that there is nobody to blame but the shooter. Be angry, if you will, towards the people or person that killed your child, but also try to replace your anger and suffering with forgiveness instead. I did. Ask my deceased step-father. I forgave him for beating my mother to death in 1963.

I think it's time for folks to stop taking PROZAC!

I think it's time to stop taking PROZAC! (I don't, never have)

Maybe I need Lithium instead of Prozac. Can you distinguish between a genuine cry for help and a plea for attention? Can anyone relate to any of this? Or does a person also have to be just as crazy to figure this all out. First of all, this is not what we call, a pity party. To sit here and write about my own experiences is not trying to pry pity from uncaring hearts.

People do care. Give them the proper information and education and people will be compassionate, and direct their pity to merciful actions, especially when it involves family members and children starving in Africa.

When people are properly informed, they begin to understand and do care, feel pity, express mercy. Uninformed people tend to think in negative terms because they ARE uninformed.

This is also NOT some kind of "blame game", and if it is an indictment of anything, it's the destructive forces of mental instability, illness, and the associated human weaknesses that stand guilty as charged.

For sure, by sharing my experiences, it is NOT a device to blame anyone, i.e., to put a person on a "guilt trip" about anything. By sharing my own experiences, my sole intent here is to bring awareness to these various types of debilitating mental conditions that wreak havoc on our lives, and the lives of our loved ones and friends.

Through open and honest sharing, we all can possibly bring hope to the those afflicted or victimized. Rather than just giving up, I choose to write about my own experiences, not just for

the personal therapy that writing gives me, but the sharing of the positive steps a person can take to not only cope, but to succeed in helping others that desperately need help.

I feel great when someone, especially a veteran, writes and tells me that my writing has somehow inspired them to write, which in turn has helped them in a positive way with their particular condition or affliction.

How does a person tell the difference between someone "begging for attention", and a genuine cry for help? Is there a difference? Ask the thousands of people who suffered from various mental disorders who were ignored until their untimely death every year.

It's especially difficult for the mentally challenged when those who seemingly are close, like our parents or adult children, are in fact, the farthest away from the reality and effect that mental disorders can have on families.

You can rationalize your ignorance by assuming that the person who is suffering is just selfishly seeking attention, or you can expand your understanding and unselfishly try to help the son, the daughter, the mother, the father, the wife or the husband receive not only understanding, but also the care and treatment that they deserve.

Whether you are a returning combat veteran suffering from PTSD, a young mother with postpartum depression, a teenager with a traumatic brain injury from an accident or from playing sports, or a grandfather like myself who has suffered from a stroke or two, or three, they all deserve to be heard for what they feel is NOT a request for "attention", but a genuine cry out for help.

Look up the words, "Help" and "Helpfulness" and "Helplessness". One of these three words is the cruelest, most vicious attribute of depression. Personally, I have had three small strokes. The last one a little more severe than the first two strokes. Therapy has helped, but revealed a few things that require attention.

I have been told that my strokes may have exacerbated or perhaps had a causal effect on my recently diagnosed Bi-Polar II, and Hypomania condition. It's quite possible that I have had these conditions for many years, although I think the real problems started in July 2015 when I had my last stroke.

I also believe that there were incidences in my early childhood that for sure caused PTSD-like symptoms, which in turn contributed to my depression. The latest episode on the downer side of things is directly related to my inability to be closer to my two adult children and my grandson.

I gave it a good try at the end of 2016 and turned on the spigot of depression that led to this essay. Do good things come in shitty packaging? Sometimes. I turn my negatives into positives when I can, like writing about it right now.

On the sunnier side of the pasture, over the past year, the frequent bouts of Hypomania have become an interesting partner-in-crime to my creative writing experience.

Bottom line for me? Regardless of my particular station in life, I have always loved my children and sought to influence their lives in a positive way. It is human nature that we love our

children. The difference between our species and the animal kingdom, is our ability to never forget that human kind of love.

Along with that human kind of love, ignorance of someone's suffering can be felt or experienced as a complete and utter lack of love, if you are the one doing the suffering.

Of course, we are loved, but our depression or other expressions of our illness can masquerade as happy go lucky, and even comedy as in the case of people like Robin Williams, sometimes so convincingly, that the real suffering is also, sadly, masked.

Are we, as a species capable of being so ignorant of each other's suffering that we, in effect, are only capable of love under our own "Terms & Conditions" i.e., love me my way, or the highway? In other words, love that wants to be left alone, that says don't call me, I'll call you, and totally ignores, or just cannot see or hear the cries for help, are basically saying to the afflicted, "Good luck, have a nice rest of your life".

Depression can be a mask for what appears to be selfishness as well. Our loved ones see what they think is our selfishness, when in fact it is the opposite. In it's disguise, our depression runs amok like a wild bull in a China Shop.

Why? Because what others think is selfish and unloving expression is really depression and thoughts of rejection, feelings of inadequacy, and everything else that the suffering ones may feel. Heaven forbid that everyone else is ALSO suffering to the point that no one gets the help they need.

The love that is inborn as a trait of our species is still there, but we also have the ability to ignore that love and reserve it strictly for those things and people that we selfishly feel deserve that love, i.e., what we personally can handle, or have time for at the moment. That should not be considered a fault by others, when in effect, it is a protective device our souls throw up.

This is especially true for any closely related people that also suffer from some type of mental imbalance. If you are suffering from PTSD or another type of impairment, it's a rock and a hard place to receive, or expect help from a spouse that is suffering unknowingly from postpartum depression or some other affliction such as a bi-polar condition.

If you both can recognize that, together you can seek professional help knowing that you desire that help for each other, and for the good of your relationship. That's a good thing folks.

Recognizing that our spouse, child, or parent needs help and understanding as much as ourselves, at the very least should equate to understanding, forgiveness if needed, and a desire to help the other person.

It's not about "guilt trips". I love my children, and wish them all the best. I think I might be capable of fighting this illness without their help, and hope that they will be more understanding in case I'm not (here's where the supposed guilt trip comes in).

As a parent, we would rather not be a hindrance or burden on our children, so we try to "self-treat" ourselves as much as we can. Likewise, it is normal for an adult to feel that they can live their life without being a burden on their parents as well.

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 332

Therapy has helped me. My kids always agreed with me that I needed professional help. Maybe a drug like Lithium or some other mood stabilizer will help. Although my recent experiences in Southern California were not what I expected or hoped for, I will still try to remain the Poster Boy for Good Karma, and strive to treat others as I wish to be treated.

Of course, my writing is speaking to me. Is it helping? I believe so. Will it speak to my family and friends in a positive fashion? I hope so. Will it encourage someone to seek help for a loved one? I believe so.

For those of you who are suffering, don't just write a note and pull the trigger. Write your story. Share it with others. It will help you appreciate life and it WILL help others understand and appreciate the life you are trying to live. Artistic? Buy a pre-stretched canvas and some paint. Musically inclined? Write a song. In other words, CREATE something that no one has ever created before, and share it.

For those of you that don't quite understand why your spouse, child or parent is acting the way they do, educate yourself. Listen to them when they DO share. Open up your heart to that truly unselfish love that will seek answers instead of excuses.

It's not a pity party. It's understanding that you're not alone in that foxhole, that someone will have your back, and that you have theirs.

Change the negatives in your life into positives. If you recognize that you need help, or a loved one or friend recommends that you seek help, do it, get it, and grow through it.

DO it! Get It! And GROW through it!

Saxe / working title: RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD FART
(The dead armadillo story)
a collection of short stories and essays / 333

BOOK REVIEW (FOR BACK COVER)