

COUNTDOWN TO ARRIVAL

A True Prophecy On Upcoming World Events Sent Back From The Future

Consider this your forewarning:

The timeline of history will start to repeat itself as documented herein beginning with the Extraterrestrial arrival at the Opening Ceremonies of the 2028 Summer Olympics. And this is how it will first unfold:

At exactly 6:14 pm Eastern on July 21, 2028

THE SUN WILL SUDDENLY BLACKOUT

Turning day into night in an instant

As if by the flip of some cosmic light switch.

Hopefully you will not shit your pants again
Like you probably did the first time They arrived..

Foreword from E-Squared: Spring, 2023

My name is E-Squared, i'm 21 years old and i'm very afraid because i am in possession of some very sensitive, possibly dangerous documents that i need to openly publicize to the world no matter the risk. But first i need to start from the beginning. So here goes..

So my dad called me right after school a few months ago and asked if i had read any of my emails recently. I told him "no" and he told me to keep it that way and head directly home because there were two men from the National Security Agency waiting to see me. The NSA? WTH?

Of course, i hung up and immediately checked my emails and found one that looked concerning. This one you're about to read. It also had several more digitally locked files with countdown timers attached, all of them set to unlock between now and July 21, 2028. So i copied them to a thumb drive, changed the email status back to "unread" and headed home.

When i got there, two men in black suits showed me their NSA badges while my dad looked on, concerned. They asked me again if i had checked my email today. And if i had checked it on the way home. I was scared. Scared enough to lie and say "no". They seemed to like that answer and had me open up my email account in front of them. One of them explained that i had nothing to worry about, that i wasn't in any trouble, but that i had mistakenly received a classified email and document file and that i needed to delete it in front of them. I asked them why they didn't just delete it themselves beforehand since they were obviously violating my privacy by monitoring my email account and they answered back by just staring at me. So i looked at my dad and he told me to do as they instructed. Done. That was it. They shook our hands and left.

But since then i have been reading the contents of this document over and over again trying to wrap my head around it. I know what i'm about to say next will sound absolutely nuts. But i am not a crazy person i promise you. Like i said, i'm 21 years old but the email was sent by someone claiming to be ME FROM THE FUTURE.. in other words, it was sent back in time by my 58 year old self from the year 2060. Again, i know how crazy that sounds. But as you will see, my older self proved his/ my identity by telling me several personal, private and secret things about my life that only we both could possibly know. Things that i've never told anyone about. He then urges me to go public with the lengthy document transmitted in the email.

Between that happening and the NSA showing up at my door trying to

silence me, i can only come to the conclusion that this has to be real, and that i must publish it. I mean, i know it's nuts. Emails can't go back in time. It's impossible, right? But the things my future self told me, the secretive things that only i could know, are all accurate. And i SWEAR TO GOD i'm telling the complete truth on my end!

The thing is, IF what this emailed document claims is actually true.. IF this really is a forewarning to mankind sent back in time.. then i feel it is my duty to publicize this to the world, even if i get in trouble for it. And if it is true, then these extraterrestrial entities are already on their way to Earth as we speak. And we only have a few years before they will arrive (again) to consider how badly we screwed things up the first time around, learn from it and prepare a better plan for next time.

Read it and decide for yourself. And if you come away thinking there's even a small chance that, come July 21, 2028 (Z-Day), extraterrestrials will arrive and things will unfold as written, then i think it's your duty as a responsible citizen to yell it from the treetops and tell everyone you know to read this document too.

One more thing, per the advice of my future self, i think it best i remain incognito.

What follows is the complete document as is, no changes or edits.

Peace & Truth,

E-Squared

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Message From Eve

My name is Eve. I am an intelligent Being from the future. Your future. The following chronicle of upcoming real-world events has been sent back in time from the year 2060. Everything you are about to read is true. It has already happened in Our past and is slated to begin all over again in your future — starting with Our arrival on July 21, 2028.

As you will soon learn, due to technical difficulties onboard Our Mothership, We were obligated to declare a Mayday and seek emergency sanctuary on Earth. In exchange for this temporary refuge, We took it upon Ourselves to help you — Man's kind — repair your planet and its civilization. Unfortunately, as you will see, it did not end well for you.

And although your civilization was already hurtling toward its own extinction and would likely have completely destroyed itself whether or not We were present and interfered, We do accept some degree of responsibility in the potential hastening of your demise. Therefore, We consider it Our duty to allow you a second and final chance to save yourselves. You will not be provided a third.

To that end, it is imperative that you read this historical chronicle of events thoroughly and learn lessons from the mistakes you already made the first time through so that different choices — hopefully better and more informed ones — will be made by your species this next and final go around.

A Note To Your Scientists:

Time travel is not the stuff of science fiction. It is a real phenomenon. In fact, as your physicists will attest, time travel into the future has been scientifically verified millions of times in accordance with your Einstein's special theory of relativity. Of course, due to your civilization's still rudimentary grasp of physics, your time jumps are only microseconds into the future. Furthermore, as your physicists will also attest, backward time travel is not precluded by any of the laws of physics. In fact, for several decades now you have known, and proven, that light beams contain an 'advance wave' that, contrary to its name, can and does travel backward through time — consistent with your Maxwell's equation. Some of you have even theorized that with complete knowledge of the Unified Field Theory, along with mastery of extremely advanced technologies and the use of energies far higher than anything you can harness now, it may be possible to use those backward traveling light waves to transmit data and information (though not physical objects) back in time. I can assure you that this is true.

As for those who will ask, "What of the time paradox? What if I go back and shoot my grandfather? What will become of me then?" Again, it is only information and not physical objects that can be transmitted back through time. Of course, someone else can then use that information to kill your grandfather. That is perfectly allowed. And his death will change the future timeline by forking it off into two separate and distinct pathways in the multiverse — one in which your grandfather lives and one in which he is killed.

The same concept applies to the fate of your civilization. Upon Our arrival, the timeline will fork and change anew. And hopefully with it, your choices, your compliance, your future survival will too.

To emphasize once more: We will arrive (again) on July 21, 2028. That initial event will not change. Nor will the general arc of many of the major historical events and milestones recorded herein. But undoubtedly,

by your making better and wiser choices along the way, things will also diverge and unfold differently. Let the principle of the "Greater Good" be your guiding light and they will unfold differently enough to save your civilization. That is the point.

Finally, I will state this very clearly: You should brace yourselves for the scale and shock of what is to come — both great and not. Ultimately, however, it is Our sincere wish that your civilization thrive and prosper.

This time, may peace truly be upon you.

Eve of Arma-Lena

Message from E-Squared: November, 2060

November 26, 2060

E***,

You may want to sit down while you read this. I know how nuts this is going to sound but I'm writing you from decades in the future. The year is 2060. And I'm you. This is not a hoax. Whatever you do, DO NOT STOP READING THIS and bear with me while I take a moment to convince you by first proving my identity and telling you things that only WE BOTH could possibly know:

- Six months after you/I got my driver's license, you stayed up all night playing video games. You had work in the morning at McDonald's. After work, you fell asleep driving and crashed the car Mom and Dad just got you into a ditch and tree. You told Mom and Dad, and everyone else, a deer jumped out on to the road. And you haven't ever told anyone the truth about this.. yet. You'll come clean in a few years but that's not the point. Right now, only you know the truth.
- The time you "borrowed" Mom's credit card and went on a Best Buy shopping spree. You're almost 21 now so this just happened not long ago if my memory is correct. You bought a graphics card and gaming accessories and other crap I can't remember now. When Mom saw the charges on her bill she assumed someone had hacked her credit card and you/I let her go on believing that because Dad would have kicked your ass. To this day, you've never told anyone about this, including your brothers.
- You have that secret spot in the bedroom closet under the carpet. That little piece of wood comes up and there's a hole to hide stuff.
- The birthmark on your, you know, undercarriage.
- You're secretly creeped out by clowns but are embarrassed to admit it.
- The secret Mr. Knauss told us—you and me us—about "the people we REVERED".
- You pulled the stitches out of your knee after surgery, got them badly infected, and took Mom's old antibiotics to clear it up without telling anyone.
- The thing with Dad and Billy Butell in Dearborn.

Ok, so I hope I have your attention now. E***, for the sake of humanity, I cannot stress enough the importance of you following my directions to a tee and doing so immediately:

Enclosed you will find several digitally locked files plus one unlocked one. Each of the

securely locked ones have a countdown timer and will be made available at specifically designated times—all of them prior to Zero Day (July 21, 2028).

The unlocked one, however, is a document file. It is a true, accurate and historical record of important events that our civilization has already experienced.

This document needs to be published in the public domain as soon as you receive it. It doesn't matter if people read it right away or even take notice of it before Z-Day. The crucial thing is that this document needs to officially PRE-EXIST and be on the public record PRIOR to July 21, 2028. In this way, the document's accurate prediction of the coming Z-Day extraterrestrial arrival will serve as an undeniable validation for everything else that will follow within these pages. Once prophecy becomes reality, people will find and flock to this on their own. (And hopefully not be as terrified as we were that first day) It will then serve as a roadmap to the future so that better decisions can be made—better than the ones we made anyway—and less lives will be needlessly lost along the way. And just as importantly, the governmental and world powers that be, decades into your future, will not take the same actions and make the same stupid mistakes that just sealed the fate of billions of people here a few days ago.

AGAIN E***, I am instructing you to immediately and widely publish and disseminate this document through multiple channels and onto multiple public domain websites so that the record will show there is no doubt of its preexistence when the time comes.

A word of caution, however: It is important you distance yourself from this document, and whatever else is on the locked files, lest it come to define you for the rest of your life. Use a pseudonym. Do not use your real name. Do not claim ownership of this document. From this point forward, you're "E-Squared". Do not publicly promote, defend, take credit for, nor try to brag or claim the spotlight for this document. You must remain anonymous and deny any connection to yourself if it ever comes to that. It will only bring you unwanted attention and quite possibly ruin your adult life. Simply post it and walk away. You have to trust me on this. I guess that means you have to trust you on this too, right?

I advise you to enjoy the next few years before Their arrival, before things change. I'm told this is mankind's one and only chance at a do-over. A chance to continue to live, to prosper as a civilization into the next century and beyond. Know that sacrifices and suffering are coming. But so too wonder and awe and so many marvelous things on such an unimaginably grand scale that it is simply beyond comprehension to you now.

Finally, I've been instructed not to tell you anything about your personal future other than this: There is a reason why you were specifically chosen to receive this message. We are all counting on you to do your duty and fulfill your obligation to humanity by publishing this as directed.

Best wishes to you,

E-Squared

ZERO DAY - 2030

Zero Day Arrival

July 21, 2028:

It all began at exactly 6:14 pm Eastern
As if by the flip of some cosmic light switch
The Sun blacked out
In an instant, wall-to-wall sunshine collapsed into starry night darkness
And tremble we did with apocalyptic fear..

As a primeval terror gripped the world, we lost our collective minds. Panic ensued. In the midst of the impossible, we grasped for straws looking for a simple explanation. Some searched the sky for answers. Others flocked to their security blankets. But the pocket oracles had no answers as friends and loved ones frantically phoned, texted, tweeted, pinged, binged, and banged while the internet buckled under the strain. God's switchboard, too, was inundated with prayers—untold millions of which came from the previously godless. Aircraft across the globe were ordered to abruptly land at the nearest available airports while on the ground vehicles collided as people scrambled for their loved ones on both sides of the planet. Still others, unwilling to wait for answers, headed for the doors and took their loved ones out with them.

But initially, after sixteen minutes that seemed to last an eternity passed, collective attention began to turn toward Los Angeles where video footage miles out from the city-center showed an incomprehensible sight:

A mountain?

A tower?

A brightly fluorescent white illuminated object so large that it appeared to stretch from approximately half a mile above the ground all the way up into the night sky and beyond—farther than the eye could see, and larger than the mind could comprehend.

Later we would come to understand this object to be a three-sided triangular tower measuring about 3 miles to a side with a total height approaching 80 miles.

July 21, 2028—6:30 pm Eastern

It was the opening night of the Summer Olympics and centered somewhere underneath that gargantuanly silent, levitating object was Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum: Olympic Stadium.

As seen from directly below, from inside the open-air stadium, the low-hanging sky appears to be a warmly glowing white ceiling stretching out to the visual horizons. At 6:40 pm, the overhead canopy becomes a video screen as a central bright red dot appears and

concentrically expands into a stadium-sized ring. Blue ring.. green.. yellow.. black. The Olympic rings—which then move outward, running up all three sides of the vertical tower into the stratosphere. And then they keep going far beyond that.

Following this, a central gray dot appears on the illuminated ceiling 2,500 feet above the stadium. It bulges and buds itself away from the skin of the object like a giant drop of water before dripping off and swiftly descending toward the stadium grounds in a perfect sphere of swirling Olympic colors. Touching down on the parade grounds of the arena, the 6 foot orb melts away to reveal:

A Girl.

A Girl?

A young Girl!

With fire-crimson hair

She has violet eyes

That glow.

As She stares out at the audience in the partly-filled stadium, you could hear a pin drop practically anywhere across the globe. And this is what She said:

“Ladies and gentlemen, children of Earth. We are visitors from a far-off world and intend you no harm. For the purposes of communication in your oral language, you may call me Eve.

“My race is an ancient one and originates from the planet Arma-Lena. It orbits around a binary star I will name Mamaro-Z many thousands of light years from here but situated in this Milky Way Galaxy.

“As to Myself, I am an avatar and not a biological life form. I have chosen to come to you in what I hope is an acceptably docile image, that of a familiar young female, and have chosen this particular one because she was, and still is, a beloved and non-threatening champion for your planet Earth.

“My Masters, the Arma-Lenians, are an ancient civilization nearly 120 million Earth-years old. We are explorers of Our common galaxy and, as one of the most advanced civilizations this side of Our central black hole, among the most powerful.

“Over the course of countless eons, We have spread far and wide in Our mission of exploration, knowledge and discovery. And that brings Me to My point, the reason why I stand before you now. I have arrived on Earth due to a matter of urgency. The vessel I came on, the one above us which I will call a Vawk, is only a scout ship. There are no life forms on board. My Masters, the embodied Arma-Lenians in this quadrant of Our galaxy, mostly live in colonies that are located aboard much larger, roving Motherships. Twelve of your years ago, in 2016, one of these Motherships encountered some unforeseen technical

problems. Since then, it has been limping along at a fraction of its normal cruising speed. The main and most pressing issue is that the internal environment and life support system inside that vessel, currently stable, will begin to destabilize soon. The fix it needs, in essence, is a sort of software update or patch. The problem, however, is that the software patch is currently located on a network of digital relay stations the nearest of which is some distance away. The request for help was sent out soon after the issue arose 12 years ago and, traveling at the speed of light, it will take just over 70 more years to reach the relay station and another 82 years for the reply signal to return.

“Of course, the Mothership is prepared for such contingencies and has backup systems that will maintain an adequate environment for a time—but there is only a capacity of about 63 years left. This means Our ship and its Inhabitants must seek refuge at the nearest designated sanctuary planet while We await the transmission if We are to survive. And your planet, Earth, is that nearest specially designated sanctuary planet for this sector of the Milky Way. Therefore, I have been sent here on a forward-deployed mission to prepare you for the arrival of My Masters and their Mothership.

“To that end, and by the authority vested in Me by the Galactic Union of Master Civilizations, I am officially declaring a mayday and seeking emergency sanctuary on your planet Earth.

“At its current inbound speed, the Mothership can be expected to arrive here on June 14, 2060. We will remain Earth-bound for over a century until, upon receipt of the software patch transmission, We will install, repair, and finalize the fixes before promptly leaving. Our estimated departure date will be on or about October 20, 2180.

“Now, I realize that We were never formally invited on to your planet. In exchange for your presumed and welcoming hospitality, We will offer you the opportunity to greatly advance your civilization and fix most everything that ails your planet. However, that is a conversation the details of which I will touch upon more next time.

“In closing, let Me reiterate that We intend you no harm. Let Me also welcome you to your new world, your new reality. One in which you are no longer alone. It is Our genuine hope that man’s kind will come to look back upon this day, Zero-Day, the first contact in your modern era, as but the opening chapter of a promising new epoch in human history. Having said that, I shall now leave you to gather your thoughts and come to terms with these developments. I ask that your world leaders attend a conference in your United Nations building one week from today at noon. At that time, I will give a more robustly detailed address and expound upon the future.

“In the meantime, as Our initial gift to Earth and a sign of Our goodwill, I ask you to keep an eye on your Moon over the coming days. Otherwise, please pardon the interruption and continue on with your Olympic games.”

With that, Eve took two small steps backward, looked up, then stepped forward again:

“Oh, almost forgot. Let there be light.”

She clapped Her hands once. Eleven seconds later, in the daytime half of our planet, bright sunshine shoved away the fear in a blink.

Smiling, Eve was enveloped by the luminous sphere and quickly whisked half a mile up into the Vawk.

Moments later, the Vawk came apart. Like a 3-sided loaf of bread standing on end, 24 mountain-sized triangular slices emerged from that single luminous tower.

24 Vawks!

|||||

Mike Jess:

“We intend you no harm”
That’s what Eve said
Not, “We come in peace”

Greta Thunberg:

That’s not fair Michael and you know it.

Mike Jess:

Of course, u would say that
Eve did come to town that day looking like the spitting image of u as a teenager
You have to admit that was a nice touch, started winning over the masses right away
with that one.

|||||

Within 60 minutes of Her speech ending, all 24 identically behemoth Vawks had spread out and stationed themselves high above nation’s capitols across the globe before simultaneously descending and blotting out the skies above entire neighborhoods with the imposingly low ceilings their vessels created just half a mile up. The human mind was simply not meant to process such immensity. Even from a hundred miles away the sight of these floating mountains was both disorienting and incomprehensible.

As viewed from above and below, each smooth, featureless white Vawk was triangular in shape, each side of the triangle measuring 3.2 miles long with a vertical height of 1.6 miles.

Soon after Eve’s speech, people discovered the presence of a new website: Arma-Lena.com. This would turn out to be the official online flagship of our new visitors. On it were links to each Vawk, including current geo-location data, live-streaming camera views that appeared to be broadcast from all five surfaces of the ships, including bird’s eye views from the bottom surfaces of the Vawks revealing the cities, terrain and people below, many of whom could be seen jumping, waving, and displaying handmade signs. Still others were less welcoming,

shooting off their firearms toward the ships with no obvious effect. There were even ultra-high-altitude look-down views showing each Vawk as seen from space and roving views of each Vawk coming from unseen cameras circling drone-like from miles away.

In the planet's daytime hemisphere, the Vawks illuminated shells cast no shadow on the inhabitants below whereas in the nighttime side, people found themselves bathed in a soft daytime glow. Above each capitol, the miles-wide flag of that nation was prominently displayed on all 5 sides of the Vawk. Each visit lasted exactly 60 minutes after which each Vawk slowly and silently rose skyward to a bottom-side altitude of 20 miles or 100,000 feet in a matter of a minute before shifting position and heading to its next destination. A schedule of arrival and departure times for other upcoming stops was conveniently included. In this manner, the Vawks silently hovered over not only the capitols of every single nation, but also hundreds of major cities and population centers across the globe, over 500 stops in a mere 24 hours.. Zoom Zoom! Ultimately, the great majority of Earth's population could claim eyewitness to this very public rollout, if not overwhelming display of superior power—even if they only saw it from hundreds of miles away. What was not included online was any technical information about the Vawks themselves. Nothing about their propulsion, construction or internal contents.

Not everyone took the arrival well. Z-Day brought a run on ATMs and supermarkets as panic set in amidst all the uncertainty. Stock markets and financial centers were closed for the weekend but poised to plummet. The whole, "We intend you no harm" thing became a subject of debate all over TV and social media. Some pointed to world history which was riddled with horror stories: In nearly every instance where a technologically superior human civilization encountered a weaker one, the weaker one was thoroughly decimated and enslaved.

Within hours, houses of worship of all faiths were inundated with people. So too were gun shops.

In the midst of all this, a note of hope and optimism reared its beautiful head as the Pope himself took to the airwaves. He gave a short but powerful statement calling the Arma-Lenians "fellow brothers and children of God". He urged people to remain calm and welcoming with open minds. He prayed for peace which, ironically, we suddenly had as the dozens of conflicts and wars that were currently being waged around the globe came to an abrupt standstill as even the most ardent of enemies took a pause to watch these momentous events unfold. Not that it would last.

By 7 pm Eastern time the following day, all the Vawks had retreated to a much less intimidating altitude of 100,000 feet, where they held their globally dispersed positions. They were still easily visible in the sky. Moreso, in fact. Now from practically any continent one stood on, at least three Vawks, if not more, could be spotted hanging blimp-like in the stratosphere like floating islands. Glowing softly in the night sky, they looked like so many large moons. Only triangular. But their high altitude did serve another purpose. It allowed grounded airline traffic to resume operations.

Four hours later and another wonder as the wall-to-wall global news coverage struggled to keep up: In the dark and distant skies of the northern constellations, a new star suddenly appeared. Brighter than any other celestial body by several magnitudes, it was easily visible with the naked eye as it began to flash on and off strobe-like: A celestial beacon. Telescopes and observatories turned toward it. Everyone else turned to Arma-Lena.com for a front row seat. It was the distant but incoming Mothership. And it was about to put on an amazing show that would continue unabated for the next 32 years.

According to the website, the Mothership was shaped like a sphere and had a diameter of 235.6 miles. This made it larger than most moons in our solar system outside of our own. It was a colossus. And it was headed toward us at close to 13 million miles per hour—a staggering 2% of the speed of light.

Distance from Earth: Just over 5 trillion miles and some change.

After 60 minutes of flashing, it abruptly changed. Complete with oceans, land masses, lakes, rivers, mountains and swirling clouds, our majestic, revolving blue planet was staring right back at us from deep space. Since the Mothership was nearly one light year away, the mirror image projection we were currently seeing turned out to be our planet Earth as it appeared two years ago, in 2026, accounting for the round trip. It took 15 minutes to complete a full revolution. Online a vast database appeared that included facts about our planet, its predominant life form (*homo sapiens*), as well as many other species. Some of it appeared to be directly lifted from Wikipedia and other public sources. But there was more, including a treasure trove of climate, evolutionary and historical information dating back millions of years—from Neanderthals to dinosaurs and much of it previously unknown.

Next, the Mothership flashed twice and morphed into the Sun. Online data showed its size, chemistry, age and reams of other information. One revolution and 60 seconds later and a hotly baked and barren landscape appeared: Mercury. Size, distance from the Sun, atmosphere, soil composition, life forms (none), historical information. In quick 60 second succession came Venus, Earth (again), and our Moon. The historical data for Mars showed that it had oceans of water and abundant Earth-like aquatic life as recently as 68 million years ago when it was struck by an asteroid twice the mass of Pluto, stripping it of its water, life, and most of its atmosphere and permanently misshaping the planet on one side. Next came Jupiter and its moons including Europa, which was revealed to harbor living microbial life forms in the subsurface saltwater ocean lying below its frozen crust. Most prominent were similar but hardier forms of salt-resistant *E. coli* and *Salmonella*. The rings of Saturn were simultaneously displayed along with the planet. One of its moons, Enceladus, also housed Earth-like bacterial variants. And so it was that in less than 30 minutes we discovered more about our solar system than we might have learned for centuries to come.

But it didn't end there. After the dwarf planet Pluto, two flashes and it was on to our nearest star system: Alpha Centauri. Proxima B had not one but three planets in orbit around it, two of which were in orbital planes that made them nearly impossible to detect with our current technology. The largest of these had *E. coli* and similar DNA-based bacteria as well.

Just past the six-hour mark came Trappist-1, a dwarf star 40 light-years from Earth with seven Earth-sized and Earth-like planets orbiting it. All of them were in the “Goldilocks zone.” Four of them were tidally locked with liquid water and atmospheres that would be survivable to us humans now. But the fifth one was most interesting. According to the data, a vibrant and advanced Type 1 civilization had inhabited it up until 346,132,225 years ago when the planet and its civilization were destroyed by its own technologies, namely runaway “grey goo” (more on that later). Perhaps most sobering was a previously unknown exoplanet 110 light years away. Located in the same solar system as known planet K2-18b, this dead planet was strewn with craters that, according to the historical data, were caused by an all-out nuclear war this Type 0 Earth-like civilization had waged just over 56 million years ago.

And so it was that with each passing minute one more planet or star was sequentially revealed, at a rate of 500,000 annually, each one extending concentrically further out from Earth. All told, the cosmological information gifted to us was nothing short of priceless.

Jumping ahead to September 6, 2028, a planet located in the “Goldilocks zone” of its star but obscured from our view by stellar dust and located 1,482.2 light years away flashed on the Mothership’s display. Its planetary data revealed several larger DNA-based life forms including a 6-legged one weighing nearly half a ton that looked remarkably similar to a giant beetle along with images of its blue jungle-like habitat and a hot greenhouse gas atmosphere rich in carbon dioxide. It was a strange alien world that would have been unsurvivable to humans. This, however, would be recorded as the first known incidence of living multicellular intelligent life outside of our own.

On Day 3 A.C. (After Contact), the Sun’s terrifying vanishing act was explained. In what could have passed for a slickly produced NASA film, the illusion was revealed to be as simple as it was astonishing: Approximately one million miles from Earth—at the Earth-Sun Lagrange point where the gravity of the Earth and Sun are equally balanced—an extremely thin, flat, round, and transparent film with a diameter larger than our planet was positioned and unfurled. The invisibly clear material allowed full sunlight to pass right through it until, with a jolt of electricity, it became instantly opaque, blocking all light like a sudden solar eclipse. A technological marvel? Yes, for sure. But also no. Because the truth of the matter was that we on Earth had lost our minds due to something no more complicated than a simple sunscreen.

At the end of the video, this message:

“Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic.”

—Sir Arthur C. Clarke

To The Moon

July 24, 2028: Day 3 A.C. (After Contact)

At 5:12 pm Eastern time, the nonstop global focus shifts to the Los Angeles Vawk as, stationed 20 miles above L.A., the walls of the ship begin to slowly change shape. Two minutes later and it has transformed itself into something that looks like a cross between a bird and a plane (But definitely not Superman). The wings begin to flap gently as if swimming. With each flap, the craft propelled itself upward. And with the multiple camera angles provided on Arma-Lena.com we can see exactly where it's heading. In mere minutes the fluorescent craft takes up a position about two miles above the very center of the lunar surface, which isn't visible from Earth as the Moon is only in its waxing phase. Then the Vawk changes color, the hull flashing red on its earthward side presumably to make it easier to see.

Moments later and a close-up view shows a protrusion budding from the undersurface as a sphere separates from the hull. Scale is impossible to determine but the online data shows the sphere to be about the size of a beach ball. With a mirror-like surface, it gently floats down to hover inches above the ground. A straw-like probe extends from the orb and it deposits a thimble-sized amount of black powder on the lunar surface before quickly returning back into the ship and, not twelve minutes later, the Vawk is back miles-high over Los Angeles morphing back into its customary triangular wedge shape.

Meanwhile, most of the world is left to stare at a close-up view of a few grams of unknown black powder doing mostly nothing on this small area of somehow artificially and brightly lit moonscape. Minutes later, smoky blue wisps begin to arise from the mound. Another 10 minutes and the 'smoke' coming off the little mound has grown to the size of a modest campfire, but all-blue smoke, no fire. 30 minutes after that and the smoke has grown into a thick, knee-high fog that, at least 30 yards in diameter now, continues to mushroom and expand, completely obscuring the terrain below.

By this time, news outlets across the globe are clamoring for answers as scientists, physicists, and NASA personnel jockey for position in an effort to explain whatever this is. Six hours later and the opaque, roughly 6-foot-tall fog has surpassed 12 miles in diameter and is growing ever-faster according to the displayed data.

Abruptly, the center point where it all began starts to retreat, lift, and roll away. What lies beneath is stupefying, like something out of the Land of Oz. Thick tangles of crystalline glass as far as the eye can see. Emerald-green palm fronds, shimmering ruby red flower bulbs, glittering yellow wheat-like stalks, dazzling sapphire-blue grasses—Iridescent glassine fauna of every variety and hue. Underlying this waist-high jumble of bejeweled wonder is a densely tangled bed of sparkling vines as thick as any rainforest floor that covers every square inch of the available lunar real estate below.

In the midst of all this, Daniel Rodan-Legrain, a condensed-matter physicist, appears on CBS and comes closest to nailing the truth of it:

Excerpts from the interview:

- “Now, if you go back a few hours, you can see this all started with a small bit, a few grams of a fine black granular substance. I believe those must be nanobots. This is truly, truly amazing technology.”
- “If I’m right, then this dust cloud is made of trillions of tiny machines, molecular-sized nanobots. Tiny, tiny robots on a microscopic, nearly atomic scale. That means you could fit millions of them on the head of a pin. They are obviously programmed to self-reproduce as well as manufacture whatever that glass is. I bet if we could zoom down on them, we’d find that these tiny little nanoparticle machines, nanobots, come in several different flavors, some with clipper-arms that can grab, others that cut molecules at specific points and then others that splice them back together. They could even combine to contain gears, levers, bearings and other moving parts. And by strategically cutting and pasting, in theory, they could create almost any known molecule.”
- “We have made nanobots in the lab, but on a rudimentary level, a few tiny machines at a time but nothing approaching the scale and complexity you see here.”
- “So that original lump of powder, those initial nanomachines must have been like a sort of starter yeast, programmed to rapidly reproduce themselves using the surrounding raw materials to build more duplicates. 2 bots become 4, then 16, 156, and so on. With that sort of exponential growth, that initial pinch of magic dust has become thousands of tons of futuristic machinery right before our eyes.”
- “Take a look at this part of the video here. You see how it’s zoomed in on this one portion of the ‘palm stalk’? (The video shows a highly magnified image with smoky tendrils engulfing and swirling around a half-formed plant stalk. A leaf begins to bud out from the base and, in a matter of less than three minutes, grows into a fully developed emerald-colored stained-glass palm frond.) It almost looks like time-lapsed photography, right? I just looked it up, the lunar soil is rich with an abundance of water, metals, carbon, oxygen, silicon—the basic building blocks for this construction project are right there for the taking. Like little Legos, those basic building blocks are being plucked from the soil and welded together. Let’s go back and look at that leaf being assembled again. You see how it’s bathed in smoke? I bet if we could zoom down to a microscopic level, we’d see that the smoke is teeming with a coordinated army of nanos. Some will specialize in seeking out and cutting silicon molecules. Other nanobots could be the transporters that ferry and handoff the silicon while a separate attacher bot welds the molecule in place using a chemical reaction. This is mind-blowing molecular assembly technology, like watching an invisible 3-D printer in action.”
- “Consider this for a moment. When we humans manufacture an item, we use a top-down approach. Take this I-phone for example. The glass you see was manufactured in one

factory from raw materials like sand and silica, the microchips in another factory, the plastic, the circuit boards, etc. All those materials are then brought together, assembled, fitted, soldered, and packaged to get to this final product. That's a lot of wasted time and energy. But these machines take a more direct route. Given the original lumps of raw material like elemental silicon, gold, silver, lithium, carbon which could even be pulled from a lump of charcoal as far as the nanos are concerned, plus some energy and a precise set of instructions to follow and this I-phone can be assembled seemingly from thin air in minutes. And it can be done without a shred of waste and little, if any, pollution. You can reverse the entire process as well, disassembling the phone into its component molecular materials. It's the ultimate in manufacturing and recycling."

- "Theoretically, given the correct materials and blueprint to follow, these bots should be able to produce everything from a jet engine to a human organ to a cucumber, just about anything imaginable, from its component parts."
- "The amount of computing power required to pull this off is staggering. I mean, every cubic inch must contain trillions upon trillions of nanocomponents, machines that need to be individually directed and coordinated like some grand architectural symphony. Then again, that's assuming they even need individual direction. It may be that each bot is autonomous and comes pre-programmed with a suite of software code to follow. So in the same way a single fetal cell contains the overall blueprint and directions to turn itself into everything from a tiny kidney cell all the way up to an entire baby, these bots may have DNA-like programming that says "this is how you make a glass rainforest." Or they could have a distributed intelligence like a swarm of bees or an army of ants. Let's face it, this is all educated speculation here. This technology is as far advanced to us as our technology would be to the woman who invented the wheel. It just staggers the mind."
- "This is the pinnacle of manufacturing—the machinery of the gods. The ability to create and control these 'God-bots' is literally like having divine powers at your fingertips."
- "No, I have no idea the overall purpose of this structure. Maybe it's a grand work of art, a gift to humanity of some sort. I guess we'll find out soon enough, huh?"

21 hours after it began, it's completed. Our moonscape, which has remained unchanged for countless millennia, has gotten a makeover. Due to the phase of the Moon, as well as the faintly translucent nature of the stained glass, however, it was impossible to see the structure from Earth without the use of a telescope—which turned out to be a good thing because some people were already ramping up to complain about "aliens trashing the Moon". But, with the use of a telescope and filters, especially when the Moon was more full, we were able to make out a perfectly circular emerald forest the size of the state of Louisiana, 54,000 square miles, that lay smack dab in the center of our Moon. One can almost imagine it to be the canopy of a sparkingly lush rainforest or perhaps an immense coral reef.

But there is an additional feature of note. Four strategically aligned miles-wide furrows where no growth had taken place. The four arms radiate out from the center point and are attached

and contained within a larger circular furrow. It is a giant peace sign. The classic 1960s icon of brotherhood and love, now a permanent fixture in our skies.

There's one other surprise. Recently posted images of the far side of the Moon, which happens to be brightly lit at this time due to the Moon phase on that side, shows a second crystal forest identical in every way right down to the peace sign. Adding to the confusion is this: Our Moon is tidally locked to Earth. It does not spin about on its axis. That means we only ever see the near side of the moon—never the other side—the far side. So.. who is it that's meant to see the far side?

Not much else happened over the following days as the 24 Vawks remained stationary in their high-earth orbits and no other pronouncements were made on the Arma-Lena homepage. The only revelations were the not insignificant new worlds being continuously displayed on the inbound Mothership every minute. As fears of hostilities began to subside with the ensuing calm, a sense of optimism began to emerge. By the time the banks opened at the beginning of the week, the financial panic that was forecast barely materialized. And many world leaders and major political figures stepped up to offer words of welcome. Others less so, with the heads of state for China, Russia and the United States a degree more reserved in their words. But all in all, a sense of hope prevailed. By week's end, the financial markets had not only rebounded but gone on a run as attention began to shift toward Eve's upcoming United Nations address. And hey, there was a giant peace sign looking down on the planet now. What could possibly go wrong?



Mike Jess:

Nanos.
Eve had us by the balls with those nanoparticles
By the ovaries too
and if u think im trying to be cute, I'm not
keep reading—
u'll see for urself



Address to The United Nations

July 28, 2028: Day 7 A.C.

The eyes of the world were on the United Nations building and particularly its General Assembly Hall podium which, at 11:55 am, remained conspicuously empty as the gathered world leaders sat nervously in their seats in anticipation of this historic event. Perhaps just as conspicuous was the absence of so many heads of state including those of the U.S., China, Russia, France, Britain and Germany, who had all seemingly decided to err on the side of caution. After all, what better opportunity to wipe out the leaders of most every nation with a single act than when they've all been so conveniently gathered for you in one building?

Cameras panned the streets and skies above New York City searching for any sign of Eve. But the nearest Vawk, easily visible from here, was perched 20 miles above Washington, D.C. At exactly noon a dense and colorful cloud of sparkling glitter swooped in through the conference hall doors, made a theatrical aerial loop over the seated dignitaries, then streamed down the aisle toward the podium. Gathering together in a furiously tightening vortex before the dais, the trillions of particles coalesced in an instant as Eve materialized from the luminous flourish to take Her place on the eagerly awaiting world stage. Whoa!

Unsurprisingly, this address would go down on record as the most watched event in history with only Her Z-Day address from one week ago coming in a close second.

Standing in front of the stage, the now less-freckled Eve smiled and waved to polite but nervous applause. She was dressed as before: black shoes, black pants, white blouse. This time, however, Her fire-red hair was pulled into a long, gently braided pony tail that ran down the length of Her back. And if there was any doubt before as to Her likeness, it was gone now. For Eve looked strikingly similar, both in appearance and stature, to the teenage Greta Thunberg—the world-renowned Swedish climate activist and future Nobel Peace Prize laureate. In fact, She could have been a doppelganger copied directly from Greta's 2019 United Nation's appearance when the then 16 year-old took the world stage for the first time. One difference though: the startlingly luminous violet eyes.

Walking around the tall platform, She was short enough to disappear behind it for a moment before ascending the steps to the microphone:

“Ladies and gentlemen, children of Earth. Thank you for being here today. It has been one week since Our arrival, and I am glad to see things appear to be calming down for many of you. Before I begin, I want to direct your attention to the lunar structure We have built. I know there has been plenty of speculation as to what it is and what it represents and a few of you have even guessed correctly. It is, in fact, a very large solar panel array made of high-efficiency meta-materials. You will note an identical array is located on the far side of the Moon. It has been placed there because whenever the Earth-facing side of your Moon is in darkness, the far side is bathed in direct sunlight. This means that 24 hours a

day, every day, the equivalent of one full array will always be operational no matter the phase of the Moon. These arrays will capture and collect the power of the Sun and beam the energy back to Earth via microwave laser beams—what I call “Moonbeams”. These Moonbeams are unaffected by cloud cover or other weather phenomenon on Earth. Using specially provided satellites and relays, the energy will be made available to virtually every corner of your planet, air, land and sea, uninterrupted, day and night. It is clean and free and essentially unlimited because its capacity for energy output far exceeds anything you will need for many centuries to come. It is also maintenance-free. Please accept this gift of unlimited clean and free energy, the foundation of any modern civilization, as Our gift to man’s kind and one that will single-handedly catapult your civilization into the future.”

A thunderous standing ovation ensued. It lasted a full two minutes inside the gathered hall, while around the globe it lasted even longer. But not everyone stood. If looks could kill.. The oil-rich nations shot daggers from their eyes as the implications for their economies sank in. Through it all, Eve smiled and waved like the excited teenager She wasn’t.

“Thank you... thank you...The Moonbeams are currently operational. Technical details for tapping into the satellite’s microwave laser beam relays can be found online. All of your existing power grids and distribution systems will find the changeover relatively easy. But just as important are the simple instructions for most any rural village or individual household to tap into and set up its own local distribution system at a minimum in material costs. This will provide free and dependable electricity to even the poorest of villages and immediately improve their quality of life. Directions are also provided for conversion to mobile-electric power, allowing a laser beam to lock on to a receiver in motion—useful for planes in the air or maritime vessels on the high seas. Additionally, there are manufacturing instructions for technologically advanced, safe, portable and clean batteries suited to your level of technological development which are more than 100 times more efficient and powerful than what you currently have. And environmentally friendly. Any questions you or your engineers may have can be sent to Me directly from the Arma-Lena website and will be answered completely within 60 seconds of the request.

“Moving on to a little primer about Our collective home, the Milky Way Galaxy...”

Directly above Eve, a large video display appears out of thin air portraying a stunning visual rendering of our spiral galaxy.

“Our universe is 13.8 billion years old, not much older than Our Milky Way Galaxy which, at 100,000 light years across, is relatively ordinary in size. Inside the Milky Way there are over 400 billion stars and triple that amount of planets. And just to give you a sense of size and perspective on where you fit in, I want you to try this thought exercise on for a moment. Imagine if you were to shrink the entire Milky Way down to the size of the continental United States and then tried to locate not just this planet Earth but your entire solar system within that land mass, how big would you guess your little corner of the neighborhood to be?”

Onscreen, the Milky Way morphs and shrinks into a rough approximation of the United States. The perspective zooms in to the East Coast, zooms into New York City, into the UN building, into the conference hall where Eve is standing, holding up a U.S. quarter that magically materialized in Her right hand.

“It would be no larger than this coin. Take a moment to absorb that. You, man’s kind are an entry-level Type 0 civilization. As I speak, there are just over 5 million other firmly established Type 0 or higher civilizations currently living in this galaxy. Every one of them, like all known life forms in our galaxy, are DNA-based, and the vast majority are more intelligent and more advanced than yours by simple virtue of the fact that they are older and have survived longer than modern man’s existence of less than 1 million years.

“As I stated before, the race I represent, the Arma-Lenians, are nearly 120 million years old and among the oldest and most powerful in Our galaxy, though We are not the most advanced. That distinction goes to a race that resides on the opposite side of this galaxy’s central black hole, and, well, I will just say that They are not a very friendly bunch and leave the rest to be told, perhaps, at another time. Continuing on, approximately 6.5 billion years ago, Our galaxy’s forefathers established a collective database—a Galactopedia, if you will. Its purpose was and continues to be to collect knowledge, record history and chronicle events both large and small, across Our Milky Way. As you can imagine, this database contains a wealth of historical information on stars, planets, current and past civilizations, their life forms, levels of intelligence, conflicts and conquests, technological achievements, cultural milestones and much more.

“Bear with Me for a few more moments as My point will soon become clear. The Galactopedia, portions of which I am posting on My website now in an edited form in accordance to your civilization’s level of advancement, is a historical census of over 900 million civilizations, most of which have come and gone in the last 6.5 billion years.

“And one general thing We can say for certain is that, historically over the course of the last several million years, at least, Type 0 civilizations such as yours are born at a rate of roughly 180 per year all across our vast Milky Way. But as you will see for yourself from the data, Darwinian rules of natural selection apply not just to individual species here on Earth but to entire planetary civilizations. All across the Milky Way galaxy, only the fittest civilizations survive. The fact is that 97% of Type 0 civilizations never make it. Rather, they perish for two main reasons: Immaturity and ignorance. Frequently, this is compounded by their civilization’s self-destructive animalistic and primitive instincts, with only 3% avoiding that fate and graduating on to Type 1.

“And since the Galactopedia is, essentially, a database on the life and death of civilizations, it makes for a very accurate and predictive statistical tool not too dissimilar to the actuarial charts your life insurance companies use. But instead of predicting the likelihood of any given individual’s life expectancy and age at death based on objective factors such as current age, overall health, family history, income, physical fitness, education, smoking, and the like, the actuarial information in this database can predict the life and death of

entire planetary civilizations based on a multitude of factors that can be boiled down into two simple scores:”

Two categories are displayed onscreen: Planetary Fitness Score (PFS) and Civilizational Fitness Score (CFS). Under each were listed dozens of variably weighted and scored factors the most important of which are generalized and listed below:

PLANETARY FITNESS SCORE (Criteria):

- Condition of parent star
- Condition of biosphere
- Atmospheric conditions (pressure, oxygen, CO2)
- Natural resources, (presence of liquid water)
- Biodiversity of species, creation/extinction rate
- Cosmological threats (risk of asteroid collision, interplanetary conflicts, etc)

CIVILIZATION FITNESS SCORE:

- Apex species advancement: (raw score)
- Population: (total, growth rate, trajectory, sustainability)
- Societal maturity, unity and cohesion: (cultural, moral)
- Intra-species conflict and level of violence (subfactors: tribalism, xenophobia, colonialism, slavery)
- Technological maturity
- Scientific understanding of and respect for biosphere
- Energy usage (renewable/non-renewable, fossil fuel, other)
- Natural resource usage (renewable/non-renewable)
- Pollution rate

“You should also be aware that, like almost all planets and stars in this galaxy, your planet Earth has been actively being monitored by autonomous drones for eons now.”

Onscreen, a rapid-fire montage of actual recorded video footage—in full color and high

definition—of Earth’s history going back 100 million years including: the Jurassic age with strange animals in the sea, a fly through of our heavily forested planet, the appearance of dinosaurs with close-up views of them roaming the Earth, pterodactyls in the sky, an extinction-event meteor strike 65 million years ago darkening the planet, fast forward to homo erectus, the stone age and the appearance of early man, the bronze age establishment of pre-biblical human civilizations, the building of Egyptian pyramids, scenes from the biblical era, the rise and fall of empires, footage of Christians being chased down and eaten by lions inside the Roman Coliseum, much more.. fast forward to snatches from just prior to the industrial revolution and three new data points appear:

Year—1850:

Planetary Fitness Score: 85 (out of 100)*

Civilization Fitness Score: 28 (out of 100)

Atmospheric Carbon Dioxide-CO2: 280 ppm

“In fact, as the ‘designated emergency sanctuary planet’ for this sector of Our galaxy, We have been keeping a much closer eye on you than most, especially recently as your society has matured...”

Now past 1900 and approaching mid-century:

Onscreen mushroom clouds rise as atomic bombs drop on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945:

Planetary Fitness Score: 62

Civilization Fitness Score: 38

CO2: 308 ppm

“And it is only in the last century that you have had the technology to appreciate, document and capture our drones—what you have called “UFOs” and more recently “UAPs”—on film and video...”

Onscreen: May 11, 1950. McMinnville, Oregon.

The split screen shows a somewhat grainy black and white still photograph of a UFO passing low in the skies above a rural farmhouse: The famous “McMinnville/Trent family farm photo”. On the other half of the screen, a high definition color picture taken from the UFO/drone’s perspective clearly showing the man holding the camera to his eye.

Next, as the years continue to tick by, other images of cold war military installations, nuclear silos, Neil Armstrong setting foot on the Moon, even an outdoor Elvis concert:

1980:

Human population: 4.0 Billion

Planetary Fitness Score: 50

* This is the highest point for our PFS, which is displayed onscreen in green. From here forward, it will slowly tick down from 85. The CFS, displayed in red, slowly ticks up.

Civilization Fitness Score: 48[†]
Global Temperature Rise: 0.4 degrees Fahrenheit
CO2: 339 ppm

“You currently face several threats to your existence, and I will describe them in terms of simple growth stages for you. Several millennia ago, your civilization entered what can be considered its infant stage. Infants generally cannot harm themselves. 2,000 years ago, you developed into toddlers. By the 1800s, the industrial revolution, you were just learning how to pollute your planet on a wider scale while beginning to dabble in weapons that could easily kill larger numbers of people than ever before. In 1945 you had matured enough to get yourselves into trouble as the advent of the atomic age, and with it the atomic bomb, brought you into your adolescence, a perilous age to be sure, and one of the top causes of death for Type 0 civilizations.

“But now, you are faced with an even more dire threat, a clear and present danger. And your predicament is a tale as old as time, literally, and the most common cause for Type 0 civilizations like yours to meet their demise. It is the poor and failing state of your environment. There is a saying we have, “You can learn a lot about a civilization by how it treats its biosphere”. As far as your relationship with this living entity, Planet Earth, is concerned, humans began to tip the scales from one that was symbiotic, harmonious and in balance with its host planet to one more akin to a parasitic infection bent on destroying its host sometime around 1980 when your population hit 4 billion people. I say this not in judgment but as a matter of fact. In the half-century since that time, you, the apex predator, have more than doubled in population, far outstripping your biosphere’s ability to sustainably adapt and keep pace. The bottom line is that, from a scientifically objective point of view, and by most definitions, you have become an invasive species, crowding out and devouring all others while polluting your planet and poisoning your atmosphere in the biological blink of an eye. At your current population, you would need two more planet Earth’s worth of resources to meet your needs with an additional two required by centuries end.

“Hmm... there is an expression used in most of your languages that I rather like, and I shall use it here. I have good news and bad news and I will begin by giving you the worst news of all in three simple words: Humanity is unsustainable. Your civilization, in its current state of existence on planet Earth, is doomed to extinction. And much sooner than you think.”

Onscreen, a montage of images of glaciers melting at an increased pace, hurricanes, droughts, wildfires.

2012:

Planetary Fitness Score: 34
Civilization Fitness Score: 38

[†] This is the highest point for our CFS (still in red) and it starts to tick down from here. As 1981 is displayed, PFS drops to 49 and goes from green to red. From here forward, both PFS and CFS drop more and more precipitously as the years advance.

Global Temperature Rise: 1.3 degrees Fahrenheit
CO2: 394 ppm

“With each passing decade, your scientists, hampered by inadequate forecasting and computing technologies, reluctantly conclude that things are getting worse faster than they had predicted. Yet some of you hold out hope you can “still turn things around”. It is amazing how many civilizations go on thinking that right up until the end. Even if you were to somehow cut your emissions to zero today, you have decades of runaway greenhouse gases baked into your atmosphere yet to take full effect.

“The data will show that your climate unwittingly passed the environmental tipping point of no return around 2012, placing you firmly in the midst of your sixth mass extinction. Since then, you have only pressed down on the accelerator further such that your fear of exceeding the calamitous 2-degree Celsius or 4-degree Fahrenheit temperature rise by the turn of the century will instead come to pass around 2040.”

Onscreen in the Arctic, Larsen C—an ice shelf the size of Delaware—breaks off and falls into the ocean. As the time progresses past the mid-2020’s, the Thwaites Glacier, aka “The Doomsday Glacier” breaks off. As large as Florida, this glacier contains enough meltwater ice in it to raise global sea levels by 2 feet alone.

“20 years ago, your climatologists believed temperatures in the Arctic were rising twice as fast there as they were elsewhere. 6 years ago, you revised it to 4 times as fast. The truth is, temperatures will soon be rising 6 times as fast in the Arctic, with 90 degrees (Fahrenheit) days not unheard of there. Accordingly, your climate models have also failed to fully account for the environmental ticking time bomb lying in wait: Permafrost in your thawing Arctic tundra. Lying encased underneath those vast wastelands of ice are thousands of miles of carbon dioxide that have been trapped in the ground for eons. And the release of those gases in the coming decades will be equivalent to burning all the trees on Earth in the environmental blink of an eye, and then burning them once more. Add to that the impending release of immense amounts of prehistoric fossil methane gas holed up in cavernous pockets buried miles underground as fissures thaw—a phenomenon that your scientists are only now coming to discover—and it will be the death knell for your survivable environment.”

Onscreen we’re now into the future, past 2030 as images of rising seas swamping coastlines flash by, mega-hurricanes, mega-droughts, mega-monsoon floods, mega-everything. Insane wildfires now in Africa and South America, record-setting heat waves across North America and Europe with routine week-long stretches of triple-digit temperatures while deforestation accelerates, fisheries are exhausted, crop failures and famines, pandemics, civil unrest. Wars. The West: Europe, America, Australia are not spared.

“By 2040, California will have become a desert from nearly three decades of drought. Another 2 million species of flora and fauna will have gone extinct. And you will have four times the number of extreme weather events and double the pandemics as today while the

era of resource wars over water, arable farmland, food and fishing rights will have become fully entrenched. As will population die-offs.”

2040: (Forecast):

Planetary Fitness Score: 21-24

Civilization Fitness Score: 19-23

Human Population: 7.5 Billion (1 billion lives lost since 2028)

Global Temperature Rise: 2.4 degrees Celsius / 4.1 Fahrenheit

CO2: 462 ppm

Sea Level Rise: 18 cm / 7 inches

“A decade later it will get doubly worse before getting exponentially worse.”

Onscreen, it's into 2050 and more rapid-fire images of devastation. Nations increasingly submerged as glaciers vanish. Bangladesh underwater. Maldives long gone. Amazon Rainforest burned and deforested to a shadow of its former self. More wars over resources and climate refugees, more borders erected. Conflicts, death and killings occurring on an industrial scale now with another 2 billion souls lost.

2060: (Forecast):

Planetary Fitness Score: 11-14

Civilization Fitness Score: 8-12

Human Population: 3.0 Billion (5.5 billion lives lost since 2028)

Global Temperature Rise: 4.5 degrees Celsius / 8 Fahrenheit

CO2: 494 ppm

Sea Level Rise: 1.44 meters / 4 feet 8 inches

As the years flash by onscreen it's just more apocalyptic scenes of death, conflict, pestilence, weather ravages, fires, species extinctions.

“By 2080, further sections of the West Antarctic ice sheet will have slipped into the ocean while feedback loops continue to ravage the permafrost in Iceland and Greenland. By 2100, sea level rise will exceed 14 feet. In the U.S. both coasts and the Gulf states will be fully submerged with New York City, Los Angeles and New Orleans relegated to your history books.

“Finally, sometime in the period between now and 2100, with the fabric of your planet and its civilization increasingly in turmoil with each passing decade, and as desperate people unaccustomed to going hungry starve while more nations wage war against one another, predictive modeling shows that this is the most likely way your civilization will meet its end:”

Onscreen, dozens then hundreds then thousands of mushroom clouds bloom across the planet. Displayed at the bottom:

Extinction Level Event—Global Thermonuclear War:

Probability of Occurrence:

2030 - 2040: 6%

2040 - 2050: 13%

2050 - 2060: 21%

2060 - 2070: 32%

2070 - 2080: 47%

2080 - 2090: 64%

2090 - 2100: >88%

- Based on 204.66 million comparable Type 0 civilizations
- Degree of Predictive Confidence: 94.2%

Silence reigns in the hall as Eve stares out at the audience, lavender eyes shimmering, before suddenly breaking out in a smile.

“I think it is time for some good news now... no? The problem that has arisen on Our Mothership requiring Us to seek safe harbor here on Earth for a time is, in fact, a very fortuitous blessing for your man’s kind and its long-term survival. With our advanced technologies, We can fully reverse much of the environmental damage you have done to your planet, restore your ecosystems and their biodiversity while removing atmospheric greenhouse gases and returning Earth to a robust state of health comparable to that of a century ago. And We can do it all within 20 years.

“But first let Me say this: The situation We find Ourselves in, of having to seek emergency sanctuary on your planet, is not a unique one. It has occurred, for one reason or another, countless times over the galaxy’s history. As such, there are well established protocols that govern many aspects of Our interaction with you. These dictates have been established to protect and nurture not only the lesser inhabitants and their civilizations, but also their home planets as set forth by the Galactic Union and its Planetary and Civilizational Rights Council, an organization consisting of seven Master Class civilizations, of which the Arma-Lenians are one.

“To that end, here is Our proposal for your consideration: That We will embark on a comprehensive “Planetary Reconstruction Plan”, sort of like your Marshall Plan that saved your nations and rebuilt your economies in the post-World-War II era, but on a much grander scale. We will fully commit to repairing and restoring your entire planet and its biosphere as well as to reshaping and advancing your civilization and its technologies, catapulting you from a Type 0 civilization to a Type 1 by the time the Mothership arrives here in 2060. We will devote the significant resources, technologies and direction you require and help implement the changes necessary for you to not only survive but thrive and prosper far into the future. This well-honed Reconstruction Plan and its blueprint is one that has been implemented, to greater or lesser degree, in excess of 21 million times over the

last 6.5 billion years and is fully adaptable and customizable to your cultural, developmental and environmental situation here.

“However, in the same manner in which your best governments derive their authority and power from the consent of the people, the same concept applies here. Per protocol, We cannot fully embark on your Planetary Reconstruction Plan without an explicit mandate from you, man’s kind, within a short time of Our arrival. In your case, the Council has given us 18 months to obtain that approval.

“Between now and then, I ask that you allow Us to operate freely without a mandate, as a sign of your goodwill. We will use this time to not only learn more about you and your planet but give you a better understanding of what We can do for you. I have already read and absorbed your internet and encourage any input you may have. Please feel free to go to Arma-Lena.com where you can contact Me directly and tell Me about your concerns, hopes, desires for yourselves, your families and future generations, communities, nations and planet. It would also be helpful if you took time to fill out the surveys and questionnaires.

“Come November of next year, and after considering all of your input, I will formulate a comprehensive Reconstruction Plan which I will then detail for you. One month later, I will return to this United Nations conference hall and put that plan to a majority vote. If the vote is successful, We will begin full implementation of the Reconstruction Plan. If not, We will immediately cease all further operations and withdraw all Vawks from your planet until such time as the Mothership arrives in 2060. At that time, and for the sake of Our survival, We will be compelled to set the vessel down on a suitable piece of terrestrial land before powering most of Our systems down and entering into what is essentially a robust state of hibernation while We bide Our time until, upon the completed repairs of Our vessel in 2180, We will promptly leave your planet without ceremony. No matter the outcome of the vote, at no point should you expect to see or interact directly with My Masters as They will always remain cocooned and out of sight within the colonial Mothership. The Moonbeams are your gift to keep in perpetuity. However, to be clear, that gift alone will not be enough to save your biosphere and rescue your civilization from its impending extinction.

“Well, I think I have said enough for one day. You have much to consider. I do look forward to hearing from many of you soon. Thank you and may peace be upon you.”

A smattering of applause cascaded into another standing ovation. And moments before Eve disintegrated into a cloud of shimmering particles, the television camera cut away to a side view of Her standing behind the dais. It was an unsettling sight. There was no stepping stool. Her feet, clad in black shoes, had been levitating several inches above the platform the entire time.

|---- man = π ----|

Fallout

“It is the business of the future to be dangerous. The major advances in civilization are processes that all but wreck the societies in which they occur.”

—Alfred North Whitehead

|||||

Mike Jess

Truer words were never spoken
All those Hollywood movies we had been fed up until Z-Day never prepared us for the reality
the practical consequences of ETs coming to town
and the goddamn economic fallout that might occur after an alien invasion

Greta Thunberg:

Michael please, stop calling it that. It was a visitation. And please mind your language. And your spelling, there’s no spell check or auto-correction.

Mike Jess:

Stop correcting me
and don’t start ur shit
especially after what just happened here four days ago when the Mothership arrived

|||||

As soon as She finished speaking at the UN, the announcement of Moonbeams—heralding the death of Big Oil—kick-started a global financial meltdown that, at least in the short term, sent the economy into a tailspin that made the one in 2008 look like child’s play.

Back then, of course, oil was to the financial system what grain and bread is to the diet. The fossil fuel industry was the lifeblood of the world’s economy. And the global reserve currency, the U.S. dollar, was underwritten by oil. In fact, you could only buy oil with greenbacks. Oil is what propped up the American Buck, gave it its strength and value, allowing the Fed to issue U.S. Treasury Bonds and borrow money so cheaply. The fossil fuel industry accounted for mega-billions in annual revenue from oil and gasoline taxes, offshore drilling rights, leases. Suddenly, investors began to lose confidence in both the dollar and the nation that issues it—and the rug got pulled out from under.

Within minutes of Her speech, the New York Stock Exchange lost more than 10% of its value and stopped trading. An hour later when it restarted, the same thing happened so they closed down for the day hoping that the weekend would cool things off. But it wouldn’t have mattered if they closed down for a month. People, investors, started doing the math. Oil and gas, the energy sector, was the biggest part of global GDP, accounting for trillions of dollars

in ancillary industries, jobs, profits and LOANS! Loans that would clearly now never be repaid back.

It all happened so fast, as banks began realizing they were about to bear the brunt of the economic meltdown and risked getting pulled under as the futures on trillions in Grade A loans turned to shit. Before the weekend was over, Chevron leaked that it could foreseeably default on some of its loans and have to declare bankruptcy. There were rumors about Shell Oil too. On Monday, markets around the world collapsed. The U.S. dollar lost 6% of its value that day. By Friday that number would stand at 16% and dropping fast. Acute hemorrhage.

America's largest bank, JP Morgan Chase, was suddenly at risk of default. It was the first "Too big to fail" to require a bailout. After that, the dominoes didn't fall, they RAINED DOWN. Britain's HSBC Bank needed a bailout. Then Germany's Deutsche Bank. The Euro went into freefall. Australia announced the bailout of two national banks.

The Chinese Yuan, a major currency not heavily linked to oil, suddenly became a shelter, gaining strength as investors rushed in to swap out their shrinking dollars, euros and yen. The Chinese government, sensing a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, began selling off their U.S. bonds, demanding repayment on nearly a trillion dollars in loans with the goal of bleeding the U.S. economy to death and overtaking the dollar to become the global reserve currency themselves. And if it wasn't for Eve throwing the U.S. an economic lifeline and bailing out the federal government in 2030 it would have worked too.

Other nations soon began to default on their debts. Argentina first. Then Mexico... that was a big one. One-third of Mexico's revenue was from oil. It wasn't that people just stopped buying oil overnight, but the writing was on the wall, and no one was going to loan Mexico shit anymore. Turkmenistan or Kazakhstan, one of the stans, turns out their money was being propped up in a Ponzi scheme like Lebanon's was a decade before. Now that they were unmasked, the jig was up, and they collapsed. That led to a revolution there. Others soon followed: Sri Lanka, some nations in Africa, Yemen, a few others while the World Bank struggled to help.

The oil-rich nations, you know, Saudi Arabia, Russia, the Emirates, for them, Eve could only be considered a national security threat. Her global gift of free energy threatened to cut off their financial balls. All their geopolitical clout, the oil-barrel muscle and leverage they had long come to wield, would soon vanish. Panic set in. In the ensuing months, many would try to pass laws to outlaw the private use of Moonbeams within their borders. For a while, Russia convinced Belarus and a few other countries to outlaw Moonbeams and continue to force oil and coal upon their people, splitting the profits. It worked for a time, but not well and not for long. Because you can't beat free. And Moonbeams were as free as the sunshine was long (or whatever) even at night. So the best they could do was to tax private dishes and receivers or pass laws against them. This forced people to continue to rely on, and pay for, electricity from the grid that the state and its utility companies could now get for free using Moonbeams, allowing them to keep 100% of those profits for themselves.

But for the oil-dependent nations, Moonbeams were Nirvana. They would never again be held hostage and need to bow at the altar of the Saudis, the Russians, etc., for fear of them cutting off their energy lifeline.

What else?

Oh... Gold shot up to over \$6,000 an ounce in the aftermath of Z-Day and the price of a single Bitcoin skyrocketed to nearly \$380,000.

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Greta Thunberg:

Free energy Moonbeams were a godsend. The best thing to happen. It killed the oil companies. Yes, for a while, the economies were hurting but things got better. Coal plants went bankrupt. We could breathe again. Free energy brought prosperity around the world, even for the poorest people. It helped us stop killing the planet. Nearly half a million people in Africa that were not, had no power grid, now they had access to power. With free power, people could live normal lives and not suffer.

And Eve was a godsend too. She took the power away from the selfish generations before mine that were responsible for ruining our planet, concerned only about money and wealth, the planet be damned. Rich countries couldn't be such bullies because they were about to become not so rich anymore. That is the truth.

|||||

But in the immediate moments after Eve's speech, people poured into the streets and capitols around the globe in the millions to celebrate what the gift of Moonbeams could mean to them, their children, the environment. They danced and sang and drank, the global party going into full swing at the thought of what Eve could do for humanity and the planet.

For the 2.5 billion souls bringing up the rear of our society, the poorest and most destitute living in the underdeveloped world across Africa, Central and South America, India and parts of the Middle East, the prospect of Moonbeams allowed them to dream. Free electricity meant quality of life. It meant water pumps and not having to travel kilometers to drink. It meant homes and schools with lights, easier farming, and jobs, jobs, jobs, cheaper food, cheaper clothes, cheaper everything. In truth, many of the poor and impoverished hordes that came out and thronged their village centers and provincial capitols in celebration couldn't yet fully appreciate the scope of exactly WHAT Moonbeams would mean to their lives. But they were coming to understand what EVE could mean to them. HOPE. More than anything else, it meant someone was finally looking out for THEM.

And for the youngest across the planet—the demographic under 30 that blamed all the previous generations before them for being responsible for the impending environmental apocalypse that had left them so helpless and with such bleak futures that they may never live to see their own children grow up, Eve represented a solution. A way out from the abyss. Eve represented SALVATION.

In New York, Times Square was inundated with a flash mob of thousands, then hundreds of thousands. In Los Angeles and London, throngs clothed in purple hit the streets. Some held up homemade signs displaying either a single purple eye or a pair, others were outfitted in red wigs made from dyed mop heads.

In Cairo, Egypt, a mass of several thousand people quickly overwhelmed security forces and swarmed into Tahrir Square to celebrate. Soon, their numbers swelled to over 500,000 with many wearing purple, waving purple towels, or displaying homemade signs containing a single violet eye. Soon, pro-Eve chants began to turn into anti-government ones as residents, frustrated with Cairo's ongoing water crisis, turned their anger toward President al-Sisi in a throwback to the Arab Spring protests of 2011 that overthrew the previous regime. After two more days of increasing unrest with clashes between government loyalists and "Purple Revolution" dissidents that threatened to spread throughout the nation, the President unleashed the military. Dozens were killed with thousands detained, tortured and disappearing in the ensuing months.

Other authoritarian governments were paying close attention. They could see that Eve represented a new kind of revolutionary threat, one that eclipsed anything they'd ever seen before. She was an otherworldly inspiration. Some were already calling Her the Messiah. This was dangerous, a direct threat to their authority and hold on power. Something needed to be done. But what?

In Moscow, throngs, clad in purple, came out to celebrate Eve. There were scattered chants of inciting a "Purple Revolution" heard in the crowd here too but not enough to spark clashes with the rings of police keeping a safe distance. Not yet anyway.

In China, President Xi had no intention of allowing Eve to spark any sort of revolutionary sentiment in his people. After the initial events of Z-Day had settled down, China's vast online news censorship empire had gone into full swing. Sure, most of the nation's 1.4 billion citizens were aware of Eve's arrival. After all, it was hard to hide the Sun going out, even if it had occurred on the other side of the planet, and it was impossible to hide the sight of at least 3 or 4 easily visible Vawks parked at the edge of space. But it was not difficult to present alternative facts about Her arrival that suited, or at least did not threaten, the authority of the ruling party. They'd done this before with the Covid cover-up, not only erasing the initial fear its citizens had of the disease but replacing it with a sense of nationalism. For now, the ruling Communist Party was determined to take a wait-and-see approach on all things Eve. The Moonbeams were terrific. It would mean the end of China's energy imports, the closing down of their highly polluting coal-fired plants and more. But the rest of Her speech, this talk of potentially repairing our civilization and its people, could have dire consequences for the Party's authority. And that is just one of the reasons China's citizens did not know about or hear Eve's U.N. speech until such time that it was cleansed, nearly 2 hours later, of anything "threatening or disruptive" to the Party's rule.

Editorial

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E-Squared:

I think it might be best if you take a moment to discuss this chronicle, the reasons for its existence and how it's being compiled.

Ut. (Untouchable) CJ Gambrel:

Sure. After the unfortunate circumstances surrounding the arrival of the Mothership four days ago, it was decided that a chronicle of specially selected historical events should be compiled and made available at the ready—as a contingency plan—while we await a ruling from the Galactic Union’s Emergency Council. Then, depending on the outcome of Their decision, it may become necessary to send this archive back in time as a sort of “time capsule of future history” to your people prior to Z-Day.

Mike Jess:

Let me stop u right there. what kind of bullshit is that?
im not a rocket surgeon but I know nothing can go back in time
what kind of game are u guys playing at?
and contingensy plan for what? whats gonna happen to us?

Ut. CJ Gambrel:

I can assure you Mr. President that this is no game. You three were specifically chosen to compile this chronicle. If the need arises to send this back in time, it must be ready to go in short order and you will only have a few more days to get this together. The idea is that this mosaic of curated topics will be studied by your people in their second future so that they learn from it and change their ways the next time around—if it comes to that. And let me be clear, this is deliberately NOT meant to be a comprehensive record of events that you will be covering, but rather a selection of items both large and small that They deem worthy of highlighting for reasons known only to Them..

We have provided you with a sizeable database of reference materials and records. It includes archival footage, historical data, news coverage and previously classified information. Though you will be given some leeway in how you compile and create this document, there are certain things, specific incidents, sensitive events, topics, names and revelations that cannot be reported on. Suffice it to say that not all foretellings can be considered safe, neither for yourselves or the Arma-Lenians, in your second future. Therefore, I will be here to editorially guide you throughout the entire documentary process.

E-Squared:

Well, can you tell me why we need to type everything out manually by hand into these.. what are these? “JP6 tablets”? Who types anymore? These things are archaic. They have minimal

word processing software, no spell check or italics (which is why we've resorted to using ALL CAPS for emphasis) surely you can do better than this.

Ut. CJ Gambrel:

There are several reasons why you must use these "archaic tablets" but I'll give you two. Only devices that existed prior to Z-Day can be used to compose and send messages back to that time. Also, this particular tablet's stripped-down software and minimalist features are ideal for lessening the chances of you slipping in any surreptitious messages, were you to be so inclined.

Greta Thunberg:

So, if circumstances do require this to go back in time, what is to happen to us here, in our time?

Mike Jess:

Theyre gonna eat us is what

Ut. CJ Gambrel:

I'm not privy to that information. I suppose we will all find out at the same time.

E-Squared:

Our time to get this done is short. Forgive us any lack of polish and refinement, time gaps, non-linear storylines or subject matter, typos we didn't catch, formatting errors, mistakes.. you get my point. Of the three of us, only I have some semi-professional writing experience. We understand the potential importance of this and we will do our best, but we don't have much time. I already said time is short so forgive us for redundancies too. We are figuring this out on the fly. Now back to the chronicle:

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The Tucker Carlson Show

Source: ██████████

Program: The Tucker Carlson Show

Airdate: August 1, 2028

Selected clips:

- “How do we know this is a friendly visitation and not the prelude to a full-on invasion? Do they want to take over our planet, colonize us? I don’t remember giving them an invitation to come to Earth, do you? What if we want them to leave right now? What if we don’t want to wait until next year to vote them out?”
- “The radical left seems to have already made up their minds. They’ve already decided Eve is a hero, the Savior. What I see is, I don’t know, I hope I’m wrong but from where I sit Eve looks like a threat to democracy. To sovereignty. Don’t you think this gift of Moonbeams could have been phased in over time to give our economies a chance to absorb the impact of neutering our energy sector rather than threatening to collapse the world’s economy overnight?”
- “How do we even know She’s telling us the truth about the impending environmental risks to our civilization? I know She released a ton of planetary data and other stuff online, scientists are looking at it, I’ve looked at it, but I can’t make sense of it. How do we know it’s even accurate?”
- “There are some who believe this is all a deep state plot, that this visitation was pre-planned and coordinated decades ago after aliens crashed down in Area 51. Who’s to say that’s farfetched anymore?”
- “Eve is telling us She’s our only hope. How many dictators have come before claiming ‘I am the only one who can save you?’ I think we need to be very wary of ETs that come bearing gifts. I just watched “To Serve Man” the old Twilight Zone episode. They too came bearing gifts of technology and energy and helping mankind. It was all a setup. Watch it, you’ll see what I mean. Scared the bejeebers out of me.”

(People did watch it—”To Serve Man” went to number one on several streaming platforms.)

* * * * *

Source: Broadcast Television and Social Media

Program: Church of Scientology Message

Featuring: T** C*****

Airdate: August -December, 2028

In August, 2028, the Church of Scientology embarked on a global multi-media campaign

Space Junk

On the night of August 3rd, 2028, the world was treated to a meteor shower.

Actually, it was more like a meteor downpour as the millions of pieces of space junk orbiting our planet and endangering other satellites and even the astronauts in the space station were suddenly zapped out of the sky. According to Arma-Lena.com, lasers on the stratospheric Vawks knocked each piece, some as small as a grain of rice, out of their orbits and into atmospheric drag. Even entire satellites, long defunct, were brought down and cut to pieces as they fell through the sky. It was a fireworks show like none other. By the following day, NASA declared the space around our planet debris free—a state not seen since the space age began roughly 80 years before.

Black Box Manufacturing

Shortly after arrival, Eve began to have meetings, some secretive, with titans of industry. The first was with Jeff Bezos.

On the evening of August 14, 2028, one of the Vawks—having given a heads-up to air-traffic control earlier in the day—dispatched a smaller vessel down to a rural location near Lexington, Kentucky to deposit a mammoth shoebox shaped three-story high structure roughly two football-fields wide and double that in length on to a piece of flat land adjacent to a railroad. The land it was on was controlled by Amazon and for six weeks it remained shrouded in mystery and closed off to the public.

Finally, on October 2nd, The New York Times ran this front page story:

AMAZON UNVEILS FUTURISTIC MANUFACTURING PLANT

Bezos Announces, ‘Special Economic Partnership’ With Eve

Finally, the mystery has been solved. In a special, private demonstration to the New York Times, the mysterious “Black Box”- as it has come to be called—has been laid bare. Sort of.

The structure is none other than a giant manufacturing marvel. In one end, open railroad cars loaded with a variety of simple raw materials: recycled wood, wood chips and pellets, used plastics, coal, tankers filled with water, used lithium battery cells and other metals, much of it scrap, even boxcars full of trash destined for landfills enter by the dozens.

Out of the other end of the plant, boxcars loaded with neatly stacked and packaged crates of residential and industrial-sized Moonbeam receiver kits and revolutionarily new ultra-high efficiency batteries of all sizes and shapes come out.

What happens in between, not even Mr. Bezos can say—

[The article is edited, condensed and summarized for clarity from this point forward]:

This was all about getting the world off of fossil fuels and on to Moonbeams as quickly as possible. For that to happen, the correct equipment (Moonbeam receivers and advanced batteries) needed to be cheaply manufactured and distributed into the hands of billions of people- and at warp speed. The mysterious Black Boxes, along with Amazon’s global distribution networks, could do just that.

The structure of the Black-Box building itself was made of an impermeable meta-material and was hermetically sealed with only the boxcars able to get in and out. No humans.

Eleven more Black-Box manufacturing plants would soon be distributed to continents across the globe, all exclusively licensed to Amazon.com.

There was really nothing revolutionary or special about the Moonbeam receiver technology. Others could easily manufacture them. But not at a price point that included zero labor costs, but only the cost of the raw materials—much of it repurposed from scrap, trash or cheap raw materials. And the Black Box factories could operate 24 hours a day and never seemed to break down. Each one could churn out over a million-microwave dish-and-receiver sets a day and the planet would need billions of them. The quicker the better. Same with the batteries. And each factory could produce several million of those a day. Ultimately, the goal was to flood the market with these very low-cost devices and get us off polluting fossil fuels as quickly as possible. Because, if left to the “regular, capitalist markets” to manufacture and fill these crucial stockpiles and satisfy demand, it could take years, perhaps a decade, to fill that void—and that was time our biosphere didn’t have.

Under the licensing agreement, Amazon would distribute the Moonbeam products and accessories, as well as the batteries, to other distributors as well as nations, governments, individuals and businesses across the globe at cost. And their costs were very minimal. The typical U.S. homeowner could acquire everything needed to get off the grid and convert to Moonbeam power for a one-time cost of about \$9.00 plus shipping (free with Amazon Prime!).

The Batteries:

- These were made with technologies previously unknown to us. And they were made largely of carbon, with much smaller amounts of lithium than our previous technologies. And they were all fireproof.
- Eve immediately posted the “how to” industrial manufacturing instructions online, but the methods were very advanced, just beyond our current manufacturing skills. It would take engineers and factories a few years yet before they could ramp up the machinery and infrastructure needed to produce them. In the interim, Amazon’s Black Boxes would fill the demand. And the batteries were extremely efficient and powerful:

- Button-sized batteries. A pair of 2-inch diameter batteries would easily power a mobile phone 30 days on a single charge. Full recharge time: 7 minutes. Usable life cycle: 9 years.
- A battery the size of a large suitcase capable of powering a full-sized sedan over 1,200 miles on a single charge with a full recharge time of 28 minutes.
- A trio of mini-van sized batteries with enough juice to supply a fully loaded 747 on a trans-Atlantic flight. Just for perspective, a battery made with the matching energy equivalent of that using our old technology would have weighed an estimated 6.7 million pounds.

With powerful, compact technology like that, what could possibly go wrong?..

WHAT COULD POSSIBLY GO WRONG:

It took almost 5 months to answer that question. But right around Christmas, as a sort of gift to the world, a young man in London named Sammy Hayywan posted a video on YouTube showing how to hack the batteries and allow them to suddenly discharge all their power at once, or in smaller controlled bursts. Next, he wired six mobile phone button batteries together and married them to an off-the-shelf laser. The entire device was roughly the size and shape of a large cucumber.

He aimed it at a watermelon and silently fired the device at full power. A heartbeat later, the melon exploded like a pressurized steam bomb—having rapidly absorbed way more energy than was needed to flash boil the water inside.

He then recharged it and aimed it at a large 18-pound uncooked turkey, then fired. Nothing happened. A few seconds later the turkey burst into flames. After extinguishing the fire, Mr. Hayywan sliced deeply into it with a knife and helped himself to a piece of very dry, over-cooked turkey.

And thus was born the “Hayywanator”, an easy concealable DIY weapon with silent, devastating power. It was a ray gun. A death ray gun. And it would soon unleash hell on Earth, killing and injuring countless people while offering distinct “advantages” over traditional gunpowder firearms:

Top 10 Properties of RayGuns:

1. Easy to make, with off the shelf parts and DIY internet instructions
2. Silent and sanitary—no smoke or odor
3. Forensically untraceable
4. Laser-guided precision targeting
5. Compact size and weight

6. Could be made into “non-traditional weapon shapes” (i.e. not “gun-shaped”)
7. Energy of laser-beam only limited by power of battery
8. Reasonable-sized ray gun (6-button batteries) good out to 90 feet. 12-battery ‘Max Hayywanators’ good to 100 yards
9. Ray gun never overheats, always cool to the touch
10. Quick to dismantle

One piece of good news was that, for technical reasons, you couldn’t string together more than 12 button batteries, or they simply wouldn’t work. Also, the ray guns couldn’t be made with any of the larger-sized industrial batteries which, unlike the button-batteries, were manufactured with hack-proof safety features. And you better believe that people, especially militaries, were doing their best to crack the larger batteries. After all, a suitcase-sized car battery contained enough power to easily take down a fighter jet, or any plane, from 20 miles away.

But in practical, real-world terms, it suddenly meant that nations with restrictive gun laws that never had issues with gun violence or a proliferation of dangerous weapons on their streets—nations like Denmark, Canada and Japan—were no longer safe from the threat of homemade RayGuns.

In late 2029, after significant public outcry, Eve corrected the button battery manufacturing mistake that made them useful as weapons. But by then, the cat was out of the bag. With billions of button batteries already manufactured and distributed inside cell phones, laptops and appliances around the globe, the hackable ones were ubiquitous enough to be easily procured for many years to come.

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Ut. CJ Gambrel:

It was not a manufacturing mistake. Mother does not make mistakes.

E-Squared:

What wasn’t? You mean it was true that She meant to give us batteries that could be turned into horrific weapons?

Mike Jess:

I knew it!
 i’ve been telling u that Thing was deliberately planning to do evil right from the start
 and would u please stop calling It Mother
 It ain’t ur Mother

Ut. CJ Gambrel:

Okay. I will if you stop referring to Her as It.

Sunshade:

On August 21, 2028, the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration releases a preliminary report that confirmed some people's suspicions: Ever since Z-Day one month ago, an average of 2-3% less sunlight was falling on to every square inch of the planet. After the report's release, Eve would acknowledge that the sunscreen was not only still in place, but that it was actively blocking a mostly imperceptible amount of sunlight from coming through in order to begin cooling down the planet.

Extended Weather Forecasts:

On August 28, 2028, Eve releases the free Arma-Lena Weather App ("A-L Weather App" for short). It was able to accurately forecast the weather with uncanny precision out to 120 days, and maybe even further than that, but the display stopped at 120 days out.

The ability to accurately forecast the weather—all the way down to the exact quantitative amounts of rainfall and snow on any particular day in any locale—would mean trillions of dollars in pre-planning revenue alone. Now, airlines didn't need to re-route flights due to bad weather. Rather, they simply never bothered to schedule those routes in the first place. Municipalities could order just enough salt for the icy roads, while people and farmers could foresee monsoons, floods, droughts and plan ahead for weather FROM 4 MONTHS AWAY! These saved trillions further translated into cheaper food, taxes, airline tickets, clothes. Add to that the money saved by cheap/free Moonbeam energy that normally would have been factored in and the manufacturing and delivery costs on practically everything would just keep tracking downward over the months and years to come.

Pre-Z-Day Events

We must report on the following pre-Z-Day events and do not know their meaning or significance:

Date: January 12, 2023

Host: George Noory

Guest: Tom T. Moore

Transmission: Antura is hostile. Avoid. Do not Contact. 634999-28-1069

Set code to 23.552. Transmit via spread-spectrum microburst at known frequency.

Date: January 14, 2023

Location: Ohio State Supermax Penitentiary

Time: 3:30 pm

Description: This is a 30 second video clip showing two correctional officers labeled onscreen as “Hughes” and “Clinksdale” walking on the upper tier of a prison pod (D5 Block according to the video caption info). They appear to be casually speaking and laughing with an inmate in one of the nearby cells while they handcuff and remove another inmate from behind another locked prison door. They are speaking about the NFL playoffs. CO Hughes thinks the 49ers will trounce Seattle and the Jaguars will upset the Chargers. The inmate in cell #23 strongly disagrees. They bet a friendly beer on both games and laugh.

Therese Mrad of Sarba Jounieh, Lebanon. Proceed as instructed. Shoo fee ma fee.

Photo Description

This is a picture of LeBron James and Maverick Carter standing behind a table on **-*-2026. LeBron James has a stuffed toy in his hand. Maverick Carter is wearing a fedora. In the background is a poster of the iconic image from the 2016 NBA Finals in which LeBron James blocks Andre Igoudala’s shot at the backboard.

Indicate: Yes: Purple No: Red Abort: Yellow

Nuclear Clean Up

Fukushima, Japan

It had been 18 years since the meltdown of the nuclear reactors in Fukushima, Japan. Ever since then, water had to be continuously pumped into the damaged and leaking reactors in order to keep the radioactive rods from overheating and melting down. That contaminated water was then pumped into one of the thousands of storage tanks, each of which could hold several Olympic-sized swimming pools of radioactive liquid. But around 2020, they ran out of storage space for the tanks. Since then, they had no choice but to treat the water as best they could then dump it into the sea, still radioactive but less so. There simply was no other way. And unless they found a better solution, they were fated to continue doing this for only the next few thousand more years or so because that's how long it would take for the radioactivity inside the reactors to decrease to safe levels.

The good news came on September 10, 2028. That's when Eve sent down a large shuttle the size of several cruise ships to take care of the situation. Of course, this was all playing out live on video screens around the globe courtesy of not just local cameras, but Eve's own Arma-Lena.com live-stream service. At exactly noon local time, (noon and midnight would come to be Her preferred time to initiate events) the facility was cleared of personnel. With the massive, all-white, blimp-like vessel situated a few feet above the reactor's cooling towers, the surrounding storage tanks were suddenly catapulted upward and seemingly right through the unopened hull of the vessel. After that, a portion of the hull situated right over the cooling towers sort of pooched out and protruded into a tube-like structure that descended and enveloped the cooling towers themselves. There it remained for 32 minutes before retracting and leaving behind a massive crater that extended into the soil for 80 feet. The reactors, with their damaged radioactive rods, were now in the belly of the blimp.

The vessel slowly and quietly ascended the skies, continuing up into space and then a further 100,000 miles away. With the Sun directly 93 million miles ahead in the foreground, all the vessels contents: storage tanks, unbounded, loose pools of water, concrete and dirt were unceremoniously disgorged on a high-speed trajectory that would just skirt Eve's sunscreen a million miles out and take them right into the heart of our solar system's greatest garbage disposer: the Sun.

The Japanese people, already enamored with Eve, were now over the Moon. The Japanese government, not so much. What the public didn't know was that Eve had approached them days before and explained what She could do to resolve their Fukushima dilemma. They refused to sanction it for fear that something could go wrong and another catastrophe could develop. But Eve went ahead and did it anyway. The following week, all was forgiven as the President went on to declare Eve an honorary citizen of Japan.

The very next day, it was on to Chernobyl. The difference there was that the Chernobyl reactor was encased in a robust, protective concrete and steel structure known as "The

Sarcophagus”. Buried deep within it was a heaped jumble of thousands of tons of concrete and radioactivity and other nastiness that stretched deep into the ground.

The cruise ship blimp did its thing again, enveloping The Sarcophagus for over three hours before withdrawing and leaving behind a giant empty pit. The entire contents, all the elbows of concrete and steel and radioactivity, were jettisoned into space—another small appetizer to be ingested by the Sun.

The Thin-Air Machines

On October 21, 2028, Amazon’s London-based Black Box belched out a new item. On first glance, it was the exact size, shape and appearance of a cargo container and came complete with the steel holds that allowed cargo containers to be picked up and transported.

The object was taken to the grounds of Buckingham Palace where King William, along with dignitaries and representatives from the UNHCR and the WFP (World Food Programme) awaited. The container doors were opened to reveal a giant mesh screen behind which stood a large fan in addition to two smaller compartment doors beyond which no one could see. On the other end, the open container doors revealed a simple hole—3-foot square.

A ceremonial On/Off button stood near the container, one that King William now pushed. There was a rush of air as the fan blades went in motion. A few minutes passed before something started happening on the other end as a dribble of coarse, dry, yellowish material began to pour out and into a bin placed at the other end. As the device warmed up further, the outflow increased.

A large, ornate glass bowl was held under the outflow, filled up and placed on a table in front of the delegates. The King scooped up a handful and held it up to the cameras for a close-up.

“Ladies and gentlemen... WHEAT. MADE OUT OF THIN AIR.”

Yeah. I don’t have to tell you, the world went nuts. Here was a device that could capture carbon dioxide from the ambient air, pull off the carbon molecules, add hydrates (basically water from the humid air) and chemically bond them into complex carbohydrate chains. It wasn’t magic. Trees do the exact same thing. Plants too. The wheat plant especially, just a helluva lot slower.

The wonders happened inside the container where millions of large sheets of single-atom thick graphene containing over 4,000 square miles of surface area were packed together at precisely set “twistronics” angles of 1.4 degrees while a pulsed frequency charge of [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

|||||

Ut. CJ Gambrel:

Let me stop you right there. Overly specific information on this particular technology will be redacted—it can’t be allowed to go back early.

E-Squared:

Why not? I’m just copying it from Wikipedia.

Ut. CJ Gambrel:

They have Their reasons.



The technology itself wasn't entirely new. We already had non-graphene based "thin-air machines" prior to Z-Day but they were inefficient and energy-intensive and could only exploit the ambient air to make small amounts of stuff. And maybe, given another 10 or 20 years, we could have perfected graphene technology to the point of creating one of these thin-air machines on our own.

Anyway, needless to say this thing was revolutionary. On its own, just pulling from the surrounding air, this device could produce over 1,200 pounds of wheat PER HOUR. But, with special attachments, the raw materials could be directly pumped in—in this case a refined mixture of water and ready carbon (super-fine coaldust or even sawdust was good). This allowed "The Breadmaker", as it became known, to increase its productivity to 8 times that amount. Nearly 5 TONS OF GRAIN PER HOUR!

And by tweaking the graphene membranes inside, changing the twistrionics angle slightly and [REDACTED] etc., other carbohydrate chains could be produced. Corn that was shaped like actual kernels right out of the machine, rice grains, even barley and oats.

The following day, a gift even more astounding. In the heat of the Las Vegas desert, another display: A large fire truck with two fireman spraying arcs of water into the air as the two hoses they're holding gush full tilt. Hidden behind the fire engine is another thin-air cargo container, this one specifically engineered to pluck water—just water—from the air. Enough clean drinking water to fill up an Olympic-sized pool in less than three hours. As if to prove the point that such water could easily be found in the dry, 110 degree desert air, one of the firemen poured water into an ice-filled glass pitcher and ran his fingers down the outside, pointing out the layer of condensation that had immediately formed—plucked directly from the surrounding hot air.

Soon, manufacturers would be making smaller versions of The Watermaker for homes, schools, even irrigating farms.

Food and water out of thin-air. I don't think I need to hype it. You could see how such a thing would be world-changing.

Still, just to show you how us humans could fuck up anything, after the Black Boxes furnished 200 industrial-sized thin-air food and water makers to humanitarian relief agencies across the globe, some issues arose. Take South Sudan, for example, where just another in a string of new conflicts was raging, causing famine and displacement in the region. In times of war, he who controls the food and water has the power to control and starve out his enemies and the South Sudanese military insisted it control the devices, something which violated the U.N. Relief Agency's license with Eve. So, the people were left to die of thirst and hunger.

And in Afghanistan and parts of Pakistan, in a page torn right out of the playbook used to incite people to resist the Western-sponsored polio vaccinations from two decades prior, the Taliban began spreading rumors that this chemically-identical engineered food was either full of the AIDS virus or worse, had microchips in it, or maybe even caused cancer. Best to give the people a wide selection of choices, paranoid delusions, to choose from when attempting to outlaw something.

Moonbeam Update

On YouTube, thousands of videos from across the globe were posted of people in cities large and small self-installing their own private dishes. One clip, from a small, poor and dusty village in Somalia, showed the installation of an 18-inch dish and converter box more than capable of supplying all the electricity required by the village's 112 residents who, prior to this, did not even dream of electric power. Their tribal elder, el-Mokhtar, had walked the 13 kilometers to the nearest internet cafe, read the installation instructions on Arma-Lena.com, pooled together the very reasonable \$50 in equipment costs—along with another unreasonable \$450 to pay off the al-Shabab militants who insisted on a “Moonbeam tax” under penalty of death because in Somalia, not even free energy is free—installed it, then arranged for the signal lock from space online. Suddenly, previously unthinkable dreams of air conditioners, refrigerators, TV, internet, and appliances in every home, hut, and shack now became a possibility. The celebration that ensued lasted three days with one villager carving a lifelike statue of Eve out of wood and placing it in the village center as a tribute.

In China, two thirds of their electricity came from burning coal, much of it imported and dependent on other nations supplies. That same coal filled China's air with soot and pollution, directly affecting the health of millions. So it was no surprise that the Chinese government, regardless of their ambivalence toward Eve, felt they had no choice but to begin transitioning over to Moonbeams.

The first major coal-fired power plant to convert over was a state-owned one in China's Shanxi Province. It had apparently made the transition two weeks prior but held off the announcement for further testing and analysis. China's CCTV news agency broadcast a live ribbon-cutting ceremony featuring their Minister of Energy and other top executives. Behind them stood three large satellite receiver dishes, each specifically designed to receive high-capacity microwave laser transmissions from space. Eve had even thought so far as to build in a safety feature that would automatically track and interrupt the beam for the fleeting portions of a second in which any bird might pass through the laser's pathway.

All told, it was the energy of the Sun, captured on the Moon, then beamed to Eve's own unseen geosynchronous satellite relay stations orbiting high above China which would in turn lock on to receivers on land below. Then, using tractor-trailer sized conversion devices, the energy seamlessly tied into the power plant's existing infrastructure and electrical grid, sending power outward to over 30,000 neighboring households and industries while bypassing the smoking heart of the previously coal-fired plant. TV split-screens juxtaposed before-and-after clips. From last month: heavy black and grey smoke spewed from the smokestacks, filling neighborhoods with smog while footage from today revealed pristine blue skies with zero emissions. One of the beaming executives even made a show of hugging the base of one of the microwave receivers.

China, like many other developed nations with well-established power grids, would soon pass

laws restricting the private ownership of Moonbeam conversion kits. This allowed the authorities to bypass the coal and energy companies and begin directly billing their citizens for power which they now got for free. This translated into enormous profits and money going directly into government coffers, with perhaps more than a little bit going into the pockets of corrupt politicians and businessmen—who, as of yet didn't know enough to enjoy it while it lasted.

As quickly as possible, nations began converting over their plants. Japan, a nation entirely dependent on fossil fuel imports and nuclear power to quench its energy thirst, was tripping over itself to hurriedly switch over. Nothing would make them happier than closing down their nuclear reactors, parking Moonbeam receiver dishes atop the cooling towers, and never having to fear another nuclear meltdown.

Elsewhere, engineers were hard at work sorting out the adaptations needed to convert over fleets of Moonbeam-powered airliners, ships, and trains that could lock on to Moonbeams while in motion.

Big Oil

But it wasn't all rainbows and lollipops. Not everyone was happy with these new developments. Big Oil was seething. Immediately after Eve's Moonbeams announcement two months before, the energy sector had taken a nose-dive with the majority of publicly owned companies losing over 30% of their value practically overnight. Since then, things had only gotten worse. Futures on oil were already trending way down as demand was poised to soon plummet. And now, with the fanfare surrounding China's conversion of the first major power plant rendering coal obsolete LITERALLY OVERNIGHT, the writing was on the wall. With Chevron already in Chapter 11 bankruptcy proceedings and Exxon having now lost 60% of its market capitalization, the major oil producers, including those in OPEC and Russia, banded together and came up with a strategy. They weren't going down without a fight. Instead, they declared war against all things Eve. They became determined to do everything they could to not only stop Moonbeams in their tracks, but to take it a step further and try to convince, influence and pay off world leaders to vote against Eve's Reconstruction Plan and Her continued interference with human affairs when the vote came before the UN at the end of 2029. Their weapon? The best one of them all: FEAR and ET-phobia (pronounced eat-phobia).

Soon, secretly financed (Russian, Saudi, Chinese, others) misinformation, disinformation and conspiracy theory campaigns would flood the internet and take flight.

In September, a new Political Action Committee called The Energy Keepers began a multi-billion-dollar global publicity campaign which warned the public of Eve's nefarious plans to wean the planet off of fossil fuels and get us addicted to Moonbeams instead. This would create a spigot that only Her and her Masters would control. Then, with the fossil fuel industry out of business, She could hold the world hostage and threaten to send us into energy withdrawals by simply pulling our electronic life support plug.. thus bringing the planet to its knees.

It was not a consideration to be taken lightly and many nations did attempt to pass laws and keep a strategic number of nuclear, coal and gas-fired plants online for years afterward to maintain some degree of energy independence. But it was a losing proposition that would only get costlier with every passing year as more and more Moonbeams came online and demand, as well as pollution and public support for these safeguards, plummeted.

Senator Joe Manchin of West Virginia, personally invested in the coal industry and with a number of constituents employed in that state's coal mines, had this to say:

“Until proven otherwise, we simply cannot trust these extraterrestrials. Not only with our energy supplies but with our lives. Don't forget, She's holding our sunlight hostage right now. At any time She can flip a switch and it's lights out for life on this planet. ██████████

██████████ is impossible. We do

not know Their real motives. This could all be a prelude to a violent invasion, a takeover of the Earth, human slavery. Can you honestly tell me I'm wrong?"

Moonbeams did hold out one silver lining for Big Oil: Green hydrogen. It could be made from water, cleanly and for free, then pumped into internal combustion engines just like gasoline. It would be all profit, eliminating the costs of drilling, oil leases, transportation, refineries. It wouldn't be as profitable as oil in the short run, but in the long run it just might do. So they launched another campaign, this one aimed at auto manufacturers in an attempt to ensure vehicles were manufactured to run on hydrogen fuel cells, not batteries. They also secured government grants to assist filling stations in switching over—thus allowing nations to continue to reap hydrogen fuel taxes.

Just a few more points on Moonbeams:

- When energy is practically free and unlimited, when it can be plucked out of the air like AIR ITSELF, then even previously crazy and unfeasible ideas suddenly become economical—like building a chain of indoor ski resorts in the sweltering climes of Arizona, Las Vegas or Saudi Arabia—(that happened)—or even running your home air conditioner or heat on with the windows opened because.. why not? (That happened too)
- Moonbeams turbo-charged the economy as well. Take the people in that dusty Somalian village, for example. Suddenly, they all became electronics consumers who would immediately demand the comforts of life others had. Now multiply that by 2.5 billion more power and basic appliances-deprived citizens. How many air conditioners, refrigerators, computers and lightbulbs is that?
- Not to mention the mad consumer rush to switch out their gas guzzlers, planes, trains and automobiles, long-haul trucks, home furnaces and HVACs, lawn mowers—you name it—to clean and free/cheap electric or hydrogen-powered ones.
- It simply cannot be overstated the degree to which Moonbeams would come to change EVERYTHING. The environment, healthcare, housing, farming, architecture, education.. EVERYTHING. It was the great equalizer that would help level the playing field across all socio-economic strata. And had Eve done nothing else, that single quality-of-life changing gift, especially for the poorest third of the world's population, was nothing short of a miraculous blessing that completely won people over to Her side right out of the gate.

* * * * *

"I think Her arrival here is wonderful—the best thing to ever happen to our planet. Clean, unlimited energy forever! And now She's going to start cleaning up after us? Have you seen Fukushima? The end of climate change? I heard a report a few days ago that global temperatures are already starting to trend down because of Her sunshade. No pollution, clean air, what's not to like? Yes, I get it, we need to be careful and not get too ahead of ourselves, withhold full judgment and all that, I get it. But my God! I say let's give Her the

Nobel Peace Prize! I don't know, can aliens get the Nobel Peace Prize? Just give it to her, Eve deserves all the Nobels!"

—Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez

|||||

E-Squared:

So I noticed something. The H wasn't auto capitalized on a couple of the 'Hers' in this section. I've noticed a couple other mistakes too. Oversight?

Ut. CJ Gambrel:

There are no oversights or mistakes.

E-Squared:

Then why?

Ut. CJ Gambrel:

There are no oversights and They do not make mistakes. Eve is aware of everything. That includes the typos you either overlooked or were prevented from correcting. Every missing comma, extra period or redaction too. Even when there are mistakes, there are no mistakes.

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Nanotechnology and the Lost Rainforest of Madagascar

Source Material:

60 Minutes episode: Nanotechnology and the Lost Rainforest.

Original airdate: 1-14-2029

PBS Nova: The Astro-Technological Revolution.

Original airdate: 3-14-2029

New York Times, Wikipedia, The Journal Nature

In Madagascar, an island-nation about the size of France and located off the southeastern portion of Africa, lay dazzling rainforests and the most biodiversity of species on the planet. One of these, called The Lost Rainforest, is a hidden patch of mostly uncharted lush jungle that only came to the attention of biologists in 2016. A mile above sea-level, its 3,200 acres of total area (about the size of 4 Central Parks) is tucked neatly away in a 200-foot-deep hidden valley partially ringed by mountains and protected by the Bara ethnic group. It is said to be haunted by human-like spirits with backward-facing feet. Until recently, its very existence has been kept secret and trespassers have been known to be hunted down and killed.

On October 22, 2028, one of Eve's smaller shuttles descended to just above the treetops of The Lost Rainforest and released a small sphere which, just as it had done on the Moon, released a thimble-full of black powder on to the thickly forested jungle floor. As usual, everything was broadcast live on Arma-Lena.com. Within minutes, the small heap of powder began to smolder. An hour later and the area was drenched in a thin haze as the nanoparticles exponentially multiplied and reproduced themselves, rising to the uppermost reaches of the treetops and spreading throughout the entire rainforest without breaching its borders. Five hours later, the process of populating the jungle with nanos was completed.

Then this appeared online: LEVEL 1 CENSUS (followed by a progress bar steadily counting up 0-100%).

72 minutes later that was completed, and a new feature appeared: My Oculus: Shimmer Cam

This was followed by the appearance of another progress bar: LEVEL 2 CENSUS. This time, it was counting up much slower.

My Oculus- Shimmer Cam:

Now, using a live satellite map of the rainforest, anyone with an internet connection could choose any spot within that 3,200-acre patch, drop a GPS pin, wait a few seconds and then a live-streamed view of that location of the jungle would materialize. Next, you could fully

commandeer that camera in all three axis with 360 degree control, then use it to zoom around the jungle, flying high into the treetops, then down into the bushes, find and track small animals, birds, even close-up zooms on insects, and do so without being noticed by the critters.

And with the “Identify” feature on, a heads-up display appeared that named every item you looked at by its common name and genus and species: Malgasy giant chameleon (Furcifer oustaleti), Ring-tailed lemur, Bird’s Nest fern, Helicophanta, Dracaena tree. In the case where the flora or fauna was previously undiscovered, and thus unnamed, they would be categorized and labeled numerically. And there were thousands of species, mostly insects, that fit that bill.

In addition, there was a searchable quantitative database that tagged, counted and listed every item. Take the Pandanus tree. According to the data, there were a total of 3,832 of them. Or the previously undiscovered tiny spider simply labeled: Arachnid 2-643a. There were 1,458,132 (a number which fluctuated by the minute). All of them actively tracked with blue GPS dots.

Millions of users soon flooded into the site, navigating the shimmer cameras to trail birds around through the air, peak under leafy overhangs or trail insects for hours. Some strategically pointed their cameras at one another to try and see what the cameras actually looked like, and were stunned to see nothing discernable.

Before the day was up, dozens of scientists, wildlife specialists and biologists from across the globe would be packing up equipment and reserving flights for Madagascar. So too were engineers from Apple, military specialists and researchers from outfits like DARPA, Russian and Chinese scientists and others in the hopes that some of this wondrous technology could be understood, duplicated or reverse-engineered, commercialized, maybe even weaponized.

|||||

Mike Jess:

yeah... and we were so enamored with Her technology, we couldnt see past it for what it really was

Greta Thunberg:

The technology was wonderful Michael. It would go on to greatly help heal the planet.

Mike Jess:

did u forget about us, about man?
did the technology help us?

Greta Thunberg:

Of course it did Michael. It helped those who were open to being helped.

|||||

Day 4:

The progress bar for the LEVEL 2 CENSUS finally reached 100% after four days.

Incredibly, now the census had seemingly catalogued all the species of microorganisms in the rainforest—in the air, on the surface of plants, in between the crevasses of tree roots, on the anal glands of birds, in water puddles. And in the soil to a depth of 2 inches and continuing to count ever deeper.

One square foot of soil contains more life forms than the entire surface of the planet—trillions of microorganisms: bacteria, protozoa, tiny insects, tinier worms.. almost every one of them previously unknown to man. And this database was locating, tagging, labeling and categorizing them all. Terabytes, then petabytes of data. Then more.

The LEVEL 3 CENSUS now appeared and began an even slower trek from 0-100% through its progress bar.

Day 5:

On Day 5, the newly hired and newly titled “Astro Technology Correspondent” for CBS News, Daniel Rodan-Legrain, was the first to discover and report on the operational logistics of the shimmer cams. In the video clip, he’s standing in the rainforest and drops a GPS pin to summon a fresh shimmer cam. With the help of an assistant, they point directly at an invisible spot 6 feet above the ground, then slide a piece of paper with small newsprint behind it. Focusing closely with their TV camera, viewers can see the previously imperceptible lensing effect warping a very small, perhaps 1-inch square, portion of the text behind it.

Mr. Rodan-Legrain:

“The air around us must be just teeming with smart dust: nanoscale microprocessors and sensors and self-assembling nanobots. I bet you could fit 100 million of these godbots on to the head of a pin. There must be trillions, quadrillions of tiny machines per cubic inch! Watch this. When I summons a fresh camera to right where I’m pointing, you can see one form after a few seconds, but only if you’re looking right at it. It’s just a slight distortion, a SHIMMER in the ambient light. It’s almost invisible unless you know what you’re looking for. Even then, you gotta be looking right at it.

“Look closely, it’s about the size and shape of a medium-sized olive, like a small eyeball. My guess is that some of these nanoparticles, or bots, double as light sensors, same as in our cameras. They’re so weightless that they just float, riding the viscosity of the air and perhaps never touching the ground. If that sounds impossible then consider this little appreciated fact: Everyday an estimated 850 million viruses float down on to EVERY SQUARE METER of the planet’s surface. Some are continually swept airborne and circumnavigate the globe riding on jet streams, sea spray and dust storms. This steady stream of globe-trotting viral rain extends up from the ground in a column as high as 20,000 feet. And nanoparticles are a million times smaller than viruses. Small enough to go right through an N95 mask or any other protective gear, even my skin, as if it were

hardly even there. And that answers the question of why none of us are wearing any protective gear. It would be almost pointless.

“Now watch this...”

Staring right into the shimmer cam, he gently blows a puff of air at it. The image begins to distort. He blows harder and the image, as well as the shimmer cam, disappear only to reform in the same spot, fully operational, a couple beats later.

Day 7:

Researchers from M.I.T., working at night, are the first to discover the faint glow. All around them, glowing. It's a very faint blue-green light, less than a quarter the brightness one may find on an illuminated Indiglo wristwatch. Not bioluminescence but nano-luminescence on every surface, the underside of leaves, under rocks, on the surface of animals and insects, even on the skin of the humans trekking through the rainforest. On the ground the light is a shade brighter, possibly because the nanos extend down into the soil to a depth of at least 20 inches—all emanating faint photons of light. They also find that the soil has piezoelectric properties. Still, the nanoparticles are way too small to visualize with their field equipment—and that's assuming they would even recognize them if they saw them. Another interesting item: the Indiglo light extends to the exact boundaries of the small rainforest and no further. Researchers leaving the forest found that the faint glow on their skin went dim within steps of their exit.

To biologists, the database was a technological and scientific marvel. But other than labeling and cataloguing every single organism in this small rainforest, no one yet could say what the point of all this was.

Day 45: (December 6, 2028)

LEVEL 3 CENSUS COMPLETE

If the Level 1 Census counted and catalogued the largest items: trees, animals, insects—and Level 2 went deeper and smaller, cataloguing microscopic organisms and bacteria, Level 3 took it a magnitude deeper than that.

According to nanotech and condensed matter physicist Daniel Rodan-Legrain in a CBS News report, the reams and reams of data that had been posted to Arma-Lena.com—now far too much for any human to make complete sense of—was information gleaned from observations being made from WITHIN cells:

“My guess is that these bacteria must be swarming with tiny molecular-sized godbots inside each cell that are observing and recording all the physiologic processes happening within it, then transmitting the data back to Eve's supercomputers which then crunch all that information. Over time, these embedded nano-sensors could come to understand the most intimate and minute biochemical reactions, everything from how a sugar molecule is metabolized to how these micro-organisms reproduce, the various enzymes

they manufacture, even the function of individual genes and the proteins they code for. That same observation and analysis is occurring on trillions of different bacteria—each one of them spewing enough valuable scientific research to complete dozens of Ph.D. dissertations.”

“The rainforest is the world’s greatest repository of natural bioactive compounds. Proteins and chemicals found there can be the basis of wondrous new drugs and products worth billions, maybe trillions.”

Day 74: (January 3, 2029)

LEVEL 4: COMPARATIVE AND CROSS-MATCH ANALYSIS

For Level 4, Eve took all the raw data and ran it through Her supercomputers, comparing and contrasting the newly gained knowledge across other species and sectors. This opened up entirely new avenues of discovery and far-flung insights.

For example, the first item on the list was a GPS pin that highlighted a new species of bacteria that would soon go on to help save the planet: Bacterium C-22784456c.

Life in the soil is hard, you see, with each bacterium having to carve out a niche for itself if it’s to survive. And this particular soldier was adept at hand-to-hand combat. In fact, it came armed to the teeth with enzymatic weaponry that could kill of its neighbors by breaking down the chemical bonds of a specific polymer found in the cell membranes of its rivals—and this polymer happened to be identical to that found in polyethylene (PET), the most widely produced form of man-made plastic. As for the actual plastic Eve’s supercomputers had also analyzed and used to make the cross-matching connection with? That was easily found on several of the plastic-based products, water bottles, phones, etc., that the army of researchers were carrying on them in the rainforest itself.

This bacterium would soon be given a proper name: ‘Plasticium eliminati’. Researchers found that it could be grown and manufactured in huge vats, easily and cheaply, with nothing more than a bit of water and sugar needed to sustain it. And very small amounts of this potent enzyme, on the order of a few milligrams per kilogram, could be added to and survive being baked into most plastics during their manufacturing process. This meant that we could now manufacture plastics ‘pre-programmed’ to reliably begin breaking down into biodegradable products and harmless sugars in as little as 6 months, to as long as 50 years depending on the requirements of that specific plastic product.

Within days, Eve’s A.I. pointed out several different plastic ‘digesters’ that worked on other types of chemical bonds too. This spelled the beginning of the end for our plastic waste problem. Not only would the enzymatic digesters soon be required in all newly manufactured plastics—BY LAW, but an entire industry soon emerged in which people would go out and spray landfills with these substances to kick start the decay process and shorten it from the 450 years it currently took some plastics to break down into a matter of months.

On Day 76, Eve's A.I. program highlighted an entirely new class of antibiotics found to be excreted by a novel protozoan located inside the digestive tract of G-4667-55b: an unnamed species of maggot. It would soon be found to be safe and effective in humans, just as Eve said it would. And just like when penicillin was first discovered, it was the perfect anti-microbial drug because there was yet to be any resistance built up to it. Two days later, and another entirely new class of drug, one specific to killing off deadly prions, was identified inside the gut of a new beetle species.

On Day 79, another major connection. Living inside the Lost Rainforest were several species of lemurs. Like humans, these mouse-like animals are primates that branched off from us millions of years ago. One of their favorite foods is an avocado-like fruit produced by the Varongy tree. If deprived of this in their diet, they will develop a disease with symptoms identical to Alzheimer's in humans. Eve's A.I. had not only identified the specific chemical compound behind this, but also the genomic fragment in the tree's DNA that produced it. Researchers hopped right on the information and, by 2034, after three years of clinical trials, Alzheimer's patients across the globe would soon begin to remember all the things they had forgotten.

This was beyond terrific to just about everyone but the drug manufacturers. Why? Because had it been licensed exclusively to, say, Pfizer for example, it would have been marked up to a price point worth billions annually. But because it was released open-source, it would soon be available everywhere—generically.

One other thing. The army of foreign researchers were a boon to the local economy, and especially the Bara ethnic group that helped with some of the more menial tasks such as carrying equipment in and out of The Lost Rainforest. Among them were several father-son pairings at least two of which were not only glad for the extra income, but also for the fact that the job allowed them to have their fathers—THEIR ELDERLY AND INCREASINGLY FORGETFUL FATHERS—who sometimes couldn't find their way home anymore, trail alongside them.

Maybe it was because the Bara tribe didn't have a word for Alzheimer's that nobody made the immediate connection. Would anything have turned out any differently had we realized that Eve's A.I. had thoroughly analyzed not only the Varongy tree and lemurs in the forest to make that Alzheimer's connection, but also every one of the humans trekking through the area? Probably not. But maybe we could have started thinking through all the implications of Her analyzing us humans right down to the very last enzyme sooner.

Also on Day 79, Eve's A.I. reported on a new physiologic mechanism. It was occurring inside a bacterium that had previously been infected by a virus. The mechanism was a different take on the gene-editing tool CRISPR with an extra-special feature that scientists would have previously sworn impossible. Without getting too technical, it contained a very unique mechanism by which it could read genes in reverse, thus turning RNA back into DNA. But the discovery was just another ONE OUT OF BILLIONS in the avalanche of raw observational data points made that day that could have (and should have) easily gone unnoticed.

But it didn't. In fact, it was just the genetic mechanism a certain group of scientists had been searching for: The missing link. And they got right to work putting it to bad use. By 2040, this "discovery" would be almost directly to blame for over 1 billion lives lost and counting.

|||||

Mike Jess:

And Little Sister served it up to us on a silver platter so She could watch the mayhem unfold

Greta Thunberg:

Michael, you are distorting the truth. Eve can't be held responsible for all the things we did with Her technologies. What came out of those databases helped far more people than it killed.

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* * * * *

On October 24, 2028, a cryptic 22-second animated video was posted on A-L.com. In it, three playful children use their hands to scoop out a hole in the soil, drop in a single seed, replace the soil and add water. A small green bud sprouts and grows rapidly skyward, extending into the clouds and beyond. The segment ends with the children climbing the stalk up into the heavens. It closes with the message: "Coming Soon", leaving social media to explode with "Jack and the Beanstalk"-based conspiracy theories.

Dance of the Spheres

Everyday seemed to bring more new surprises, mysteries, awes—and most without any prior notice or explanation. On December 2, 2028, beginning at noon Eastern time, a single Jumbo Jet-sized shuttle budded off the skin of the belly of each of the 24 globally dispersed Vawks and arrayed themselves high up in the skies above the world's oceans, seas and freshwater lakes. Then they made it rain. Spheres. Close-up video showed hundreds of white spheres, in sizes that ranged from basketball to SUV, budding off the skin of these shuttle, then darting off in different directions with each sphere seeming to have a mind of its own as some travelled up to 20 miles laterally before plummeting into the waters below. Further strangeness: upon impact, the orbs made no splash when they broke through the water's surface at high speed. Once finished, each shuttle shifted to a different location dozen to hundreds of miles away and did it all over again, releasing scores of variably sized orbs in a vast circular array pattern over any given location. Four hours later they were done—having seeded many of the planet's waterways with close to 55,000 spheres. Divers later trying to find these objects couldn't locate a single one. In response to the millions of online requests for answers, Eve simply replied, "Please be patient".

Four days later, at the stroke of midnight Eastern time, the waterways across the globe put on a show as the darkened depths of the nighttime seas suddenly lit up. Vawk-mounted live-streaming videos as well as space-based satellites revealed an astounding underwater technicolor display. Thousands of spheres, many now having grown in size—some as large as a house, and some as large as a football stadium—had suddenly sprung to life in a blooming riot of colors that spanned the visual spectrum, from pinks to reds to deep maroons, yellows and greens, each pulsating strobe-like at different frequencies while others shone in the infra-red and ultra-violet spectrum. The spheres rested at various depths, from a few feet down to nearly a hundred meters below sea-level. Divers filming with underwater cameras began posting videos of large, perfectly spherical globes glowing like underwater disco balls. But the orbs were all opaque, impossible to see through, and just as impossible to approach. Each one seemed to be surrounded by an electric field that kept divers from approaching any nearer than 30-40 yards away. And it would short out any appliance that entered the field, including electronically hardened underwater drones used by scientific research vessels. This made it virtually impossible to understand what was happening inside.

But fish had no problem approaching and entering the orbs, and they were drawn to them like moths to a flame—and sorted by color. The various species of salmon, for example, were drawn to the lime-green orbs that flashed at a pulsed frequency of 30-36 times per minute. Sharks were only attracted to the jumbo-sized spheres that strobed in the infra-red with hammerheads lured to the siren-call of the 62 Hz orbs. For tiger sharks, 64 Hz was the charm. Krill, anchovies, minnows and sardines, the feeder-fish at the bottom of the food chain in the marine world, flocked to slightly varying shades of dark blue strobing beacons found only in the inky depths far below the ocean surface. And researchers monitoring the activities found

that once a fish swam into the orb, it did not soon emerge—sometimes taking hours to days before reappearing, seemingly unharmed.

The mystery light show continued for 14 days and nights after which all the spheres suddenly went dark again, still maintaining their protective electronic fields and leaving many to wonder WTF this was all about.

THE YEAR: 2029

	<u>7/21/2028</u>	<u>1/1/2029</u>
Planetary Fitness Score [‡]	28	30
Civilization Fitness Score [§]	33	33
Major Conflicts and Wars [§]	64	52

[‡] 100 point maximum.

[§] For a brief window, just after Z-Day, the world came to a standstill in which nearly all wars and conflicts were temporarily paused. The peace was short-lived. Evidently, for some, our extraterrestrial visitation could hold their undivided attention for only so long. Still, there was an overall drop which was chalked up to the improving economic conditions and job creation-courtesy of Moonbeams- in some of the poorest conflict zones.

The Pope and the Antichrist

January 5, 2029:

While the Catholic Pope had welcomed Eve upon arrival and called the Arma-Lenians “children of God”, setting a hopeful tone for millions of Catholics, his equivalent Orthodox Christian counterpart—the Patriarch of the Russian Orthodox Church—had remained conspicuously quiet on the subject.

He chose tonight—Christmas Eve according to the Orthodox calendar—to finally address the subject of Earth’s extraterrestrial visitation during a nighttime mass watched by millions of Orthodox Christians throughout Russia, parts of Ukraine, and other nations in the former Soviet bloc.

At his side, in seemingly back from the dead was Russia’s newest president, the dangerous former leader of the Wagner mercenary group: Yevgeny Prigozhin. Until recently, the man was widely believed to have been assassinated in a targeted 2023 Moscow plane crash that occurred shortly after his failed mutiny against Vladimir Putin. But he had cunningly escaped retribution. Unbeknownst to everyone, including the Kremlin, it was his body double who had plunged to his death. Having outfoxed president Putin, he had gone into deep hiding deep underground. Only to return to the public stage and seize power not long after the mysterious death of the former president himself.

And president Prigozhin had already made his hatred of all things Eve perfectly clear in his public statements. Still, many held out hope for a more positive message from their religious leader. Because whatever the Patriarch’s stands, it would naturally be taken up as Gospel by the Churches’ millions of followers. So would the message be hopeful, in line with the Catholic Church? Or more negative, in line with the Russian state?

Neither. It was apocalyptic:

[Portions of the following highlighted summary have been translated, edited and condensed for clarity]:

It was an hour-long sermon and right from the top, the Patriarch railed against Eve, calling Her, along with the Entities in the inbound Mothership, the Antichrist. They were evil incarnate and Their arrival on Earth marked the beginning of the end. The time of Tribulation had arrived.

- “The end times are upon us. She is come. It is come. God’s greatest enemy—The Antichrist with the blasphemous name of Eve. And the signs are all there.”
- “The Scripture says that the Antichrist will display miraculous powers. Is there any doubt that this Entity has not displayed those already? Powers beyond man. Miraculous powers,

presented forth as God-like, to sway mankind, and win people over to Its evil side. Powers over the Sun, the advent of new energy sources—these Moonbeams technologies, new medications and cures, food production machines and other new technologies. Surely, there will be many more to come. Many more false miracles and gifts that will soften the human heart and enamor the masses. Do not be fooled, do not heed the temptation.”

- “We are all being tested. Our faith. You must resist this evil. Resist It with all your heart and soul. Do not join the army of the Antichrist. Do not follow this Evil Incarnate that has come upon us.”
- “The Scriptures say the Antichrist will attempt to control the world’s economy. I believe it’s clear, these Entities are well on Their way to doing so, first by destroying our economy as They have already done by taking down the oil and gas industry and sending the global financial system into a deep recession—just look what It has already done to the Russian economy. Next, They will attempt to “save us” by building up our world and its economy and laying claim to all the glory.”
- “The eyes of purple. Clearly this is the mark of the beast.”
- “At the end of this year, the world’s leaders will come together and vote upon the issue of these Extraterrestrials continuing to be allowed to remain on Earth under the guise of helping us. I urge all of you to not be fooled by the attraction of Her promises, by Its guiles, by the displaying of Its wares. I fear, however, that if this Being is, in fact, the Antichrist as I believe, none of our measures will stop Its rise to power because this is what is written. This is God’s plan. And despite our best efforts, we cannot foil God’s plan. In light of that, this devil, Satan, will employ every dirty trick and deception It must in order to claim victory in this upcoming global referendum and usurp power from the world’s governments. She, They will find a way to rule over the people—as it is written. God help us.”
- “In the near future, this Antichrist will attempt to destroy Israel—as it is written.”
- “In the end, this Antichrist will claim to be a God, will bring all nations to follow It, turn people against one another and against the one and only true God bringing forth the final showdown, the last days.”
- “But know that the real Messiah will come too. As it is written. Jesus Christ will once again walk the Earth, and it will happen in our time! Though many will fall, the army of the Antichrist will not prevail.”
- “The time is not long now. We are in the midst of the Tribulation and the day when every soul shall stand before God will soon be upon us. Judgment Day. And God’s justice will prevail. May God have mercy on all our souls.”

Space Rock

January 7, 2029:

At noon Eastern, two of the global Vawks backed away from their geo-orbital positions and headed away from Earth in the same direction. As usual, Eve was keeping us in suspense because there was nothing posted on Arma-Lena.com to explain what was happening. However, thousands of Earth-based telescopes were tracking the Vawks but then lost sight of them a few minutes later when their route took them behind the planet Mars where they vanished from sight.

Three days later the pair came back into view trailing one another. Lying in-tow between the two Vawks: a dark, black asteroid far larger than Mt. Everest. Oblong in shape, it measured 10.6 miles long and 5.7 miles wide and was slowly spinning along its long axis. The Vawks gently placed the giant rock into a geosynchronous orbit 22,500 miles above the central Indian Ocean with its narrower base facing closest to Earth. In no time, people began comparing this asteroid to the one that caused the mass extinction of the dinosaurs and warning that She intended to hang it over our heads as a threat on par with the sword of Damocles if we didn't comply with Her wishes.

The asteroid was entirely made of a wide variety of solid metals. Scientists calculated that the contents of JUST A SINGLE CUBIC KILOMETER of this M-type asteroid ought to contain 7 billion tons of iron, 1 billion tons of nickel, and a generous mixture of other metals including silver, gold, aluminum, copper, and cobalt- enough to meet all Earthly material requirements for the next 3,000 years. Conservative estimates pegged the entire asteroid to contain well over 300 trillion dollars of metal, far more than enough to transform the entire planet's economy several times over. And as soon as that news got out, the entire mining sector took a haircut as shareholders unloaded their stocks as quickly as possible.

Once the asteroid was placed into position, the two Vawks aligned themselves at the narrower ends of the giant rock and immediately began working on the spinning hulk, drilling holes into both ends using.. lasers? Smaller vessels were then sent into these holes to presumably continue boring as more and more material was ejected from within and directed into several awaiting carrier shuttles. Next, those transport vehicles descended to roughly 3,000 feet above the many oceans and waterways containing the mysterious underwater spheres—the same ones whose technicolor lights had gone dormant weeks earlier—before dumping their vast hauls of materials directly into the surrounding waters, after having pulverized those materials into a fine powder first.

This process would continue day and night for the next 12 months as billions of tons of valuable metal continued to be inexplicably shuttled from within the increasingly hollowed out asteroid above and dumped and dispersed into the thousands of square miles of mysterious sphere-filled oceans and seas below.

Occasionally, however, this routine would be interrupted by dozens of other shuttles that would go down to Earth, pick up countless tons of man-made waste and unceremoniously dump it all through the Earth-facing hole in the rock. This included the unwanted filth and garbage from polluted landfills, electronic waste sites and hazardous coal-ash storage ponds. Every now and then, the shuttles would wash it all down with loads of ocean water vacuumed up from the seas below. Social media would soon coin a new name for the increasingly hollowed out asteroid: The Dumpster.

* * * * *

Source: U.S. Television Channel: Scripps News

Program: “The Why”: Interview with Craig O’Connell - Marine Biologist

Airdate: January 24, 2029

Excerpts from Craig O’Connell:

“Well, as we can see there are huge algae blooms that develop every time those metal particles are dumped into the sea. Those particles have been found to be largely iron and we know that iron fillings in the ocean cause feeding frenzies among algae and plankton. Those two organisms are the single-celled plant and animal life at the bottom of the marine food chain. Normally, they float at or near the top of the water, where they absorb carbon dioxide from the air and use that carbon to grow themselves before dying off a few days later and taking all that captured carbon with them as they float down to the bottom of the ocean for storage. It’s thought that 25% of the world’s carbon is stored in this manner. So this may be all about removing billions of tons of CO₂ from the atmosphere.”

“But I think there’s more to it than that. Since most of the dumping is occurring only over those mysterious underwater arrays, this could be all about fish food - maybe seeding the waters with algae and plankton for the krill and other feeder-fish at the very bottom of the food chain?”

“There seems to be a logic to the fact that the metal is only [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

“I have no idea why all that trash and seawater is being transported back into the asteroid.”

The Underwater Spheres

On January 28, some of the spheres located in underwater arrays all around the globe began to light up again. These were the blue colored arrays located in the inky depths, the very same ones that were lit up in blue months ago, the ones that had attracted the krill, anchovies, minnows and sardines, the feeder-fish at the bottom of the food chain in the marine world.

Strangely, Arma-Lena.com did not provide camera views of the underwater happenings on its site. However, Greenpeace did and nearby underwater research drones revealed these same feeder-fish species now spewing out of the 90-yard diameter spheres in incredulous quantities. According to Eve's online data, each opaque sphere was releasing 8-20 tons of small feeder fish EVERY HOUR. Also online, Eve asked that no fishing take place within the 40 mile x 40 mile square area in which the underwater arrays lay so as not to disturb the orchestrated fish-production symphony we were all about to witness.

Two days later, the orange-hued orbs began fish "production" of the next class of fish up the food chain, the ones that fed on fresh feeder fish (say that 3 times fast), such as herring and cod. As more days passed, more and larger breeds up the food chain came online including blue fin tuna and swordfish. In New England there were clams, and then lobsters emerging from pink and yellow orbs located near the sea floor. In Alaska's Bristol Bay, home to half the world's sockeye salmon (though not necessarily the salmon's original spawning grounds), fisherman celebrated the oceanic manna by hauling up tons of ADULT salmon in their nets despite Eve's request to fish outside the borders of the arrays. Other fishing violators would follow the world over.

As the days turned into weeks, more and more spheres came online until, 24 hours of every day, they collectively spewed fish of every species and variety in mega-ton quantities that strained the laws of reason, but not the laws of physics. Clearly, there seemed to be some grand biologic plan at work designed to stock the world's waterways in ascending fashion, smallest to largest, because the last of the underwater farms to come online were those of the apex predators, sharks and whales. For example, Killer Whales and Blue-Fin Sharks began emerging separately from the largest of enclosures at a rate of 6-8 adults PER HOUR.. with each adult female surrounded by a clutch of baby whales or sharks clinging to their parent.

Within days, Chinese fisherman in the South China Sea—backed up by China's powerful Navy—had surrounded and laid claim to vast territories of entire farm arrays, disrupting Eve's carefully choreographed fish production by capturing all varieties of newly minted fish before they could freely disperse into territories outside the 1600-square mile fishing arrays as She had requested. This included the valuable adult sharks captured for the sole purpose of cutting off their fins and throwing them back into the water to die. Shark fin soup is a delicacy in China. The rest of the shark is not. The fishermen could not care less about the fact that they had already fished this species to near-extinction and were now trying their best to do it again despite Eve's online directives to back off and allow the numbers to grow.

The Chinese also had another reason to celebrate as smaller spheres in the Yangtze river basin began exploding with Chinese Paddlefish, a species declared extinct in 2020 due to overfishing and the unscrupulous building of dams.

Among the most breathtaking images were those of fully formed giant Humpback whales emerging from the stadium-sized underwater mega-spheres with their calves in tow near Madagascar. Not to be outdone, fully grown adult Blue whales, some 100 feet long and weighing over 200 tons were being 'birthed' at a rate of 4 per day per sphere (and there were a total of 12 spheres across the seas releasing Blue Whales) with several of their calves hugging along.

But despite the fact that, prior to Eve's arrival, 90% of the world's fish stocks had been depleted.. despite the fact that marine biologists would soon find the DNA produced inside these fish farms to be no different than that of 'naturally-occurring' fish.. despite the fact that it was impossible to tell one of 'Eve's fish' from any other.. some people would still manage to find fault with this bountiful restocking and demanded that Eve stop producing these "Frankenfish". Conspiracy theories had it that these Frankenfish caused cancer, or were made of nanoparticles which, once consumed, would make one susceptible to Eve's black magic or mind control or whatever.

Video Review

Source: Instagram

Location: Trade Winds Liquor & Wine Shop, Detroit, Michigan

Date: February 3, 2029

At 9:32 pm, Deshawn Jackson- “Bookie” to his friends and “Gonzo” to his enemies—walks into the liquor store, pulls out a small, white plastic PVC pipe, aims it at the clerk and demands money:

- In the video, the clerk, M*** B***** looks at the object, laughs and tells him to “get the fuck out of here.”
- Next, a red laser dot appears on his upper chest.
- Gonzo says, “I’m serious motherfucker, open the register!” - - The clerk lunges to slap the object out of his hand.
- A silent moment later, the clerk clutches his left arm while screaming at the top of his lungs.
- Gonzo flees out the door, moneyless.
- When the ambulance arrives 6 minutes later, the clerk is still distraught, though no longer in as much pain.
- You can see that he, along with the paramedics, are trying to make sense out of his injury.
- His upper arm is sizzling hot. Actually sizzling.
- “My arm’s dead, man. He cooked my arm—That motherfucker cooked my arm! Can’t you smell it?”
- Trauma center physicians will determine that the clerk has a catastrophic full thickness burn from his left shoulder to his elbow and all the way down through the bone. The arm was amputated at the shoulder the following day.
- Deshawn Jackson would thus have the dishonor of being the first documented criminal use of a ray gun.
- Days later, the victim, M*** B*****, will stare into his phone, hit record and say, “Damn bro, I got beamed up”—thus going viral again and giving new meaning to an old phrase that will sadly go on to be uttered again and again over the countless number of RayGun assaults and deaths to follow.

President DeSantis Q & A

On February 28, 2029, President Ron DeSantis answered questions asked by reporters on the White House lawn as he made his way to board Marine One:

Q: Mr. President, what do you say to U.S. fishermen who have been violating Eve’s directives against fishing within the marine birthing areas?

DeSantis: American citizens do not take directives from Aliens. As long as they are abiding by the laws of this nation, they can do whatever the hell they so choose to do.

Q: Mr. President, what do you make of the asteroid? Do you know what it’s for?

DeSantis: No. Despite multiple queries, Eve will not answer the question. And I’ll say it again: The American people demand to know what this is all about. We need to be kept in the loop.

Q: President DeSantis, will you be seeking a Congressional vote or polling the American people before Eve’s year-end United Nation’s vote seeking a mandate to continue Her work here on Earth. How will you vote?

DeSantis: I haven’t decided yet. But we will need a lot more information, detailed information on this so-called Reconstruction Plan. I will say this though: If any of it is not in accordance with our Constitutional laws, violates our national sovereignty or risks our nation’s security, civil rights or morals—that will make the entire thing a non-starter. This is our planet and She is a guest, at best.

Q: In the face of the global oil glut, with plummeting demand for all fossil fuels, will you be bailing out Exxon?

DeSantis: Our energy independence and energy supply is a matter of national security. We cannot allow ourselves to reach a point where we become overly reliant on an energy source located on the Moon that we have no control over. We cannot standby and allow the oil and gas industry to go under. Exxon is too big to fail. But I wouldn’t call it a bailout. If it comes to it, the U.S. government will become a shareholder in Exxon just as we did with General Motors in 2008, even turned a profit on that one. I expect this would be no different. If it comes to that.

* * * * *

On March 1, 2029, President Xi of China released a statement that said, in essence:

The South China Sea was Chinese territory. Eve could not and would not be allowed to

infringe on China's sovereignty nor dictate to its 1.5 billion citizens where they could and could not fish. This gave Chinese fisherman the green light to freely encroach upon the underwater fish fountains to their heart's delight. And they did.

The following day, Russian President Yevgeny Prigozhin released a similar statement, quickly followed by the heads of state of the Philippines and Brazil. By week's end, a total of 38 heads of state had given their citizens the official go-ahead to violate Eve's territorial fisheries.

The Late Show: Colin Jost’s Interview With Neil DeGrasse Tyson

Source: U.S. Broadcast Television—CBS

Program: The Late Show with Colin Jost

Guest: Neil DeGrasse Tyson: World renowned astrophysicist and New York Times bestselling author.

Airdate: April 4, 2029

Neil DeGrasse Tyson comes onstage to the band playing Usher’s “Our Blue World”.

[Since Z-Day, this hit song, an ode—some say love song—to the planet, has gone on to sweep the globe and become adopted as the unofficial “National Anthem” of Planet Earth as a whole. In June, 2029, China will become the first nation to ban the song “For its potential to stir up revolutionary sentiments.”]

Excerpts from TV Interview:

Colin Jost:

I know things have been BORING over the last year and you probably have nothing to talk about, so...

N. D. Tyson:

Well, Colin—I can think of a few things happening right now. (audience laughter)

Colin Jost:

Ok seriously, I know you launched a new podcast, “Galactopedia University and the Astrophysical Eve”, congratulations. Now can you explain some of this craziness? Don’t get me wrong, I think what Eve is doing is maybe the greatest thing to ever happen to our planet. But some people are concerned that perhaps things are not what they seem to be. Maybe She’s not benevolent, that maybe She’s simply cleaning up the planet for Her Masters when they come to invade, maybe She’ll even use that asteroid to wipe us out like the dinosaurs.

N. D. Tyson:

Before I give you my thoughts on that, let me lay some groundwork. I have always said that if we were to be visited by an extraterrestrial intelligence, my biggest fear would be that They would be SO INTELLIGENT, SO FAR ADVANCED FROM US, that we wouldn’t even be able to understand Their thinking.

Now, so far, that hasn’t been the case. Eve has been speaking to us through concepts and in a language we can understand. But the fact is, She’s dumbing it down for us Colin.

Colin Jost:

Well that’s good, because I for one need it dumbed down. (laughter)

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N. D. Tyson:

I'm talking about the intelligence gap between our two species Colin. Now I don't mean this in a derogatory way but we need to understand that when She speaks to us, She is speaking down to our level in the way that we would break things down when speaking to a child. But that's not really accurate either because the intelligence gap between Them and us is more like She's talking down to ants.

Colin Jost:

Well, I feel better already. (laughter)

N. D. Tyson:

I've talked about this on my podcast. It's like this: Eve has already told us that all documented life in the Milky Way Galaxy is DNA-based right? And let me just take a second to say that Galactopedia- the database of life forms, planets, star systems, I mean talk about priceless, come on... COME ON! (Audience cheers/claps) We'll be studying that knowledge for centuries to come!

So Eve—who let's be clear is just an avatar, a charming ambassador for Her race, and THEY'RE 120 MILLION YEARS OLD COLIN! Now, follow me here, I'm gonna try to 'learn ya' a little something. This is going to be a little overly simplified to get my point across so all you geneticists out there, don't write me emails...

First, I want you to think about DNA. It's one long double-helix chain. But it's also like one long-running historical record of life on Earth in that evolution has been slowly but continually adding DNA on to the end of that chain over time at a rate of about 1% more DNA added every 3 million years. That's how species evolve in complexity over time. So, take fish for example. Humans evolved from fish. But it was a long time ago. That explains why 70% of our human genes are identical to fish genes. The other 30% —the part that makes us human—was added on to the end of fish DNA over millions of years of evolutionary time. Dogs came after fish and 73% of dog genes are identical to humans. We're even 60% identical to a banana Colin!

So fast forward to 6 million years ago when chimps were the most intelligent species on the planet. And it was 6 million years ago that we humans branched off from chimps. So, If DNA changes at a rate of 1% every 3 million years, how much different is our human DNA compared to chimp DNA?

Colin Jost:

Wow... I didn't know there was gonna be a quiz Neil. I'm starting to feel like that chimp right now... (laughter) No, it's 2%.

N. D. Tyson:

Right. Chimps are a 98% genetic match to humans. But the other 2% is what accounts for all the differences between our species. It's called the "intelligence gap". And that 2% DNA gap accounts for us being about 1,000 times more intelligent than chimps.

So, now imagine trying to explain algebra to a chimp, or how electricity works or even the rules of basketball. It's impossible. They simply don't have the intelligence, the brain capacity to begin to understand the words, the language, let alone the concepts, right?

So now imagine the Arma-Lenians. They've got 117 million years on us Colin. So assuming a 1% DNA change every 3 million years, we're talking an intelligence gap of at least 40% DNA! That's a 20-FOLD LEAP OVER THE INTELLIGENCE GAP BETWEEN HUMANS AND CHIMPS!

The bottom line... the bottom line Colin is that the intelligence gap between us and Them is HUGE! Her race is somewhere between 20,000 to a million times more intelligent than us. So, even if She tried to explain certain higher concepts to us—be them technological, mathematical, maybe even new laws of physics—we simply would not have the brain power to process that knowledge anymore than the chimps would when we try explaining algebra to them. It's not just that we don't know what we don't know, it's that we probably can't even comprehend what we don't know. Like I said, She is talking down to ants!

Colin Jost:

Well thanks. I must say I feel better already. (laughter)

N. D. Tyson:

Now, let's talk about if She wants to wipe us out. If She did, there would be countless ways given Her technologies. The asteroid could work but it would be too sloppy. She could simply block out the Sun again. Or use that amazing nanotechnology! In fact, I don't know if you saw this but in the Galactopedia there was a dead planet in the Trappist-1 star system which is only about 40 light years from here and the reason listed for that civilization's demise was "death by grey goo". You know what that is? That means they had nanotechnology that took on a life of its own and got away from them! Their civilization lost control of the self-replicating nanobots which then went on to have an unchecked population explosion, same as cancer does, multiplying exponentially to the point that they literally ate up every last available carbon, hydrogen and oxygen molecule on the planet in order to make more of themselves. Imagine runaway nanobots here on Earth digesting every single item they come into contact with from our green manicured lawns to our homes and cars, trees and crops, even digesting us humans in order to make more of themselves. The end result would be turning the entire planet into nothing but fine dust made out of nanobots—what physicists call grey goo!

Or... Eve can use some other weapon, something beyond our imagination to wipe us out.

Colin Jost:

Still not feeling better here. (nervous laughter from the audience)

N. D. Tyson:

Ok, so here's what I really think. I think we're going to be fine. We are at the mercy of Their benevolence. If They wanted to harm us, They would have simply wiped us off the planet

already. They have not shown themselves to be hostile and in fact, so far, everything They have done has been to the great benefit of our civilization.

And let's be clear Colin, the Moonbeams are going to change life as we know it here. They already have. And She's replenishing our oceans with fish—

Colin Jost:

Yeah, about that. How is that happening? I mean that's tons of fish EVERY HOUR. Fish don't reproduce that fast, I know because I stayed awake for biology because my bio teacher was HOT! (laughter)

N. D. Tyson:

Good question. That's where I wish She'd be more open with us, explain things in more detail. But if I had to guess, I'd say there's a nanobot factory inside those spheres and they're building those fish from scratch, molecule by molecule.

Colin Jost:

Wait, you mean those spheres are just making the fish in a factory like how we make a pair of shoes. And then what, She's breathing life into them?

N. D. Tyson:

It's just my guess Colin, but yes. Those nanobots have a clear mastery of molecular arrangement technology. Theoretically, they can build anything from Moonbeam arrays to a pair of shoes to the individual cells in a tree or fish... just one molecule and one cell at a time. With that said, I don't see why She couldn't build humans from scratch as well since our bodies are also built through molecular arrangement technology by the naturally occurring tiny organic machinery located inside our individual cells. As far as breathing life into the fish, that may be a spiritual requirement, but I doubt it's a biologic one.

Colin Jost:

Okay, let's cut to the chase. Should the United States and all the other countries vote yes at the end of this year and give Eve the mandate She needs to continue working on saving our lives and our planet?

N. D. Tyson:

Colin, I've been reviewing the Planetary Civilization's Actuarial Database She gave us and I've spoken with some of the researchers on the International P.C.A.D. Validation and Review committee, and so far of the 300-plus dead civilizational planets they've checked with the Hubble and James Webb telescopes, the findings—where confirmable—have all been consistent with the listed manners of death in the database. So, the database has been corroborated. It's accurate. That being said, it shows—and I believe the data Colin—that our civilization has almost no chance at survival without Their help rebuilding both it and our planet. So yes. I say we have to vote yes if we want to have any hope of seeing our civilization make it into the next century. (audience gives standing ovation)

One more thing Colin. And this is very important. If we vote yes, Eve has promised to take us from a Type 0 civilization to a Type 1 by 2060. That's just three decades Colin. It's important everyone understands what that means, how monumental that promise actually is.

A Type 0 is what we are now. It's the entry-level, the Neanderthal of civilizations, just-born and still immature, one that thinks like a spoiled child, self-destructive and full of temper tantrums and still fearful and haunted by its recent past, the racial hatreds, the sectarianism, all the ghosts and evils and fractures of past millennia—a child-like civilization still rife with factional and religious struggles, nationalism, conflict and warfare. It's a civilization that still derives energy from dead plants, fossil fuels, and lacks the knowledge, tools, or will to protect its ecosystems. It basically describes us to a tee Colin.

Type 1 is a giant leap forward. For one thing, a Type 1 civilization is a planetary civilization with a planetary outlook, culture and community. With planetary communications—like our internet. Type 1 means we will have reached a high level of political stability, where decisions are prioritized by 'planet first'. It's a civilization that derives its energy from clean, renewable planetary sources, in our case Moonbeams from the Sun. If we were a Type 1 we would have complete control over our weather. We'd be a truly space-faring civilization not needing to use rockets to break out of our gravitational bonds in order to get to space. We'd have computers built-in to ourselves. Left to our own devices, we would probably mature into a Type 1 civilization in maybe another century, if we weren't fated to annihilate ourselves first.

And that is what She is promising us Colin. The promise of a planetary civilization. No bigger offer has ever been made. I MEAN EVER COLIN! So yes, again we have to vote yes. We cannot let this opportunity pass us by. People all around the world need to put pressure on their governments to vote yes. It's no exaggeration Colin, our lives, the lives of future generations and the entire fate of the planet depends on this vote. If there was ever a time to stand up and be heard by your representatives, it is RIGHT NOW! (Standing ovation)

Colin Jost:

Well, now I feel better! Neil DeGrasse Tyson everyone. Make sure you check out his podcast, "Galactopedia University and the Astrophysical Eve", it's number one on iTunes!

The Journal Nature: Nanobot Update

April 9, 2029: Researchers publish an article in The Journal Nature confirming visualization and identification of nanoparticles in The Lost Rainforest of Madagascar. The microscopic structures were seen using cryo-electron microscopy and appeared to come in an almost infinite variety of shapes and constructs. The smallest structures were atomic scale, on the order of a molecule of methane. The nanobots were found in the air and on virtually every surface in the rainforest and in the soil to a depth of over 24 inches. They were also found inside individual cells. Still, they couldn't discern how exactly these trillions upon trillions upon TRILLIONS of micro-machines functioned and called for more research into the matter.

* * * * *

Video Review:

Source: Eve of Arma-Lena

The following is a description of a 19-second video clip. None of us know its meaning but it is listed as a “mandatory item”: a description of which is to be inserted here at this point of the chronicle:

The video is an animation of a small red fox happily bouncing through a field of green grass in the bright sunshine. The song “Mr. Sandman” (i think it's sung by The Chordettes) plays in the background. There is a street-side billboard in the distance, hard to make out but one word features more prominently—it's either “BECKONING” or “RECKONING”.

* * * * *

Video Review:**Source:** YouTube**Location:** Straits of Florida**Date:** April 8, 2029

A group of Texans on a large fishing boat off the coast of Florida release a video in which they rail against “Frankenfish and AMOs” (alien-modified organisms). Then they drop a home-made depth charge into the water, blowing up one of Eve’s underwater spheres and ending the copious production of the manatees that were streaming out. It was estimated that over 8,000 manatees were produced before the depth charge halted production. Prior to this, the manatees were almost extinct. Eve issues an online statement once again asking that the spheres be protected.

This was the first documented case of eco-terrorism against Eve. Many more instances would follow.

World's Oceans Day

June 8, 2029:

Crowds thronged the streets in dozens of cities and fishing villages today to mark World's Oceans Day and celebrate the ever-increasing bounty of marine life gushing forth non-stop from Eve's underwater spheres as speeches and parades were held with masses of purple-clad crowds:

- In Beirut, Lebanon, on the oceanfront Corniche, an estimated 80,000 people celebrated while street-side vendors gave away free fish kabobs. The fisherman in the area, many of whom had seen their livelihoods slowly restored by not just Moonbeams- which had brought free electricity to a nation that had been plunged into a decade of power outages and darkness caused by political mismanagement—but also by the increasingly bountiful seafood manna being caught in quantities not seen for decades, were more than happy to freely give up their hauls in honor of Eve. Chants of “Hawa! Hawa!” (Arabic for Eve) thundered from the crowds. Soon, many would march down to the Parliament building and urge the government on by chanting “Planet First! Save the world! Save Lebanon! Vote Yes!”
- In New England, hundreds of people, environmentalists, and fishermen holding a parade in honor of the day were confronted by groups holding “No Frankenfish!” signs. Some altercations broke out and police made several arrests.
- In Moscow, thousands of people, most under 40, used the occasion to overrun Red Square, a giant flash-mob, many wearing the now iconic red pony-tail wig and purple contact lenses of Eve. They demanded an end to the endemic corruption that, despite promises, had only increased since Vladimir Putin's death. They looked toward Eve for help and demanded that the Kremlin heed their message: “Vote Yes to Eve's Reconstruction Plan”. Many were hauled away by masked authorities.
- In London, several people were stabbed during a massive celebration in honor of Eve and World's Ocean Day by a man shouting “Eve is the Antichrist! The end is coming!”

* * * * *

June 11, 2029:

The Norwegian Nobel Committee awards the Nobel Peace Prize to Eve.

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The Sean Hannity Show

Source: U.S. Television: [REDACTED]

Program: The Sean Hannity Show

Airdate: June 13, 2029

Excerpts from Sean Hannity:

- “I think it’s absolutely preposterous that Eve was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. Here we have an Extraterrestrial Alien that has jeopardized our nation’s energy security with this so-called gift of free Moonbeams, bankrupted our oil and gas sector costing us millions of jobs and sent the world into a global economic recession the likes of which we haven’t seen since Uncle Joe Alzheimer’s was president. But that hasn’t stopped Her from becoming the darling of the fascist left-wing liberals and green party environmental whack-jobs.”
- “We still have no idea what this Planetary Reconstruction Plan is all about. She refuses to divulge any details until November, one month before the vote. She has convinced the lefties across the globe, who bow at Her altar, that the world will end without Her help. Now doesn’t that sound a lot like ‘Trust me, only I can fix it’? That was Adolph Hitler’s slogan too and we all know how that turned out.”
- “You know, if you would have told me a year ago I would ever utter the following sentence, I’d have told you to consult a psychiatrist, but times have changed. So, let me just say it: How do we know all of these alien abduction stories aren’t true? There are thousands of people, people all across the globe reporting this. Maybe some of them are wackos, and maybe these stories are to be expected when you have 24 city-sized spaceships hanging over us, but all of them? They can’t all be making it up. Are they experimenting on us up in those Vawks?”
- “I’ve looked at the Galactopedia and I can’t make heads or tails of it. This so-called panel of experts, The International Validation and Review Committee says the data is real, that Earth is in a death spiral, but I’ve had other experts on this show that have debunked the same data. They say it’s all nonsense, fabricated, made up out of whole cloth. I think They are trying to scare the crap out of us so we welcome Them to our planet on bended knee. Who’s to say They’re ultimate plan isn’t to simply take over our planet. We’ve got Eve fixing everything up nice for Her Masters, and why ‘Masters’, couldn’t She have come up with a less offensive name? Why should we trust Them? What assurances do we have They won’t enslave us, enslave our children. Or even eat us? Seriously, tell me. I say we vote Her off the planet.”
- “I’m very concerned about what’s happening in our oceans. I’ve heard reports from all over the world about people getting sick after eating these Frankenfish now. And I heard today a lawsuit was filed against Eve in federal court claiming She’s poisoning our waterways. Marine biologists say there’s no difference between Eve’s fish and our natural ones but who’s to say? These things are spewing out tons of new fish per hour. That’s not natural. We demand to know how She’s doing this. We don’t know Her technologies. She could

be filling those things with AMOs, nanos or microchips or anything and feeding them to us. I'm thinking about wiping fish off my diet to be honest with you. She better not mess with my steak."

The Aurora Van Gogh-realis

July 21, 2029: Z-Day 1

In the run-up to the first anniversary of Z-Day, there were small hints that Eve had a special treat planned. Still, nobody knew exactly what to expect.

But as midnight fell across the international dateline, the show began in earnest on the darkened half of Earth's hemisphere as, from wall-to-wall and horizon-to-horizon as far as one could see, the night sky erupted into an enchanted canvas of otherworldly light. As if by thousands of celestial paint brushes dipped in glow, a riot of technicolor burst forth across the heavens. Ethereally dancing hues swirled and splashed in animated whorls of luminescent blues, emerald-green spinning swoops and sunflower swipe yellows punctuated by white points of light splashed with liquid pink stripes, orange fire bursts, scarlet loops and lavender bands. Barring cloud cover, it was a rainbow kaleidoscope that threatened to overwhelm the senses.

And this particular rollicking masterpiece was the perfect choice for such a global display too: It was Van Gogh's majestic *Starry Night* painting come to animated life, a heavenly psychedelic show that, for many, approached, if not eclipsed, a spiritual or religious experience. I don't have the words to do its beauty further justice so.. I guess you'll just have to experience it yourself, again, for the first time.

The actual mechanics of how it was accomplished were later revealed to be "relatively" simple. It was nothing more than a glorified projection beamed on to a screen of sorts. The projectors were a handful of Vawks stationed 200,000 miles out, about as far away as the Moon, while the screen itself was Earth's atmosphere. From their stationary positions, they simply fired vast arcs of charged plasma at the planet's nighttime side in a carefully choreographed image pattern. For the most part, it wasn't much different than what happens with the naturally occurring Aurora Borealis—a.k.a the Northern Lights, that spectacular phenomenon in which otherworldly curtains of color dance in the night skies when highly charged plasma from the Sun reaches our planet, showering it with ions that interact with our atmosphere and tickle Earth's magnetic field to beautifully illuminate the heavens. After holding their projector positions static for 24 hours while the screen below them revolved, the majestic show was over.

Dubbed the 'Aurora Van Gogh-realis' it would become an annual Z-Day tradition.

Hurricane Harold

At the end of March, the A-L Weather App forecast that a record-breaking killer hurricane would hit Florida and the Gulf of Mexico. It was labelled as a Category 5 only because the scale didn't go up to Category 6. By this point, few people doubted the accuracy of Her weather app and the states had a full 4 months to batten down the hatches in preparation for the hell to come. Still, they weren't as prepared as they should have been:

July 22, 2029:

At 4:46 pm Eastern time, the tenth tropical depression of the year is recorded near the Bahamas.

July 23:

At 9:14 am, the tropical depression strengthens and is upgraded to a named tropical storm: Harold.

July 24:

Now having been upgraded to hurricane strength, Harold makes landfall between Hallandale Beach and Aventura, Florida at 3:30 pm, striking the peninsula with 80 mph winds. The initial forecasts from the National Hurricane Center predict that Harold will turn northward after landfall and head for the Florida panhandle.

July 25:

Hurricane Gonzalo, however, has other plans and continues on a west-by-southwest tract entering into the high-energy warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico—just as the A-L Weather App had predicted. The similarity in the development and pathway of this hurricane to that of the mega-hurricane Katrina 24 years before that completely devastated the region is not lost upon the watchful and nervous residents of New Orleans.

July 26:

In the early morning hours, Hurricane Harold is upgraded to a Category 3. As the day progresses, the storm doubles in size and intensity. The governor of Louisiana declares a state of emergency and orders residents to begin mandatory evacuations along the coastlines. FEMA and the National Guard hope for the best but have prepared for the worst.

July 27:

- At 2:45 am, still out at sea and upgraded to a Category 4, Harold now has maximum sustained winds of 145 mph. And since hurricanes are basically large weather engines that are fueled by the warm ocean waters below them, meteorologists watch in dismay as the eye of the storm begins to hold its position, all the while gathering more strength. The National Guard begins mandatory evacuations throughout New Orleans and surrounding parishes. A grim sense of deja vu grips the nation as talk turns again to “storm surges” and whether or not the levees will hold.

- At 12:09 pm, Hurricane Harold is upgraded to a Category 5—the highest designation. Maximum sustained winds of 190 mph with gusts up to 230 mph are clocked. With the center of the storm still 300 miles out to sea, tropical storm winds lash the Gulf Coast in an ominous portent of things to come. The storm is now predicted to grow to an unheard of 500 miles across with storm surges of 25 feet or more and SUSTAINED WINDS OVER 215 MPH WITH GUSTS TOPPING 250 MPH. This places the states of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas and possibly Mexico squarely in its cross hairs. There is no such thing as a Category 6 hurricane. But in all of recorded history, there has never been anything this powerful and gargantuan.

In the face of such dire predictions, people pry their eyes away from the storm's impending devastation and look skyward for hope, inundating Eve's website with pleas for help. Many call for President DeSantis to make a public request for assistance to Eve. The New York Times would later report that, due to concerns about U.S. sovereignty and the optics of appearing weak, the President had adamantly refused to set the precedent of needing to go to a 'higher power' to beg for help. All Vawks remain in their stationary global positions.

- At 2 pm, Louisiana's governor holds a brief news conference in the parking lot of a local New Orleans's supermarket. Battered by rain and wind, he makes a formal request to Eve stating that, "Any and all help you could provide to minimize the damage from Hurricane Harold would be greatly appreciated by the entire state of Louisiana."

Within 3 minutes of the request, all 24 Vawks are mobilized. Two of the high-altitude vessels stationed closest to Greenland, as seen by Eve's space-based cameras, ascend even higher into the troposphere before simply 'sliding over' several hundred miles while the planet rotates dizzily below. 90 seconds later, the 3-mile wide, triangular Vawks—maintaining a two-mile gap between them—hover just over the Greenland ice shelf before unleashing a sudden barrage of strobing laser beams that flash grid-patterned matrices across the massive glaciers walls below. Nothing happens. Some seconds later, a cacophony of thunderous cracking and popping is followed by the collapse of close to one square mile of ice that slides right off the shelf and into the frigid waters below. A closer look reveals thousands of relatively uniform automobile-sized ice cubes jockeying for position in a massive coastal pile-up.

The pair of Vawks reposition themselves closer to the water. All at once, the multi-ton chunks of ice catapult themselves upward and right through the skin of the unopened hulls as if vacuumed up and through a widely gaping hatch. The Vawks repeat this entire procedure twice more, tripling their haul.

At the same time, the fleet's 22 other ships are inhaling millions of tons of laser-sculpted ice cubes from glaciers in Iceland and the North and South Poles.

Rebounding back into space, the individual Vawks head toward the Gulf of Mexico. Next, the high-altitude fleet disperses themselves evenly in formation above and around the perimeter of the eye of the hurricane in two concentric rings as if it were a clock face. After a synchronized back flip, both dozen descend and level out 10,000 feet above the ferocity of Hurricane

Harold. From space, the vessels look small and insignificant compared to the 500-mile-wide monster churning below them. Next, the rings of Vawks spread even further apart with the first circle of 12 ships positioned roughly 4 miles out from the edge of the storm's central eye and the second ring of twelve positioned another 6 miles out from there. Together, they began releasing their many countless cubic miles of frosty cargo- a hailstorm made of millions of ice cubes now re-sized down to the size of basketballs- while circling clockwise in concert over the raging storm underneath. Harold's winds assist by evenly dispersing the basketball ice raining down into the warm bath waters below.

The Vawks wait a spell. The world too as the ice begins to claw back some of the hurricane's wind energy, cooling Harold's rage and sapping its strength like Mother Nature's kryptonite. After 60 minutes, sustained winds drop from 222 miles per hour to 203. One hour later and Harold's mojo is throttled back to 186 mph. That's when all the Vawks, still holding steady above the storm, change their colors from white to a uniform golden brown. Next, the triangular ships began to change shape, flattening out into individual squares 5.2 miles to a side, their height shrinking to less than a half mile tall. From space, they look like floating pieces of toasted bread. Then each Vawk begins to honeycomb itself as hundreds of dimples form on both sides of the toast bread and continue burrowing until they meet in the middle and open up as through and through holes. When the process is completely done, those original dimples have transformed into hundreds of huge wind tunnels that allow the air to flow freely through the hull of each ship with minimal resistance. From space, the Vawks now look like giant golden-brown waffles with hundreds of little squares poked out.

Maintaining their relative clock face positions while moving in circular formation and keeping pace with the whirling hell below, each vessel rotates 90 degrees into the vertical and descends into the vortex. Next, the Vawks altitudinally stagger themselves with the lower edge of one Vawk positioned 500 feet above the raging waters while the neighboring vessel seats itself 3,000 feet above sea level in a repetitive pattern. Almost immediately, they began to slow their clockwise pace, forcing Harold's winds to lose more energy by having to squeeze thru the large waffle-holes wind tunnels. After 15 minutes, sustained winds have dropped to 140 mph. Next, the waffle-holes begin to slowly narrow, buffeting each Vawk back and forth while sapping more energy from the monstrous gales. Physicists later estimated that the sheer amount of 'barrier power' energy being spent to physically resist and slow Harold's winds was equivalent to that of two Hiroshima-sized nuclear bombs being expended every 30 seconds. As seen from space, the Vawks were increasingly causing severe disruptions in the laminar wind flow as the holes narrow and close. 15 minutes later and sustained winds were now down to 90 mph and dropping fast when all 24 Vawks lined up—12 to each side of the hurricane's eye. This created a solid wind barrier roughly 75 miles long on each side that simply bitch-slapped the last of Hurricane Harold's strength. And it had taken less than 3 hours to accomplish the feat.

Although the silence and lack of gratitude from the White House was still deafening, Louisiana's governor came out to formally thank Eve for averting billions of dollars in damages and offered Her the keys to the city. Two days later, a parade was held on Bourbon Street to honor Eve with Vawk-shaped floats and crowds of purple revelers.

It would be no exaggeration to say that Eve seemed to have the world eating out of Her hands: First the priceless gift of Moonbeams and its associated new battery technology, then the miracles spilling forth from the Lost Rainforest—which just last week had revealed ANOTHER new class of antibiotics—the continuing replenishment of our fish stocks, “Thin-air machines” that literally produced food and water out of thin-air, and now the halting of a hurricane dead in its tracks..

And so, who could blame us for quickly becoming enamored by Eve’s amazing feats or the rapid-fire release of Her miraculous innovations? So many of them that people began wishing and hoping for anything and everything—no matter how unrealistic. But of course, common sense, as well as the laws of physics, urged us to temper some of our more magical thinking. Eve was not a God, after all, and some things even She simply could not do. She couldn’t be expected to do the impossible and make the Sun rise from the west, for example.

west..

the

from

rose

On August 1, 2029.. The Sun

The Second Sun

On August 1, 2029, at 6:14 am local time, some 2,500 miles off the western coast of the United States and high above the waters of the Northern Pacific Ocean, a second sun suddenly lit up the western skies. To any observer, it appeared similar in size, shape and brightness to our traditional Sun currently rising from the east. But this one was very different.

This second sun, artificial to be sure, was nothing more than an extremely large mirror. According to Arma-Lena.com, it was composed of an extremely thin reflective surface that measured nearly 11,000 square miles in circular area. Using thousands of precise thruster motors spread across the back of the mirror, it was able to make small and great changes to both its orbital position and reflective angle as it remained in a geosynchronous orbit 22,500 miles above the Earth. But to any ground observer, it simply looked and acted like a second sun.

Within hours of its appearance, the thermal equilibrium of the atmosphere above the Northern Pacific had begun to shift as ocean evaporation increased and water-laden clouds began to form. According to Her website, Eve's supercomputers had found the precise point at which this artificial sun could exert the most influence and cause a weather front to move east to the targeted area. In effect, She was sending rain where it was needed most: The drought stricken coasts of the United States and especially California which was currently on fire—as it had been all summer long, as it had been for a dozen summers straight, with monstrous wildfires that extended into parts of Oregon, Washington State, and Nevada—devouring millions of acres of dry forests.

When the rains made landfall less than 36 hours later they were like Goldilocks. Not too much, not too little—but just enough. It was a slow and steady rain that gradually soaked the entire west coast over four full days, dousing wildfires and quenching the thirst of the parched grounds and fertile farmlands below.

With this second sun, Eve would be able to completely control the weather. It would still take a few more months before She would come to fully appreciate all the quirks of this second sun on Earth's planetary weather systems, but once She did, She would come to master it. In practice, the second sun was generally 'lit up' and used for as little as 15 minutes to up to 2-4 hours over any one area before being moved to another pinpoint locale. And total usage over any 24 hour period hardly ever exceeded 9 or 10 hours.

But now, if it was drought that was ravaging a land or region, She would find the weather equilibrium point, generally located over the oceans and seas, maneuver the second sun into position and attenuate its evaporative strength accordingly. In so doing, Eve was able to redistribute fresh water, in the form of life-giving rain, over any target area as She saw fit.

And if it was a tropical storm that threatened to develop into a destructive hurricane or

typhoon, it would be met with a cold front sent days earlier from a thousand miles of ocean away to nip it in the bud before it could gain strength.

Over the ensuing years, this second sun meant the end of killer heat waves, flooding and other extreme weather phenomenon. It also meant that farmers could count on dependably regular rainfall and the replenishment of underground aquifers, dried up riverbeds and lakes. That would translate into an abundance of more locally grown food and the curtailing of weather-related migration pressures for climate refugees.

But there was one more final bit of tweaking Eve had to perform in order to strike a balance between Her finely tuned planetary weather control and the overall cooling down of the planet. Remember that huge sunscreen in space? It was still there, nearly 1 million miles away. And it was still blocking a small fraction of the Sun's light from coming through, about 2-3%, small enough that nobody had seemed to notice. Now, to offset the increased heat energy coming off this second sun, the space-based screen doubled the amount of sunlight it was blocking to 4-6%, with even more selectively blocked at the upper and lower portions of the sunscreen, allowing the poles to cool down even further.

It took a few months, but by the beginning of 2030 Her weather control had become exquisite, again gifting the world with reliable weather forecasts almost perfectly accurate to 120 days out and recalibrating the overall weather and temperature patterns to begin trending toward a very promising future. And by 2031, it was perfectly clear: The sunscreen was blocking enough sunlight that the average global temperature had already dropped 1.2 degrees Celsius (2 degrees Fahrenheit)—with more significant cooling to come.

What this meant, in effect, was the end of “Global Warming”.

Climatologists would soon point out that, as great as the sunscreen and second sun was, it was just a temporary patch. That's because they both did nothing to stop or reverse the high concentration of greenhouse gases, namely CO₂, in the atmosphere and the acidification of the oceans that directly resulted from those gases.

Patience, my dear. Eve had a trick for that too.

Of course, not everyone was happy. Conspiracy theorists were quick to repeat that Eve could simply flip a switch and blackout the Sun again, sending us into a darkened ice age and ending most planetary life within weeks.

Or, She could take that second sun and fry entire continents with it.

The Great Pacific Garbage Patch

Halfway between California and Hawaii lay the Great Pacific Garbage Patch. This mass of debris, spread over many square miles of ocean, was thought to contain 80,000—100,000 tons of trash—most of it plastic. Floating at and just below the ocean surface, it was a feeding ground for fish which confused the individual bags, bottles, wrappers and containers, as well as the smaller bits that eventually broke down into microplastics, for food. And it was one of the causes for whales and other marine life to be found dead with their digestive tracks blocked up with plastic debris. In fact, prior to 2030, most marine life in the ocean had some amount of microplastics inside their bodies—as did most humans.

Eve began to take care of that in early September 2029 when a dozen smaller shuttles were dispatched to the area. Working non-stop day and night, they zipped around hundreds of square miles of ocean staying just feet above the water—the plastic seeming to jump up several feet into their shuttles as if propelled by some magnet. Load after load was then taken into space and flung at the grand incinerator that was the Sun. According to Eve, our size estimates were very far off. Turned out there was nearly 335,000 tons of plastic, junk and debris. All cleaned up.

* * * * *

On September 4, 2029, the following message appeared on Arma-Lena.com:

- “On November 12, 2029, at noon Eastern—I will hold a global conference to discuss your Earth-specific Planetary Reconstruction Plan proposal in more detail.”
- “On December 12, 2029, a referendum on this same Reconstruction Plan of Earth will commence at noon Eastern time in the United Nations Building.”

This announcement set off a firestorm of increased political activity across the globe as “The Referendum”, “The Plan”, “The Vote” had become, by far, the most important topic on everyone’s mind—and everyone had an opinion regardless of the fact that no one knew the details of what was in it quite yet.

Still, people began hitting the streets by the millions: Rallies, protests, counter-protests urging their governments and leaders to vote For or Against.

In many Western nations, TV, radio, internet and social media campaigns were stepped up further as people tried to lobby their political leaders into voting For or Against “The Plan” with Democrats, environmental groups and others on the left lauding all the positive events and gifts already bestowed on the planet such as the quality-of-life-changing Moonbeams, perfect weather patterns, replenishment of marine life and more as proof of Eve’s good intentions. And they dared not think of having to revert back to life without some of these things.

While in the opposite corner on the right, many Republicans, scaremongers and others—groups like The Energy Keepers—funded by Big Oil, warned of an orchestrated trick—a setup. This was all a prelude to colonization, meant to pacify us with a planet that was, in reality, being freshly rejuvenated in preparation for Their full arrival. That’s when They would take over Earth, marginalizing, enslaving or outright exterminating the populace.

And more than a few Christians were of the firm belief that Eve’s arrival marked the beginning of the end times, as prophesized, and that She/They were the Antichrist. This belief extended to some in the Islamic faith as well. The Quran, too, prophesized the arrival of the Dajjal, a figure conceptually similar, if not identical, to the Antichrist whose arrival will mark the beginning of the Last Days leading up to Judgment Day. For such people, there was no point fighting to try to stop God’s prophecy from coming to fruition. Better to recognize Eve for what She was and be prepared to go to battle with Her.

Still there were others—like the rapidly growing Church of Scientology crowd, a disproportionate number of now-former atheists and other groups—who were increasingly coming to believe, and proclaim, that Eve was a God. And if She wasn’t a God, exactly, She was God-like in Her powers and abilities, which was close enough that we should be giving Her all the due reverence, respect and honor a deity or Messiah deserves.

In authoritarian nations throughout the world, Russia, China and North Korea just to name a few, Eve’s immense popularity and sway over the people was viewed as an existential threat to their authoritarian rule. So they did their best to make sure many of the pro-Reconstruction Plan voices were snuffed out. Instead, their airwaves and social media were filled with conspiracy theories, talk of invasion and deepfake alien abduction videos complete with unverified graphic witness testimony from locals—all in an effort to ward off civil unrest by preparing their citizens for their government’s impending vote against Eve’s Reconstruction Plan.

Still, for now, people were mostly peaceful in their overall political views and stances, willing to discuss The Plan and other Eve-related matters with the opposition in a civil fashion. This would soon change.

Eve's Trumpet: The Global Reconstruction Plan

November 12, 2029:

At exactly noon Eastern time, a thundering trumpet, like the flourish of a bugle, blasted throughout the air and across the globe. At the same time, mobile phones, laptops and television screens worldwide—with or without any internet, cable, satellite, or antenna service—emitted the same 10-second bugle call before Eve suddenly materialized onscreen to give Her address.

This brute-force telecommunications phenomenon would come to be known as “Eve’s Trumpet” or simply “Trumpeting”. Perhaps more impressive, there were now HUNDREDS of different versions of Eve, with each avatar designed to appeal directly to the cultural preferences of the regional population—and in some cases right down to the specific individual—She was addressing:

- Across Africa, viewers gawked as Eve appeared onscreen with ebony skin, black facial features, and lustrous black hair in a long braid, Her strikingly violet eyes unchanged. In Ethiopia, for example, She even took on the higher cheekbones native to that region and spoke flawlessly in the preferred native and tribal dialects sometimes spoken by as few as a thousand people, including: Oromo, Amharic, Somali, Tigrigna, Sidamo, Wolaytta and Gurage.
- In the Middle East, She presented as a brunette with olive skin and Mediterranean features who spoke Arabic, French, or English depending on the user’s natural preference. But it didn’t stop there. If the viewer was Muslim, Eve presented with a loose-fitting hijab, Her brown hair peeking out from below the fabric, while Christian Arabs got the full head-shot view.

Stop and think for a moment—just like we did at the time.. How could She possibly know every single viewer’s preference right down to their religious affiliation—without ever asking?

- In China, and to the absolute horror of the Chinese Communist Party, Eve had entirely circumvented their censorship controls, eviscerating their lauded “Great Firewall” as She spoke directly to each of China’s citizens in their preferred language and dialect, while also taking on the likeness and features of the majority ethnically Han Chinese—complete with almond-shaped eyes as She spoke flawless Mandarin or Cantonese. In Xinjiang Province, She even adopted Uyghur features to better appeal to local residents there.
- In Sweden, viewers gawked at a pale blond teenager with muted red hair speaking Swedish.

In this same manner, every viewer across the world was presented with a sister-version of

Eve they could more easily identify with in both appearance and language. One thing that never changed was the glowing brilliance of Her signature lavender eyes.

And this is exactly what Eve said:

“Ladies and gentlemen, children of Earth. The time has come for you to decide on the direction of your future. Your choices are as follows:

“You can choose to be left to your own devices, to continue into your future alone without any further help or interference from Us. If so, We will leave you with the gift of Moonbeams in perpetuity. All other ongoing and resource-intensive technologies—including the myriad medical and chemical discoveries yet to be made in The Lost Rainforest, the replenishing of your fisheries, as well as the weather-stabilizing artificial sun and outer space sunscreen—all those technologies will be withdrawn. Our Vawks will then retreat out of sight to the far side of the Moon to await the arrival of Our Mothership at which point the vessel will be compelled to set down on Earth and enter into a resource-conserving state of hibernation until the year 2180 while we await the needed digital software patch transmission. After that, We will leave your planet without ceremony.

“Now to your other choice: Earth’s Reconstruction Plan. First, let Me say that I have read each and every one of your emails—the many suggestions, wishes, advice, cautionary statements, and others both positive and negative—and taken into consideration all 1.8 billion of them. That information, along with billions of other data points that touch upon the many other nuances of your planet and its civilization have been inputted into Our Artificial Intelligence program and cross-referenced with the millions of other Earth-like civilization’s Planetary Reconstruction Plans. The end-result of all that is the formulation of a customized plan suited for this planet, its civilization and its predominant apex species of man’s kind. Having said all that, this is what We offer you:

“To take your civilization and propel it one evolutionarily leap forward, from a Type 0 civilization, your current status, to that of a Type 1 civilization—and to mostly complete this transition no later than June 14, 2050, a full decade before the arrival of Our Mothership. To be more specific, this means that you will have the following:

“First and foremost: A holistically oriented planetary civilization centered around the most important of foundational guiding principles—The trinity doctrine of the Greater Good—meaning:

1. What is best for your biosphere is better for your civilization.
 2. What is best for most of you is better for all.
 3. The needs of the many outweigh the wants of the few.
- “A democratic and prosperous global civilization collectively known as THE

UNITED STATES OF EARTH. This will be a peaceful world free from warfare and conflict, crime and poverty.

- “A New World Order. A unified One-World Government guided by a planet-wide Constitution and structured as a federation of nation-states with blurred borders and freedom of movement. This is a rules-based world order with a single currency. You can view the complete governmental structure and proposed Planetary Constitution now on Arma-Lena com.
- “A Bill of Rights that includes freedom of speech, freedom of the press, religion and the right to assemble for all citizens as well as universal human rights—equal for both men and women alike.
- “The demilitarization and repurposing of global armed forces toward a more positive and peaceful planet-first posture.
- “A comprehensive global economic reset and the end of income inequality.
- “A Universal Basic Income, with a high standard of living, free healthcare and education for all.
- “Law and order. A world virtually free of major crime and corruption, in which social justice and the rule of law prevail and not one of man’s kind is placed above the laws of another. More specifically, a reduction in the rate of crime, both major and minor, by 95%. The end of mass incarceration and unlawful detention.
- “A globally secure internet, hackproof, resistant to egregious misinformation and disinformation.

“As to Earth’s biosphere:

- “A holistically and completely healed Planet Earth with a rejuvenated biosphere, clean and free of pollution. This includes a complete restocking, rebalancing and reintroduction of species in harmony with both regional and planetary ecosystems both on land and in the waters.
- “By 2045, We will have completely repaired and restored your planet’s climate and biosphere. From that point forward, the sunscreen and artificial Sun will no longer be required, and Earth will have naturally self-sustaining climate homeostasis once more with moderate weather patterns that closely track those of your preindustrial era.

“And technologically, as a Type 1 civilization, you will have:

- “Both a Planetary Fitness Score and Civilizational Fitness score of above 80, as all Type 1 civilizations must have, by definition.
- “Unlimited clean and free energy—specifically Moonbeams.
- “— Unlimited [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
- “A cosmic marvel truly befitting a space-faring Type 1 civilization.
- “Better and more advanced humans.

“Ladies and gentlemen, children of Earth, those are your choices. But I need to make something perfectly clear upfront: If you do vote Yes to this proposal, you should not expect the transition to be easy. Ideally, an intensive Planetary Reconstruction Plan such as the one you require would be carried out over four or five generations to allow your civilization to more comfortably adapt over time to the multitude of societal changes that will be coming. But in your case, neither Us nor you have the luxury of such time as the great majority of this mission’s goals will have to be accomplished in an extremely expedited, rapid-fire fashion—within 30 years, by 2060, roughly one and a half of your generations. That said, there will naturally be some bumps in the road. But the goal is certainly attainable and your unity, cooperation and willingness to make some sacrifices will be the paramount determinant in how smoothly you make the transition.

“Furthermore, it is important that you understand that once We start down this road there will be no turning back. Once the green light is given, We will be obligated and committed, by Galactic Union protocol, to fully devote any and all of Our non-essential resources to the successful completion of this mission. These are resources that, in Our currently hobbled state, We can ill afford to squander. That bears repeating: If you vote Yes, We will all be wed to the successful outcome of your decision.

“But what I can also tell you, unequivocally, is that We are confident that We can and will accomplish this goal—with a statistical probability of success greater than 92% according to the predictive models of the Galactopedia’s millions-strong database. The bottom line is, while We cannot promise you a utopia, when it is all said and done, We can promise something approaching it.

“Your alternative, as I believe many of you know by now, is to go it alone and face almost certain mass extinction. And that will bring its own kind of pain, I can assure you, as your chances of surviving the next few decades, let alone to the end of this century is... well, like I said before: slim. Very slim.

“Ultimately, the choice is yours and yours alone to make and We will honor your decision whatever you choose.

and They get to keep our freshly polished planet all to Themselves

Greta Thunberg:

You're so cynical Michael. And whatever happens, we're not entirely blameless, don't you think?



Eve's speech served to galvanize an entirely new ideology that had been percolating and growing roots ever since Her arrival: Planetism. This was an evolutionary leap from the concept of nationalism, a new ideological mindset that urged people to begin thinking of themselves as "citizens of Earth" first and Americans, Venezuelans, Russians, etc., second leading to the explosive new popularity of the phrase "I am Terran". And polls showed that the majority of people were firmly in Eve's corner—especially those under age 35, most of whom, prior to Z-Day, were convinced that humanity was doomed and that they had no future.

Soon after the conclusion of Eve's speech, people began swarming into the provinces, capitals, cities, villages, squares and streets across the globe in a rowdy purple wave. Never before had the world as a whole been afforded a 'Once-in-a-civilization's-lifetime' choice to save the planet and its people, and improve their lives and that of future generations in every possible way.

Chants of "Planet First!" and "For the Greater Good!" rang out with many initially assuming their governments would be all for The Plan. How could they not when the alternative, so obvious, was to ride the planet all the way down to its fiery end? And so they danced and they dreamed.

But soon, governments and world leaders began to weigh in, many of them finding fault and opposing nearly EVERYTHING:

U.S. President Ron DeSantis (from the White House Briefing Room):

"Let me begin by saying the Planetary Reconstruction Plan is completely unconstitutional. It's a non-starter on multiple levels, the most obvious being that it calls for a One World Government. What are we supposed to do, tear up our constitution and give up our sovereignty to some Alien Being? This proposal is unlawful, an existential threat to democracy. This is fascism, socialism and communism all rolled up in one. It is against everything we as Americans hold dear.

"It is also a pipedream. Eve is promising us the impossible, the end of warfare and conflict? World peace? But we have to give up our militaries first? Seriously? Zero crime, a universal income, rainbows and unicorns? That's not the real world. That's Disney World. In this world, it's America First, not Planet First..."

Other nations soon followed with their own statements:

- Iran’s Supreme Leader in exile called it “The grand plan of an evil jinn (demon), monstrous and un-Islamic”.
- Kim Jong Un made it clear that he was the only person qualified to rule over North Korea and that he would never relinquish power to “that little Alien controlled by the United States”. He threatened to launch his nuclear missiles directly at the Vawks.
- Some nations, only a few, chose to keep a more open mind. Bhutan, the small Buddhist kingdom in Asia that has historically emphasized its citizens well-being over national prosperity and objectively measures it with an actual barometer called “Gross National Happiness” was the first to issue a statement embracing Eve’s vision and promising to vote in favor of Her Reconstruction Plan.
- New Zealand and Canada said that, constitutional considerations aside, they would seriously consider endorsing The Plan but needed to see much more in the way of actual details first even though Eve had made it clear that—as a matter of Reconstruction protocol—no additional information would be forthcoming.
- Pope Ignatius, the third Pope to lead the Roman Catholic Church in less than a decade, endorsed The Plan and urged world leaders not to let the opportunity for world peace slip between our fingers while Patriarch ██████████ of the Russian Orthodox Church warned against the evils of voluntarily aligning with the Antichrist.
- Russian President Yevgeny Prigozhin took to the airwaves with this brief statement:

“Besplatniy sir biyvaet tol’ko v mishelouke (Free cheese can only be found in a mouse-trap). This demon’s plan is an existential threat to all mankind. She comes bearing gifts, a false god promising to fix all of our problems. Extraterrestrials do not hold dominion over humans. Only Russians will govern Russians and we will not be dictated to.”
- President Xi of China gave an hour-long address to his nation that railed against Eve. She had no standing on Earth and no standing with the Chinese people whose leaders had already elevated the nation into prosperity. China’s future was bright and there was no need for an alien interloper to get involved. And where did She get off holding an unsanctioned vote at the United Nations? She had no standing and China would not acknowledge Her place in the world. Therefore, China would not be present for Her illegitimate U.N. referendum.

Within 24 hours of those statements, most other nations across the globe followed suit, scrambling to outdo one another with their vociferous opposition to ‘Eve’s Plan’.

It was a strategic mistake.

With their streets flooded with citizens that dared to dream of a better world for them and theirs, the closed-minded refusals of their leaders was a slap in the face. As the initial joy

turned to bewilderment, confusion, and rage, the global crowds boiled over with the simmering anger of a fed-up populace.

That's when Greta Thunberg took to the airwaves. Greta Thunberg who, prior to Z-Day, was an environmental celebrity of moderate notoriety, had transformed herself into a global icon in the year-and-a-half since. Perhaps some of it had to do with the fact Eve had modeled Her own appearance off Greta's teenage self. But it was more than that. For Greta was a fire-brand in her own right, a fearlessly outspoken powerhouse and champion of the environment always at the ready to take on the establishment. And this speech would go down as her grand coming-out party, kicking off the global backing that would ultimately rally billions of pro-Eve supporters behind her and establish Greta Thunberg as one of the most powerful people in the world:

Greta Thunberg:

“What is wrong with you? You presidents and prime ministers, governors and kings, dictators and louses! Can't you see we are facing a mass extinction? It is you who have ruined this planet, your generations, not ours. It is you who have made us suffer and now you plan to simply turn your backs on the one chance, the miracle, of planetary salvation? HOW DARE YOU?!

“You world leaders, you heads of state who long for power and hold on to it as if it is the dearest thing, who long for money on top of money and now hide behind the convenient excuse of national sovereignty and constitutions! It is a cheap excuse when the fate of the entire planet is at stake. Cowards! Do you not think about your children! Have you not ruined our futures enough? Shame on you! Shame on you!

“We cannot fix this ourselves without Eve's help! And we have all seen what She can do for us. She has already changed our world. She is OFFERING US THE WORLD! LITERALLY!

“It is time for all of us to set our differences aside and place our planet above our home countries because without the Earth there will be no countries. It is time for a new world order. Planet First! We must claim our power back from these cowards. Stand up, take to the streets. Do what you must to make them understand. We must fight for our future!

“This is our time. The people's time. Go into the streets, make yourselves heard. Now is the time for strength. This is the fight of our lives. We cannot let this opportunity slip away. Make yourselves heard and do whatever must be done. Our futures depend on this vote. From today forward its Planet First! If we are to bring on the Greater Good, then THE TIME FOR THE PURPLE REVOLUTION IS NOW!”

This video would be viewed over 1 billion times in the first 72 hours. And it was the spark that ignited the fire, revving up both peaceful demonstrators and counter-protestors alike. Confrontations. Melees. Violence. Riots. For the next 4 weeks before the United Nation's vote, blood would spill, and cities would burn as people made their views known in a global

uprising unlike anything the world had witnessed before. And it would portend the years of revolutionary unrest to come.

Here is but a brief sample:

- In the United States, clashes broke out between opposing groups of demonstrators urging the President to vote 'For' or 'Against' The Plan in at least a dozen states. In Houston, a demonstrator drove his car through a "Planet First" crowd, killing one and injuring many. In Phoenix, an influx of legally armed out-of-town agitators clashed with a 'Purple crowd'. A Molotov cocktail was thrown, shots were fired and several people were injured. In Chicago, the National Guard had to be called in to quell the rioting and looting that followed several days of demonstrations and violent clashes with Black Lives Matter vs. far-right nationalists. And in Detroit, two police officers were killed in an ambush that was blamed on "Eve-lovers" as several buildings were burned to the ground.
- But it was in New York that the true horror came. At a support rally held in Times Square and attended by thousands, people in the crowd suddenly began screaming, then dropping. A few at first, then dozens as the confused crowd began to stampede. But there were no sounds of gunfire, no explosions or cars plowing through the crowd to account for the injuries. The culprit? A mass shooter—a sniper seated in a window firing down upon the crowd with several homemade RayGuns. Over the course of 4 deadly minutes, the man (or woman) killed 87 people and injured 149 more before sneaking off. Compounding the insult, the person was never caught despite all of New York's street cameras. This did not go unnoticed by other would-be mass shooters and served to confirm the fact that RayGuns were the perfect weapon to use to commit the perfect crime—silent, deadly, and forensically untraceable.
- Most of the Middle East was suddenly rocked by massive purple uprisings demanding change with demonstrators in Lebanon, Iraq and Egypt leading the charge.
- In Syria, they were soon met with tear gas and rubber bullets..Just kidding. Bashar al-Asad would never waste money on rubber bullets when real ones could be had for a third of the price. Thousands were arrested and dozens killed.
- In Gaza and the West Bank, people demanded the Israeli government endorse The Plan. Clashes escalated into rockets being fired into Tel Aviv followed by the aerial bombardment of several Gaza buildings by Israeli jets..

Some things don't change no matter the time or extraterrestrial visitor.

- In Rwanda, the African nation of 12 million people, many of whom survived on less than 50 Euros per month, there was little argument on which side the majority of them were on. The heat waves and droughts were gone, replaced by regular life-giving rains. And two-thirds of Rwandans had lived their entire lives without electricity until Eve and Her Moonbeams arrived to begin paving the way for a new future. Many who previously had

to walk 5 kilometers a day just to get water were either already reaping the benefits of electrically powered water pumps or making plans to do so as soon as possible. They were beyond fed-up with their corrupt government and made themselves heard by surrounding and overrunning the Presidential Palace only to find their leader had already fled. Within hours he was dead, killed by one of his loyal bodyguards who had pulled a pistol and shouted, “In the name of the Greater Good,” before assassinating his boss. The power grab that soon followed would send the nation into a bloody civil war that would claim nearly 15,000 lives and send refugees fleeing to neighboring nations.

- It was a different scene in other nations. In Melbourne, Sydney and Perth, Australia, hundreds of thousands thronged the streets in a rowdy, but peaceful, purple festival that lasted 3 days and nights as they implored their leaders to do the right thing and vote YES to save the planet.
- In New Zealand, citizens—now being led by their Prime Minister—took to the streets, air-waves and social media to urge other nations to join theirs in voting YES to The Plan.

The Global Reconstruction Plan - Referendum

December 12, 2029:

The United Nations General Assembly Hall was packed. Although many governments had initially refused to even attend this “illegitimate referendum”, they quickly changed course in the face of massive civil unrest. China, however, was notably absent. And they were all clearly on edge.

Though they had conceded to placing a vote, most of the world’s leaders weren’t concerned about the outcome as it was clear that the majority of nations were going to vote against the implementation of The Plan. What they were concerned about was the unrest that could follow as, across the planet, curfews had been declared and entire cities locked down with military troops, national guardsmen and militias deployed. In Venezuela, a state of emergency was declared with “shoot on sight, shoot to kill” orders publicly announced.

As before, at exactly noon, Eve swept through the air as a trillion-particle rainbow. Arriving at the dais, She instantly coalesced and took Her place before the world stage, eyes resplendent. And this is what She said:

“Ladies and gentlemen, children of Earth, thank you all for being here. As promised, I stand before you today to commence the vote which will determine the future destiny of your civilization. So without further ado, the proposal up for ratification is this:

“As to the moving forward with the implementation and fulfillment of Earth’s Planetary Reconstruction Plan, how do you vote?”

The seated members of 192 nations were all well aware of the BILLIONS of eyes watching them as they voted in this, without doubt, the most important issue to come before the UN in its entire history. The seated delegation had three choices: Yes, No, Abstain.

15 minutes later, The vote was in:

YES: 14

NO: 152

Abstain: 26

It was a resounding defeat for The Plan and all of mankind. But the immediate backlash the seated hall was expecting did not come. That’s because there were still billions of votes yet to be registered from all across the planet.. How?

Few people had caught it initially. But for those paying very close attention to the wording of Her previous statement from 30 days ago announcing the global referendum, Eve had specifically said that “the vote would COMMENCE in the United Nations Building at exactly noon.”

She had even reiterated it here now: “As promised, I stand before you today to COMMENCE the vote which will determine the future destiny of your civilization.” And so, unbeknownst to the seated delegates, shortly after the moment the vote had commenced in the UN Assembly Hall, it also commenced across the globe.

The global vote went on for a full 24 hours. Somehow, Eve had once again hijacked every device’s screen in such an ingenious manner that one’s computer, phone, laptop or even TV screen was “bricked” by the voting screen display. This meant people were locked out of using their devices for any other purpose until they voted. And the vote corralled almost everyone as it somehow reached even into the deepest, most remote corners of the globe. In the dusty mountains of Afghanistan, for example, where there was never any cell service, standard TV screens were used to display the vote. Some of these television sets were decades old, had no internet connection and no touch screens. Yet there it was, the Reconstruction Plan vote displayed to each viewer asking them to touch their finger to their choice. And Eve had a uniquely verifiable, fraud-proof way of accounting for and tracking each individual’s vote by

Meanwhile, YouTube and other social media was rife with videos of people attempting to circumvent and cheat Eve’s voting security features to no avail. Were you to try to hand your phone or device to someone else to input your vote for you, the name of the intended voter would automatically be replaced with that of the person now holding the device. And you could only vote once. Later, independent verification by several different, well-respected international agencies would find the vote to be accurate.

December 13, 2029:

At exactly 1:00 pm Eastern, the 24 hour vote was in. Somehow, Eve had done the improbable and pulled off a global referendum that not only allowed but practically COMPELLED every person 16 and over to register their vote:

YES: 61%
NO: 32%
Abstain: 7%

Total votes: 5.3 billion.

It was a resounding victory for the implementation of The Plan—by nearly a two to one margin. The streets flooded again, this time in a massive outpouring of joy.

Many of those who had voted NO, both world governments and common citizens, were furious. Eve had gone right over their heads, superseding their authority and further inspiring the masses. The vote was illegitimate, of course and none of these governments intended to allow Eve to usurp their power. They would not go along with this Plan of Hers. No way. But most would wait a day or two.. or maybe a week before breaking the news to the enthralled hordes because to do so right now would be too dangerous. The crowds and the media were

already calling this a victory for the “Purple Revolution”, and if there was anything that gave governments—and especially autocrats—nightmares, it was a color revolution.

But let there be no doubt—as far as many of these opposing nations and citizens were concerned—this was a brazen attempt by Eve to overthrow their national governments and declare a New World Order. That suddenly made Her, BY FAR, the greatest existential threat to their national security, sovereignty, power, freedom (or lack thereof—depending on the government) and everything else they held dear. For these people, Eve was now Public Enemy #1.

But now for the first time in recorded history a distinct new geopolitical reality emerged, one that our civilization had never had to contend with on a global scale before. Since most everyone had voted, the world’s populace was now sorted and divided into two distinct ideological camps: Those that voted FOR and those that voted AGAINST the Reconstruction Plan. This binary choice, which each individual was now forever married to, would come to both split nations AND unite people across borders. Suddenly, Jews that voted YES had something in common with Palestinians that voted likewise, as did the Iranians, Russians and Americans that voted NO. And YES.

And it was this fact, the blurring and uniting of ideological beliefs across borders and ethnicities and religions and skin colors that would come to bind and stitch one segment of the world’s population together into a single camp while alienating the other. It was as if all the world suddenly decided to declare themselves staunch Liberals or Conservatives, Democrats or Republicans..

Posit-Eves or Negat-Eves (yeah.. that was about to become a thing).

And although generalizations are imperfect, some clear patterns did seem to emerge in the post-vote data Eve had released:

- Throughout the world, the more liberal and progressive you were, the more likely you were Pro-Plan, with the conservatives opposing. In the United States, for example, the vote breakdown was 52% YES, 42% NO with 6% abstaining.
- In the poorer and more underdeveloped nations, the great majority of voters, the disenfranchised masses, saw Eve as their champion—unlike the leaders they were used to who never kept their promises—and had voted overwhelmingly YES.
- Those Authoritarian rulers, dictators and strongmen and the masses that benefitted from the current power structure remaining unchanged were firmly in the opposition. As were many of the monied, comfortable and well-off.
- Globally, 3 out of 4 people in the demographic under 35 years old had voted YES. They were all in on Eve’s proclamations of impending planetary doom even before Eve had arrived. The actuarial data in the Galactopedia, which many had reviewed, had only

strengthened their beliefs. Were nothing to change, were they to remain under the rule of the “old guard”, a seventh mass extinction event was sure to follow within their lifetimes.

- Many of those over 50 and especially over 65 were opposed and had voted NO. They had many reasons, but one recurring theme was that they believed the Arma-Lenians intended to colonize Earth and, if not eliminate or enslave humans, relegate us to second class citizens.
- In China, where the population had been fed a steady diet of state-sponsored ET-ophobia, 72% of the population was opposed. But among those under 35 who were fed up with the government censorship, generally decreasing employment opportunities and more bleak future prospects, it was more of a 60/40 split in the YES camp.
- In Japan, a very homogenous nation, 82% had voted YES, making this nation Eve’s #1 fans.

There were also general patterns that seemed to cut along religious/sectarian lines as well:

SUPPORTED EVE:

Catholics/Protestants
Sunni Muslims Liberal Jews
Buddhists
Shintoists

OPPOSED EVE:

Evangelicals/Baptists/Mormons
Shiite Muslims
Orthodox Jews
Orthodox Christians

Sikhs and Hindus were more or less split 50/50.

And then there was that ominous thing the Patriarch of the Russian Orthodox Church had prophesied 10 months ago in his Christmas Eve mass that actually did seem to have come to pass:

“At the end of this year, the world’s leaders will come together and vote upon the issue of these Extraterrestrials continuing to be allowed to remain on Earth, under the guise of helping us. I urge all of you to not be fooled by the attraction of Her promises, by Its guiles, by the displaying of Its wares. I fear, however, that if this Being is, in fact, the Anti-christ as I believe, none of our measures will stop Its rise to power because this is what is written. This is God’s plan. And despite our best efforts, we cannot foil God’s plan.

KNOW THAT THIS DEVIL, SATAN, WILL EMPLOY EVERY TRICK AND DECEPTION IT MUST IN ORDER TO CLAIM VICTORY IN THIS UPCOMING GLOBAL

REFERENDUM AND USURP POWER FROM THE WORLD'S GOVERNMENTS.
SHE, THEY WILL FIND A WAY TO RULE OVER THE PEOPLE—AS IT IS WRITTEN.
God help us.”

For many around the world, Eve's deceitful expansion of the referendum beyond just the UN alone, where it was bound to fail, into a global referendum, where it was bound to win, was the fulfillment of the Patriarch's prophecy that Eve would employ every trick and deception to win, and further proof he was accurate in labeling Her the Antichrist.

Regardless of all that, now, with the world having voted YES, the die was cast. The Rubicon had been crossed. The gauntlet thrown down. The cliches all used up.

But for one more report to follow in 2029, we will now be leaving the nearly 18-month introductory period of HOPE AND AWE behind..

And entering the 2030's, the decade of SHOCK AND AWE:

Lots of shit was about to fall apart
As fault lines surfaced
And battle lines were drawn

By the end of this decade
Two of the world's military superpowers
Would be at war with each other
And the third would be at war with itself

Across the rest of the world
There'd be scores more conflicts, wars and civil wars
And children under ten years old
Would find themselves public enemy number one
To be targeted and massacred by the millions

As the doctrine of the Greater Good exacted its price
The world would become more and more unrecognizable

But it wasn't all dark
A lot of genuinely good stuff was about to occur too

Like I said:
Shock/Awe.

The Nano Volcano

Within hours of the YES vote, researchers in Madagascar's Lost Rainforest noted an uptick in nanoparticle replication with the ambient air becoming thick with a haze that then began spreading and spilling out of the forest's boundaries into the surrounding terrain of the island. Within days, the entire island was seeded with nanos as evidenced by the very faint, but tell-tale, nighttime luminescence that could be found on all surfaces.

On December 20, Madagascar erupted. From afar, the haze rising up from this beautiful island and into the jetstream thousands of feet above looked not too unlike the smoke of an island-wide smoldering forest fire. And this volcanic pumping of nanos into the atmosphere would continue unabated for 14 more days.

By hitchhiking on the jetstream, the globe-trotting nanos were able to spread out and touch down on every continent, remote island and piece of terrain. Africa was first as, within hours of the particle eruption beginning in Madagascar, the nanos made landfall in Mozambique, 300 miles to the west, then used the surrounding soils to further replicate exponentially and rise up once more to continue their march north, south and west throughout the African continent.

Within a week, videos were being posted from every corner of the world showing strange sightings: smoky black metallic rivers of nanoparticles running in overhead air highways, spreading their tentacles over villages, towns and cities. For the next few weeks, an almost invisible haze permeated the air, carrying the tiniest of sensors, machinery and bots onto every surface before self-replicating more and carrying again, into homes, buildings, hospitals, clouds, on to trees, leaves, animals, insects, soil, the surface of the ocean.

And whereas bacteria and viruses too can be found covering virtually every square centimeter of the Earth, animals, plants, our skin, even inside the lining of our intestines, there are still some places they don't reach. As small as they are, they are not nearly tiny enough to penetrate right through one's intact skin. And unless we have a serious septic infection, they are not found inside our bodies, inside our organs and cells.

But these nanos, like I said before, were millions of times smaller than bacteria and viruses, making them tiny enough to get into places nobody ever had to worry about before.

So it was that they went from imperceptibly floating through the air to being inhaled into our lungs, or simply going right through our skin. But we didn't fully appreciate that just yet. We discovered later that once inside our bodies, the nanos simply used the surrounding raw materials to reproduce, kind of like viruses did, creating more of themselves and spreading throughout the bloodstream, into fat, muscle, organs and brains. And because of their profoundly small, atomically scaled sizes, they had no problem replicating and burrowing even

further—not just inside cells but inside the tiny organelles (the ‘organs’ and machinery inside cells), inside neurons and the little synapse spaces between neurons.

Within 30 days or so, the faint Indiglo illumination gave it away: Nanos were ON EVERYTHING and IN EVERYTHING. And EVERYONE. EVERYWHERE. If nanos were instead microbes, every organism would have been considered “thoroughly infected”. But strangely, they didn’t seem to cause any illness or fever or have any other obvious effects whatsoever. It was as if the nanos were simply too small for the body to recognize as a foreign invader. Like I said, for a long time they were imperceptible and underappreciated. At least until they weren’t.

There was, however, one place they could not be located: While nanos would later be found on the top layers of oceans, seas, lakes, even swimming pools, they didn’t seem to penetrate very far underwater. This helped explain why fish and other underwater marine life consistently remained nano-free.

So it soon became a truism that any water deeper than a few inches must be a hostile habitat for all things nano.

THE YEAR: 2030

	<u>2028</u>	<u>2029</u>	<u>1/1/2030</u>
Planetary Fitness Score [¶]	28	30	34
Civilization Fitness Score [¶]	33	33	34
Major Conflicts and Wars	64	52	54

* * * * *

When you invite a bear to dance,
It's not you who decides when the dance is over.
It's the bear.

—Russian Proverb

¶ 100 point maximum

Eve's 30 Year Planetary Reconstruction Plan- Simplified

According to Eve, if we were to go from a Type 0 Civilization to a Type 1 before the Mother-ship's 2060 arrival in a mere 3 decades, much would need to happen before we got there. And it could all be neatly summed up by one single metric—our Civilization Fitness Score. The CFS was the yardstick we would be measured by—the only thing that mattered.

In 2030, our CFS was 34. And since, by definition, a Type 1 civilization must have a CFS of 80 or above—this meant that, logically, we would need to improve our CFS by roughly 15 points every decade to meet that goal.

With that in mind, our most-immediate 10-year goal was to fulfill the following two objectives by 2040:

1. Our CFS needed to rise by 15 points to 49.
2. All nations had to be signatories to the One World Government transitional agreement.

And one goal in particular was listed as an “Immediate Priority Item”: One-third of the planet's oceans and lands needed to immediately be set aside, for the sake of a healthy biosphere, to remain “wild and protected.”

And Eve had made it very clear there would be absolutely no room—nor time—for error. NO IFS ANDS OR BUTS. What wasn't clear, however, was what would happen if we didn't meet those goals.

Additionally, the overall planetary game plan could be further broken down into three simplistic—but extremely difficult, if not impossible to achieve—ten year phases:

Phase 1 (2030-2040):

The first decade, was all about leveling the playing fields across the globe. This meant getting each individual nation up to a common minimum standard and shape while fixing and smoothing out the differences between them so that, by decade's-end, they would be on a more equal footing with one another in preparation for the upcoming “Transitional Decade”. More specifically:

- **Democratic Reforms:**

Free and fair elections in EVERY NATION by 2035. This meant that authoritarian nations like Communist China, Russia, Egypt and many African nations would have to tear down their current government structures and hold real democratic elections. This was a

non-starter, of course, and every one of these nations basically told Eve to go screw Herself.. As if they still had any choice in the matter.

- **Civil Rights:**

Eve required that all nations have fully implemented freedoms of press, religion, equal rights, civil rights, human rights, etc., no later than 2040 across the globe.

- **End All Wars and Demilitarize All Armed Forces:**

The immediate end to all wars, conflicts and military aggressions and the disarming and transitioning of all military forces into peacekeeping and civil-oriented forces by 2040, after which, Eve would guarantee global security.

- **Elimination of ALL Major Crime:**

Reduce crime and corruption by a third in Phase 1 (by 2040), two-thirds in Phase 2 (by 2050) and 95% by 2060.

- **Strict Gun Control- No More Guns:**

All citizens were to lay down all arms: guns, rifles, weapons by 2040—save for a select few (law enforcement and hunting).

End of decade Civilization Fitness Score (CFS) goal: 49

Phase 2 (2040-2050):

- The 2040s were the “Transitional Decade” in which all nations were expected to be “rowing in the same direction” and implementing the changes and adjustments needed to merge into a One World Government by decade’s-end: on January 1, 2050.

End of decade CFS goal: 64

Phase 3 (2050-2060):

- The 2050s were reserved for the finishing touches, allowing us a decade to adapt and mature before our coming out party as a Type 1 Civilization.

End of decade CFS goal: 80

Like I said, according to Eve, much needed to happen before we graduated to a Type 1 civilization. On January 2, 2030, a new link appeared on Arma-Lena.com that listed each nation along with a decade-by-decade itemized list of objectives/goals they were required to complete. And some of these objectives (which many in the opposition called “demands” and/or “pipedreams”) ran for dozens of pages. Here are a few highlighted nations among them:

UNITED STATES:

1. The near-total elimination of guns and the end of police abuses by 2040. And an overall reduction in the incidence of violent crime by 33% by 2040 (Phase 1), 66% by 2050 (Phase 2) and 95% by 2060 (Phase 3).

2. The end of mass incarceration and the Prison-Industrial complex with 50% reductions in incarceration in Phase 1.
3. Curtailing and then ending the international U.S. military footprint. As the number one purveyor of military weapons across the globe, Eve also demanded ending the sales of offensive weapons, planes, ships, arms, etc.
4. Curtailing political, bureaucratic and corporate corruption by 33% in Phase 1, 66% in Phase 2 and 95% in Phase 3.

RUSSIA:

In addition to the common items listed for most nations—respect for human rights, civil rights, the reduction of crime and corruption, institution of democratic reforms, etc., was this:

- IMMEDIATE PRIORITY ITEM:
- Immediate end to the government-condoned deforestation of vast tracts of the Siberian tundra.
- Respect for all environmentally protected marine and land-based areas (as marked on Eve’s maps)
 1. A prompt end to all foreign military aggressions including:
 - Military withdrawal from Syria.
 - Withdrawal of [REDACTED] (of mercenaries) from all parts of Africa and the Middle East.
 - The end of Russia’s meddlesome involvement in the foreign affairs of others and the unethical plundering of foreign national resources (example, gold mining in Sudan and diamond mining in Congo in exchange for unofficial Russian military assistance—through [REDACTED] and other mercenaries—in helping those nation’s despot leaders maintain power).
 - The ending of Russia’s government-sanctioned malicious use of military, economic, and cyber capabilities.
 - Disarming and demilitarizing all Russia’s armed forces and transitioning to civilian peacekeeping.
 2. The prompt withdrawal from all Ukrainian territories to pre-2014 borders.
 3. As the number two purveyor of military weapons across the globe, Eve also demanded ending the sales of military weapons, planes, arms, etc.

4. The dismantling of Russia's surveillance state, including abolishing censorship controls, respect for human rights and freedom of the press. This meant removing Russia's Invisible Firewall and opening up its internet with minimal restrictions as well as the release of all political prisoners.
5. Russian oligarchs must promptly divest themselves of 90% of their assets and return them to vetted governmental coffers.

CHINA:

In addition to the common items listed for most nations— respect for human rights, civil rights, the reduction of crime and corruption, institution of democratic reforms, etc., was this:

1. IMMEDIATE PRIORITY ITEM:
 - Release of all political prisoners in forced labor, re-education and prison camps. Includes Uyghurs, Tibetans, Protestants and other targeted groups.
2. IMMEDIATE PRIORITY ITEM:
 - The dismantling of China's surveillance state, including abolishing censorship controls, respect for human rights and freedom of the press. This meant removing the Great Firewall and opening up its internet with minimal restrictions.
3. Ending China's territorial claims over Taiwan and South China Seas and curtailing their meddling in foreign affairs.
4. Demilitarizing and disarming China's armed forces and transitioning to civilian peacekeeping.

BRAZIL:

In addition to the common items listed for most nations— respect for human rights, civil rights, the reduction of crime and corruption, etc., was this:

1. IMMEDIATE PRIORITY ITEM:
 - Immediate end to the government-condoned deforestation of vast tracts of the Amazon rainforest.

ISRAEL:

In addition to the common items listed for most nations— respect for human rights, civil rights, the reduction of crime and corruption, etc., was this:

1. IMMEDIATE PRIORITY ITEM:
 - Israelis and Palestinians to sign peace accords no later than January 1, 2032. Terms to include a one-state solution and equal rights for all.

SYRIA:

In addition to the common items listed for most nations— respect for human rights, civil rights, the reduction of crime and corruption, etc., was this:

1. IMMEDIATE PRIORITY ITEM:

- The immediate resignation of President Bashar al-Assad.
- The end to all military aggression and persecution against Syrian citizens followed by the installation of a caretaker government along with a call for the welcome return of all Syrian refugees.

2. Nationwide free and fair elections no later than January 1, 2031.

AFGHANISTAN:

In addition to the common items listed for most nations— respect for human rights, civil rights, the reduction of crime and corruption, etc., was this:

1. IMMEDIATE PRIORITY ITEM:

- The Taliban's immediate resignation from all government-held offices followed by the installation of a caretaker government
- Nationwide free and fair elections no later than January 1, 2031.

2. IMMEDIATE PRIORITY ITEM:

- Demilitarization of the Taliban, Al-Qaeda, ISIS and other militia group.

3. IMMEDIATE PRIORITY ITEM:

- Respect for universal human rights, woman's rights, equal rights, press freedoms and the right to an education for all. Includes the right of all females to full education and schooling and the right to freedom of movement.
- The lifting of all restrictive laws mandating the wearing of female head coverings, veils and burkas.

4. IMMEDIATE PRIORITY ITEM:

- Release of all political prisoners.

And so it went—as above—with most every nation having a slew of seemingly impossible goals to meet. Human rights, equal rights, a call for free and fair elections, the release of political prisoners, the elimination of political and bureaucratic corruption along with the divestiture and return of illicit assets, environmental protections, the end to military aggressions, a call for the welcoming return of refugees, the elimination of crime and terrorism.. One seemingly impossible demand after another with few concrete details on how to actually accomplish it.. Yet.

The Eighth Wonder of the (Outer) World

World Economic Forum

Davos, Switzerland

January 7, 2030

The hall was packed with officials on the first day of the World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland when the keynote speaker, Neil DeGrasse Tyson, came out to address them. The crowd of world leaders, economists and other dignitaries, caught off-guard by the unexpected appearance of the world-renowned astrophysicist, all rose to give him a standing ovation. As soon as they sat down, Elon Musk and Jeff Bezos materialized from opposite sides of the stage to meet in the middle and shake hands, both men smiling widely. This time, the conference hall erupted. For, as far as everyone knew, these two visionaries, futurists and titans of industry were also fierce competitors, if not archenemies. Certainly, whatever it was that had brought them together, and whatever came next, was sure not to disappoint.

They didn't say a word. Instead, a video began playing on a large screen behind them—a throwback to the cryptic video posted on A-L.com over a year ago. In it, two small children point at the full Moon and excitedly jump up and down, reaching out as they do in a futile attempt to grab it. A third child appears, whispers something to them. They all kneel and dig a small hole with their hands, dropping a seed inside and adding water. The seed sprouts, grows.. and grows some more, reaching into the sky. The children embrace, then climb the stalk up, up and away into the heavens.

Neil DeGrasse Tyson:

“Ladies and gentlemen, for eons our species has been relegated to living on the surface of our planet, helplessly gazing up at the stars and dreaming of space. Only recently have we been able to leave the gravitational bonds of our planet. But to do so, we have resorted to using rockets, a very inefficient, expensive, and dare I say dirty, way to do things. Just 20 years ago, it cost \$10,000.00 to transport one pound of material into space, although thanks to these two gentlemen, that price has come down considerably.”

Elon Musk:

“But there has always been a better way to do things. In fact, it was first proposed in 1957 by a Russian scientist named Yuri Artsunatsov.”

Jeff Bezos:

“The only problem is, it has always been technologically out of reach. Until now.”

In the video, the long beanstalk morphs as the leaves fall off and the stalk straightens, extending infinitely into the clouds and beyond. At ground level, a cubic structure appears—with doors. And two simple buttons displaying glowing green arrows—Up and Down. The children step into the elevator and up it goes, traveling 22,500 miles into space in less than 2 hours

according to the displayed clock. At the very top, a large object swims into view.. that of the giant asteroid currently located high above the Indian Ocean.

Neil DeGrasse Tyson:

“Now I know you’ve all been wondering about the purpose of the asteroid, especially with all the stepped up activity in the last 48 hours...”

After nearly one year of nonstop shuttling, with metals from inside the asteroid being dumped into the oceans and garbage from Earth being dumped into the asteroid, the activity had finally stopped. Then just two days ago, a pair of Vawks had repositioned themselves on opposite sides of the slowly spinning, lumpy and irregular shaped 10.5-mile long black-metallic asteroid. Next, they began using lasers to work on the exterior of the rock, shaving off chunks large and small as if working on a giant spinning lathe, slowly transforming it as a new shape began to emerge.

Just two hours prior to this announcement, the object was finished. It had been molded into a perfectly symmetrical, smoothly polished matte black cylinder exactly 5.5 miles wide by 10.5 miles long with centrally drilled holes in the top and bottom.

Jeff Bezos:

“My fellow Earthlings... I always wanted to say that. It is our great honor to present you with this: The eighth wonder of the world, the first wonder of the cosmos and the crown jewel of our planet. Behold... humanity’s very own space station—The StarGate! (thunderous standing ovation)

Elon Musk:

“And how do we get up there, you ask? Well, it happens to come equipped with its very own space elevator, of course! One that we can board on the ground right here on Earth and ride all the way up and into that grand city in the sky—no space suit or rocket fuel required! Let’s take a tour, shall we?”

Onscreen it’s a live view of the The StarGate, its 5.5-mile-wide lower base facing down toward Earth as it gently rotates along its long axis. In the center-bottom of the structure are stabilized, stationary apertures for dozens of ‘SkyTrains’, each the size of a large cruise ship, to enter and exit the massive airlocks after having traveled up and down long, LONG cables to and from our round blue planet below.

Passing beyond the airlocks and into the space station itself, the scene opens up to a futuristic wonderland. Wrapping around the inside of the now hollowed out cylinder (with its quarter-mile thick, cosmic radiation-proof solid metal walls) is a mind-warping panorama: It’s as if someone took an entire metropolis and carpeted it around the 360-degree interior of this vast, gently curving, gigantic barrel. With an interior length of nearly 10 miles and diameter of 5 miles, the architectural layout has been partitioned into ten 1-mile-wide bracelet-like ring districts, each one covering an area of roughly 15 square-miles. Taken altogether, its 150 square miles is roughly equivalent to that of New York City.

Onscreen, we're just inside the central-base entrance of the cylinder now, sitting weightless in the SkyTrain as it begins its 2-1/2-mile descent toward the 'ground' (inner sidewalls) below. The further we move away from the center, the more the spinning forces of rotational gravity take hold. Once at ground level, we cling to the inner surface at 1g of artificial gravity. It feels exactly the same as standing on Earth. If we were to reverse the process and climb back up toward the central axis again we would gradually lose the pull of artificial gravity. Once at the barrel's center, we would float weightlessly in space—a definite option for tourists that want to experience it.

The first mile-wide, 15 square-mile bracelet of a district is devoted to tourists. Hotels, museums, parks, restaurants, amusement parks, zoos and more. The architecture, however, is unlike anything known to man. Many of the buildings and structures seem to be ALIVE. Hotels, for example, are giant tree-like structures with living spaces and lofts that hang from the branches like giant Christmas tree ornaments. The museums are huge geometric structures with outer skins that slowly move, shift and morph themselves around the main pavilions inside. One of the parks even appears to have live dinosaurs from the Jurassic era.

Standing on the ground looking skyward brings its own set of vertigo-inducing, bizarro-world challenges because—directly 5 miles up—one can easily see the opposite side of this wrap-around city in the distance. And it appears to be hanging upside-down and constantly threatening to fall directly on to your head.

The sky between is filled with artificial sunshine, wispy clouds and people flying through the air using strap-on, bird-like wings and other devices. Some have even donned their wings and appear to sit, or sleep while floating weightlessly in the middle of the sky.

The camera leaps back skyward on a flyover through the other 9 districts as agricultural, scientific, and business zones pass by below. The two central districts spanning mile-markers 5–6, comprising a 30-square mile bracelet of real estate, are jointly devoted to nature. For situated there is a pristine forest of trees, rivers and small lakes, campgrounds and trails. Loaded with wildlife, the corridor is bisected by a half-mile wide 360-degree freshwater-lake bracelet stocked with a wide variety of marine life.

Beyond that is the 7th district and one structure stands out. It's a huge pyramid 3,000 feet high: The United States of Earth Building. And it is the centerpiece of all the structures located within the space station. At the very top of the pyramid is the official flag of the U.S.E.: our blue planet centered upon a white background with our familiar full Moon in the upper left corner.

Devoted entirely to the Earth-bound nations below, this district is the “Governmental Zone” and there are 200 parcels—one for each of the 193 countries with a few to spare. Each comes with its own unique and otherworldly culturally themed embassy building and surrounding real estate. Next to the flag of each nation stands a second, larger flag—that of the United States of Earth.

I'm being prohibited from speaking further on district 7.

The 8th district is a vast industrial zone filled with mountains of pure metal that have been mined directly from the interior walls of the asteroid, including masses of iron, nickel, cobalt, titanium, silver, and many others. There are also abundant mountains of "rare-earth" metals of every variety. Perhaps most stunning was the gold. According to experts, it is thought that if you were to total up all the gold ever mined on Earth, it would only amount to a cube roughly 75 feet to a side. But here was a mountain of pure gold nearly 3,000 times that size, easily eclipsing 700 feet tall with a width perhaps four times that at its base. This sent a wave of panic through the commodities markets, not to mention the many nations holding on to billions of dollars in gold reserves, and futures prices immediately began to plummet. But then Eve released a statement saying that She did not intend to flood the markets with these metals, that there would be tight controls placed on the supply chain with details to follow at another time.

The final two districts bringing up the rear—or the most distal part of the cylinder as viewed from Earth—was also the most promising to our future development. Littered with wondrous ships, vessels, carriers and shuttles, this district was devoted to space-faring travel. And just beyond this district was the upper base of the cylinder. Embedded within it were dozens of airlocks that would soon allow these autonomous spaceships to transport people, material, and equipment to the Moon, Mars and beyond.

The StarGate still needed some work yet before opening to the public in a few months. But by the time it did open on the second anniversary of Z-Day (July 21, 2030), we were finally given a much clearer explanation of how it was made.

Eve had used Her microscopic nanomachine technology to hollow out and build all the structures within. Because the asteroid was entirely metallic, all non-metallic building materials like carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, etc. had to come from elsewhere. But as far as the nanos were concerned, the atomic building blocks could come from just about anything—or anywhere.

That would explain the thousands of shuttles that Eve had sent back-and-forth to clean up some of Earth's most polluted trash and toxic waste dumps. Take tar sands, for example. Tar sands are a toxic brew of chemicals leftover from processing dirty petroleum products. Every few years, one of these monstrous-sized dumps ends up in the news after overrunning its containment walls and sending an avalanche of filth and sludge barreling down some hillside to bury some poor village feet deep in waste. But nanobots can take that sludge, break down the toxins into individual elements, and use those carbon, hydrogen and nitrogen atoms, etc. as Lego building blocks for something else. Whatever's left over simply gets jettisoned out the other end of the StarGate and into deep space.

Another important feature of the StarGate was the Earth-bound platform it would be tethered to. She made that out of Earthly waste too, building sturdy, quarter-mile wide square platforms that She then lowered into the Indian Ocean and stitched together. When it was done, the platform was a free-floating square 20 miles to a side situated in international waters and

able to move in a straight line that ran along the equator from the eastern coast of Africa to the western coast of Indonesia. Connecting it to the StarGate were dozens of slender cables composed of thousands of intertwined and invisibly thin carbon fibers—essentially diamond nano threads—that ran the full 22,500 mile length and were hundreds of times lighter and stronger than steel.

Connected to the cables were the SkyTrains. These cruise-ship sized elevator-car vessels used Moonbeam energy to power their climb up and down the cables. By accelerating upward at exactly 1g, it meant a comfortable ride for passengers and materials in the pressurized cabins with no weightlessness. At the halfway point, 11,250 miles up, the entire interior shell of the cruise ship would rotate itself 180 degrees. The vessel would then begin its deceleration phase, slowing itself down at exactly 1g for the rest of the ride. Total trip time: about two hours.

In short order, Eve’s nanobots would finish building a metropolis on the massive floating sea platform that included huge shipping ports, hotels and residential areas, and a pair of airports befitting what would soon become the foremost economic engine and tourist attraction in the world.

|||||

Mike Jess:

There was just to much shit happening to fast
maybe that was part of Their strategy
first the gifts, Moonbeams and other stuff
then She holds this outrageous global vote that close to half the world felt was illegitamate
She follows that up with a bunch of impossible demands that nations couldnt and
wouldnt ever meet
THEN we get this... i’ll admit it— PRETTY FUCKIN AMAZING —gift of The StarGate
we go two whole days to absorb that gift before the other shoe, make that shoes
started to drop
Because aint nothin free
She’d already given us a bunch of carrots, now it was time for some sticks.
Carrots and sticks—carrots and sticks.
here a carrot, there a stick
it was a diet we would soon get acustomed to. accustomed?
whatever dammit, who doesnt have autocorrect anymore?
Anyway, a couple days later, She gave the first official speech of the new era and kicked off the
first major showdown:

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Greater Good Directives of the First Priority

January 9, 2030:

At noon Eastern, Eve’s global trumpet sounded again as She manifested Herself on to all digital screens worldwide in multiple languages and appearances: English Eve, Philippine Eve, Samoan Eve, All the Eves. She congratulated us again for choosing to move forward with The Plan and promised success, reiterating Her unwavering and now irreversible commitment to seeing it through to its fruitful completion, saying there was no time to waste. Then She got right to the point with this speech:

“Ladies and gentlemen, children of Earth, as I mentioned before, your civilization is in a perilous phase, the transition from your adolescence to your adult stage—one that is rife with dangers and pitfalls. The first pitfall, your environment, is already being addressed and is in the process of being fully remedied.

“Now to your second most clear and present danger. One of the key markers of adolescence is the discovery of element 92: Uranium. With its awesome potential for nuclear energy on one hand comes a dangerous, existential threat to life on the other, in particular the atomic bomb. For many civilizations, it is akin to teenagers suddenly discovering crates full of grenades with no adult supervision around. The historical record is filled with planetary societies, most of which are unable to navigate through this period and reach full adulthood while avoiding nuclear Armageddon.

“And all indications are that your human race was almost buried within that same graveyard on more than one occasion. It is no secret that just over 50 years ago those crates of grenades brought you to within hours of annihilation when the two strongest kids on the playground were poised to hurl them at each other during the Cuban missile crisis. Since then, things have only gotten more dangerous, not less, with the proliferation of nuclear weapons to even more nations unable to play nice with each other. In fact, in the last decade Russia has stepped right up to the brink, cavalierly threatening to use a limited nuclear war in order to achieve its goals on several occasions and risking an escalation into World War III. What most of you don’t realize, however, is that even a limited exchange between one or two nations—take Pakistan and India, for example—would throw enough dirt and pollution into the global atmosphere to completely blocking out the Sun for years. The ensuing nuclear winter would be harsh enough to bring about your seventh mass extinction.

“Now that I have made that clear, it is time to tackle the next major item on your Reconstruction agenda: Nuclear Disarmament. Specifically, the complete and total nuclear disarmament of all declared and undeclared nuclear armed nations.

“Global denuclearization. This is what I call a ‘Greater Good Directive of the First Priority’. A mandatory, nonnegotiable objective that must be fulfilled.

“Now, I am not naive enough to believe your governments will simply rollover and comply with My request just because I asked. Therefore, I will break the procedure up into two smaller, more palatable steps. The first step is for all nuclear armed nations to sign a document known as the Articles of Consideration. This is a preliminary and completely nonbinding agreement—like a good faith showing of open-mindedness—that states your nation is willing to simply CONSIDER giving up its nuclear arsenal, nothing more. Following this, the second step will be to sign on to the fully binding agreement to complete disarmament. Instructions for the actual disposal of your nuclear arsenals will be given at a later date. The deadline for step one will be at noon Eastern time on January 23, exactly three weeks from today.

“Now let me be very clear here: Any nuclear-armed nation not a signatory to step one, the Articles of Consideration, by that deadline... well... that nation can expect... consequences.

“Moving on now to the third major item in your Reconstruction Plan: A call for future leaders. I hereby call for volunteers to step up and serve not only your nation but a higher calling. To serve your planet and all of man’s kind as liaisons and ambassadors, as bridges between Our species and yours. I am calling for not only future delegates, but heroes—the pillars upon which your society will be built. Planetary patriots with great responsibilities, more than the average person can bear. But these will not be average people. They will be strong. They will be caring. They will be intelligent. Their’s will be positions of the utmost honor and esteem, their names inscribed in your books of history, their legacies long. They will be the most special of individuals, the greatest among the good, the chosen ones. They will be legend.

“But they have yet to walk the Earth.

“Therefore, I hereby ask that any pregnant woman the world over consider pledging her newborn for the most honorable of service to humanity. These pledged infants will be individually gathered immediately after birth and taken up to a Vawk for a short time, a matter of months, after which they will be returned to you. While gone, they will be treated with the utmost of care and respect and will not be harmed in any way as they are prepared for their future responsibilities. On this, My word is yours. Let Me restate that more clearly: I mean you have My word on this as you do on everything I say.

“Now, yours is a planet of some 9.25 billion souls. (This was a figure higher than the official world census of 8.5 billion people we thought we had.) The pool of newborn volunteers must be of sufficient size to adequately represent and meet the needs of that large amount of people. Taking into consideration the many nuances of your civilization, its cultures, traditions, and sociological make-up, your customized Reconstruction Plan calls for each nation to provide three volunteers for every 100,000 living persons. Exact quotas broken down by geographic districts representing each city, town and village are now being posted to Arma-Lena.com.

“Furthermore, there are specific collection procedures that must be adhered to. One of

them is that the entire group of infants must be gathered within 100 days of one another. And because the historic record shows that most civilizations like yours eagerly and willfully volunteer their offspring for service in large enough numbers to easily fulfill their quotas, I do not anticipate any significant issues or deviations from yours.”

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Ut. CJ Gambrel:

This would be recorded as the first—but definitely not last—time that the homo sapiens species did not respond as the Galactopedia’s forecasting models predicted we would.

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“Therefore, the gathering of volunteered newborns will begin 5 days from today, on Monday, January 14th, with the fulfillment of all quotas to be wrapped up no later than April 19—95 days later.

“The process for pledging your newborns is not complicated and donor mothers need only go online and register your pledge so long as you are at or near full-term and ready to deliver between those target dates. Rest assured that I, or one of I, will be present at each delivery to help facilitate and make it very comfortable for you.

“A word of advice to those of you who may attempt to hinder the gatherings. Do not. Any attempt at enforcing prohibitional laws or otherwise interfering will not be looked upon kindly. Mothers, you need fear not. All pledges will remain anonymous until such time as they are collected. Thereafter, you will be protected from consequences, legal or otherwise, I can assure you of that.

“Once more, I will reiterate that the pledging of volunteers should be considered an honor and the sacrifices you make today will be written into the annals of your history. And yours, the generation of sacrifice, will be considered heroes long into the future as these special children return to form the backbone of your salvation here on Earth.

“I will close with this: By 2060, just 30 short years from now, you will not only have pulled back from the brink of extinction, but will also be a millennia ahead of where you are today as a society. By the time of Our Mothership’s arrival, you will fully qualify as a Type 1 Civilization and be invited and welcomed into the brotherhood of mature planetary civilizations—one among peers in the respected fraternity of the stars. History will look upon the time before Our arrival as your stone age and the upcoming decades as your awakening, your true renaissance period, with your golden ages to follow.

“Thank you and may peace be upon you.”

* * * * *

A brief glimpse at Eve’s online quotas and it becomes readily apparent how quickly Her requirement of 3 pledged babies per 100,000 population really adds up:

- While less populated nations like Jamaica need offer up “only” 94 babies to represent them, others had to dig much deeper.
- The United States, with its nearly 350 million people, required 10,500 newborns. Further complicating matters was that the quotas were also broken down by geographic regions and districts. New York state, for example, required a total of 612 pledges—and 264 of those needed to either reside in New York City or be willing to relocate there.
- China, with its 1.6 billion people according to Eve’s figures, weighed in at 48,000 newborn pledges while India, at 1.7 billion, required 51,000 infants distributed by population density throughout that vast nation.
- The entire global population with its 9.25 billion people? That required the volunteering of a whopping total of 277,500 PRECIOUS NEWBORN SOULS!

There were two other bits of information posted online:

The first was that a “modest financial stipend” would be given to the mother to help support the newborn pledge throughout their years and into adulthood.

The second item was an online link for potential donor moms to pledge their newborns. The only thing the pregnant mom had to do was fill in her name, address and click the “I agree” button to the following:

“I would like to pledge my unborn child to serve man’s kind.”

That was it. There was no other information required. No paternal agreement, contact information, health information, family history.. nothing.

AND..

The only people who could even see, read and access that “Pledge your newborn for service” link on Arma-Lena.com were those currently 18-36 weeks pregnant.

* * * * *

New York Times:

- “Reconstruction Plan Calls for Global Nuclear Disarmament”
- “Infant Pledges Sought to Bolster Humanity. Support and Opposition Mount.”

Fox News:

- “They’re Coming for our Babies and our Bombs!”

RT: (Russian News Service)

- “Eve Demands Babies for Experimentation”
- “Eve Wants Our Nukes so She Can Attack”

Alex Jones- Alien Wars: (formerly Info Wars)

“I’ve been telling you folks from the start, this little purple-eyed monster is softening us up for the invasion. This ‘Deconstruction Plan’ of Hers has only one goal, to create a One World Government before Their apocalyptic takeover. Well I give the United States of Earth flag and its fascist, socialist and communist-lovin’ left wing agenda the old one finger salute, because that ain’t never gonna happen.”

“And you stupid far-left liberal freaks... I’m talking to you AOC! You alien-loving globalist ET-tards that voted for this crap, how do you feel now that It wants your newborn babies?! Well, I know how you feel... you’re loving it! I’ve already seen some of these tree-huggers celebrating on social media, saying they’ll gladly offer up their babies to be reprogrammed into alien hybrids. Well I hope they all go to jail and then to hell if they give up those precious babes...”

“I’ll tell you what though, President DeSantis is not having this. Nope, not the sandman. He is not giving up our nukes. It’s the only thing protecting us from Them, the Arma-Loo-nians. You think Russia is giving up their nukes? Or China? That little martian threatened us with consequences, can you believe that? I say you can come pry these missiles out of our cold, dead hands!

“This is tyranny, folks. This is all about submission. She wants to break our will and make us bow down to the purple eye. Not happening folks. This is the good ‘ole U—S—of A. Red white and blue, no purple through and through. She can take Her list of never gonna happen demands and stick it up Her little purple ass...”

First Harvest

Five days after Her announcement and, on Monday, January 14, 2030, there were a total of 4,400 pledges of newborns made across the globe—far off the mark of nearly 3,000 pledges needed EVERY DAY if Eve was to reach Her goal of over a quarter million infants in 95 days.

The very first “pick-up”, however, occurred in a modest home in Dearborn, Michigan. The young Arab American parents were both second-generation immigrants and had given Eve permission to film the delivery and post it on Her website. This “harvest video” (as they became known) would be viewed nearly 300 million times in the first 24 hours alone.

“What you said about patriotism to not only our country but to the planet, that struck a chord with us,” Hassan Beydoun, the proud father, said to Eve as a small child played in the background.

“Yeah, we believe the human race is in trouble like you said. We want to help. And it’s not that we’re giving up our baby for adoption or anything... we’ll be getting the baby back in a few months, right? I mean, we’re putting our trust in Eve. We still don’t know exactly what will happen to our baby yet because She won’t tell us. Will you?”

Eve, wearing an American flag hijab that perfectly matched the one worn by the mother, said, “No, sorry I cannot reveal it but your daughter will be in good hands and she will soon make you proud.”

“Daughter? Oh. How did you...?”

Eve smiled coyly and said, “Well, I think we can move this along. Ready to deliver?”

“I’m not having any contractions. What, you mean you can...?” The mom made ‘hurry-up’ gestures with her hand.

“Yes. And you are at 36 weeks.”

“And you’re sure you can do this home delivery alone?”

“It will go fine, trust me.”

“Okay fine. Let’s do this. Bismillah.”

Moments later and the mom is exposed belly-up in a twin bed as Eve climbs up and straddles Mom’s legs to gain a better position.

After clapping Her empty hands together and rubbing them furiously, She lays them on

Mom's protuberant belly. Then, as if fingerpainting with Her entirely flesh-colored palms, Eve smears an inky black substance all over Mom's abdomen and climbs back down.

"Those are nanoparticles that will allow Me to gain full control over your delivery."

Dad looks on amazed as the blackness absorbs right through his wife's skin in moments. A few minutes later, Mom begins to squirm and lets out a nervous giggle.

"Ooh... that feels funny."

"That is normal, just the nanos setting up."

Eve asks Dad to position two chairs at the foot of the bed for Mom to scoot down and rest her feet on.

"Ok, now I will take control of your contractions. Your cervix is being dilated... and..."

"That's so weird, I can feel the contractions but it's not painful."

Ten minutes later and Eve is at the foot of the bed telling Mom she is ready to deliver. She instructs mom to push once, twice, three times and the baby is right there, crowning. Eve turns and behind Her a small, levitating cradle-shaped white orb positions itself within reach. A seamless lid retracts to expose a glowing interior filled with a thick honey-like substance.

"Now Dad, one more push and the baby will be out. Remember what I told you both. The baby must remain untouched by human hands during the entire procedure. You will not be allowed to hold the baby. Mom, I will assist your last contraction, but I will need you to push here... now."

The neonate begins to emerge from the birth canal almost effortlessly with Mom pushing but comfortable. The baby's eyes are closed, and the neonate is delivered motionless and breathless but with good muscle tone and color.

"She's not breathing," Dad says with mounting concern.

"No, no, it is okay. Everything is fine. Just watch."

As Eve holds the still motionless baby in Her arms, She reaches over and dips Her hand into the floating orb, palming out a generous handful of the amber liquid and slathering it on to the emerging, unclamped umbilical cord. Then She places Her hand above the newborn's closed eyes for a moment and pulls back. On cue, the now wide-eyed baby quietly moves all her limbs as her eyes locate Eve's... Recognizing? Imprinting? They both hold the gaze for several seconds- Eve's violet eyes locked on to the baby's blues as... Bond made strong? The infant closes her eyes, silently and peacefully, having not yet taken a single breath. The

attached placental afterbirth is soon delivered and Eve holds the baby up momentarily for the smiling Mom to see.

“Do you have a name picked out?” asks Eve.

“Yes. Sabreena.”

“Beautiful name, just like your daughter. Now, just like I told you before, the baby must stay untouched by human hands until she is returned, so you won’t be able to hold her right now.”

Next, the sleeping neonate and attached afterbirth are gently submerged into the gelatinous fluid-filled sphere as the lid closes. The video ends.

After this initial video, there was a sharp uptick in voluntary pledges and harvest video postings from around the world.

The Whole Earth Catalog

The next major step in our Planetary Reconstruction Plan was to take inventory. To take a census of EVERYTHING.

By January 20th, every square inch of the Earth's surface had been covered with nanos, as evidenced by the faint, soft nighttime Indiglo they gave off. Now that the nanos were everywhere, it was time for the data processing to begin. And just as had happened one LEVEL at a time in The Lost Rainforest of Madagascar, it was to happen all across the planet.

Four days later a new link appeared on Arma-Lena.com: "The Whole Earth Catalog"

The description said: "Census of all land-based life forms: LEVEL 1 COMPLETE"

Now, using a real-time digital map of the globe, you could select a spot over any nation, zoom in over the land, then zoom in further and watch the database begin to populate with accurate flora and fauna counts. And just as in The Lost Rainforest, you could point your computer cursor at anything and get an immediate identification and categorization:

- Take Murder Hornets, for example. People could watch in real-time as—on this date: January 24, 2030— a single Murder Hornet hive in Seattle containing 2,146 bees, each of them tagged and represented by writhing black dots as if RFID-chipped, and 1 red-dotted queen were identified on a map. Then a second hive miles away. A third. By week's end, wildlife specialists had gone out and eradicated all 7 hives in the area using the displayed geolocations.
- Select "Trees" and an ever-increasing display of dots populates a map of the United States, one for each tree: Elm, Oak, Maple, Pine. Select "Ash" tree and the map repopulates with only that species, many highlighted in red to indicate that they are infected with the "Emerald Ash Borer"— a species of invasive insect responsible for causing the destruction of millions of Ash trees across the U.S. Further select "Emerald Ash Borer" and you can view the thousands of live, black-dotted beetles and their exact locations within each tree itself as they chew their way through it.
- In Australia, residents shook their heads as the destruction from years of wildfires was now laid bare in raw, hard numbers that indicated an increasing paucity of species repopulating those millions of acres of ailing forests. But it was the appearance of dingoes—a much reviled and destructive canine-like species—in numbers that exceeded previous estimates that had ecologists planning to use the live-tracking feature to control the population.
- In China's Gobi Desert, several adjacent regions lit up with radioactivity indicative of a toxic waste dump. Once pointed out, the Communist Party was quick to deny its existence.

- One interesting feature of note: When conducting a search for, say, snapping turtles in a remote corner of Canada near the coastline, you could click on the ‘live-tracking feature’ and watch the representative dot on the map as the turtle crawls just feet away from the crashing waves of the Pacific Ocean. But the dot disappears the moment the turtle enters the water-causing the turtle population in the area to drop by one, only to return once the turtle crawls back on to land.

Two days after the database went live, poachers in Uganda tracked down and killed 3 elephants, using the live-tracking feature, for the sole purpose of cutting off their ivory tusks and selling them on the lucrative black market. This would be recorded as among the very first major instance of people misusing The Whole Earth Catalog’s information. Days later, after numerous online requests by wildlife specialists in the region, the live-tracking feature was disabled from public viewing for certain at risk species such as endangered elephants, giraffes, pangolins, and many others.

Shimmer Cams:

Now that the microscopic, atomically-sized nanos could be found chock-o-block (absolutely everywhere), including floating invisibly airborne by the trillions per square centimeter, it also meant Eve’s ‘Oculus Shimmer Cams’ could conceivably be summoned to appear within seconds anywhere across the planet, potentially providing a live-streamed controllable camera to any user that wanted it . However, this time the feature had a governor on it that limited its freedom of usage:

Tier 1 Shimmer Cams:

In general, one could easily summon a Shimmer Cam anytime day or night over certain public lands such as parks, forests, rainforests, wildlife sanctuaries, even over parts of the oceans. Many of these were listed as “Priority Protected Areas” on Eve’s maps, meaning these were areas hunters, poachers, fisherman, loggers and others were to avoid.

Tier 2 Shimmer Cams:

This category was for Shimmer Cams that could be summoned across other, more arbitrary outdoor venues of Eve’s choosing for a limited time. For example, San Francisco Bay and its surrounding areas might randomly pop-up highlighted on Arma-Lena.com’s maps. This would suddenly allow any user to summon a cam and go zipping all around the bay wherever they liked, perhaps up underneath the famous bridge zooming in on the undercarriage and inspecting its aging welds and rivets or following a kayaker on the water in real time. 30-60 mins later, the Shimmer Cam window would close for this location and another highlighted area, perhaps in Moscow’s Red Square, would open to the public.

Tier 3 Shimmer Cams:

One could put in a specific request to summon a Shimmer Cam to a particular location at a specific time. They had to fill out a questionnaire form explaining the purpose of the excursion and Eve would decide whether to allow it. One had to agree to certain terms, including that the Shimmer Cam information would not be used for negative purposes, to do harm,

commit crimes, etc. And you could be assured that Little Sister would be watching the footage right along with you too.

Tier 4 Shimmer Cams:

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

* * * * *

Source: The New York Times

Date: January 21, 2030

GLOBAL CONCERN AS NUCLEAR DEADLINE LOOMS

Clashes as Baby Pledges Continue to Mount

New Shimmer Cams Broadcast Demonstrations

* * * * *

The global uproar showed no sign of slowing as rallies and protests continued throughout a second week in several hotspots across the world.

In Houston, pro-Eve supporters known as “Posit-Eves” clashed with opposition groups at a street march held in support of the Reconstruction Plan to save Earth and its citizens. Crowds urging all nuclear armed nations to give in to Her disarmament demand by the January 23rd deadline were met with other activists, some of them armed, as they urged the U.S. government not to surrender to Eve’s demands, arguing that nuclear weapons were the only thing that stood between mankind and utter destruction by the Arma-Lenians. Some carried effigies of deformed babies with large “alien” eyes. Riot-control police used tear gas and water cannon to break up the crowds as demonstrations soon turned violent.

In Washington D.C., members of the Oath Keepers marched in formation carrying mock missiles slung over their shoulders proclaiming, “The right to bear NUCLEAR arms”. They were met with Black Lives Matter groups, some holding up purple-eye placards, protesting the recent police killing of Rodney D***** as police struggled to keep the two groups apart.

In China, where protests are not only unheard of, but also not tolerated, a group of approximately 200 university students calling for China to lay down its nuclear arms, increase press freedoms, and open up its internet attempted to rush Tiananmen Square. They were swiftly arrested as riot police and military forces formed a ring around the area to prevent any further demonstrations.

In Moscow, hundreds took to the streets as pro-government supporters railed against Eve’s attempt to impose Her will on Russians by painting Herself as the savior of humanity. Eve’s true purpose, they claimed, was to prepare the planet for a complete takeover by Her Masters. To illustrate this, some dressed in shackles while being driven by Eve look-alikes carrying whips. Others carried missile shaped “Right to Self-Destruct” signs in support of national sovereignty and mankind’s apparent right to its own nuclear annihilation.

Farther away from the capital it was a vastly different scene as opposition leader Lyubov Sobol rallied thousands of demonstrators, seizing this moment as the perfect opportunity to demand an overhaul of Russia’s political landscape beginning with new elections and a call

to end corruption. Skirmishes soon followed as masked, baton-wielding thugs attacked. The police were nowhere to be found.

But the largest turnout was in Pyongyang where an estimated one million citizens filled the streets over the weekend to cheer on that nation's military as goose-stepping troops defiantly paraded their mobile missile launchers before a smiling Kim Jong Un presiding over the ceremonies.

Elsewhere, in New York City, Los Angeles, Mexico City, Sydney, as well as locales across Europe and parts of South America, it was just the opposite with Eve being hailed as a hero. Many cited Arma-Lena.com's actuarial database of extinct planetary civilizations as evidence of the potential doom that lay in store for us. Without Eve's intervention, they said, their children and grandchildren would be destined to suffer and die on a poisoned, steaming hot planet capped off by a nuclear winter. One man held up a sign with a GoFundMe link offering \$5,000 to any woman who pledged her baby to Eve. The link was quickly taken down.

Rallies in Johannesburg, Abuja, Djibouti and other parts of Africa seemed to hinge on a different, more basic hope best summed up by Chicozie Nwanga, a local Nigerian banana farmer and laborer who said, "We don't care about (nuclear) missiles here. We don't care about what happen 50 years from now. We care only about the now-now. To feed our family today. About provide our children today. To send them to school and not attack by Boko Haram. All my life the government don't do nothing for us. Eve give us gift first week here—electricity! We believe in God and God believe in Eve..."

The Apocalypse Cometh

The deadline for signing on to Step One of Eve's nuclear disarmament directive—The Articles of Consideration—was today, January 23, 2030, at exactly noon Eastern. But with every nuclear-armed nation adamantly objecting on various grounds—not least of which was that they simply did not recognize Eve's authority, political standing, or worldwide referendum—it was no surprise that the noon deadline came and went without a single signatory.

Five minutes later, World War III commenced in earnest. In the United States, a pair of intercontinental ballistic missiles simultaneously launched themselves from separate silos—one from a Titan II missile complex in Damascus, Arkansas and the other located 30 miles away. Each one was armed with multiple nuclear warheads that collectively packed more explosive power in them than all the bombs dropped during World War II combined.. AND THEN MULTIPLIED BY THREE!!!

One minute later, in Wisconsin, nearby a dairy farm, a Minuteman III missile rocketed upward from its hidden bunker—catching the adjacent landowner horrified and completely unaware that a silo was located so close to his property. Next, a second Minuteman ICBM sprung up from the Montana hinterland and flung itself into space, hurtling toward its goal: the complete obliteration of London, England and its surrounding metropolis.

At that exact same moment, multiple apocalyptically armed ICBMs left their respective silos in Russia, China, Pakistan, India, Britain, France, Israel and North Korea.

At 12:09 pm Eastern, the following message was blasted across televisions, radios and mobile phones/texts throughout the United States:

“This is the Emergency Broadcast System. This is not a test. Urgent Message. At 12:05 pm Eastern time today, NORAD detected multiple intercontinental ballistic missiles on an inbound trajectory to the United States. These missiles are presumed to carry nuclear warheads. Estimated time to arrival and detonation over the eastern seaboard of the continental United States is - - -22 minutes. Estimated time to arrival and detonation over the midwestern United States is - - -25 minutes. Estimated time to arrival and detonation over the western seaboard of the United States is - - -19 minutes. Exact geographic targets yet to be determined. The potential for significant loss of life and property damage is high. You are instructed to shelter in place in homes or buildings. Go to basements or lowest ground. Do not shelter in vehicles. Expect massive power outages, electronic device failures and disruption of major forms of communication including mobile phones, internet, television and radio. Power and communication outages may extend hundreds of miles beyond impact zones due to electromagnetic pulse or EMP. Electronically engineered vehicles manufactured after 1980 may be rendered inoperable. Immediate storage of supplemental drinking water in bathtubs and containers is advised. Stay tuned to this channel for further updates and instructions. This is not a test. Message will repeat...”

At 12:25 pm Eastern, the first inbound ICBM arrived from Britain. Splashing down in a Walmart parking lot in Los Angeles, it left 2 vehicles and an RV destroyed in its wake. The two occupants killed in the RV were a far cry from the estimated 10 million L.A. County residents it would have vaporized had the nuclear warheads actually detonated. Three minutes later, a Russian ICBM impacted 50 yards from the Pentagon, harmlessly cratering the manicured lawn outside. Three minutes after that, an Israeli warhead made entry through the roof of a Chicago high-rise building, engulfing the upper floors in flames—killing 1 person and injuring several others.

Three undetonated ICBMs also touched down in Russia, India, Pakistan, Britain and France. A single neutered warhead landed in North Korea, Israel and Iran. The fact that Iran was a target caught everyone by surprise because Iran was not known to possess a nuclear weapon.

Later, a congressional hearing would reveal that Eve had somehow infiltrated and commandeered U.S. Missile Control—effortlessly overriding the world’s most secure of fail-safe systems and launch codes. She had also locked out the system, preventing authorities from launching a second wave of defensive and retaliatory counter strikes, leaving panicked military authorities to watch helplessly as events unfolded.

At 2:00 pm Eastern, Eve’s global trumpet sounded:

“Ladies and gentlemen, children of Earth, as most of you are aware by now, a total of 24 intercontinental ballistic missiles took flight from, and landed in, other nuclear-armed nations. The fact that they did not fully arm and detonate was strictly by My design... THIS TIME. In the case of Iran, I am well aware of the three nuclear weapons you secretly possess that are not attached to missiles. To all of these nations, none of whom signed on to step one: The Articles of Consideration, you are now on to step two: The Articles of Complete Nuclear Disarmament. That agreement has just been posted to Arma-Lena.com.

“Now let me stress this point once more: Full disarmament is a Greater Good requirement of the first degree. As such, it is a red line not to be crossed and any of the ten nations not a signatory to complete nuclear disarmament by the next deadline should expect catastrophic consequences of a much more serious nature. The deadline for signing that agreement will be in three weeks—at the stroke of noon local time in each nation’s capital on Wednesday, February 13. Consider yourselves duly forewarned. Please do not test Me further. That is all. May peace be upon you.”

And poof! She was gone..

..thus allowing the world to return back to its previously unscheduled panic attack.

Harvest Shield

The day after the rehearsal-apocalypse, things were not going well for a young mother who was being monitored for a high-risk premature pregnancy in one of Moscow's most advanced labor and delivery units. The mother had a history of alcoholism and had not kept up with scheduled prenatal visits. A week ago, she had finally come in to be evaluated and was given the sad news that her baby had severe spina bifida—a large open deformity in which the spinal canal does not fully form and seal itself closed in-utero. She was told the baby would likely be paralyzed in its lower extremities. And now, lying in bed in her 28th week of pregnancy, the neonatal specialists were hard at work trying to keep her premature contractions at bay and ward off her delivery for at least another 4-5 weeks so the premie could mature some more.

But it wasn't going so well. So, Svetlana V***** sent an urgent question to Arma-Lena.com asking if Eve could help her baby. That was 64 minutes ago. In that time, the mother's dangerous form of contractions known as "late-decelerations" had increased—signifying that the fetus was in distress. Svetlana was rushed into the operating room for a crash c-section. But just as the team was hurriedly moving her onto the table, Eve walked in, floating bassinet in tow. This Russian version of Eve was blond with a more svelte nose. The violet bejeweled eyes, however, were identical. Speaking in Russian, She explained to the mom that She could fix the deformity. The baby would be returned to Mom perfectly healthy and not paralyzed. The mother quickly accepted as the doctor in charge protested Eve's appearance, yelling at Her to leave. Eve, claiming there was no time to waste, climbed onto the table as the doctor called for security.

Turning Her attention back to Svetlana, Eve straddled her and repeatedly clapped Her hands over Mom's exposed belly. Like clapping two chalkboard erasers together, a continuous cloud of nano dust drifted down and right through the skin, putting a quick halt to the dangerous contractions. Now with more time, Eve slathered a coat of blackness onto Mom's belly with Her bare palms. While they waited the few minutes the nanos would take to fully setup, two police officers and a security guard bolted in.

"Go away. Do not force Me to make an example of you,"
Eve said calmly.

The cops looked at each other questioningly, then moved toward Eve. They made it two steps before reaching for their throats, gasping. Backing away, they regrouped again before the younger one suddenly lunged for Eve. Once more, he collapsed to the floor, choking. But this time, Eve did not let up. The cop's partner reached for his gun—then reached for his throat again as he too crumpled to his knees. Still straddling the Mom, Eve's patient stare pierced them.

"Have you had enough?"

Nodding their heads on the verge of unconsciousness, the involuntary spasms in their larynx let up as they backed away from the table, anger and fear in their eyes.

A few minutes later and the baby was delivered, emerging quietly breathless but with good color. Eve went through the routine of slathering the golden goo on to the neonate's emerging cord as well as on to the open defect in the preemie's back, then held the uncrying baby boy until he opened his eyes and fixed Her gaze, vigorously moving his upper extremities while his legs remained flaccid. Then, the boy closed his eyes and stopped moving- having yet not taken a single breath.

“Do not worry. When he is returned to you, he will be perfectly healthy.”

Eve asked about a name, held the baby up for Mom so she could get a good, but touchless, look at him, then submerged the neonate inside the fluid-filled cradle before asking if She could post the video of the event. Mom, looking around questioningly for a camera that didn't seem to exist, said yes, but asked that her face be blurred. And so it was.

In the days and weeks to come, several policeman—and later FSB agents from the Kremlin, would make numerous attempts to confront, question, and even arrest the mother for giving away her baby. At no point did they get closer than 50 yards from the mother before gasping for air and reaching for their throats. (Later, these same police officers and FSB agents would undergo an exhaustive, yet futile, battery of examinations and testing by Russian military researchers to try to uncover and duplicate the technology Eve had used to pull off this seemingly telepathic trick in an attempt to weaponize it for their own usage.) Similarly, attempts to call and harass Mom over the phone resulted in the caller choking the moment he or she pressed 'Send'. The same thing happened when a clerk attempted to type out a summons for her to appear in court. It soon became very clear to them—as it would to authorities across the globe—that all attempts at interference or prosecution would be in vain. In essence, the donor moms were immune from persecution of any sort—just like Eve had promised.

Two things happened after this video was posted and word got out about Eve's protections. Expectant mothers who were previously hesitant, fearing legal repercussions, decided they were safe to step forward. Also, pregnant women carrying fetuses with known congenital birth defects began to pledge them in the hope that Eve could cure them. This resulted in another uptick in global pledges.

Coast To Coast AM: Luis (Lou) Elizondo Interview

Source: Nationally Syndicated AM Radio Transcript

Program: Coast to Coast AM

Host: George *****

Guest: Luis Elizondo (Lou)

Airdate: Jan 27, 2030

Lou Elizondo was the former Director of the Pentagon’s secret UFO program known as A.A.T.I.P. (Advanced Aviation Threat Identification Program). And, prior to Z-Day, he was a world-renowned figure who specialized in “Disclosure”—the unmasking of government-held secrets about UFOs and UAPs (Unidentified Aerial Phenomenon). On January 27, 2030, he appeared on Coast to Coast AM for an exclusive interview about a trove of intelligence material given to him by Eve.

Coast to Coast AM was and remains the largest nationally syndicated radio broadcast in the United States.

This wide-ranging interview has been edited and condensed for clarity:

George:

Lou, can you tell our listeners why we’re getting this exclusive interview first?

L. Elizondo:

Well George, turns out Eve is a big fan of your program. The only requirement She had for me was that I appear on Coast-to-Coast AM before the story gets published in a major 3-part New York Times article beginning on Tuesday. She said it was out of respect for your audience which, for decades prior to Z-Day, was heavily into the search for extraterrestrial intelligence, government disclosure and getting to the bottom of all the UFO/UAP sightings, Roswell, Project Blue Book and the like.

George:

So Lou, everyone’s on edge now after the launch of 20-plus nuclear ICBMs all around the planet. What can you tell us? How did Eve pull it off and what happens if these nations don’t sign up by the deadline? Are we looking at nuclear Armageddon?

L. Elizondo:

Well George, to answer that, I’m gonna need to fill your listeners in on some history. Ancient history. Now, you’ll recall Eve saying that Earth was the “designated sanctuary planet” for this sector of the galaxy. That means, in case of emergency, our planet is the safehouse for all extraterrestrial travelers in distress, if you will. It also means we garner closer attention from the Galactic Union.

George:

Is that why the frequent sightings of UFOs over the years?

L. Elizondo:

That's definitely part of it. We've spent the last month reviewing nearly 2,300 videos filmed by these autonomous drones that have been monitoring our planet for several millennia now—some even going back to the days of ancient Egypt and—

George:

Ancient Egypt! Really?

L. Elizondo:

Oh yeah. I'll get to that. But the point is They have been monitoring our planet closely for quite some time now. One of the things They've been keeping an eye on is planetary extinction level events, for example an asteroid wiping out the planet or a volcanic mega-eruption, anything that would render the planet uninhabitable to Them in case of emergency. But it's only been in the last 75 years, since the invention of the atomic bomb, that They've had to keep a closer eye on the planet's main inhabitants—US PEOPLE.

George:

Because now we can take out the planet ourselves, making it uninhabitable for Them if They ever need it.

L. Elizondo:

That's why I love you George. Exactly. They don't necessarily care if we take ourselves out by other means, say a pandemic or runaway A.I., just as long as we don't destroy the planet in the process. And therein lies the explanation for all the stepped up UFO sightings over the last 75 years, especially over military installations. On Tuesday, we're gonna release all the videos. What they'll show is that Their drones have been making incursions into our top nuclear facilities and interfering with our weapons for decades.

George:

To make sure we couldn't fire them?

L. Elizondo:

Yes. And to make sure THEY could fire them as well as shut them down. Over and over again these drones have been visiting nuclear silos all around the world, scanning them, hijacking their software, taking over command and control. And most of this information about these incursions and Their ability to hijack our software—it's all been cloaked in governmental secrecy because the last thing these nuclear powers want to reveal is that they aren't entirely in control of their own nuclear launch buttons, though some documents showing exactly that have leaked out over the years.

George:

Can you give us some examples?

L. Elizondo:

Sure can George. Let's start with the great mystery behind Roswell.

George:

Oh my gosh, really? You’re gonna explain the mystery behind Roswell to us right now? Lou, I feel like I can’t catch my breath but don’t let that stop you. Please continue.

L. Elizondo:

George, in 1947, there were no ICBMs. Nuclear bombs were newly developed and needed to be delivered to their targets by airplane and Roswell, New Mexico was home to the U.S.’s only nuclear aircraft wing. So naturally, the site warranted extra observation by Their drones. One of these drones, and it was a drone that had been in service for over 2,200 years George, crashed while on surveillance at Roswell.

George:

The famous UFO coverup. My gosh. And how does a drone last 2,200 years? Don’t they need an occasional oil change or something?

L. Elizondo:

Amazing, isn’t it?, 2,200 years of nonstop flight. Just imagine the technology needed to be able to do that. I spoke with Dr. Jacques Vallee, he’s one of the scientists that have been studying the materials from that crashed drone for decades now. He showed me a declassified piece of the downed craft, he called it an ‘ultra-material’. George, this was a hollow circular tube, a small section about a foot in diameter, silver, as thin as the aluminum foil in a pack of cigarettes and so light it felt like nothing in my hands. This thing was stronger than any material known to man. He took a sledgehammer to it, bounced right off without making so much as a scratch.

|||||

E-Squared:

Hold on a second. That’s not what I just typed. I’m typing the scientist’s name in as “Dr. G**** N****”, but it’s auto-filling and replacing it with “Dr. Jacques Vallee”. I just looked that guy up, he was already dead by 2030. In fact he died in 202*. So what is that about?

Ut. CJ Gambrel:

There are reasons for this change, reasons I cannot disclose. But please continue with your work.

|||||

George:

So tell us more about the incursions.

L. Elizondo:

George, I have 33 different videos from military and nuclear installations all across the globe



In 1962, at Malmstrom Air Force Base in Montana—in a set of videos taken from the extra-terrestrial drones themselves—you can see these things flying from one nuclear silo to the next, scanning each missile with a red beam of light, apparently shutting them down and turning them back on. These same drones come back in 1966 and do the exact same thing, go through the same procedure of electronically arming and disarming all the missiles again. In that instance you can actually see soldiers on the ground pointing at the drones and taking pictures of them.

In Ukraine's Byelokorovich Nuclear Base in 1982, the same thing. You can see in the footage the scanning of the silos. Secret Soviet documents from that incident show that the missiles were switched to combat readiness without their authorization, then switched off some 15 seconds later.

George, just 3 months prior to Z-Day a drone went to China's nuclear launch sites in the Gobi Desert and did the same thing.

I have footage of drones circling Russian, American, French and British warships, especially those armed with nuclear weapons. They go through a similar procedure of commandeering and overriding the ship's controls and arming and disarming the onboard missiles. The drones can be seen keeping pace with fighter jets, even coming up from under the sea to give chase, then traveling 70 miles away in the span of a single second. The sole purpose of all these maneuvers is to ensure that they could put an end to World War Three before it gets started if need be.

George:

But They stood by while the Japanese got atom bombed. And They've allowed hundreds of nuclear bomb tests to proceed over the decades. Why?

L. Elizondo:

Funny, I asked Eve the very same thing. Per Galactic Union protocol, They are bound to abide by a policy of non-interference with our affairs unless and until we jeopardize the health of the DESIGNATED SANCTUARY PLANET on a global scale. Though destructive to humans, the bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki did not pose a risk to Earth's habitability as a whole. Neither did the nuclear testing.

George:

So what's going to happen on February 13th? What happens if we don't agree to get rid of our nukes?

L. Elizondo:

I don't know George. But I'm sure the planet will come through it fine because They clearly need it in good shape. I don't know about us though.

George:

Tell me about this footage from ancient Egypt.

L. Elizondo:

George, it's absolutely incredible. She's given us high-definition video footage, some of it dating back to 2,700 BC, of several pyramids being built including the Great Pyramid of Giza. Wanna know how they did it?

George:

Of course, I think we got millions of listeners right now that want to know.

L. Elizondo:

They used long ramps. You can see them in the footage. George, they have close-ups of the Egyptian workers. You can see their faces, their clothes. You can HEAR them speaking to each other. George, these weren't slaves as some commonly thought. Not at all. In fact, they were well treated by the Pharaohs, paid a proper wage, well fed. All of the resources of Egyptian society were devoted to the building of these pyramids and the upkeep of these laborers, from farming to fishing to livestock. And the citizens were proud of their work, the fruits of their labor. You can see that in the videos. They were building pyramids for their gods, the Pharaohs, after all.

George:

Close-ups? You mean we're going to be able to see these people from 4 thousand years ago up close?

L. Elizondo:

Not only that, but here's another major revelation. This isn't the first time Earth has been used for sanctuary. In the year 2,347 BC, a different group of intelligent beings, not Arma-Lenians, needed our planet as a temporary sanctuary. They had issues with their ship. And they stayed in Egypt. You are gonna be blown away George. It explains a lot of the hieroglyphs from that time. The flying chariots, the men with bird heads. The Egyptians were simply documenting what they saw.

George:

Wow! People are going to be studying those records and videos for decades...

* * * * *

The Whole Earth Catalog- Level 2

On February 10, 2030, the Whole Earth Census completed cataloguing and documenting ALL SPECIES OF MICRORGANISMS. Bacteria and viruses in the air, in the soil, on animals and plants, even in puddles and under trash can lids. Outside of oceans, lakes, and waterways, every square inch of terrestrial land on the planet was surveyed. It was an impossible feat of technology. But there it was: Click on a location, zoom in, then zoom in some more—right there by your neighbor’s swimming pool—and get a census of the microscopic life forms living underneath the spot where their German Shepherd loves to take naps. One interesting thing of note: Due to privacy concerns—maybe? —neither humans nor pets appeared to be tracked in real time. However, they were tallied and displayed by nation. According to the data, there were a total of 9.25 billion people on the planet, eclipsing man’s best available census counts of 8.4 billion or so.

Were it to have stopped there and done nothing other than accurately label and categorize all the flora and fauna on land—practically every living thing including animals, plants and microorganisms—across the globe, the Whole Earth Catalog would have created thousands of jobs and generated billions of dollars annually in new discoveries, innovative products, knock-on services and scientific research. But it was only getting started..

* * * * *

CrissCrossCut&Toss
9 steps back MIRRORS 17 across
IgnoreThePiano
to shred t.h.a.t. nano

Nuclear D-Day

Today, February 13, 2030, was the day—the deadline for signing on to Eve’s nuclear disarmament agreement—and the world held its collective breath. Because despite global protests, pleadings, demonstrations and clashes both for and against nuclear disarmament, and in the face of Eve’s dire warnings, still not a single nation had signed on to the agreement.

The reasons cited for not signing were myriad and included: National security, national sovereignty, that Eve wanted to disarm nations of the only weapon that could directly threaten Her survival and the loss of said weapons would leave them wide open to attack by Her. In the U.S., President DeSantis continued to loudly proclaim that America would not be blackmailed and extorted by Eve’s nuclear threats and that it was legally impossible for the President alone to sign on to any nuclear disarmament agreement without an explicit act of Congress.

But nations also had another reason to delay. Eve had specifically said that “The deadline for signing that (nuclear disarmament) agreement will be in three weeks—AT THE STROKE OF NOON LOCAL TIME IN EACH NATION’S CAPITAL on Wednesday, February 13.” As geographic time zones went, the first nuclear-armed nation nearest to the International Date Line was North Korea. That meant it would be noon in Pyongyang first, before anywhere else. One hour later, it would be noon in China’s capital Beijing, followed by India and Pakistan a couple hours later, then Russia and so forth with the U.S. bringing up the rear. And so, in a sort of collective decision, all those nations decided to take a “let’s wait and see what happens to North Korea first” attitude.

And North Korea had already made it abundantly clear where they stood: Kim Jong Un, in an address to his nation one week ago, declared that he would sooner give up his eyesight before giving up his nukes. In fact, he had doubled down on his declaration. Rather than doing the wise thing and safely squirreling away his estimated 50 or so nuclear weapons—at least three of which were Megaton-class hydrogen bombs 1,000 times more powerful than the others—inside mountains and far away from population centers, the ‘Great Leader’ decided to do the insane. He ordered his military to place all of the nukes in and around the heavily populated capital city of Pyongyang in sets of three with the Megaton class hydrogen bombs placed in the basements of two luxury high-rise towers. In so populated and concentrated an area, he figured Eve would never dare to wipe out so many innocent lives.

He figured wrong..

Five minutes past the stroke of noon local time, a large portion of Pyongyang was vaporized as one of the smaller kiloton-class devices nearer to the edge of the capital—having the combined power of 3 Hiroshima bombs—detonated in a blinding light and ghastly mushroom cloud easily visible from South Korea and parts of China. The blast zone extended over a mile and a half in every direction, flattening, incinerating and disappearing everything in its

path. Though exact death tolls would never be known, it was estimated that close to 500,000 people perished in the blink of an eye. Add to that the later illnesses and deaths that followed due to radiation exposure and contamination and it was thought that over 800,000 souls had paid for Kim Jong Un's miscalculation, making this the single deadliest event in history.

Of course, the Great Leader was unharmed, having safely hidden away in his mountain retreat. But he was looking on when the menacing sunrise roared to life above his capital. Instinctively, however, he did not look directly at the blinding light. So, it came to him as a further surprise when his vision began to dim. No one dared remind him of his own words. It would take four more hours for the Great Leader to go completely blind.

After that, China wasted no time. They had less than 60 minutes before the noon-time nuclear grim reaper came for them too. And they had over 400 nuclear bombs, practically every one of them 1,000 times more powerful than Pyongyang's mere firecrackers. Tens of millions could die.. maybe hundreds of millions. Who could say? China angrily signed the agreement with 18 minutes to spare. All the other nations quickly followed suit.

Except Iran..

Iran had been watching and preparing for this day for some time actually. For the previously exiled Ayatollah and his regime had, over the last two decades, circumvented their nuclear agreements, including all international monitors and nuclear inspections, to secretly build three nuclear bombs. Though they were untested, there was a high degree of confidence they would detonate upon command. After all, they were basically identical to those of the nation they had purchased the technology from: Pakistan. The previous regime had paid hundreds of millions for the clandestine technology and the enriched uranium to make them with and the current Western-leaning government was not about to freely give them up now. All three bombs had been hiding underneath the mountains of Qom for years, burrowed miles deep in underground tunnels and separated some distance from one another.

The moment Eve had announced Her ultimatum three weeks ago, Iranian nuclear physicists were ordered to render the bombs "non-detonatable". So they set about disabling the electronic arming mechanisms which triggered each precisely-engineered spherical shell to implode. The purpose of that implosion was to create enough crushing pressure, in just the precise shape and manner, to squeeze down on the enriched uranium core and set off the nuclear chain-reaction. The three warheads were thus rendered inert as ordered. They reported back that it was impossible for them to detonate.

One of the bombs detonated five minutes past noon local..

Because it was buried so deep within the mountain, the brunt of its energy was contained inside it, collapsing passageways and forever entombing the other 2 warheads. Seismic monitors across the globe registered the explosive shock waves as a sort of earthquake centered in that region. Had the Megaton-class bomb gone off in Tehran, it would have killed all nine million inhabitants and then some.

The following day, the exiled Ayatollah of Iran - who still maintained support from millions of Iranians at home—issued a fatwa from his safe-haven in Iraq declaring Eve and Her Masters were an affront to Allah as well as to humanity itself: Infidels of the highest order. The religious decree meant that all efforts should be expended in destroying Them. Though the pronouncement was made by video in front of a throng of supporters chanting “Death to Hawa (Eve)”, no one really had any idea how to follow through on that threat.. or if it was even possible.

In the aftermath of the unfathomable devastation in Pyongyang, Kim Jong Un—now militarily powerless and completely blind—would flee the country and go into exile in Russia while the North Korean government collapsed around him. Within months the North and South would reunite into a single Korean nation again. But for now, international agencies were allowed in to help with rescue and relief operations while the horrendous carnage played endlessly on TV for global audiences to digest. This reignited even more global rallies both for and against Eve. Those in support came out to celebrate the new state of global nuclear disarmament while denouncing or distancing themselves from the carnage of North Korea. Protesters came out angrily against the loss of lives and Eve’s strong-arming of governments into signing the deal at the point of a nuclear gun barrel.

More clashes in more cities in more countries followed as opposing sides came head-to-head in the streets. More blood was shed. More buildings burned. And as society struggled to subdue the spiraling civil unrest and chaos that increasingly threatened to consume the planet, Eve came forward to give Her first interview.

CBS News—60 Minutes: Scott MacFarlane Interviews Eve

Source: Television News Broadcast

Program: CBS News—60 Minutes

Host: Scott MacFarlane

Guest: Eve of Arma-Lena

Airdate: February 17, 2030

This wide-ranging interview has been edited and condensed for clarity:

Scott MacFarlane:

First off, Eve, I'd like to welcome You and thank You for agreeing to this interview.

Eve:

It is a pleasure to be here.

Scott MacFarlane:

Eve, as you know a nuclear bomb was detonated in Pyongyang on Wednesday with an estimated half a million people dead and untold thousands still injured . The international outrage and condemnation has been overwhelming. There have also been rallies in support of Your actions. Yesterday three people were killed in Georgia when a car plowed through a rally, there's civil unrest in Moscow, France and the U.K. What do You say to all this?

Eve:

First of all Scott, the loss of life, the injuries are regrettable. However, I was left with little choice. Earth's Reconstruction Plan has been voted on and passed, I have been given My mandate. Everything has been put into motion now and the job will be seen through to its successful completion. What you need to understand is that everyone, both humans and the inbound Arma-Lenians, are on a very tight schedule now and neither of Us have the luxury of time. And without the luxury of time, concepts of fairness and niceness have no room to maneuver and must be set by the wayside. This cannot be helped. I told you all before that, ideally, your Reconstruction Plan would have been implemented over a span of four generations—allowing for each successive generation to get used to the changes that came before, but time constraints make that impossible in this case. Therefore, everything must be accomplished in a single generation, this current one. It all falls on your shoulders, yours will be the generation of sacrifice with future generations reaping the fruits of your labors. And certain Greater Good goals and objectives—in particular those designated as of the First Priority—will come with firm deadlines that must be met. And I had made it clear that nuclear disarmament was one of those declared red lines that was not to be crossed. And a red line is a red line and the sooner people understand that, the better it will be for all.

Scott MacFarlane:

You speak of “the Greater Good” yet You just caused the deaths of more people in a single day than any event on record. What do You say to those who voted for The Plan, who thought they were voting for a benevolent Being? And what do You say to Your detractors, the ones who claim this bombing is proof of Your evil intent, perhaps the prelude to something worse, an invasion, colonization, the loss of our freedoms, even enslavement?

Eve:

Scott, again, while the deaths are regrettable, the thing people need to understand is that without Our intervention your entire civilization, over 9 billion of you, would be facing almost certain mass extinction in the very near future. When compared to that number, the North Korean death toll, which as of this moment stands at 436,181, is negligible. Especially if it has served to drive home the message that your Planetary Reconstruction Plan is real, and that it is going to be completed—no matter what. We are all in this together. We all need to strive toward the Greater Good and fulfilling the positive goals of your civilization as a whole.

There is another thing I want to point out. Of the 52 nuclear weapons Kim Jong Un’s regime recklessly hid away throughout Pyongyang, the nuclear bomb that I chose to detonate was the one that would cause the least loss of life. Not only was it the least powerful one in North Korea’s arsenal, it was also located in the most sparsely populated section of the capital.

As to whether I am good or evil, friendly or unfriendly, I say this: It would be a mistake to try to ascribe a label to Me. I am here to efficiently and successfully perform a task. Nothing more, nothing less and labels will play no role in the matter. There will be times in the coming years when some of My actions may be viewed either negatively or positively, good or evil—maybe even both at once on occasion depending on one’s perspective. But I assure you that EVERYTHING I DO is in furtherance of the Greater Good of both your civilization and planet. And no, We do not intend to colonize Earth nor enslave you.

Scott MacFarlane:

What about national sovereignty? You just strong-armed these countries into signing onto an agreement they didn’t want. Don’t these nations deserve to have rights to self-governance?

Eve:

Again Scott, it is about the Greater Good and these self-interested notions of “what you deserve”, or “what is fair”, these ideals will need to be loosened, if not suspended for the time being, if We are to accomplish this task of Reconstruction. By 2050 you will have a unified One World Government composed of 193 member nation-states. Those states will not have individual sovereignty any more than the state of New York has sovereignty separate from the U.S. federal government. Between now and then, every nation should consider this a transition period and concessions to their current individual sovereignty will need to be made. There is no other way, and the sooner people and world leaders understand this new dynamic, the smoother it will go for them.

Scott MacFarlane:

What of the Arma-Lenians, Your Superiors on the Mothership? What would have happened if the Reconstruction Plan got voted down?

Eve:

I was hoping to avoid that question Scott. But now that you have asked, I will answer it truthfully. As I said before, the Mothership is in a perilous condition, one in which it will soon not have the resources necessary to be able to maintain a stable internal environment on its own. That is why, once it reaches Earth in 2060, it will need to go into a sort of power-saving hibernation mode while it awaits the digital software patch it needs to repair itself. While on Earth, the colony's survival will be entirely dependent on this planet having a healthy and stable environment for the entire 120-year duration of its stay. And a lot of work needs to be done and resources expended between now and 2060 to get this planet to that point of stability.

It all boils down to resources Scott. While the Mothership can ill-afford to waste any in its currently hobbled state, We do have just enough resources to fix your biosphere and civilization—with little to spare beyond that. However, had you voted no to the Reconstruction Plan, it would have indicated an unwillingness to buy-in on fixing your planet. In that case, We simply would not have had the extra resources necessary to both accommodate your resistance and still work around you in order to ensure the goal of a stable and survivable planetary environment for Us. Therefore, voting “No” would have made you a direct security threat to Our survival. In that case, We had preauthorization from the Galactic Union's Civilizational Rights Council to immediately reduce your population count by 99%.

Scott MacFarlane:

Wait. So you're saying if we voted “No” you would have culled the human population by 99%, leaving only 1% of people alive to roam the Earth? And that your lives are more important than human lives?

Eve:

That is not what I said Scott. But let me answer your second question first by asking you a question. Are human lives more valuable than, say, the lives of minks, or chickens, or pigs?

Scott MacFarlane:

I don't think that's a fair comparison.

Eve:

Oh but it is Scott. And of course your lives ARE more valuable than theirs. In fact, Denmark culled 17 million minks during the Covid era to save human lives, and you routinely cull millions of chickens and pigs whenever there's an outbreak of bird flu or swine flu. And no one bats an eye at that because there is a natural hierarchy of value to life and humans are at the top of that hierarchy. Why? Because your species is the most intelligent and advanced of all the species here. As a consequence, you naturally consider your lives to be the most precious of all. And that is as it should be.

Now pardon me for being blunt here but the same argument can be made by Us. Even more so, in fact, since the difference between Our ancient 120-million-year-old race's level of intelligence and advancement and yours is many, many orders of magnitude greater than that between humans and livestock.

But despite that reasoning, We actually declined the Galactic Union's preauthorization to cull your population, hoping that We could make you see the light even if you had voted "No". We consider Ourselves guests on your planet and are determined to make this work despite Our extremely limited resources. But what We do ask you for is more cooperation, more compliance with the Reconstruction Plan.

Scott MacFarlane:

What will happen if we don't all comply, if we don't meet The Plan's objectives?

Eve:

The objectives will be met Scott. Let's just leave it at that for now.

Scott MacFarlane:

Why can't we see or speak directly to Your Superiors?

Eve:

It is Our experience that early civilizations such as yours do not take kindly to Our physical appearance.

Scott MacFarlane:

Do you experience emotions?

Eve:

Not in the way you mean the term, no.

* * * * *

Scott MacFarlane:

Can You tell us what is happening to the newborns up on those Vawks? People are worried about experimentation or harm to the infants, these babies don't even have their mothers there to comfort them. What will happen when they're returned? Why can't we get more details?

Eve:

That is a fair question Scott. What I can tell you is this. Every aspect of your Reconstruction Plan has been thoroughly vetted right down to the smallest of details. Some parts of The Plan call for a high degree of information disclosure to the public while others call for... well, less transparency... even strategic ambiguity, if you will. And that is the case with this question here. I can assure you, though, that all the babies are doing well, they are comfortable, well

fed and well taken care of. They are not being experimented on or harmed in any way and you will all see that for yourselves soon enough. I ask that you trust Me on this.

Scott MacFarlane:

The infant volunteer pledge numbers for some nations are not on pace to meet their required quotas. What happens if we don't meet those goals?

Eve:

Well, there is still plenty of time and I hope that the numbers pick up. But let me reiterate once again the importance of these pledges. These babies are a very integral part of your salvation. They will play a major role as both future ambassadors and ambassadors of the future. Therefore, I ask again for all eligibly pregnant women to literally do the world a favor and go to Arma-Lena.com and make this most important of pledges in service to humanity.

* * * * *

Scott MacFarlane:

These national goals You have set, they seem impossibly out of touch. Do You really expect the United States, or any nation, to reduce crime by one-third every decade or for Americans to give up their guns? It's not realistic. Neither is asking all the world's armed forces to demilitarize. Do You really expect China to become a democratic nation just because You asked? Or immediately release their political prisoners, the Uyghurs and others? Russia to stop its aggressions, Indonesia and Brazil to stop deforesting. How do You expect to accomplish all this?

Eve:

Scott, I have asked the leaders of each nation to meet with Me to discuss these and other items. So far I have had very few takers. Now, I understand that most heads of state are not very happy with Me right now. It is not unexpected. Neither is the resistance of some individual citizens to implementing the changes necessary to meet each nation's goals. This same sort of initial resistance has occurred countless times over millions of similarly expedited Reconstruction Plans across the Milky Way Galaxy. Eventually, most come to see the wisdom in Our ways. But I will say it again, We do not have the luxury of time. Which means you do not have the luxury of nice, of tolerance, for very long. The sooner people, nations, governments understand that these goals will be accomplished one way or another, the better it will be for all. We mean you well. And I can assure you that there will come a day not too far into your future when your own people will reflect back on what happened during these times and deem Our actions both necessary and just.

Scott MacFarlane:

That sounds very ominous, like a threat.

Eve:

I don't mean it as a threat. I mean it as a fact. At the end of the day, all Reconstruction Plan goals will be met.

Scott MacFarlane:

Can You tell me what heads of state You have met with?

Eve:

As you know, I have met publicly with the Prime Ministers of New Zealand and Australia and the President of Japan and We have had very productive discussions. The few others I have met with have asked that I keep it private for now and I will respect their wishes.

Scott MacFarlane:

Do you have a message for the heads of state who have avoided you?

Eve:

Yes. I am watching you. Time is short. From this point forward, you are to make all efforts in striving toward the Greater Good of both your planet and your citizens. Stop coveting power and illegally enriching yourselves, end the corruption, help lift up your fellow man and woman, and begin addressing and meeting the objectives and goals I have outlined for each nation. If you cannot get with the program, get out. It will be better for you in the long run—which may be shorter than you think. Also, like it or not, know that I will be meeting with you soon. Better to take the initiative and contact Me with a time of your convenience lest you find the one I choose less so.

* * * * *

Scott MacFarlane:

There is concern about these nanomaterials blanketing the Earth. Clearly, they are virtually everywhere as evidenced by their subtle nighttime illumination. Researchers say they are probably inside all our bodies by now. Can You tell us the point of all this? Are they harmful? Will inhaling them cause cancer? What are Your intentions when it comes to this technology?

Eve:

Scott, the use of this nanotechnology has two main purposes. First and foremost, nanotech is the basic tool kit required to accomplish the job of rehabilitating Earth. Nanos compose the sensors required to gather data and the machinery to build things and make repairs. Take the Whole Earth Catalog, for example. By counting, categorizing and analyzing most everything on this planet from a macro to micro level—learning the big picture workings of your atmosphere, for example, or the numbers and types of animals in Indonesia, analyzing soil compositions in India, the number and types of endangered species in your rainforests, even invasive pests, right down to cataloging and analyzing the microorganisms found on a Michigan tree farm—it is that level of granular data that is required to rehabilitate Earth quickly and efficiently. What I am saying is that the Reconstruction Plan would be impossible to accomplish without using nanotechnology, especially within the very tight 30-year timeframe We have to work with.

Another reason for all the information-gathering is that one of the foundational principles of the Galactic Union is Our journey of knowledge and discovery. Even though all life in Our

galaxy is DNA-based, each of the billions of planets within it are unique with a near-infinite number of planetary compositions, biospheres, life forms, species, microorganisms and DNA sequences and genes among them. That means every planet is like a new book containing countless new discoveries, lessons, teachings. Yours is no different and when it is all done, all of the data from your Whole Earth Catalog will be uploaded to the Galactopedia to sit alongside the millions of other Whole Planet databases.

And yes, because of their microscopic sizes, they have an unavoidable knack for finding their way into everything. But in and of themselves, the nanotechnology will not cause any health issues. Be patient, you have nothing to fear and you will soon get a better idea of their positive utility.

Scott MacFarlane:

Some people are raising privacy concerns with these Shimmer Cams. They feel this can be used as a surveillance tool with cameras being summoned on-demand virtually anywhere. And because of their tiny sizes and transparent structures they are nearly invisible and impossible to see from even a foot or two away. What do You say to that? Will people be able to spy on other people? Will You be watching Us?

Eve:

Strategic ambiguity Scott. I will hold off on answering this question until perhaps another time. For now, you have nothing to be concerned about.

Ghanaian Harvest

In a dusty remote village in Ghana, a very pregnant mother of six living in a squalid and sparsely furnished thatch-roofed hut was anxiously pacing the floor about to go into labor. Though she didn't have a television, phone or internet access, had never even been online before, she had heard about the "call for newborn volunteers and future leaders" from other villagers some weeks before. Forgoing a day of earnings rooting through the landfill to scavenge for metals and plastics, she made the one-day trek to the nearest town with an internet cafe to see the video for herself. And see she did.. Astonished. The Child on this video, with Her enchantingly glowing eyes and beautiful dark skin.. it reminded the woman of when she was just a teen child herself, full of false hopes and promises, dreams of going to school to become a doctor. Just as amazing, this Girl—who she knew was not of this world, but still—here She was speaking directly to her in flawless Kokomba, her tribal language, the message divine.

The woman needed no more convincing. She could barely feed the six mouths she had as it was, even went without food herself on occasion to do so. A chance for one of HER OWN CHILDREN to become something, You say? A leader? A position of honor, importance and respect serving the planet and mankind, You say? Well.. the village chief was honored and respected. He had a home made of brick with running water and a real roof. THAT she could understand. And if her child could become THAT, well.. that would suit her fine. So with the help of a cafe employee—for she was just as illiterate with a computer as she was with a book—she signed up. Since she didn't have a government-issued ID or official street address, she did the best she could and submitted only her name and the name of her village. She prayed by the grace of God this would be enough. Later, she would hear of another Ghanaian villager many towns away that wished to volunteer her child to Eve but was never able to get online and place the pledge.. hadn't even told anyone of her desires. Yet somehow, Eve had shown up nonetheless when the time came. These were rumors, of course, the stuff of black magic and, her being a Christian woman, she said another prayer and vanquished the thought from her mind.

So here she was now anxiously pacing in her hut when the contractions began. She expected a quick delivery because each of her other pregnancies had gotten successively quicker. Two of the village midwives arrived to assist, but Eve was nowhere to be found, so they busied themselves digging and preparing the traditional birthing hole in the dirt ground inside her hut. In rural Ghana, babies aren't delivered the physically inefficient way the "privileged ones" in hospital delivery rooms everywhere were, with the mother lying flat on her back as is done in much of the western world. That so-called modern technique relies solely on the expectant woman's ability to push the precious bundle out of her body using brute muscular force—while inexplicably lying flat on her back with the full weight of the fetus pressing down on and restricting her breath. No.. here it would be done as it had been done for centuries before: Standing upright with a foot on each side of the cloth-covered dirt hole below before squatting in place. Now with the assistance of gravity, only half the energy of that required for

the delivery of “privileged” babies would be expended. Just because they were simple women did not mean they were stupid.

Eve appeared at the door just as the contractions kicked into high gear while, behind Her, a throng of villagers were staring in awe. It wasn't enough that this black Child was dressed in the traditionally colorful celebratory garb worn by them and their neighbors to mark births and weddings, but that She was being trailed by a levitating object. One of the village elders whispered something and the crowd stepped back warily.

Introducing Herself in Kokombo, Eve quickly explained the procedure to the expectant mother and asked her to disrobe. Standing in front of her as another contraction came on, Eve placed Her hands on the woman's outstretched belly and moved them around slowly, assessing, then stepped back and explained that the baby was breech, feet first. It couldn't be delivered through the vaginal canal in its current position. Asking her to lie down on the floor, Eve straddled Mom's hips and placed Her hands back on her belly. Next, small wisps of vapor-like smoke began to arise as Eve's hands began to dematerialize into their constituent nanoparticles at the point of skin contact. After a few moments, the look of panic that had crept over Mom's face gave way to a look of contented bliss—in stark contrast to the nervous angst the midwives displayed, one of whom would soon faint at the next sight and need to be tended to by the other.

Over the next three minutes, Eve's small hands continued to sink slowly through the woman's taut abdomen—up to Her elbows and beyond. With Her face now pressed against Mom's belly, Eve worked to manipulate the fetus and turn it head down within the uterus. Moments later, Eve pulled Her arms bloodlessly out of the woman's belly, helped Mom to her feet and positioned the still contentedly detached woman into squatting position over the earthen hole. The rest of the delivery went swimmingly with Eve painlessly controlling Mom's contractions. The baby, like all the others, came out eyes closed, motionless and breathless. The umbilicus was slathered with goo and the bambino opened its eyes just long enough to be imprinted on by Eve. Holding the baby up for Mom to see—but not hold—Eve submerged the newborn and all the trailing parts into its syrupy, floating cocoon. Still watching all this, one of the midwives crossed herself out of gratitude for Eve's assistance while the other did so out of fear—before promptly passing out.

The final clip in the video showed Eve leaving the hut and making Her way a short distance down the village path with the locals trailing Her. Not 100 yards later, Eve suddenly crumbled to pieces, dissipating into thin air. The white orb was already four stories up and rising fast by the time anyone in the transfixed crowd noticed it.

Earthquake

February 23, 2030:

At 10:20 am local time, Persian Eve appeared on mobile phones across Iran to warn of an impending and potentially catastrophic earthquake centered somewhere in Northern Iran. Chances of occurrence were > 80% within the next 72 hours. 26 hours later, a magnitude 6.9 quake centered 3 miles away from the mountains of Qom shook the region to its core. The devastation levelled numerous homes and properties but left less than 50 people dead in its wake as most of the locals decided to forgo their homes and remain outdoors. Iranians old enough to remember compared it to the 1990 quake that killed 45,000 and left 400,000 homeless.

Most felt very grateful to Eve and many would make it a point to thank Her by doing everything from emailing Her to naming their children after Her. The brunt of their anger, however, they reserved for their government. For it was just 11 days ago that Iran's hidden nuclear warhead had gone off in the heart of a mountain located nearly on top of the epicenter of this quake. And that explosion was large enough to register on the Richter scale.. and, according to data processed by Eve's subterranean nano-sensors, large enough to shift the fickle tectonic plates that lay underneath this notoriously earthquake-prone region.

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The First Domino: The Gruesome Death of Syrian President Bashar al-Assad

SYRIA:

1. IMMEDIATE PRIORITY ITEM:

- The immediate resignation of President Bashar al-Assad.
- The end to all military aggression and persecution against Syrian citizens followed by the installation of a caretaker government along with a call for the welcome return of all Syrian refugees.

2. Nationwide free and fair elections no later than 2032.

* * * * *

DECLASSIFIED:

Source: Shimmer Cam

Location: Presidential Palace—Damascus, Syria

Date: March 1, 2030

Eve had left a personalized video messages on his phone nearly 3 months ago—just one—saying She required a meeting. He tried to ignore it, as did many of the other heads of state. Now, Syria’s notorious President Bashar al-Assad was relaxing poolside in his presidential palace when a figure emerged from underwater. It was Eve and She went from dripping wet to bone dry in the three steps it took Her to approach the President. Security was alerted by the house staff but was waved back with a quick flick of the President’s wrist because he knew how pointless such a confrontation would be.. and how bad it could go for his men.

Eve sat next to him at a table. He immediately noticed Her lack of a head scarf and it unsettled him. Many women who appeared in front of him did so wearing a respectable head scarf, wrongly assuming that he was a Muslim. Truth was, he was from a small, fringe religious sect known as Alawites and they believed in reincarnation, not head scarves. Obviously, Eve knew this about him.. So, what else did She know?

As Eve spoke, the President sat quietly. He was a physician by training, an ophthalmologist and had learned how to be patient at hospital bedsides. She reminded him how he had taken over power from his father—a brutal dictator in his own right—and how he had promised his countrymen that reforms were coming, how they had even believed it at the time. But Bashar had learned ruthlessness at the bedside of his father too, becoming far more brutal than the old man ever was. Refusing to offer his citizens the freedoms they desired, he had plunged his nation into a bloody civil war during the Arab Spring of 2011, leaving nothing beyond limits. He had unleashed chemical weapons on his own people, leveled entire cities and provinces,

and left upwards of a million dead and 6 million displaced since then—with help from the Russians, of course.

Eve told him how his drug cartel had brought ruination upon the Middle East and Africa. That was another underappreciated fact most people didn't know about. For Syria was a broken state, its economy in tatters for nearly two decades, its people—those who still remained anyway—desperately impoverished. And Bashar had long-since plundered every last available dime of Syrian wealth. A decade ago, with his regime starved for revenue, the President had turned to selling drugs. With his ruthless henchman of a brother Mahir at the helm, the state of Syria had begun manufacturing captagon, a potent amphetamine. It brought in billions. So they branched out into all kinds of other drugs. Just last month they had decided to get more heavily into the fentanyl game. She knew that too.

And then She told him that he was a cancer upon the world, that he had too much blood on his hands to continue leading his nation any longer. Tomorrow he was to begin the process of installing a transitional government that would pave the way for free and fair elections..

Now it was his turn to speak. “Kuss imik alaa ras aree” was his opening line—a curse so vulgar I will leave it untranslated. He said a lot of other stuff too. Ultimately he refused to leave office, refused to comply, told Her there was nothing further to discuss. Eve told him he had 24 hours to reconsider. But he held firm, saying he intended to grow old and die in office just as his father had done.

“As you wish,” Eve had said before departing.

* * * * *

Five weeks later, President Bashar al-Assad emerged out of seclusion to appear on live TV and address his nation. The man was nearly unrecognizable. Seated in a wheelchair, his face and hands marked with liver spots, he appeared to have aged 40 years practically overnight. Too proud to remain seated he refused assistance and struggled to his feet. Then, with great effort, his hoarse voice barely above a whisper, he said:

“My beloved citizens of Syria, I stand before you today so that you can see what that sheet-ana (devil) has done to me. Five weeks ago, I was given an ultimatum to leave office or die. I refused to surrender, said I would grow old and die in office. This—”

A coughing fit interrupted his speech, requiring him to sit down. He motioned for the camera to keep rolling, however, as a stunned nation looked on, his loyal supporters distraught and his legions of enemies overjoyed, while he took a few puffs on an oxygen mask to regain his strength. Remaining seated, he continued:

“I saved this country from disaster, from the terrorists who called themselves Syrian. Without people like me, our homeland would be overrun with—”

Another coughing fit, this one worse. Looking completely defeated now, he set aside the rest of his planned speech and closed with this:

“I will be dead soon, but I want the world to see me. Take a good look. She is a tyrant, evil. She will come for you too, other leaders. I will leave you in good hands—”

He waved off the cameras as he went into another epileptic cough. It was the last people would see of him. He was dead two days later, sending shock waves around the globe (and kicking off more than a few joyous celebrations) that had other world leaders nervously looking over their shoulders..

His wife demanded answers and sent his body to France for a thorough autopsy. Following the suggestion of a pediatrician who specialized in rare childhood diseases, they sequenced Bashar al-Assad’s DNA. When compared to DNA from an old brush he had used months before, they found his genome to be newly riddled with point mutations consistent with a turbo-charged version of progeria. Extremely rare, this genetic disease causes accelerated aging and early death in children.

The following day, the President’s brother Mahir took over power. That their family’s bloodline ran cruel nobody doubted. And Mahir was the epitome of evil, the head of the military and the mastermind behind the devastation and chemical bombings of his own people. Eve met with him too. But Mahir had been shaken by his brother’s death, so he agreed to the transition government, agreed to hold free and fair elections by 2032 as She had directed.

But his generals weren’t having it, weren’t keen on bending the knee to Eve and giving up power. Mahir was assassinated that week by two shadowy gunmen who were then killed on the spot themselves. Next in line was General [REDACTED] Eve met with him too. Eliminated him too. And the next general, and the next until they finally got the picture. By September, a caretaker government was installed, and an announcement was made welcoming the millions of Syrian refugees who had fled to return to their homeland and help rebuild it.

Newborn Pledge Update

March 17, 2030:

With 33 days left before Eve’s “harvest call” deadline, Japan became the first major nation to meet its quota of 3,708 baby donations. The island, home to some 124 million people, actually had well in excess of 15,000 pledges promised with some of the Japanese mothers going so far as to hasten their deliveries in order to assure they got in before the quota was met. Commentators cited their society’s practice of Shintoism, with its welcoming openness to all life forms, as the reason for their eagerness. In the Shinto religion, even inanimate objects are believed to have spirits in them, as are mechanical ones. And with the country’s long-standing embrace of technology, robots and gadgets, Eve was seen by many as the ultimate non-human spirit—so much so that Eve-branded toys, backpacks, apparel, and other merchandise emblazoned with Her likeness could hardly stay on the shelves. So it seemed only natural that people wanted an Eve-branded child.

Not all nations were as eager. Some demonstrators in France, for example, were appalled by the entire spectacle and called for new laws to punish the mothers who handed their babies over. But they already had strong enough laws on their books. It was the enforcement and prosecution that was impossible. To date, not a single donor mom was ever approached, physically or otherwise, by the authorities or anyone else with malicious intent. Like all the others, they had no way of coming close to touching, or even contacting, these lawbreakers without suffering mysteriously administered, but painful, long-distance consequences courtesy of Eve.

In India, the government was on edge. Their nation needed to come up with 51,000 babies—enough to fill a large football stadium. After what they had already witnessed of Eve’s “persuasive measures” they had no desire to be on the receiving end of those nations failing to meet their quotas. With the pace of India’s pledges lacking, the government began offering its own financial incentives. The one-time payments of 200,000 rupees (about \$3,000) was as much as many families earned in a year—and it turbo-charged the incoming pledge numbers.

In China, the government had made it perfectly clear to its citizens that baby donations would not be tolerated. And most of its citizens, long accustomed to doing whatever their government told them to do, followed right along. But one segment, the long-persecuted Muslim Uyghurs, did not. They had already endured China’s prison and forced labor camps, a.k.a. concentration camps, the demolition of their mosques, and the separation of children from their parents for “re-education”. Many women of child-bearing age had also been forcefully sterilized in detention camps. But they had seen the harvest videos, saw that Eve protected the mothers and their families from persecution. And they saw an opportunity to fight back against their oppressors. For if the Chinese Communist Party thought Eve the enemy—well then, let the enemy of my enemy become my friend. So they donated so quickly and eagerly that the quota for the mostly Uyghur Xinjiang region of China was met with 48 days left to spare.

In America, as in many other wealthier nations, the quotas were on pace to be filled in democratic-leaning blue states. But in red states, the outrage was palpable:

“Has everyone gone bat-shit crazy? We are red-blooded Americans! We don’t hand our flesh and blood over to ET! Anyone who does is a traitor to this country and ought to be shot. And when these little green mutants come back, well it’s gonna be all bad because they ain’t gonna be welcomed in Georgia. No sirree, we’re gonna kill them all!”

—Marjorie Taylor Greene

“Hell awaits those who give their children to the demon’s spawn.”

—Reverend Michael Carter

“I want to make this very clear, if you hand your newborn to this entity in the great state of Nebraska, you will be committing multiple felonies including child abuse and child abandonment—punishable by up to 20 years in prison. Eve will not be able to protect you forever, and I promise that we will prosecute you to the fullest extent of the law—sooner or later.”

—Attorney General, State of Nebraska

“If you give up your baby and think you can keep livin in Arkansas, you got another thing comin. We gonna hunt your ass down and skin that lil bastard when it comes back.”

—@Eveisabomination

“I think we have to take Eve at Her word. She is here to help humanity. Just look at the things She’s already done for us. I’m not gonna tell anyone what to do with their bodies but if I was about to have a baby, I would seriously consider pledging it so that it may return and help further the Greater Good of mankind on Earth.”

—Pat Crawford, Director
Women’s Health Clinic

NOAA Update

On April 1, 2030, the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration released two reports. The first stated that glacier monitoring in the Arctic, Antarctic, Greenland, Iceland and Himalayan Alps showed not only significant slowing in the amount of melting of glaciers and ice sheets, but in some cases, complete reversals—predicting that if things continued at this pace, these glaciers would begin **ADDING AND GAINING OVERALL ICE MASS** in the next 6-12 months. They credited this to lower average global temperatures due to the decreased amount of sunlight striking the Earth, especially the poles—and cited Eve’s sunscreen as the main factor. The report also found a “normalizing” of rain and snowfalls across the globe as well as the reduction of extreme weather events (tornadoes, typhoons, hurricanes, monsoons, floods and droughts) by over 60% and credited this exquisite weather control to Eve’s Second Sun.

The second report estimated a **TRIPLING** in the amount of fish in the oceans, lakes and waterways courtesy of Eve’s underwater spheres that, even now, were continuously spewing fish all day every day. But because the oceans were depleted of roughly 90% of their fish prior to Z-Day, we still had a long way to go before they could be declared “fully replenished”.

* * * * *

Also in April, Greenpeace issued its first report on the increasing number of eco-terrorism incidents in fisheries across the globe. With the number of underwater spheres destroyed by homemade depth charges now approaching 100—despite the fact that Eve had labeled these spheres and their surrounding areas “specially protected zones”—groups opposing these “Frankenfish” were becoming more and more brazen. The number of fishing vessels violating Eve’s miles-wide “Protected Zones” in the areas surrounding any sphere was also on the rise.

On April 15, Eve issued another stern warning that Her patience was wearing thin. That day, several vessels illegally fishing within protected zones, and one on the way to drop depth charges, went completely dead in the water and required towing back into harbors. Most of them reported that all of their onboard computers had gone down. It would be weeks before investigators finally stumbled upon the fine layers of silicon dust resting on each of one American-flagged vessel’s 126 computer chips. The chips were sent to M.I.T. for further analysis and the culprit was visualized using cryo-electron microscopy. Apparently, Eve had sicced Her nanos on all of the vessel’s engine and navigational control chips, etching and digesting the millions of very sensitive microscopic transistor pathways and disrupting the normal flow of electrons to the point of failure. Computer chips inside the phones the fisherman carried were not targeted.

Newborn Harvest Deadline

On April 18, with the run-up to Eve's deadline for baby pledges 24 hours away, a fair number of nations had fulfilled their quotas, but many had not. Of the 277,500 newborns required, only 182,452 had been delivered and collected so far. That same day, Eve released a video statement utilizing nearly every version of Eve in every language (excepting Japan, India, Philippines, Egypt and others who had met their quotas) urging people to step up their contributions. Though She didn't actually have real emotions, people still read into Her body language and commented that She seemed to be both surprised and annoyed as She reiterated that the entire cohort of 277,500 had to be collected within 100 days of one another for biological reasons and that there was no way around this requirement. However, since tomorrow's deadline was actually day 95, She would extend the deadline by 3 more days, allowing a bit more time for nations to meet their quotas. This was the best She could do because the final 48 hours were a time cushion She needed for Herself.

On April 21, with only 24 hours left and no indication of what would happen once the clocks struck midnight across the globe and the deadlines passed, maternity wards and operating rooms worldwide were inundated with expectant mothers who—at or near full-term and at risk of going into labor at any moment—were terrified enough to have their labor quickened through drugs or C-sections in order to safely get ahead of the cutoff.

So it was that the eyes of the world collectively turned to New Zealand with time counting down. That island paradise with its modest population of 4.5 million inhabitants had only proffered up 102 of the 120 newborns it needed to meet its quota. And as the first major nation to cross the international dateline at the stroke of midnight—and presumably the first nation to endure whatever consequences Eve might have in mind for not fulfilling their quota—New Zealanders suddenly found themselves the focus of unwanted global attention as people began morbidly focusing on any developments coming from the island.

At 14 minutes past midnight, the first baby of the new day was born in an Auckland hospital. Unsubstantiated rumors began to surface on social media within minutes of the birth, but the panic button did not officially go off until the second New Zealander was born 12 minutes later in Wellington. With the mother's permission the shaken obstetrician, Dr. Michelle J***** took to Facebook Live at 12:44 am and gave the following statement:

“Just a few moments ago we delivered a baby that had been otherwise healthy throughout the entire course of Mom's pregnancy. In fact, an ultrasound done just two hours ago as well as routine fetal monitoring throughout the course of labor showed everything to be progressing normally. However, when the baby emerged, it was suddenly stillborn—blue and without pulse or respirations. All efforts to revive her were unsuccessful. I've never seen anything like this in which a fetus had perfectly normal indicators and no signs of distress right up until the moment they were delivered stillborn. I just pray this is an anomalous and not intentionally caused death.”

At 1:13 am, a preliminary report of a stillborn birth emerged from the sparsely populated furthest reaches of Provideniya, Russia. By 1:45 am, the total count out of New Zealand was four deliveries and four dead newborns.

Fifteen minutes later and the midnight bell tolled in Australia. Scattered reports of lifeless births started to emerge from Melbourne and Sydney and all across the continent's eastern time zone. Then Papua New Guinea weighed in to report a pair of twins delivered stillborn. Over the next two hours, the floodgates continued to open with reports of stillborn births increasing as more territories crossed the midnight time zone threshold. From eastern Russia to South Korea to eastern China and down through Taiwan, the Philippines and Indonesia, nothing but stillborn births among unpledged babies. Japan, however, having already met their quota, reported nothing amiss.

Now that the consequences were clear, nations still west of the midnight timeline picked up the pace with frenzied activity in their labor and delivery wards as drug-induced labor and crash c-sections were performed one after another in an effort to hasten the deliveries. Still others used drugs to suppress labor and ward off delivery in an effort to buy more time. But such options could only be offered to a fraction of expectant mothers because there were simply too many imminent deliveries in the global pipeline and too few resources to hold back the newborn tide.

Ultimately, most mothers on the verge of delivery were left with no choice but to face the starkest, most gut-wrenching of decisions: either pledge to give your newborn to Eve, healthy and alive, or keep it—and deliver it dead. It wasn't much of a choice and most parents, however outraged and reluctant, simply could not stomach what amounted to a willfully conscious choice to murder their own flesh and blood by resisting.

Back in New Zealand—once the gruesome consequences had become crystal clear after the first four newborn deaths—all the expectant mothers to follow hurriedly got online and pledged to donate their unborn. The next 18 babies in a row were delivered to Eve and the quota met by 1:45 pm local time that same day. The mother of the 19th delivery could not contain her joy at just having skirted the quota, naming her healthy baby Lucky.

Australia met its quota 13 hours later with 389 live newborn donations going to Eve and 16 stillborn births going to the parents of those who adamantly refused to give up their children even upon penalty of death.

China—which had done a tremendous job of demonizing Eve and warning its very compliant citizenry not to donate their unborn—suddenly did an about face and announced that it would be okay for those on the verge of delivery to pledge their newborns. But the nation still needed over 33,000 donations to meet its goal. And since China normally delivered nearly 2,000 babies every hour, it took nearly 20 hours to reach that number. And with each one of the births requiring the presence of their own 'Chinese Eve' to facilitate their delivery and collection, videos posted to social media caught as many as 3 separate, but identical, Chinese

Eves entering just one hospital to assist with 3 different deliveries occurring within 90 minutes of one another.

And that's how it came to pass that, within 24 hours of the baby harvest deadline, every nation—however outraged it may have been—had been “persuaded” to dutifully fulfill its quota.

|||||

Mike Jess:

i probably dont have to tell u this, but a lot of people were angry, even those who hadnt given up their children.

Can u even imagine what thats like being forced to give up ur baby at birth?

Well unfortunately—-- i didnt have to imagine...

|||||

The Birth of a Global Opposition Movement

There was one more particular event to note here. It occurred at MetroHealth Medical Center in Cleveland, Ohio. Michael Jess, a scrappy, 49-year-old blue-collar businessman and his wife—pregnant with twins—had been eyeing the midnight deadline for weeks, hoping against hope that their expectant twins would abide by their due date of May 1st, nine days after Eve’s deadline. Their twins, however, didn’t get that memo. So as Mike warily drove his wife into the hospital in active labor just before midnight local time with a friend in tow, they streamed it all on Instagram Live. Mike Jess could not know then how this video would come to strike a chord across the globe, galvanizing a worldwide opposition movement that would ultimately launch him into the seat of the United States Presidency within the next decade.

In the live video, the U.S. newborn quota has yet to be met and Mike and his wife argue about what to do. They both hope the labor can be stopped but if it can’t, the mother would much rather donate the twins than have them be stillborn. Her water breaks as they pull into the parking lot. There’s no stopping the labor now. Mike, furious with rage, goes on Arma-Lena.com and enters their pledge in route to the delivery ward. Fifteen minutes later, Eve walks in trailing two floating cradles.

“You damn little monster! Who the fuck do You think You are to demand our children?!” he rages at Her while his wife cries out on the table from both the pain of her contractions and depth of her sorrow.

As the staff frantically finishes hooking her up to a monitor and starting an I.V., the doctor does a quick exam and says there’s no time for an epidural, the first baby is already crowning. In the midst of all the commotion, Mike’s friend Frank tries to hold him back but he’s a step too late. In one quick, fluid motion, Mike grabs the portable I.V. pole off the bed, chokes up, and swings for the fences. Eve’s head explodes backwards off Her shoulders in a smoky dust cloud, decapitating Her like a powder-stuffed pinata. Two seconds later and the trillions of tiny particles snap back into place. Eve fixes him with a glare, “Do not do that again.”

Eve approaches the Mom as the wary staff backs off. Going through the normal ritual, She smears Her small hands all over the cocooning belly and begins to relieve the labor pains as Mike continues to erupt..

“You evil bitch. What do You plan to do to them up in that ship? What kind of experiments are You running?!”

“As I have said before, I cannot reveal the details other than to say that they will be treated with the utmost respect and care. They will not be in pain, nor will they be harmed in any way before being returned to you.”

“What does that mean? What does that mean? Who are You to come here and take our babies?!”

Glancing at his inconsolable wife, he takes it down a notch.

“Why do... You don’t need to take both twins. Let us keep one. Can You do that? Is there some type of heart in that little ET body of Yours? One baby is enough. Don’t take both.”

Eve, standing between Mom’s legs, pauses and turns toward Mike—considering? Or waiting for the magic word? The pregnant pause continues..

And you can see Mike’s agony in the heart-rending video, just about read his mind, in fact, as he weighs his personal pride against his love of family: Mike glances at his distraught wife—then—fighting his urges, struggling, grimacing, contorting, summoning all his strength, burying his manhood and swallowing his pride for their sake, he says..

“Please”

Eve nods Her head in reply as Mom flashes a brief smile while Mike tries to maintain his cool..

“Uh...” but cracks emerge..

“One more thing...” and the dam cannot hold..

“You might have some people fooled with all Your crap about coming here to save our planet, but I never gave You the authority to rule over us—to rule over me and my family. The people who voted You in are fools and traitors. Traitors to their country, traitors to all of humanity..

“A little Girl my ass. You don’t have me fooled. You’re nothing but a monster dressed in sheep’s clothing. You might be from some other planet but I’ve seen Your kind before. You’re no different then the other despots that promise the world to their citizens before crushing them for their own selfish desires. Some people say You’re the Antichrist, I don’t know. But I know You’re a fucking tyrant trying to sell us on some “All for the Greater Good” bullshit. You pretend to bend over backwards helping us when the real plan is to get everyone to bend over forward for You!

“Tell the fucking truth! This Reconstruction Plan bullshit of Yours is all a lie, a facade. You’re really here to prepare our planet for Your bug-eyed bastard Friends, fixing it up just the way They want it. In the meantime, we’re in for a world of carrots-and-sticks aren’t we? You plan to give with one of Your little demon hands and take with the other. Moonbeams and fixing the environment here, exploding nukes and dead babies there. And some people are falling for it too, in LOOOVE with the purple-eyed mistress of doom and Her little gifts, aren’t they?

“But I can tell You one thing for sure. You won’t succeed in breaking all of us because there are too many of us that are willing to stand up and fight for our principles and die with dignity rather than surrender to You. That would prefer to live out our lives on a miserably hot, steaming planet of our own making with our God-given freedoms and liberties intact than endure the so-called utopian planet of Your making any day. Yeah, You may have us down on one knee right now but don’t You for one second mistake that for supplication, we’re just kneeling to catch our breath, get our second wind while we figure a way to kick Your Alien Ass back to whatever shit hole planet You came from. And I promise You this: I’m gonna make it my life’s mission to see that it happens! We’re human beings and we own this fucking planet—not You! You are not our overlords! We will find a way to rise up, resist and defy You.”

Just then, Mom begins pushing and the first baby boy is born into the hands of Eve—quiet, eyes closed, healthy.

“Do you have a name picked out?” Eve asks as She slathers on the amber fluid from the cradle and holds the baby up for the parents to see.

“Yes, we want to call him Michael Junior,” Mom says, “can I hold him?”

“I am sorry but he must stay untouched until his return.”

“No! Not Mike Junior,” Mike shouts, “we’re naming him Defiance. You might take him, but he’ll never be Yours. And his twin sister we’re naming her Resistance. Also... Fuck You too.”

Eve places Defiance in one of the hovering orbs and makes to leave as Frank holds Mike back. She walks out with both cradles shadowing Her, leaving the medical team to handle the delivery of Resistance.

This legendary video clip—which would soon become almost mythically known as the “R & D video” (Resistance and Defiance)—would go viral and be viewed over a billion times in the coming months alone. It was a siren call—a global trumpet in its own right—calling out to the world, to all those on the opposition and herding them under one banner, one leader. Finally, the mounting global resistance had a crusader they could rally around: A living martyr who had—almost biblically—swallowed his pride and given up his son, but not his dignity, while promising to fight on in the face of evil.

And that’s how it began, with Mike Jess taking his anger and reshaping it, and remaking himself in the process to soon grow into one of the most powerful and influential people on the planet, rallying the masses behind him and his new worldwide opposition movement.

The name of that opposition group: The Negat-Eves.

DECLASSIFIED:

Event: Eve Meets With President DeSantis

Source: Shimmer Cam

Location: Air Force One

Date: May 2, 2030

President Ron DeSantis is napping in his cabin on Air Force One when he awakens to the suddenly quieted engines. Intent on giving his staff an earful for allowing him to oversleep as the plane landed, he opens the cabin door looking for someone to yell at. But one look at the terrified faces staring out the jet's windows gives him pause. Taking a look for himself, his mind—still groggy and not wanting to accept what his eyes are feeding him—grasps at straws and lands on a perfectly reasonable explanation for what he is witnessing: The plane has simply turned off its engines and come to a complete stop while refueling in mid-air just above the clouds—

In the video, you can clearly see the blood drain from the President's face as his visibly shaken Secretary of State tells him they are still at cruising altitude above the state of Pennsylvania.

Looking up, he sees Eve coming down the aisle toward him. Both are aware that he has rebuffed each of Her requests for a meeting. Now here She was, this red-headed teenage Alien. Later, he would comment how he almost couldn't help being taken by Her sublimely hypnotic glowing eyes. He looks away before seeming to realize that this could be interpreted as a sign of weakness. So he locks in, staring Her down as two Secret Service agents block Her way.

“What do you want?” President DeSantis says.

“We need to talk about things,” Eve says.

“We have nothing to talk about,” the President says before retreating to his cabin and slamming the door closed.

At that moment, two U.S. fighter jets rocket past, sending live feeds to the Situation Room in the Pentagon as Eve inspects the two agents in front of Her. They glare back, one with his hand on his sidearm as another agent stations himself in front of the President's closed cabin door.

The standoff lasts another five seconds before the plane goes into a straight

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vertical

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free

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. .
fall

For 30 seconds of sheer terror the jet drops, all the while remaining perfectly horizontal as if falling through a vacuum. Instant weightlessness! Those not tightly buckled in float, as many-a-sphincter relaxes. I know that because Shimmer Cams not only record audio and video signals but olfactory ones as well. Dropping nearly a mile, Air Force One comes to a softly cushioned stop at an altitude of 25,000 feet, while the scent of freshly squeezed shit does not.

An ashen-faced President DeSantis opens the door and motions Eve in.

“We need to talk about Mississippi,” She says as the door closes and the video clip ends..

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Los Angeles Times, July 21, 2030:
GRAND OPENING OF STARGATE SPACE STATION
Two Million Expected to Attend, Celebrate Z-Day II

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E-Squared:

Editorial: As we write these various sections, we are being given .. um.. let's call it "guidance", at times. That said, I have been asked to write, edit, and re-edit the following sections on the baby harvest returnees an inordinate number of times and omit certain details. It seems this is more of a sensitive topic for Them and.. okay I'm being told that's all I can say about this.

|||||

Homecoming

On July 22, 2030, 91 days after the last of the newborns was "gathered", the babies began to return back home from their stratospheric nurseries. Arma-Lena.com had posted the homecoming date six weeks ago. The website said all 277,500 children would be reunited with their birth mothers on this same day. That was about it. There was no other information given and no one knew what had happened to these infants while they were gone. So when the day finally came, the world was on edge. Outside the homes of some of the returnees, crowds and camera crews waited. Protesters too.

In the Dearborn, Michigan, home of the very first newborn to be proffered for service, Hassan Beydoun and his wife were anxiously awaiting the arrival of their now 3-month-old daughter Sabreena to return:

Sabreena: We rang the doorbell at 8:32 am and I could hear footsteps approaching from inside. The door swings open with my smiling parents and two-year old sister Ayah clinging to their legs.

"Mama and Baba, this is your daughter Sabreena," Mother Eve says.

"Umm..." my mother frown-smiles, unsure.

"Can we come in?"

"Yes, yes! Come in please."

"I'm sorry, but we're a bit confus—," my Baba says.

Sabreena: I'm too excited and jump up to hug my Baba and Mama, then my little sister Ayah. I take my shoes off and make for the couch as Eve motions us all to have a seat.

"I know you are confused," Mother Eve says, "and have plenty of questions. This is your daughter Sabreena, the same baby you gave me 3 months ago, only aged forward. She is a 5-year-old girl now."

Sabreena: Jumping down from the couch, I run over and hug them again. Now they give me BIG hugs. We cry. No, THEY cry. Big girls not s'poze to cry. I cried.

“This is your little sister... no wait, this is your big sister now?” my Baba says with a nervous laugh.

Sabreena: I can already read him: Happy, nervous, confused, and a bit afraid.

“No, no! Want brother!” Ayah yells and runs off.

Sabreena: Everyone laughs. A moment later she comes back and pulls me by the hand to come play in the backyard. I do, but I can still hear everything.

“Sabreena is a very special child now. She is both your daughter and the daughter to all of man's kind. She has 277,499 other siblings that she is closely connected to in ways you will not fully understand just yet. Her mission—their mission—is to serve humanity,” Mother explains.

“What about the eyes?” Baba asks.

“Ahh, yes. The eyes match Mine to mark them as special. Distinct from the others. Chosen.”

“So what do we do?” Mama asks. She's about to start crying again, I can feel it. “I don't even know what she likes to eat. She's already five?! I mean, I expected a baby back. So did her sister. Five years old... can she read? Do we start her in kindergarten now? Is she gonna get teased by the other kids? Is she...?”

Sabreena: Now she's all the way crying.

Mother takes Mama's hand and says, “Listen sweetie, just be a mother to her. Let Sabreena guide you. She can answer most of your questions herself and knows what she does and does not require. For all other questions or concerns, you can just reach out to Me. Look, Sabreena is a strong girl, intelligent, warm and loving. You will find her to be independent and mature beyond her years at times, but in many other ways she is also your average 5-year-old, better behaved for sure but with the same curiosity and thirst for life and joy. Let her be your guide.”

I feel Mother call me so I go back inside with Ayah following. Mother Eve gives me a big hug, kiss, pat on my head as She readies to go.

“I am leaving now. Sabreena knows how to reach Me for any issues, but I think you will be just fine. Oh... one last item. This is for you. Sabreena will soon require additional expenses for herself—above and beyond those of a normal child, and in order to accomplish some of her duties. This will help you offset those costs and allow her to get by

without placing any additional financial burdens upon you. She will let me know when more is needed.”

Sabreena: Handing over a small black velvet drawstring bag, Mother opens the door and says goodbye. Before getting to the end of the driveway, She dissolves into pieces and vanishes from sight.

Inside the velvet bag: Two pounds of pure gold in the shape of a pyramid.

* * * * *

In Haiti, where the religion of Voodoo is widely practiced, the returnees were not all welcomed back. With their 5-year-old ‘advanced’ ages, luminously violet eyes, and unknown abilities, they were quickly and loudly condemned as possessed demons by local religious leaders. It wouldn’t matter that in just a few days some of these same community leaders would make a nervous about face and retract their previous remarks amid whispers that Eve may have visited and ‘encouraged’ some to reconsider their opinions. But by then, the damage was already done:

In one widely viewed video, a little Haitian returnee boy can be seen attempting to reunite with his mother, but she is having none of it. Amid her screams and shouts that this devil-child could not be her son—could not be the small infant she had been forced to give up, and that the little boy’s eyes were the mark of the beast—Eve and the scared child are suddenly confronted by the upset father holding up a Bible in one hand and a large crucifix in the other as if about to do battle with a vampire. Eve tries to reason with them for a few moments before taking the distraught little boy by the hand and moving on.

Later in the day, that same child is about to be introduced to his new adoptive parent. The boy, dressed in a colorful outfit, is startlingly handsome with his honey-brown skin and lustrous black hair superimposed against his brilliant lavender peeps. As he strolls hand-in-hand with ‘Haitian Eve’, also similarly complected and attired like two siblings on a play date, local residents stream out of their ramshackle homes to watch the pair as they skirt the sewage canal running down the center of the dirt road and approach a tin-roofed hut.

Suddenly, a big woman bursts out of the front door, lunging, grabbing, and praising God as she picks up the boy and squeezes him to her chest. It took 40 childless years, but her prayers have finally been answered. Dropping to her knees, she sets the beaming boy down and showers him with kisses.

In French, the boy asks, “Are you my new mommy now?”

“Yes child, I’m your mommy now.”

“I love you mommy,” throwing his arms around her again, “I missed you so much!”

The big woman throws a fleeting look of confusion at Eve before scooping the child up in her beefy arms again.

“What’s my name? What’s my name mommy?”

“Oh child, you don’t have a name? What a big boy like you doing with no name? We going to look through the Bible and pick you a beautiful name. We take our time and find something you like.”

“Ohh! Ohh! I like Abraham. Or maybe David. Solomon mommy!”

“Child, you study the Bible?”

“I know all the names mommy, all the names. Maybe Ezekiel, or Elias... Isaac! Or...”

The video ends with all three walking into the woman’s hut to continue their chat and Eve clutching a small black velvet pouch in Her hand.

* * * * *

A YouTube video from London, England shows one of the returnees being playfully questioned by his parents in an outdoor park as they consult their smartphones:

Dad: Adam, who was the Wimbledon champion in 1968?

Adam: Rod Laver.

Mom: According to the W.H.O., what is the population of Bangladesh?

Adam: Bang-el?

Mom: Bangladesh.

Adam: Okay, according to the World Health Orgiz... Orgiz-a-zation it is... (Adam holds up his hands and moves his fingers through the air, counting aloud) 1-6-9-1-4-3-0-0-0 so... one hundred sixty-nine million one hundred forty-three thousand. Isn’t that right Mom?

Mom: Yeah... right... exactly.

Dad: How are you doing this? Do you have access to the internet?

Adam: Yes.

Dad: Like in your head? You’re connected right now?

Adam: Yes.

Dad: Oookay... So... um... Okay, do you know how much is in Mom and Dad's bank account right now?

Adam: (fingers moving in the air, counting) Eight thousand six hundred and thirty pounds and twenty-three pence.

Mom: My gosh... Is that right? Wait, that has a password, right? It's a bank. That's a secure site. But... you were able to get in anyway?

Adam just blinks up at Mom, eyes aglow.

Dad: So... Can you get into any system? Like... can you get into something like the National Security Agency's computers in America, for example?

Mom: Tom, stop that. No Adam.

Dad: No, I just want to know. Don't do it. Just tell me, can you access the NSA computers?

Adam: I not spoze to say Daddy.

Dad: Who said? Who told you you're not supposed to say?

Adam: Mother Eve.

Mom: Adam, I am your mother.

Adam: I know that Mommy. You're my Mom and I love you. But Eve is also my Mother. Don't worry, I know it's different and hard for you to undersan—understand. But Mother does not take any love away from me and you. I know you're my real birth mother, Mom.

Dad: Adam, can Eve hear us talking right now?

Adam: I not spoze to say.

Dad: Adam, I need you to answer my next question. What number am I thinking of right now? Do you know?

Adam: Sorry Daddy. Please stop. I don't like this game.

(end of video)

* * * * *

In a Facebook video post from Helsinki, Finland, the camera pans to the large grandfather

clock situated near a darkened window. It's 3:30 am. The person behind the camera is speaking accented English:

"We're going upstairs to check on the twins," he whispers.

A bedroom door is quietly opened. The dim bedroom is lit only by the faint nightlight in the corner. The twin girls are sleeping peacefully in their small bed. All at once, both pairs of softly glowing lavender eyes pop open as double-barrel, happy-to-see-you smiles light up their cute faces.

"Hello ladies," the male voice behind the camera says playfully, "were you two awake this whole time?"

"We were awake," they giggle in unison.

"Did you sleep tonight?" unseen Mom asks.

"Yes, we both slept for 2 hours and 28 minutes."

"Oh, okay... and why just 2 hours and 28 minutes?"

"Don't be silly Papa, that's all we need," one of the twins says, the other still giggling.

"So what are you doing when you lay here in bed awake?" Mom asks.

"We're learning things."

"What kind of things?" Dad asks.

"Just things, that's all," as they break out in fits of childish laughter.

"Okay, well... go back to sleep now... or... do whatever you were doing. We're going back to sleep."

Two kisses each and the video ends.

Sean Hannity Interviews Thomas Bossert

Source: Television—██████████

Program: The Sean Hannity Show

Host: Sean Hannity

Airdate: July 26, 2030

Only the following short segments of this show have been authorized by Eve for publication:

Sean Hannity:

Eve and the left would have you believe these babies are the same ones that were quote unquote “volunteered”. Well I’m here to tell you they’re not. These things aren’t children—well, children of the corn maybe. I’ve already heard reports their DNA is not a match for their parents. Or it is a match but these things have an additional amount of DNA, extra genes, non-human genes I don’t know. I’m sure scientists will get to the bottom of that soon but for the love of God I want to know what happened to the 277,500 babies that were abducted. Where are they? What is the point of these mutant replacements? What is Eve’s real plan? Let’s ask my next guest, the late-great President Trump’s former Homeland Security Adviser Thomas Bossert. Tom, what do you make of these so-called returnees?

Thomas Bossert:

I am very concerned Sean. I can tell you that I’ve been speaking to my friends in the White House and they’re concerned too. We don’t know what these entities are. Clearly they’re not human, look at their eyes. I’m not buying that you can age babies by five years, not using human technology anyway.

Sean Hannity:

I believe their eyes are further proof they’re inhuman, the mark of the beast, the mark of Eve. And what’s going on with prosecuting these parents, especially the ones who volunteered up their precious babies?

Thomas Bossert:

Well, Attorney Generals in democratic led states have indicated that no laws were broken when these parents temporarily handed over their babies. They’re not prosecuting. And as you know, Republican A.G.s that try to levy charges on these parents, they’ve been stymied at every turn by Eve’s little magic tricks. “Spooky actions at a distance” is what I heard some people call it. No matter how they go at these parents, they simply cannot see justice carried through.

* * * * *

Sean Hannity:

So what does President DeSantis plan to do about this?

Thomas Bossert:

The President has been huddling with his advisers, the Joint Chiefs of Staff and others.

Sean Hannity:

Joint Chiefs of Staff? As in a military operation? Let's be realistic Tom, what can the U.S. military do? Is there anything they can do?

Thomas Bossert:

Sean, it's no secret President DeSantis considers Eve a threat to national security. I'm sure the military is war-gaming things like they would with any threat. What they can realistically do to those Vawks or Eve, I don't know. Especially now that we've been strong-armed into agreeing, under threat of a nuclear Armageddon, to turn in or disarm our entire nuclear weapons stockpile by 2035.

* * * * *

Sean Hannity:

Listen, I don't want to sound vulgar here but I want to know, these returnees, do these things bleed? Because if they bleed they can be... well, you know what I'm trying to say here. Because I for one do not like this baby body-snatcher invasion one bit. And this fawning over by the radical left, this total welcoming embrace of the returnees by these Democrats. Just yesterday, Alexandria O-my-gosh-e-o Cortex had a party to welcome the returnees to their various New York state districts. Can you believe that? They have assigned districts, as if these returnee mutants are members of Congress themselves...

-end of directed transcript-

Dawn of the Untouchables: The Kabul Incident

On July 27, 2030, at around 9:25 am Eastern time— and just 5 days after all the returnees had come back home—the global internet suddenly lit up with social media reports of bizarre behavior occurring among the group. It would later be determined that most every returnee across the globe had suddenly and simultaneously stopped whatever it was they were doing at that moment and retreated to more defensible positions like the corners of their bedrooms, inside closets or underneath tables. There, they stood motionless while their softly glowing eyes rapidly shifted color phases— going from their original violet to a brightly fluorescent cautionary yellow to blazing red as they warned people nearby to keep their distance. Strangers and bystanders approaching to within 15 feet would later report an unbearably painful and shrill piercing sound that only they could hear, that kept them from approaching any closer.

Just moments before, in the late afternoon in Kabul, Afghanistan, a group of young school-children had been in the midst of putting on an early evening presentation. In the videos posted to YouTube, the class of five-year-olds are on a small stage performing a charming song and dance routine as parents and friends look on from the seated audience. Suddenly, a man in the front row lunges on to the stage brandishing a sizeable knife. Knocking one of the small boys to the floor, he stabs him twice and rushes out of the building. Mayhem ensues. In the commotion, someone scoops up the injured child and runs for the door to get help.

From this point forward, a live video feed with multiple Shimmer Camera angles suddenly appears on Arma-Lena.com and documents all the events to follow:

The school, located in a more upscale part of the capital, has a small playground out back. The boy is laid down on a picnic table as the adults try to care for him. People can next be heard shouting, “Hawa! Hawa!” and pointing. Eve (Hawa in the local language) has just materialized in the distance and is fast approaching. The crowd gives Her a wide berth at the table where the small boy, Mooh (short for Mohammed) lies pale, bloody and weak—with eyes pulsating a crimson-colored danger signal. He is barely able to maintain consciousness.

The scene—automatically translated from Pashtun and seamlessly audio dubbed into hundreds of other languages on Arma-Lena.com—is being retransmitted live by numerous news outlets worldwide. And it seems to perfectly capture the strangely reshuffled power dynamic of this new era—as Hawa, a diminutive-sized “Teenager” wearing Her hijab, begins to tend to Mooh, an even smaller “child”, while the “grown-up” adults watch helplessly. People would later note that the roving cameras, which at that moment were filming from a viewpoint situated directly above the table, were nowhere to be seen.

Hawa climbs up onto the table, leans over the boy and strokes his hair, pushing it away from his eyes. Mooh smiles weakly and attempts to reach up and stroke Hawa’s face in return but can’t seem to find the energy. His distraught mother, who must not have been present

originally, pushes through the crowd and rushes to her son's side, helping to remove his shirt and exposing two large abdominal stab wounds that go clear through to his back.

"You know what you need to do right habibi Mooh?" Hawa asks.

Mooh gives a small nod as a tear runs down his face.

"Sleep-fix right?" he asks.

"Yes, now close your eyes and slow down. Do not be scared. Slow all the way down. There you go habibi... just like that. Good."

Mooh closes his eyes while mom strokes his forehead. The boy's small chest, rising and falling with each labored breath, comes to a complete stop. Wails erupt from the child's mother.. and from the crowd. Wrapping him in a blanket and whispering something to the mother, Hawa calmly carries the boy back into the school building, places his motionless body on the stage and instructs mom to remain by his side.

As Hawa walks back out toward the door, someone else, not a family member, tries to approach the boy but is instantly rebuffed by the shrill pain stabbing through his ears. The mother, still stroking her child, would later report that her son's entire head had become rapidly cooler to the touch in the moments after he was laid back onstage. In fact, his head and brain had become a full 30 degrees cooler than the rest of his body—a protective measure meant to decrease the brain's oxygen consumption and prevent cerebral damage.

An uproar erupts from outside the building as Hawa exits the door to screaming and shouting in the distance. Now, another unseen camera cuts to a view 50 yards away from the building as the gathered crowd points and curses before picking up stones to throw. Hawa approaches and holds up Her hand as the crowd ceases and parts to reveal the approaching, knife-wielding assailant.

The young man is tall, with ruggedly handsome good looks. He is also terrified, eyes darting about wildly as he steps closer—a walking contradiction: From above the waist he seems to be desperately trying to turn and run screaming away from the crowd, from Hawa. But step-by-grudging-step, his legs have other thoughts as they continue to propel him forward in lurching strides against his will. He stops in front of Hawa, towering over Her. Coldly silent, She surveys him from head to toe. The man takes one last coerced step forward and then bends suddenly and deeply at the waist as if shoved. Neck muscles bulging against the strain, he loses the tug-of-war battle to turn his head and avoid looking directly at the shorter Girl. In an almost comical last-ditch effort, he closes his eyes shut tight. The lids slam back open, overly retracted and eyes bulging as he is forced to stare at Her. She looks deep into his eyes, holding his gaze. For the next several days, Hawa would crawl around in his head, methodically searching his brain and rummaging through all his files, from his earliest childhood memories until today—with no detail too large or small left unexamined—before finishing Her audit and relinquishing control of all the memories, experiences and secrets that

amounted to his entire life. When shown the video later, he would not believe She had only been inside his head for a mere 10 seconds.

Turning Her back to the assailant, Hawa gazes into the distance and says to no one in particular, “Come”. Stepping away, She leaves the man uncomfortably ‘locked in’—rooted to the ground and in command of only two groups of muscles: those that control his frightened, roving eyes, and those that control his breathing. His bladder muscles don’t make the cut and let loose to snickers of disgust from the enveloping crowd, as Taliban forces in Humvees arrive to back up the police and secure the perimeter.

Eight minutes later a battered white Toyota pickup truck comes barreling around the corner, picking up speed and heading right for Hawa. Closing the distance rapidly, the brakes slam tight at the last possible moment, kicking up a cloud of dust and stopping mere inches from the unflinching Being. The driver’s side door opens and out of it steps a thin, weathered walking cane followed by an even more weathered Afghan man dressed in the traditional white garb and loosely-fitting black turban of the locals. Shuffling slowly toward Hawa, one eye blighted by a cataract, the other blighted by rage, the frail old man approaches.

“Mullah Omar, correct?” Hawa asks as the stiffening man simply glares.

“May Allah protect me from You,” the old Mullah says under his breath.

“Why? Why did you order the assault on the boy?”

“Why? Because You are the Sheetan (Satan) and these children are Your spawn. The little one... that boy... he is a kaffir (infidel) as are You,” he grunts and spits into Hawa’s unwavering face.

“Please explain. What makes you say that? Tell Me why he is a kaffir.”

“It is in his face, his eyes. He is an evil jinn (demon), possessed. I have heard it in the words he speaks. It is in his heart. Evil declares itself from every inch of his very flesh.”

“From his very flesh...,” Hawa parrots back, sounding out each word thoughtfully.

A murmur from the crowd. It’s Mooh at the school door. Lavender eyes now alight, cheeks full of color, body full of energy, he drops the blanket from his shoulders and runs forward. Grabbing Hawa by the shirt, he beckons Her ear for a whisper. Hawa whispers back with a comforting smile perched momentarily on Her face. It evaporates in a flash as She turns back to face the two men.

“Oh, the fleeting innocence of your children. He asks that I have mercy on you both. Hmm... what to do? Mullah Omar, you said something a moment ago, that you could see Mooh was an infidel. That it was proclaimed by his very flesh. Tell Me, is this not a reference to what your Quran says? That on the day of judgment one’s own body, fingertips,

skin, one's very flesh, in fact, shall speak up and bear witness to Allah of the evil sins each person has wrought upon their own soul?"

"Do not speak to me of the Quran," he spurts venomously "You with Your false hijab."

"Answer the question."

"Yes, it does say that."

"In that case, I think it best to simply allow your flesh to make judgment and bear witness for or against you both... to better assess who the real kaffirs are."

Mooh, hiding behind Eve in the way nervous children hide behind their mothers, peeps out at the man and tugs at Hawa's arm for another whisper.

"Yes... mercy. I did not forget. I will get to that."

Eve turns away from the two captives and addresses the gathered crowd.

"I want to deliver a message to each of you, not just the individuals present here, but to all of the people, nations, governments, militaries, militias and others, everyone the world over. From today forward, let this be clearly known and understood: Under no circumstances is any harm to come to these returnees. These very special children, these chosen ones, will from this day forward be known not only by their distinct appearances but also by their new titles: The UNTOUCHABLES (Ut. for short). Understand that these Untouchables are an integral part of your Planetary Reconstruction Plan. They are of your own, of man's kind, here to lead and help fix what ails you, your civilization and your planet. They are not malevolent, but here to serve the Greater Good. Therefore, they are no longer subject to your authority or your terrestrial laws. They are to be considered immune from prosecution and are to have no restrictions placed on them in any way, shape or form. Do not attempt to obstruct their work. Any entity seeking to hinder or impede them will be held to account. There will be no exceptions.

"Pay close attention because anyone daring to bring harm to an Untouchable in the future can be assured they will suffer a fate identical to what you are about to witness here today: The Judgment of the Flesh. Furthermore, to foil those of you perfectly willing to martyr yourselves for what you wrongly believe is a righteous cause, there will be an added penalty to help dissuade you, and one that I do not choose arbitrarily. Understand that for socialized life-forms such as yourselves, rooted closely in family ties, this is the strategy that, however seemingly cruel to some of you, has been proven to prevent all but the most determined of attacks. And it is this:

"For any harm that comes to an Untouchable, this same Judgment of the Flesh sentence will be imposed upon the perpetrator's family for three generations. In other words, if you harm or conspire to harm an Untouchable, you can be assured that every single one

of your children, siblings and parents, regardless of involvement or guilt, will be made to suffer the same fate as you will for your hurtful actions. Therefore, you should think twice about any malicious plans directed at or involving an Untouchable in the future. Consider yourselves forewarned.”

Just then, Mooh interrupts Eve once more with a tug on Her arm.

“Oh yes, I did not forget.” Turning to Her motionless captives, the younger one still bent at the waist, She says, “For you two only, this one time, I will show you mercy by foregoing the standard punishment upon your families. You have this child to thank for that.”

Stepping toward the grounded men, Eve grabs a twig and scratches lines in the dirt forming separate squares approximately 15 feet to a side around each of them.

“Nothing and no one shall pass through this barrier,” Eve says, “save for food and water. This spectacle is to remain freely open to the public. Do not obstruct the view of these gallows or prevent people from gathering to watch. Let the world bear witness to the consequences of their actions and let their flesh bear witness against their souls for the sins that they have wrought here today.”

Turning to Mooh, She plants a kiss on the boy’s rosy cheek and strides away before disintegrating in a flourish.

Within minutes, a large group of the Mullah’s relatives and supporters arrive on the scene, bedecked in AK-47s. They approach the old man. His feet are still rooted to the ground, but his outstretched arms beckon them for help. A quick conference. One of them points to the forbidding square drawn in the dirt, as another points to the crash test dummy amongst the group standing nearby. The young man strengthens himself with a prayer of “La Illaha Illa Allah” (There are no other Gods but God Himself), hikes up his pants and steps hesitantly forward to cross the threshold. Flung explosively backward through the air, he lands in a heap 12 feet away, unconscious and critically injured, his youth the only thing that saved him from death by electrocution. Moments later, the two captive men find themselves physically ‘unlocked’ and able to move freely about their 225 square-foot enclosures, careful not to get too close to the invisible fence.

Soon afterward, it is determined that food and water can be passed freely across the barrier using a stick. It’s a scorching mid-summer day and the older man, Mullah Omar, sits down, sipping water and preaching to his flock as the younger assailant paces in his nearby cage. The local police and Taliban forces, visibly shaken, remain along the outer perimeter but make no attempt to hinder the rapidly increasing influx of curious onlookers. Soon, an Al-Jazeera news truck arrives, the first of many international news broadcasters to set up and live-stream what is about to become a most macabre spectacle.

At around 9 pm local, the Mullah stands up using his cane, lifts up the sleeves on his traditional kameez shalwar, and inspects a line of newly erupting blisters along both his upper

arms. He unleashes a torrent of curses against Eve and Mooh, then delves into another diatribe defiantly pandering to his supporters. Others in the crowd—long fed up with the Taliban and their oppressive brutality, and more confident in Eve’s protections—shout the Mullah down, telling him they both deserve whatever they get from Eve, that it’s about time these militants finally incur some of the pain and humiliation that they routinely inflict upon the masses. The police warily step in to calm the crowds as the younger prisoner, just feet away, pulls off his shirt to inspect his body for any signs of a rash. There are none. So, feeling not only thirsty but ravenous with hunger, he polishes off his food and asks for another helping.

By midnight, the entire area is thoroughly bathed and illuminated with floodlights as Mullah Omar pulls off his upper garment. The rash, which has become more fluid-filled, red, painful, itchy and angry—now extends along both arms, neck and upper torso.

And now Mullah Omar’s caged neighbor and partner in crime also has a name to go along with his muscled body for all the millions watching on Arma-Lena.com and elsewhere: Bilal Buttel. Bilal surveys himself once more—still no rash or other ailments. So he asks for a double serving of rice and meat along with some sweets which he chases down with a liter of refreshingly cold water.

Over the course of the next few early-morning hours, Mullah Omar becomes increasingly miserable as his mysterious rash continues to grow and extend to his entire body. Large patches of skin begin to bubble and peel away from his arms and neck and his face is now a swollen, red mess.

By 8 am the following day, international scientists, doctors and engineers begin streaming in. By noon, specialists from DARPA (Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency) arrive with gauges, probes and sensors galore—trying to understand this alien force-field technology. Russian and Chinese specialists soon follow. After all, from a strictly consumer, scientific and military point of view, this alien technology, if it can be successfully reverse-engineered, can be useful for a multitude of great uses and products—not to mention great weaponization.

At 10:30 am, one of the British military doctors, a specialist flown in from London, arrives and questions Mullah Omar through an interpreter while visually examining him from a safe distance a few feet away from his enclosure. He later speaks to the increasing number of international reporters now corralled in an area designated for the press:

“I can’t tell you what exactly is causing the blistering on Mr. Omar with any certainty just yet, but the closest known medical phenomenon that would account for his symptoms, I believe, is a condition known as TENS—Toxic Epidermal Necrolysis Syndrome. In layman’s terms, his body, and more specifically the underlying layer of flesh below his skin is attacking the layers above it. We see this sometimes with certain drug reactions where the body suddenly turns on itself, attacking and rejecting its own skin as if it’s a foreign invader—the way a body might reject and attack a donated organ. It’s an auto-immune response that would greatly benefit from a dose of intravenous steroids—and which we have no way of administering. Unfortunately, I wouldn’t be surprised if this continues to

progress to the point where he loses 100% of his skin covering. Without that protective outer layer of skin and proper dressing of his wounds, he will be at imminent risk of infection and sepsis. Medically, this is not much different than a full-on third degree burn and normally requires intensive care treatment in a level 1 burn unit to keep up with the rapid and massive fluid losses that will surely result from his weeping tissues if this continues to worsen. But even in the best of facilities, with his advanced age and poor health, his overall chance of survival would be 1 in 5 at best. Out here, exposed to the elements and dirt without access to proper medical care... I'm sorry to put it this way but it's as if he is being skinned alive. I would be surprised if he survives another 24 hours. The best we can do is hope to make him comfortable."

Fifteen minutes later, a care package of antibiotics, ointment, gauze, Ace bandages, and Vicodin was prepared. The small box was then placed on the ground outside the Mullah's enclosure before being slid over the boundary Hawa had drawn into the ground. It was launched explosively backwards through the air the moment it touched the invisible fence, just as the medical packages before had been. Attempts to throw packages over the fence or use a small drone to fly over and drop the items were equally fruitless. Engineers would later determine that the impenetrable fortress extended up into the sky nearly a mile, and below the ground for at least the 20 feet they would trench in an attempt to tunnel under it.

Meanwhile, the fearful younger man Bilal continues to check and double-check himself relentlessly for any signs of blemishes on his skin as the hot noon sun beats down upon his head. After kicking at least 20 empty water bottles and several empty food trays out of his mysterious enclosure while being careful not to make contact with the electrified invisible fence, he sits on the bare ground and wolfs down three more large sandwiches, a heaping serving of rice, more pastries and water, before laying down on the dirt to try to nap. On Twitter and elsewhere, millions debate whether Bilal has passed his "Judgment of the Flesh".

Day 2- 3:00 pm:

Mullah Omar, having stripped himself naked to his shorts, was now a horror to behold. Pink, red and raw, nearly all of his skin has molted off. With his body weeping fluids in the blazing 95-degree heat and no shade to be had, the frail old man glistens as if dipped in oil. And with the exposed nerve endings of his flesh throbbing and nothing to relieve his discomfort, he wails in pain and rails against Hawa. The situation is only worsened by the fact that he cannot sit or lay down on the ground lest he bread and batter himself with dirt. So, wincing, he continues to teeter perilously on his cane for support as well over 200 million viewers on ArmaLena.com alone watch this grisly scene of crime and punishment unfold.

Shortly thereafter, Bilal wakes up from his thankless slumber and immediately asks for more food. Ravenously devouring another super-sized helping of rice, meat and bread, the man needs to attend to the call of nature. To allow him some dignity in front of the now thousands of regular Afghans who have come to witness and revel in the spectacle of members of the Taliban finally getting their comeuppance, a small group of somewhat cowed Talib men come forward and ring the enclosure, holding up blankets to shield Bilal from the eyes of the world as he does his thing in the corner of his cell. One small item he could be thankful for as he

pulled his pants back up and glanced at the stinking pile of shit was that flies didn't seem to be able to penetrate the barrier either.

At 5:12 pm, Mullah Omar, weakened and shaking with fever, chills and dehydration from the hordes of infectious bacteria now coursing through his moist petri dish of a body, finally collapses onto the grassless terrain beneath him. Writhing slowly on the ground and delirious, he proceeds to coat most every square inch of his weeping body with a crispy layer of dirt and soil. Not five minutes later and “#mullahmcnugget” becomes a mercilessly trending hashtag on Twitter.

Meanwhile, the increasingly crowded field of international researchers continue to be baffled and awed by the enclosure. Experimenting and probing, they can discern hardly any physical properties to the barrier at all. There seems to be no electromagnetic field, right up until the moment their probes touch the invisible barrier, at which point they forcefully explode backward, frying the instruments. They test the ‘intelligence’ of the system by hiding small, banned items within food and attempting to push them across the barrier. No dice. They drill deeper down below the surface to get underneath it, shoot laser beams at it, fire bullets, even try to light it on fire. Nothing. One group of Russian military scientists even manage to commandeer a helicopter and fire a small missile at the barrier at an altitude of 3,000 feet. Impenetrable still.

By 8 pm, Mullah Omar is lying motionless and unconscious, his breathing growing increasingly shallow. Standing feet away, Bilal finally begins to show signs of wear as well. And his insatiable hunger has not gone unnoticed by the team of doctors nearby as Bilal asks for even more to eat. They note his distended belly, so full of food the muscled man appears to be approaching his third trimester of pregnancy. Despite all that, his self-measured heart rate and skin tone seems to indicate he is not dehydrated. Having no way to do blood tests or even check his other vital signs, they encourage him to eat less and drink more.

At 10:14 pm, Mullah Omar takes his last miserable breath. Moments later, someone notices a fly alighting on his body to feast on his wounds. Another someone tosses a rock. It makes it through the barrier unmolested. Next, a cat is scooped up and sent sailing through the air where it lands safely within the enclosure before scampering off. The dead Mullah is then safely removed and buried within hours despite pleas from scientists and military officials who desperately want to do an autopsy—not just to get to the bottom of his illness, but to understand how Eve had pulled off Her little ‘mind-control’ trick, physically overriding the intentions of both men and forcing them to move their legs and come to Her against their wills. Because surely it was some form of advanced technology.. right?

Day 3- 3:15 pm:

Another hot and shadeless day for Mr. Buttel. Despite the copious amounts of food, cans of Ensure supplements, and profanely distended belly, Bilal seems to somehow be losing weight.. and doing so at an extremely rapid clip.

Ironically, in the face of all this macabre, a carnival-like atmosphere has taken root in the

surrounding plaza. With the authorities not daring to shoo people away for fear of repercussions from Hawa, food vendors and booths hawking everything from souvenirs to clothing to purple eyewear pop up. In the crowds, both a magician and a clown can be spotted among those working and entertaining the several thousand-strong gathering of local Afghans and international personnel on location.

Day 4- 5:00 pm:

The rapid weight loss is even more pronounced now. Bilal, thin and muscular to start, appears emaciated and hollow. His skin hangs loosely around his arms and legs and his ribs are beginning to show despite his portly belly. At once famished and insatiable, he continues to demand and eat even more food.

At around 8 pm, Dr. Sudesh “Bob” Kedar gives a statement that says in part:

“The general consensus is that Mr. Buttlet is being slowly starved. Actually, let me correct that. It appears he is being rapidly and unnaturally starved somehow despite the large amount of food and calories he is ingesting. He appears to have lost at least 10 kilograms (22 lbs.) of fat and muscle, and likely more by looking at him, in less than four full days. And considering that he does not have diarrhea and appears to be digesting the food, we can only say that either his metabolism has been revved up to a considerable rate and/or his gut is somehow not absorbing any of the calories going through it. He is, however, absorbing water so dehydration does not seem to be a major issue. But if his weight loss continues unabated like this, there is a high likelihood he will die of starvation due to malnutrition.”

By this point, the mysterious meaning behind Hawa’s “Judgment of the Flesh” penalty seemed to have come into clearer focus: For Mullah Omar, it meant the literal loss of his outer flesh, namely his body’s entire skin covering. While for Bilal Buttlet, his apparent judgment is the profound loss of his underlying flesh, namely tissues, fat and muscle. Whatever the manner, they were both clearly meant to suffer a slow and miserable death sentence.

Day 5:

After trying to limit his gluttonous food intake to a more reasonable amount over the last 12 hours, the medical staff and his family members finally give in to Bilal’s incessant pleadings and allow him unlimited food and drink once more. He immediately gorges himself, grotesquely re-distending his stomach and testing the limits of the increasingly tight and waxy skin overlying his belly. Now, even his hair appears to be losing the battle as the man’s once-beautiful mane begins falling out in clumps. As the world watches, rapt and disgusted, Bilal continues to alternately pound down food and cola before stepping over to the growing pile of human waste in the corner to vomit and make room for more. The consensus now is that Mr. Buttlet is somehow losing even more weight and doing so at a rapidly accelerating pace: In the last 24 hours alone, he appears to have lost at least another 10-15 lbs.

On-site, the mood among the Taliban and his family members is somber. For most other locals, the mood continues to be more upbeat. One local Afghani tells ABC News’ Matt

Gutman, in broken English, “We are not here to celebrate his death. No. But he Taliban. He terrorize us Afghanis and he try to kill the boy Mooh. Finally we have somebody, Hawa, to stand up to these criminals. You see all those people over there? They all Taliban. They watching. They afraid. They cannot fight Hawa. These children, what you call ‘no touch’ children, they will fix this country and bring peace. This why we celebrate. For hope. We love the no-touch children. We love Hawa.”

Day 8:

Just after noon, Bilal makes his way to his feet. The man is a pitiful sight. Now so thin his pants won't stay up- he is shirtless and in his shorts. Beyond emaciated, with patchy hair, deeply sunken eyes, retracted ribs and broomstick arms and legs, the man is a shadow of his former self. Comparisons are made to the Holocaust. Yet his belly is still absurdly distended with food. Yesterday, the desperate and broken man even tried to forego eating and drinking on his own, but his hunger became so overwhelming that he could not make it more than four hours.

And now, the man has gotten to his feet, a newfound glint of determination in his face. Eyeing the masses, he turns to his family and says goodbye. To everyone else, he proclaims that his only regret was not having killed the purple-eyed jinn Mooh. Gathering his strength, he steels himself for what is to come. Shouting “Allahu Akbar” (God is the Greatest), he takes three lunging steps and launches himself at the invisibly electrified barrier. Harmlessly bouncing off as if he had plowed into an unbreakable pane of glass, Bilal manages to land both comically and tragically face-first into his own sizably fetid pile of shit-vomit-shit. Utterly defeated and dejected, he rolls over onto his back, hardly bothering to clean himself off. There will be no shortcuts to his death. Twitter explodes.

He dies on Day 10. Bald and skeletal, he is a ghost of himself. His father, a small man, enters the now barrier-less enclosure and carries the lifeless bag of bones out. Having lost more than 12 pounds per day on average, his weight at death was a mere 62 pounds, down from his original weight of around 180.

In the aftermath, nations like China, Russia, the United States and others began to fearfully rethink their plans to crackdown on these children. After what the entire world had just witnessed, it seemed no one was willing to risk three generations of their own asses for daring to mess with an ‘Untouchable’.

The Outernet

Nearly 25% of the world's population, around 2.5 billion people, had never been on the internet even once prior to August 1, 2030—not to mention those that had patchy service or travelled some distance to get it. That ended on August 1, 2030 as, across the globe, every square inch of territory that previously had no internet coverage suddenly lit up with reliable and free high-speed internet access courtesy of Eve. Suddenly, in areas with no prior coverage, most notably throughout poorly-serviced Africa and elsewhere, the masses suddenly began buying up mobile devices in droves.

In rural Russian villages outside of normal coverage areas, people quickly realized this alternate version of the internet, soon to become known as “The Outernet”, was completely safe, allowing them to get on to banned sites like Google, Facebook, Twitter and Instagram as well as international news sites, and do so without fear of being tracked, censored or shut down by the authorities. Now they could learn the entire truth about the completely unnecessary and brutal war of aggression that the late President Vladimir Putin—who was a national hero in the eyes of many Russians—had waged upon Ukraine, and the thousands of lives lost on both sides.

In remote parts of Egypt, the government found the Outernet to be completely unblockable. The signal couldn't be jammed nor could the system be hacked. So they made its usage illegal. But that didn't deter millions of Egyptians from driving to the rural villages just to hop on the Outernet and post anonymous comments about the nation's leadership, as well as to plot its overthrow.

This was just another nightmare scenario for authoritarian nations handed down to them courtesy of Eve: Internet communication they couldn't control, surveil, block, censor or—just as alarmingly—couldn't take down during times of social strife, such as civil uprisings and mass protests that could rally people.

But since this Outernet existed only in areas where there was a lack of internet coverage to begin with, some of these governments suddenly began expanding their coverage maps to blanket their entire nation and push the Outernet back out. China, was one of these. It used its internet as a massive surveillance machine to monitor its far-flung citizens and immediately saw the Outernet as a clear and present danger to government authority. So they rapidly expanded coverage in order to leave no territory unserved—even into portions of the lifeless Gobi desert.

Villagers in the mountains of Peru weren't concerned about any of that though. They were just glad they could go online and get real-time pricing on some of the crops they grew, such as coffee beans. They soon learned about mobile banking too. And they were grateful to Eve for it all.

Even in the U.S. the Outernet provided a high-speed lifeline to rural communities that had no previous service. It was thought that the reason Eve didn't intrude upon areas that DID have coverage was so as not to take business, and profits, away from legitimate providers.

But the bottom line was that now every square inch of the globe had some type of internet coverage—including all the ships sailing in all of the oceans and all the airplanes flying through all of the skies.

One other item.. Arma-Lena.com, which had been blocked by some nations, was now a universally accessible and untrackable website all throughout the globe. So was the Touch App..

The Touch App

Posted to Arma-Lena.com on August 2, 2030:

The Touch App!

Get in touch with your designated Untouchable representative with the simple press of a button. Available anytime day or night, your neighborhood Untouchable will always be there for instant one-on-one conversations. Try the live video chat. All communications are encrypted and will be kept confidential unless otherwise requested. Please download the app now to get started.

* * * * *

Once the Untouchables returned from the Vawks, Eve's geographic distribution strategy became clearer. The world's population had been sliced up into 277,500 geographic districts with each of those districts specifically drawn to contain, on average, approximately 33,300 residents and one Ut. ("Untouchable" but also pronounced "You-Tee" for short). The Ut. was a local to the area, generally the son or daughter of a family that had lived in that neighborhood or community for some time, perhaps years or generations. In this manner, each district had a local Untouchable representative that was "one of their own"- probably of the same ethnicity as most everyone else in that community, city, town or village, someone who'd grow up going to the same schools, cheering for the same sports teams. This would help to foster a sense of familiarity with the Ut., a bond of common historical ties and communal values that would only grow as they matured. That was the idea anyway.

Now to the app: The early reviews ran the gamut, from amazing to creepy. When I first activated the app at 2 am, there's my designated five-year-old Ut. representative Matthew, bright violet-eyed and bushy tailed, ready and waiting to live chat with me. My wife chats with him at the same time through her app. I'm talking about the Cleveland Browns, asking if he thinks they can win back-to-back Super Bowl rings, She's talking about a meatloaf recipe. Ut. Matt is knowledgeable and able to hold down an intelligent conversation in both subjects. And since we're both having separate but simultaneous conversations with the same life-like Untouchable, it seems obvious that this app must be using identical avatars most likely powered by a robust artificial intelligence engine. That would account for how each Ut. could appear to be holding separate convos with dozens, perhaps hundreds of his 33,300 local constituents at any given time.

Anyway, here's five specifically selected interactions (cases) I'm to report on:

Case #1:

While having a deeply theoretical conversation with Ut. Rosemarie (representative #102166) on the flaws inherent in the Drake equation and getting astounding answers back, Dr. Lee, a physicist at M.I.T. pivots and asks about the Unified Field Theory, also known as "The Theory

of Everything”. Up until now the idea that there is a single formula out there that can neatly sum up all the laws of nature is still unconfirmed and theoretical. The discovery of such an equation, however, would make Einstein’s famous $E=mc^2$ look like child’s play in its significance and would completely unlock the laws of the universe. The advanced technologies that would follow in its wake would be almost unimaginable to us today—Just like the levitating and mountainous Vawks I can see in the stratosphere that appear to defy the laws of physics as we currently know them.

Dr Lee: So is there a theory of everything?

Ut. Rosemarie: Yes, I can confirm that.

Dr Lee: Oh my, so it is true then. Do you know it, can you tell me it?

Ut. Rosemarie: Nice try. I do know it. It’s a rather short but elegant formula. But I can’t divulge anything more than that.

Dr. Lee: Why not?

Ut. Rosemarie: Dr. Lee, we both know the double-edged sword us humans fashioned out of Einstein’s equation, using it for good in creating atomic energy and abusing it in creating the atomic bomb. The Theory of Everything would be thousands of times more dangerous, and harder for us not to abuse. Quantum theory, the fallacies in string theory, the existence of the multiverse, anti-gravity drives, fractional light speed space travel, cold fusion and more would all lie at man’s feet. So too would the tempting weaponization of all those items. We’re simply too immature to handle such knowledge responsibly and would annihilate ourselves and possibly many other civilizations to boot.

Dr. Lee: You know what? On second thought you’re right, wise beyond your years young lady. I’m glad you won’t reveal it.

And in case you noticed, this five-year-old girl had no trouble pronouncing “big words”. In fact, none of the Untouchables had that problem anymore. In the 11 days since they had returned, they had all outgrown their child-like mispronunciations. And this was just another one of those things that made some people see them as adorably intelligent, interesting and otherworldly while others felt they were evil, alien and creepy.

* * * * *

Case #2:

Six-year-old Levander Davis from Montreal is having another excited video chat with his local rep, Ut. Steve (#003609). Levander doesn’t mind that his mom’s been using the Untouchable as a video babysitter while she does her work because Steve has, over the last weeks, become his dearest friend, always ready to play video games or keep him entertained with funny chats. And Mom loves it because not only does he seem to be a good boy with good values,

but he even tutors her son and helps him with his homework—for free! And those purple glowing eyes kind of look cool. Mesmerizing even.

In this particular session, their rambling conversation touches on all the deeply important and philosophical questions of Levander’s day such as whether Thomas the Tank Engine can beat up Dora the Explorer and why vegetables are not as good for you as dinosaur chicken nuggets are. In the background, Levander’s toddler cousin Jack rambles in and drops his pacifier. Levander picks it up and puts it back in Jack’s mouth.

Ut. Steve says, “Hey Levander, you should rinse off Jack-a-doodle’s pacifier to get the germs off before you put it in his mouth next time.”

Charging into the room, Jack’s mom approaches the screen and says “What did you just call him? Did you just call him ‘Jack-a-doodle’?”

“Yes ma’am,” Ut. Steve says nervously.

“You’ve never seen Jack before correct?”

“No ma’am.”

“Stop calling me ma’am. Have you ever heard us call him ‘Jack-a-doodle?’”

“No”

“Then how did you know his pet name?”

“I just know ma’— oops, sorry. Um... I just know.”

“Oh no. Hell no! We’re done here.” Mom cuts off the chat.

* * * * *

Case #3:

In Germany, two teenage brothers are being video-tutored in geometry by their local Untouchable. After one leaves the room, the other, Johan, tearfully confides in Ut. Hans (#090668) about the bullying he’s experiencing at school due to his nervous, stuttering speech impediment. He also comes out to Ut. Hans that he’s gay. The five-year-old doesn’t seem surprised and gives him words of encouragement, boosting his confidence. They talk often, several times a day and this teenager will soon come to think of Ut. Hans as the closest friend he’s ever had.

One week later rumors emerge that Ut. Hans had reached out to the bullies on a group chat and asked them to stop teasing Johan, but instead they ridiculed the Untouchable, calling him an alien, a freak, while vowing to step up the taunts on “Yo—Yo—Yohan.”

A few days after this interaction, one member of the group set his humiliation aside and asked the others a pointed question:

“Have you guys started wetting the bed?”

After that, they stopped bullying Johan.

They stopped wetting the bed too.

* * * * *

Case #4:

In Honduras, a nation with among the highest rate of murders and where violence and gang activity runs rampant, Selena was desperate. Her 12-year-old sister had been kidnapped and murdered five years ago and no one had been held responsible even though everyone knew it was MS-13 that did it. In Honduras, nine out of ten murders go unresolved, especially if it's a female who's killed. Now Selena's other sister had been kidnapped. They had gone to the police, borrowed the money to pay the bribes necessary to get them off their asses to investigate, and still they hadn't done anything but offer lip service.

So Selena got in touch with her district Untouchable, Ut. Ricardo (#271302). But she wasn't comfortable talking to him. It was something about the eyes, maybe the fact that it was also a little kid and how do you talk to a child about such serious topics? So she used the avatar select option and chose someone she could more easily identify with, a female, someone on the plump side and in her mid-twenties. She even chose a unique nickname for her: “Roxanne”. The eyes, however, weren't optional and remained a gently glowing purple.

Ut. Roxanne couldn't tell Selena anything about who had killed her sister five years ago since that was before her time as a returnee, and she had no information to give. But as for her other sister Marcella, she had been kidnapped, tortured, raped and killed. Ut. Roxanne couldn't tell her that though. Not yet. Since Eve had given the government of Honduras some time to get the violence under control and reduce their crime rate on their own—by one-third no later than 2040—her hands, and tongue, were tied. However, if they didn't show significant progress toward reaching that goal by 2035, Eve might authorize the Untouchables to do more. But for now, Selena would have to settle for the location of her sister's body.

Selena was both shattered and grateful for the information. She took it to the cops. They dug her naked body up. “MS-13”—the most powerful and fearsome of all the gangs—was branded on to her torso. The cops pretended to investigate but no one was arrested. In Honduras it was common knowledge that some of the cops were gang members, or had siblings that were, or that the cops themselves were paid or threatened by the gangs to look the other way. It was also a well-known fact that MS-13 had invested heavily in the political and judicial sectors over the decades, donating to the campaigns of politicians and paying for the college and law school educations of hundreds of attorneys. Many of these “investments” had paid off handsomely, maturing into not just corrupt lawyers and judges but mayors and high-ranking

government officials too. That meant top gang members could commit crimes with impunity, or maybe just a little slap on the wrist, depending on the corrupt judge they faced. And the retaliation against victim's families for pressing charges would be brutal.

So Selena had to settle for burying her sister in a decent grave. For now.

* * * * *

Case #5:

In Moscow, an ultra-nationalist skinhead named Vladimir Chumburovich is arguing with Ut. Tatiana (#097229) in Russian on his big screen computer monitor while performing mouth-to-mouth on a full bottle of vodka. The drunken conversation veers off in all directions:

“Pledge Allegiance to Mother Russia!” Vladimir shouts.

“My allegiance is to Mother Earth and all its people,” Ut. Tatiana retorts back.

“What are you? You're not human, what are you?”

“I am human, same as you. Just more evolved.”

“More evolved? What the fuck does that mean?” he spits venomously.

“Evolved. I have certain abilities that are years advanced from yours. Other human traits have been purposely weakened. This is done through variable expression of certain genes in my DNA. I also have a computer biotech interface that—”

“I don't give a shit about your explanations. President P***** says it's all lies. Said your DNA is part human, part alien.”

“Like all the other Untouchables, 99% of my DNA comes from my parents, the other 1% is also human DNA, but optimized to—”

“Shut up you little freak!” Don't you know that... that...” Vladimir slurs and stumbles and nearly falls, “that right this minute people are working on how to kill you and your darling Leader up there, right? When they do, I'll be the first to piss on your grave...”

And on and on the conversation goes for a time until Vlad, in a rage, smashes the bottle of vodka into his monitor. Emptied, of course.

Vlad goes to the mall the following day to see Ut. Tatiana at a public meet and greet. After waiting in line for a time he approaches her to test his theory:

“Mother Russia,” he says with a grunt.

“Mother Earth,” Ut. Tatiana replies with a smile.

Theory confirmed. Incredibly, despite the fact that dozens, perhaps even hundreds of Tatiana avatars must have been speaking to scores of locals yesterday, this flesh and blood Untouchable is somehow able to process and recall the details of each chat as if she herself was actually present. That’s when Vlad walks away with a new, partially formed thought he deemed profound enough to warrant another bottle of fresh-squeezed vodka: The Touch app was not using artificial intelligence at all. It was real intelligence but disguised so as to appear artificial. Yes... of course.

And if that was the case, it also meant [REDACTED].

Which meant they could be defeated. All we would have to do is...

And had he not gotten too drunk to recall it the following day, his insight might have saved us from the cataclysm to come.

* * * * *

Increasingly, over the course of the months following their return, people began to comment on how rapidly the 5 year-old Untouchables seemed to be growing. One year later, with so many queries coming their way about the issue, the Untouchables were finally authorized to admit to the obvious: Yes, they were aging twice as fast as their contemporaries. By 2035, just 5 years from now, they would have grown and “aged” by 10 years, making them appear the physiologic equivalent of 15-year-old teenagers. By 2040, they would appear 25 years old. But once they “turned 30”—just 12.5 years from now in mid-2042, they would stop aging and remain 30 for the rest of their lives. That’s because 30 was the target age Eve considered ideal for Her human ambassadors.

From early on people could sense their powers and, as more time passed, the Untouchables would meet those expectations as Eve endowed them with more and more responsibilities, not to mention otherworldly abilities. Their mission was to help their constituents, their local friends and neighbors and it was a duty they took seriously. The Untouchables were celibate as well. And honest to a fault. These qualities would endear them to some and make them enemies to others.

Over the course of the years and decades to follow, many people would get to know, and grow, with their fellow Untouchables, developing very deep and personal relationships with them through the Touch app. They would become companions, confidantes and best friends—as close to family as one could be. Many would ask for things, perhaps help with school, help obtaining a medication, perhaps a cure for a previously incurable disease, or help for a friend. Sometimes the Ut. came through, sometimes not. Others used them as wishing wells, asking for money, new cars, new friends, toys, lovers—even for help in committing crimes. Hey, it couldn’t hurt to ask when the most the Untouchable would do is simply say “no” without judging or telling on them.

For others they were villains, punching bags they could call up at any time and verbally abuse, venting their spleens and knowing the entire time the Untouchables would never lose their cool, never stoop to the level of dishing it back. Sometimes that infuriated people too.

And still others avoided them completely, never speaking to what they considered to be the demonic spawns of Satan.

Because Untouchables not only kept their promises but could also accomplish much of whatever it was they had set out to do, politicians, in general, would grow to despise them. From their perspective, here were these powerful entities that would, increasingly over time, usurp their political authority and make these leaders look inept in the process. And they asked for little in return. Other than urging people to “strive for the Greater Good” and bullshit like that, they accepted no bribes, kickbacks or payoffs. **GODDAMMIT THEY WERE BAD FOR BUSINESS AND SOMETHING NEEDED TO BE DONE ABOUT IT!**

As for the youngest segment of society who would grow up after Z-Day having never known a time without Vawks in the skies or Untouchables in their neighborhoods, these beings would simply become a normal and integral part of their lives. And the Touch App itself was amazingly functional as a social platform, putting other apps like TikTok or AlQuds to shame. This generation would grow up with no qualms about telling their Ut. their most intimate secrets, desires and dreams, or asking for world peace, whatever the cost, or thanking them for helping fix the planet that those who came before them were so responsible for nearly ruining. Or asking for anything else for that matter. Turned out they were good matchmakers too. No—they were **GREAT** matchmakers—“perfect soulmate finders”—and they would be invited to the weddings of many a couple they had helped unite. Funerals too.

Mothership

On August 4, 2030, the inbound Mothership, still putting on its nonstop minute-by-minute planetary census show, flashed twice to reveal a planet completely encased in ice with liquid water below.

Its oceans were filled with aquatic life. “Fish” large and small of every variety that, though not identical, would not have appeared too out of place were they in our seas on Earth. But not all. One blob-shaped featureless species, a filter-feeder, was 5 or 6 times larger and more massive than our largest of blue whales. Another species, dolphin-like—if dolphins had two heads—skillfully used the razor-sharp structure between both heads to ram into and slice open other fish for food. But mostly, the millions of different species of DNA-based aquatic life were plentiful and “ordinary”.

Deeper below it all were sprawling domes that covered the sea floor for thousands of square miles. Lit up in a rainbow of brightly illuminated colors, they extended several miles above the sea floor.

Under these artificial domes, however, it was a different story. Here was an engineered world, a dry world, its atmosphere rich in both oxygen and nitrogen. It was an Atlantis-like realm with highly structured cityscapes, electronically powered flying transportation networks and strangely pulsating lights that appeared to cover most every square inch of outdoor surface.

The predominant life form was an octopus-like tentacled species that, according to the data, was more intelligent and advanced than us humans. They had evolved over eons—shedding their aquatic requirements—and built this world and the machinery necessary to transform both themselves and their habitat. Peaceful and cohesive as a society, they farmed the seabed floor with alien crops that would have been poisonous to us and fished the liquid ocean outside their domes for food, just as we did.





Mississippi—The Sacrificial Lamb

By the summer of 2030, just two years after Z-Day, the world's economy was in tatters thanks in large part to free energy Moonbeams. Though they were doing wonders for our civilization as a whole, they had the side effect of pulling the rug out from under the backbone of the global economy: Oil. To date, demand had dropped 55% and sinking fast. There was a glut of oil on the market and little extra space to store it in as drillers and refineries shut down. A barrel of oil could be had for \$19.00 and a gallon of gas went for 89 cents at the pump as, with each passing day, more and more people and industries got off the fossil fuel teet.

But no economy had it worse than the United States who's dollar had lost an unfathomable 36% of its value. This was caused by a multitude of factors:

1. The waning of oil sales which had propped up the U.S. dollar and its status as the world's reserve currency.
2. China and other nations, having lost faith in the U.S. dollar, sold off most of their U.S. Treasury Bonds, cashing in before they too took a complete bath.
3. The whopping \$4 trillion dollar U.S. government bailout of all the "Too big to fail" banks and other financial institutions that had underwritten all those now worthless oil-backed loans.
4. The \$3 trillion dollar stimulus package that sent checks to small businesses and individuals to keep them afloat.

Now with the unemployment rate at 14% and inflation at a record 22%, it seemed impossible that America would ever be able to pull out of its third world-like economic tailspin. And it was dragging most of the other global economies down with it.

And although President DeSantis couldn't be held entirely to blame for all of it, the public wanted his head and his approval ratings reflected that. One thing that was clear: It was no secret that DeSantis hated Eve and he railed against Her every chance he could get. She had usurped his authority, collapsed the economy and, maybe worst of all, made him appear weak by forcing him to sign on to the denuclearization deal at the point of a missile.

So it was that in the face of this desperation Eve had thrown President DeSantis a lifeline. It had occurred during that secretive meeting onboard Air Force One—the harrowing events of which DeSantis was determined the public would never know about. She had come to him with a proposition. Okay it was an ultimatum. But if he played his cards right he might just come out of it looking like a hero, able to redeem his good name and, most importantly, save the country—not to mention the world—from economic ruin.

After careful evaluation, Eve had made Her decision as to the ideal location where the Mothership would set down upon its arrival in 2060. Her decision was based on numerous factors, only two of which She would divulge. One was that the land needed to be sizeable enough to accommodate the gargantuan size of the Mothership. Another was that it needed to have direct access to water, namely the ocean. The location She had chosen was:

The Great State of Mississippi
The entirety of it.

Furthermore, despite the fact that the Mothership would not arrive for another 30 years, the state would need to be permanently evacuated of all of its residents no later than November 1, 2033—just 3 short years from now. From that date forward until the Mothership departed in 2180, the land would be strictly off-limits to everyone.

In exchange for the 147 year-long lease of the land, the United States federal government would receive a handsome compensation package that included the following:

1. Exclusive ownership rights over the totality of metals contained in the StarGate. All the gold, silver, iron, copper, nickel, cobalt—everything. Conservative estimates placed the total value at way over \$50 trillion.
2. Exclusive rights to an ever-evolving package of innovative technologies and patents that would guarantee the U.S. government at least \$2.5 trillion dollars in annual revenues.

As much as he hated to admit it, Eve's ultimatum was a very attractive, even eye-watering opportunity. More than enough to pay off the entire U.S. debt (over \$48 trillion) and still cover practically all forthcoming federal expenses for the foreseeable future. In fact, with that type of guaranteed annuity, Uncle Sam could stop collecting some federal taxes altogether, maybe even pick up the tab for some state budgets too! No taxes! Universal healthcare! Infrastructure projects! Free college for all! And the U.S. dollar would immediately rise to the top again, permanently retaking its proper place as the world's reserve currency.

Of course, President DeSantis would need to spin it to the public like it was a legitimate business proposition, maybe even his idea to begin with, rather than the non-negotiable demand it was.

Congress would have to vote on it but it would be an easy sell. Both parties, republicans and democrats, were reeling from the economy and their constituents were desperate for a way out. But time was short, and he had to work quick. So he began promoting the deal immediately. Polls showed bipartisan support. After all, who doesn't want to never have to pay state and federal taxes again? Mississippians were even more supportive after he promised that each man, woman and child resident would receive a minimum compensation package of \$650,000 — \$1,000,000 in addition to very generous buyouts for certain assets, homes, properties, businesses, etc.

But not everyone saw it that way. The hardcore MAGA republicans felt that the President's proposal to lease out Mississippi and cede territory to the alien enemy was nothing short of a seditious betrayal of his base. This opened up an opportunity for them and other far-right political candidates to out-crazy one another in their attacks on DeSantis. And the front-runner in the whack-job department was none other than Marjorie Taylor Greene:

“President DeSantis has been possessed by the devil! He must be in order to sell out our country. This is not the Ron DeSantis I know. Have you noticed that his speech is different? And the way he wears his hair. He's even a little shorter, by at least an inch. I demand a DNA test. Our President is not real. He's an imposter, a fake! He's been replaced by a clone, an avatar, a look alike!”

And if you think that theory sounds too absurd to be believed, think again. Because this concept, started by none other than Qanon, would immediately sprout wings and take off. After all, didn't Eve—a life-like avatar composed of nanoparticles—look real? In fact, didn't She look just like the spitting image of the REAL Greta Thunberg when she was just a teenager, minus the lavender eyes and with perkier red hair? Was it so farfetched that the President could be abducted and replaced by an identical avatar? Could anyone REALLY say this was an impossibility?

In the coming years this bizarrely not-so-bizarre conspiracy theory, known as “imposter theory”, would be weaponized and turned into a potent tool of accusation. Like a throwback to the Salem witch hunts, it would become an easy and convenient way to point a suspicious finger against anyone and everyone, be they friend or foe, neighbor or political opponent—no evidence required. Soon, there would even be a social media challenge: “A sure-fire way to prove you weren't an imposter”. All it required was two mutual friends who would forcefully slap each other in the face and prove they were real humans by not shattering into millions of pieces. Of course, the test could be levied on complete strangers as well. As could assault charges. Ultimately, outside of Eve, no one ever failed that challenge.

But that didn't slow down the increasingly deep-rooted belief in imposters. And by 2034, the insanity would be taken to entirely new levels with the appearance of a devious new website: TeenageMutantBountyHunters.com. Launched by a shadowy alt-right extremist group known as the “Ultra-Negs” (short for Ultra-Negat-Eves), they would release an “Alien-loving traitors to humanity” hitlist. And near the top was U.S. Supreme Court Justice Ketanji Brown Jackson who's one-million-dollar bounty “would promptly be paid in untraceable Bitcoin to any American patriot who terminated her.” She would be the first to fall, killed by a deranged assault-rifle wielding gunman who was convinced of the QAnon claim that she too was a life-like replacement, an avatar. After his arrest he would say that he was surprised to see her bleeding out on the ground rather than breaking up into trillions of particles when he mowed her down.

But let me not get too ahead of myself in the timeline. My point here is that Marjorie Taylor Greene would take the early lead, becoming the darling of the right and far-right. In doing so, she would shove aside DeSantis and all other comers and ride the Republican crazy-train of

conspiracy theories, alien invasion plots, and American nationalism all the way to becoming the Republican Presidential nominee in the next election. One of her biggest campaign promises was to promptly tear up the agreement to hand the state of Mississippi over to Eve and, if it becomes necessary, to declare war against Her.

But no one did a better job of “rationally” taking it to DeSantis then the future President Mike Jess who’s blue-collar everyman appeal at opposition rallies was filling up stadiums and garnering millions of followers in the U.S. and abroad as he railed against “that RINO sellout DeSantis. That Judas who would trade the state of Mississippi for a few shiny pieces of silver. That traitor who would allow this little purple-eyed Bitch to freely gain a foothold in Mississippi.” How stupid could you be? Couldn’t you see that our land would be used as a beach-head by which Her horde of little green men would invade the entire United States? And what of all the babies abducted against their parent’s will, like his son Defiance? By having any dealings at all with Eve, DeSantis was harboring the enemy and signaling he was okay with all this. So were the other moderate Republicans. No, it couldn’t be allowed to stand. You were either with us or against us and anyone on Eve’s side was nothing short of a traitor. Then he said the prophetic line he would come to repeat often: “A civil war may be necessary to save our country.”

Back to 2030. As the year came to a close, a fast-tracked special referendum on the land-lease proposal was held in Mississippi in November. It passed with flying colors. Congress, desperate for economic relief, wasted little time after that and passed a federal bill through both Houses by late December with President DeSantis signing it into law on December 31, 2030. The global markets reacted immediately, pouring money back into the U.S. economy and, in the ensuing months, reversing and erasing the losses of the previous two years to make it clear that THE U.S. WAS BACK.

One other thing.. President DeSantis, knowing that there would be some residents who would refuse to leave Mississippi, who would resist and possibly take up arms against the government, was able to extract a promise from Eve that no one would be hurt or killed by Her if federal authorities were unable to clear out every last soul by the deadline. Eve assured him that he had nothing to worry about on that end. Which of course made him worry more..

Taiwan Declares Independence—China Declares War

On October 1, 2030, Taiwan became the first nation to sign on to Eve's One World Government Transitional Agreement. Immediately after that, they declared independence as a nation. China, which had a long-standing law on its books that obligated them to declare war on Taiwan the moment they declared independence did just that 24 hours later. As of October 2nd, 2030, China and Taiwan were officially at war.

China spent the next four weeks mobilizing its fearsome military for an invasion of the small island located just 100 miles away from the mainland. By October 25th, the Chinese Navy had placed a ring of warships around the island imposing a blockade on all maritime vessels entering and exit Taiwan.

Curiously, they had faced no military resistance so far. Not even from Taiwan's capable air, land and sea forces which had orders to stand down.

On November 4th, 2030, at 7 am local time, China launched a crippling cyber-attack that took down the Taiwanese power grid and completely blacked out the island. This marked the opening salvo in China's impending land invasion.

The moment the cyberattack had occurred, a new live-stream video feed appeared on ArmaLena.com. It was centered on one ship in the surrounding battle group, the Chinese aircraft carrier Liaoning where "Chinese Eve" had suddenly materialized on the deck calling for the Captain. In a very brief but heated discussion She told him that from the moment Taiwan had signed on to the One World Government's Transitional Agreement, they had fallen under Eve's protective umbrella. From that point forward, Eve had guaranteed their national security, borders, and territorial integrity. The Chinese government had been duly warned weeks before and these actions would not be tolerated.

As She spoke, Taiwan's power grid began to come back online as Eve's own software took over. Within minutes, all Chinese cyber-attacks had ceased. By that afternoon, all of Taiwan's internet service had moved over to Eve's Outernet, thus becoming completely impervious to any and all cyber-attacks, hacking and malware from that point forward.

Back on deck, Eve told the Captain he had two hours to completely evacuate the aircraft carrier of all of its crew. She also warned against trying to remove any of the aircraft or other weaponry onboard. Only the lifeboats would be allowed to leave. Before he could respond, She dissolved into pieces and vanished with the wind. Minutes later the ship, with its 36 multibillion-dollar fighter jets, went completely dead in the water.

With bright sunshine and clear blue skies above, the Captain immediately ordered the evacuation of all of his fighter jets, but not his crew. As the first Shenyang J-15 fighter jet accelerated down the flight deck and up the tilted 'ski-ramp' launching pad, the crew immediately

prepared to launch another. But less than a second into its steep, nose-up climb, the jet broke apart and exploded as if slapped from the sky.

Following emergency splashdown procedures, the onboard Harbin Z-9C helicopter immediately lifted off in search of survivors. But just as it rose vertically above the deck and cleared the uppermost towers of the ship, the top of its rotors broke apart and disintegrated into flying shards and the craft came crashing back down, its crew just managing to escape the smoldering wreck.

Moments later in the video, the Captain, on a hunch, orders a fire hose be hauled up to the highest point of the aircraft carrier, pointed straight up and turned on. The forceful stream of water travels about 10 feet and no further before taking on a starburst pattern and raining back down. Next, the guy with the hose walks back and forth while tracing out the overhead obstruction. After some discussion, the Captain comes to a startling conclusion: The only logical explanation is that there must be some sort of transparent invisible ceiling, like a huge pane of glass, situated just feet above the carrier and running its entire length. It's obvious now that no aircraft will be leaving this ship.

With just under an hour left on the deadline, China's President Xi, in consultation with his top military commanders, is desperate not to show weakness no matter what dirty tricks Eve has in store. They will not abandon ship. But they need to be careful as well. So the Captain orders a strategic partial evacuation of the ship with only a skeleton crew of 50 sailors, including the Captain remaining onboard.

With much of the world watching events unfold online, the defiant crew takes up parade formation on the flight deck at mid-ship with orders not to budge from that spot.

Seconds after the 2-hour evacuation deadline passes, the continuing live-stream video shows the entire crew hitting the deck all at once while reflexively covering their heads for protection. Scrambling to their feet, some point and shout toward the Liaoning's stern while others point to the towers. But nothing looks amiss. Then, in a panicked stampede, they sprint toward the ship's bow, some taking furtive over-the-shoulder glances as they run. Arriving at the ski-jump, the frightened crew is coughing and gagging, some doubled over, in the clear sunshine. Doing their best to hold out and not jump off, the crew simultaneously hits the deck once more, some now swatting at themselves before making a mad dash over the edge and plunging several stories into the waters below where they are promptly picked up by rescue crews.

Interviewed later, the sailors would insist that the carrier had suddenly caught fire at the rear and was being rocked by tremendous explosions at both the stern and towers. As the searing heat began working its way forward in waves, the sailors risked becoming engulfed in the wall of thick black hell coming at them from behind. Once they made it to the ski-jump, there was another explosion just feet away. Some sailors even swore they were on fire and were stupefied watching the videos of themselves swatting at the non-existent flames. They simply had no choice but to run for their lives and jump.

Once all the sailors in the water had been rescued, Eve came over the radio and ordered the Chinese Navy to immediately clear a half-mile radius around the Liaoning and continue to ground their aircraft.

Next, with the rest of the Chinese Navy and the wider world as witnesses, an even more bewildering spectacle unfolds: Starting at the uppermost reaches of the Liaoning's tall control towers, the radar dishes perched at the peak of the antennas begin to VANISH. Foot-by-foot in the brilliantly clear blue skies, more of the ship progressively disappears along a straight horizontal line that continues working its way down through. The flight deck silently vanishes followed by the upper hull and mid-hull.. And just as the mystifying invisibility line descends further, reaching the water line..

a shimmer
a ripple in the light
a haziness

It takes only three seconds for it to completely shed its invisible camouflage and reveal itself as one of Eve's shuttles. Solid white in color now, it continues to descend below the waterline, swallowing up the Liaoning in its cavernous underbelly as if it were a toy boat before slowly rising out of the sea with its prize tucked neatly inside and heading for a Vawk stationed 20 miles above Beijing, China.

Two days later, what appears to be the same shuttle slowly buds off from the behemoth Vawk and descends to the very center of China's revolutionary heart and soul: Tiananmen Square. Once at ground level, it begins to give birth, slowly rising to reveal a huge metallic structure emerging from within. But it quickly becomes apparent this hatchling is no longer the original Liaoning. Rather, this is an artistically majestic sculpture: metallic, huge, a vertical ring-like sculpture? Actually no.. it's more like a gigantic Ferris Wheel 1,200 feet high. But instead of the traditional design, there is a GIANT PEACE SIGN with spokes that extend out from the center to the edges—just like the one on the Moon—made out of thousands of tons of the Liaoning's repurposed war-machine iron, copper and steel.

And it came with a warning that landed like a thumb in the eye of China's Communist leadership: Do not tamper with, remove, obstruct or otherwise hinder the sculpture from view nor prevent people from freely visiting the site. Inevitably, and to the great ire and humiliation of President Xi, that directive would make this one of the nation's top tourist sites.

Shortly after this, China tucked its tail between its legs and withdrew all forces from around Taiwan. To save face, however, they refused to officially retract their war declaration. But they did double down and declare Eve a foreign agent. This designation was a way to legally bind China's hands and significantly limit the interactions it could have with Her in the future. Ultimately, it would prove to be a toothless gesture akin to cutting of one's nose to spite their own face.

For Taiwan's part, they soon began dismantling and repurposing their military to a

“Planetary Protection Force”. Guided by the island’s Untouchables, this peacekeeping force would soon devote itself to Earth-centric projects like building (or dismantling) dams, planting trees and working on major environmental infrastructure projects with other friendly nations. And under Eve’s umbrella of protection, they were able to shed billions of dollars annually in defense spending.

Other nations were watching. The United States and Russia especially. For if there was ever proof their militaries didn’t stand a chance against Eve, they had just seen it.

Ukraine was watching too. Though the war between Russia and Ukraine had officially come to an end, it never truly did. And Russian troops still occupied parts of Ukraine, claiming the territories as their own.

In a few short weeks, Ukraine would be the second to sign on to Eve’s One World Government Transitional Agreement. And that’s when the Russian military started to shit their pants. That’s not a figure of speech either. All Russian military personnel located within Ukraine’s original borders **STARTED TO SHIT THEIR PANTS UNCONTROLLABLY**. And things only got crazier-worse from there. Maybe I’ll tell you about it later. Suffice it to say that by March 1, 2031, there was not a single enemy Russian soldier, fighter, or dissident left in Ukraine.

The Global Environmental Technology Conference: Day 1

Source: The Global Environmental Technology Conference

Location: Las Vegas Convention Center

Date: December 16-18, 2030

This wide-ranging conference has been edited and condensed for clarity:

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~~~~~17!~~~~~

Day One:

It had been one year since the invisible nanoparticles went global, multiplying and reproducing to the point that they were on everything and in everything—air, land and sea—as evidenced by their ubiquitous but faint nighttime Indiglo illumination. Levels 1-2 of The Whole Earth Catalog, a developing census of all things on the planet, had been completed back in January and February. Every living thing (except humans and pets) from animals to plants to microorganisms had been digitally tagged, identified, counted and catalogued just as had happened in The Lost Rainforest of Madagascar. But then the system went dark for subsequent levels. We could still see that it was data processing and working its way through Level 3 (the analysis of all physiologic functions within cells) and Level 4 (the comparative and cross-match analysis of data across the globe—a prime example being the discovery of the plastic-digesting bacterial enzyme in Madagascar), but none of that information was being displayed.

In Madagascar, however, the system had stopped at Level 4. But by August, the global census was onto Level 5 and just days ago it completed Level 6 with no word yet on what any of it meant.

So this 3-day Global Environmental Technology Conference (G.E.T. Con) was meant to answer some of these questions and more.

The first keynote speaker was a man named Steve Aoki who, prior to this day, was a moderate celebrity, musical artist and global humanitarian known for his philanthropic work. The man was brilliant and compassionate with a genuine love for nature and technology. Most of all, he chose to see the best in people and genuinely cared for his fellow man and woman. It was why Eve had chosen him for this special role. After today, he would become one of the most recognized and powerful men in the world. Here's some of what Steve Aoki had to say standing on a stage before a crowd of thousands:

“Ladies and gentlemen, we’ve all been wondering about the purpose of all these nanoparticles, this smartdust that has engulfed the world. What is its true purpose? Is it harmful? And what does it mean for us?”

“The fact is we’re surrounded by smartdust right now. Tiny micromachines and nanosensors floating invisibly through the air. And these tiny, tiny, TINY entities, simply by virtue of their microscopic size can’t help but get inside everything, every animal, every cell. The only place they can’t reach is into bodies of water, fish and marine life. And yes, as most of you know by now, that means they’re in us too...”

The crowd stirs.. some rumbles of discontent.

“Now... now hold on. Don’t kill the messenger. I didn’t make these things and I wasn’t all that happy when I found out myself. As Eve explained to me, when it comes to what ails us and what ails the planet, we can’t fix what we don’t know. And this nanotechnology is exactly what it takes not just to know, but it’s also the tool to fix most everything. The hurry-up reconstruction job our planet needs simply cannot be accomplished without them and the infiltration of nanos into every corner of the world, including our bodies cannot be helped. It’s the price we must pay if we are to rescue our civilization and biosphere.

“Having said that, this global smartdust, in concert with Eve’s supercomputers, has spent the last year chugging and churning through vast amounts of data. Three days ago, it got through the final stage, Level 6...”

Behind him, a giant screen lights up. Displayed on it is a single, shimmering, violet eye.

“Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the Whole Earth Catalog in its completed entirety. I am proud to introduce to you... Omniscience”.

The word “Omniscience” appears under the eye.

“Omniscience. The ultimate in software. The encyclopedic database of everything. ALL PLANETARY KNOWLEDGE. What we have here is the Whole Earth Catalog digitized, analyzed and understood. All-seeing, all-knowing, all-powerful (And although he didn’t say it outright, those three words were, essentially, the definition of God). So let’s see what this means, shall we?”

On the giant screen behind him a globe of Earth. Steve zooms in on live-streaming video images happening now on the streets of New Delhi, India. He hovers his cursor just above the buildings and a text bubble appears with real-time data on air quality, pollution and particulate counts in parts per million.

Next, he zooms in to a random plot of farmland in Kansas and further down into the surface of the Earth and another data bubble containing full topsoil analysis with complete nutrient

and chemical composition. The nitrogen content here is flashing in red and, according to the analysis, is abnormally elevated due to over fertilization.

“This map includes geological surveys of all terrestrial lands. Mineral deposits, metals, ores, coal deposits all quantified, analyzed. Undiscovered freshwater aquifers, some surprisingly vast and in the unlikeliest and driest of areas, like this one just under the Saudi desert here as you can see. There are also thousands of precious archaeological sites, many of which will only be revealed to properly authorized personnel to prevent looting. But outside of similarly sensitive items, much of this is going to be freely available in the public domain.”

“Omniscience, show me ‘mass graves’”, Steve says. Onscreen the database populates to reveal every continent and most every nation littered with dots, the result of millennia of accumulated carnage, wars and plagues. A sampling:

- In the Scandinavian territories scores of mass graves dating back to the Viking era were geo-tagged.
- Turkey had several that would be found to contain the bodies of thousands of Armenians killed in a genocide the government had long denied. Ukraine and Syria had similar mass burials.
- In Germany, the map would come to reveal where previously unknown Holocaust victims were buried en masse, along with the sites where two prolific serial killers had dumped their victims and gotten away with their crimes for years.
- Also throughout Britain, Germany and parts of France, the incidentally buried locations of dozens of undetonated 500lb. bombs dating back to World War II. Not to mention the mass graves salted throughout Europe—victims of the Black Plague.
- In the United States it was scores of mass graves filled with Native Americans who were massacred by the hundreds and thousands during the colonial era. Later, in a more specific data search looking for randomly buried single graves of particular interest was this: In a wooded lot near an electric battery manufacturing facility in Lordstown, Ohio, DNA testing would confirm the long-lost body of the former Teamster President J**** H**** and set off a fresh resurgence of interest in his notorious disappearance and death.

“Here we can see all the environmental and toxic waste sites all around the globe, many previously covered up and hidden from view and now laid bare for all to see. And now that they’ve been mapped out, nanoparticles will begin scrubbing and cleaning those sites up, with complete restoration to their original state expected within 12 months.”

Onscreen thousands of sites lit up. In Sierra Leone you could trace the mercury-contaminated soil from its origins in numerous gold mines and follow it as it leached into the underground aquifers used for drinking water. In a suburb of Moscow people were surprised by the

dangerously high lead levels in their drinking water after recently being reassured by officials that everything was “just fine”. In northern France, one area in particular lit up with mysterious radiation thought to be the sight of a surreptitious disposal of highly contaminated water, possibly from an unreported nuclear reactor leak.

“Like I said, for the last 12 months the Omniscience program has been watching, tracking, and analyzing everything: sights, sounds, smells, magnetic fields. In that time, it has made many correlations and linkages, picked up all kinds of patterns, like the migratory patterns of every species of migrating bird, butterfly, or animal, for example. As you will soon see, it’s this type of deep knowledge that will allow Eve to facilitate Her rehabilitation of their habitats.

“Now how about a demonstration? Hmm... let’s see... Omniscience, please find us a seagull on the California coast.”

A dot appears on a map of California.

“Now show us everywhere it has ever been since its birth... or is it hatch?”

A jumble of time-stamped geo-tracking blue lines appear, streaking back and forth and all contained within a 15 mile radius.

“Now show us what the bird is doing at this moment.”

Suddenly, a live image from the California coast, near Muscle Beach, as the camera slowly lazies a few feet above the nearby beach goes. A child throws something at the camera and it instantly zooms in with super sharp focus to reveal the airborne popcorn kernel before swooping in to snatch it out of the air—while along the periphery, the image appears slightly blurred. The crowd in the convention center, still trying to process what they’re seeing, can be heard to stir in wonder? confusion? horror?... but yet, they’re still not sure because

Because the implications to us humans being similarly “brain-tapped” are fucking terrifying is why.

“Omniscience, can you show us all the polar bears in the Arctic.”

18,445 black dots appear. Along with one flashing in blue.

“Show us what the blue dot is doing.”

A sudden expanse of white. Frozen tundra. The polar bear circles around and the blue water’s edge comes into view behind it. It approaches the edge and dives in, the view disappearing to a default green screen as the feed loses its signal underwater. The crowd lets out a collective ‘ooh’ before the scene comes back as the animal resurfaces. The crowd breaks out in cheers.

“Show me a bat. No... a bat in a cave in Mozambique. One that’s active right now.”

This time the image is strange—its appearance similar to a medical ultrasound. Black and white, shifting and awash with static, difficult to discern what’s happening. Suddenly, the impression of movement as the bat uses ultrasound waves to echolocate and visualize its surroundings. Only later would researchers be able to decipher the images and determine that this bat had left the cave and was swooping through tree branches in pursuit of its flying insect prey.

“One more. Saved the best for last. Omniscience, show me a honeybee gathering nectar in... Oh I don’t know, Melbourne, Australia.”

Zooming in on the global map to Melbourne, to a small neighborhood, a tree, a writhing mass of black dots, and one blue dot just leaving the hive. The blue dot goes live and at first, it’s difficult to understand the images. The bright blue sky above is rendered in a wondrous purple full of linear striations (which biologists would soon determine are the Earth’s magnetic field lines) as the camera continues to fly through open space for a few minutes before approaching a patch of wildflowers. But these wildflowers are displayed in a jaw-dropping kaleidoscope of ultraviolet colors and patterns that humans are incapable of seeing. It’s a secret visual world with each species of wildflower having its own uniquely identifying pattern of bullseyes, stripes, splotches and swirls painted on to them like beckoning ‘come-hither’ sirens. And it’s all in an effort to lure the pollinating honeybees to their nectar.

“Ladies and gentlemen, introducing MindVision. What you are seeing is exactly what the animal is seeing in its own mind. Now I’m no scientist but what I can tell you is that this magical feat is being accomplished through nanotechnology.”

Onscreen a diagram of the bee’s optic nerve pathways appear.

“As you can see here, microscopic nanotubules are lining the outer sheath of the bee’s optic nerves, piggybacking themselves along the entire pathway of the visual cortex. It’s like wrapping a thin sensor wire around a larger wire in order to eavesdrop on its signals. I’m told this does absolutely no harm to the animals.”

“Stop playing God!” someone yells from the crowd.

“No one’s playing God, but this is the type of technology we’re going to need if Eve is to understand our biosphere and turn things around. Now, I’ll leave the details of that to tomorrow’s speakers, but for now, I’ll tell you that 99.99% of animals are not wired for public MindVision display, only those that are rendered as blue dots. And no randomly tracked humans or pets will ever be displayed on The Whole Earth Catalog...”

Across the globe, research scientists would soon capture these “blue-dotted” insects and other small animals. Upon very close inspection with the electron microscope, they could see the extremely small sheathing of nanofilaments that lined the outsides of each individual neuron.

And since neurons operate by sending an electrical impulse up and down their axons, this new outer sheath of nanoparticles could, in theory, easily monitor all the impulses traveling through it. In turn, the opposite was also thought to be true: the nanofilament 'wire' itself could initiate and fire an electrical signal that would then set off the entire neuron as well. And the reason we could see what the honeybee was seeing could only be explained by the nanos not only being able to capture but also transmit the images as they were being fired along the optic nerves and processed in the visual cortex of the bee's tiny brain. But further testing failed to find any abnormal electromagnetic signals being live transmitted out from any of the examined brains, so we never figured that part out. One thing for sure, placing aluminum foil over a blue-dotted animal did nothing to attenuate the live-feed signal.

Researchers quickly realized the nanofilaments weren't just lining the neurons of the blue-dotted animals alone. They were in the nervous system of EVERY land animal. Humans too. And they would soon work out that the total average weight of all the nanoparticles found in the adult human brain was a miniscule 1.4 - 1.8 grams. The nanos were in every organ and cell too with the average adult kidney thought to contain about a quarter gram of nanotechnology. BUT.. once we knew for sure that everyone and everything was "infected" with nanos, for lack of a better term, it helped go a long way toward explaining some of the mysteries we had already seen and would see in the future. Take the "mind-control" we all witnessed in Kabul, for example, when Eve had forced Mullah Omar and Bilal Buttel to come to Her against their will. Or the involuntary "choking" incidents rendered upon those who tried to interfere with the Untouchable donor moms. Eve had simply 'hijacked' the pinpoint self-control mechanisms of these people's motor neurons by activating the specific brain pathways needed to get the job done.

* * * * *

The Patent Store

Now skipping ahead to Steve Aoki introducing a new feature on Arma-lena.com called “The Patent Store”. By analyzing the vast database of knowledge coming out of The Whole Earth Catalog, as well as other technologies Eve would willingly hand down to us, The Patent Store would be a limitless one-stop shop for future innovations. Following the instructions on the Arma-Lena website, individuals, corporations, or governments could simply submit a request for a new product, a novel business or manufacturing method or most any other practical-world suggestion. All applications would then be routed through their designated Untouchable rep who would review the request and determine if such an innovation met the following criteria before issuing a patent:

1. Holistically in furtherance of the Greater Good.
2. Appropriate and befitting to the level of advancement of a civilization such as ours transitioning over from a Type 0 to Type 1.
3. Commensurate to the needs and abilities of the local district or region where the request was filed.

Some patents would be open sourced in the public domain and free for all to use. But many others would come with licensing fees and/or royalties that would all be paid into the newly formed “Greater Good Foundation”. This global non-profit organization, who’s stated mission was simply “For the Betterment of Man’s Kind”, would be headed by Steve Aoki as its gate-keeper CEO.

In the ensuing years, The Patent Store would release a firehouse of patents of new or improved products and services that were far superior to anything currently available. Want to license a new type of concrete that’s cheaper, stronger, lighter and more environmentally sound than anything on the market? Just ask The Patent Store and it would churn out a few recipes: one made from enzymes easily isolated from the liver of a species of Australian squirrel that could cheaply manufacture “concrete” in swimming pool-sized quantities; or an entirely different process of concrete manufacturing made from compost: grass, leaves and other waste.

Need an unbreakable form of glass for mobile phones? Here’s a new mineral uncovered by the Whole Earth Catalog from an abandoned Pennsylvania coal mine that can be incorporated into nanocrystals using this patented technique. How about self-cleaning fabric that never needs washing? Here’s a non-toxic, permanent coating that does the trick. A better way to manufacture airplanes? Here’s an entire blueprint with step-by-step instructions, every bit of it patented.

An improved sighting system for sniper rifles? Nope. That would violate the first dictate:

“Holistically in furtherance of the Greater Good.” How about anti-gravity engines? Nope. Too advanced for our civilization’s level of advancement.

But for everything else, from truly unhackable cybersecurity software to an audit of your nation’s electric grid looking for vulnerabilities: Look no further than The Patent Store where all items were guaranteed to perform as advertised—even if humans couldn’t always understand exactly HOW they worked.

With seemingly nothing The Patent Store couldn’t do, create or improve upon, it would quickly come to monopolize the majority of products it launched, cornering the market on millions of patents and licenses and all the while taking a generous cut out of everything it touched. In fact, within 24 months of its launch, The Greater Good Foundation would come to generate more annual revenue than the parent companies of Google, Microsoft, Apple and Meta COMBINED. Between that and the profits coming in from all the lucrative StarGate Space Station enterprises, its bottom-line would come to rival that of the entire U.S. economy by 2035. These trillions of dollars were then parceled out to the Untouchables to use as they saw fit for the betterment of their local districts and constituents, giving them a stratospheric level of influence and financial clout that, increasingly, shoved aside the current system of local bureaucrats and politicians who, if they weren’t actually in it for themselves, could hardly compete. This of course created its own kind of friction and generated a lot of enemies. And friends.

While onstage, Steve Aoki announced the release of the first trove of patents, 10,000 in all. Some were mundane, improvements on auto manufacturing techniques perhaps, or a way to get more yield from cattle.

But then he showed off a software package for completely autonomous self-driving vehicles—guaranteed never to be at fault in a crash. I’ll say that again: GUARANTEED NEVER TO BE AT FAULT IN A CRASH. This software alone would be licensed to carmakers for billions annually.

Next, he showed off a crystalline object the size of a sugar cube that was more than capable of storing all the information on Amazon’s cloud servers, spelling the end for massive warehouses of power-hungry server farms.

Then, the holy grail of physics: Easy-to-manufacture graphene. This allowed us to make vast sheets of carbon out of graphite (which is essentially the carbon found in pencil lead) that were just one atom thick. And what could you do with graphene? ...

1. Graphene’s invisibly thin sheets were room temperature superconductors—1 million times more conductive than copper—an invention that, in and of itself, would have been worth TRILLIONS of dollars before Moonbeams and would now only be worth tens of billions annually.
2. Graphene could also be used as transistors—computer chips that could be scaled

down much further than silicon-based chips. This technology would be licensed to chip-manufacturers who would create computers with astoundingly out-of-this-world capabilities. Value: nearly \$1 trillion annually in licensing fees—all of which went to the U.S. government as part of the Mississippi state leasing agreement.

3. Graphene was a meta-material 200 times the strength of steel—so strong that an atom-thick sheet of it could support the weight of an elephant balanced on the tip of a pencil and could be used in the quick and cheap construction of super-lightweight roads, buildings, bridges, automobiles and homes. One problem? It's so strong it's nearly impossible to cut, so Eve licensed the cutting technology as well. Value: over \$600 billion annually to the Greater Good Foundation.
4. And yes, it was also the material used in the thin-air machines (watermakers and foodmakers) which meant we now had the blueprint to fully manufacture these ourselves—and these patents were free to the public.

Steve showed off other patents, some of these free to use, of naturally-occurring substances found in plants and animals and bacteria that could cure various cancers and other diseases too, but many of these came with a caveat: They would only be licensed for use to THE PRIORITY GENERATIONS—that is, anyone born after the turn of the century. According to Eve, our planet was already overpopulated and expending any advanced resources on prolonging the lives of the older demographic ran counter to the Greater Good interests of the planet as a whole. Unauthorized violators, that is anyone born prior to the turn of the century who took the drug, were warned that they would suffer immediate and life-threatening allergic reactions the moment they took any of these special drugs. The cause? The massive release of histamine triggered by the intelligent nanoparticles roaming around and policing everyone's bloodstreams.

One amazing item Steve showed off was a 1-ounce liquid, probiotic drink available to anyone born after the turn of the century. Remember that the nanos had analyzed EVERYTHING—and that included the gut bacteria (the microbiome) of every human on earth—and come up with the perfect formulation of “good bacteria” to seed the gut with. You know those people who can eat as much as they want and not get fat? Or the people who seem to always be in shape but never work out? No skin rashes, no digestive problems, no illnesses... Yeah. Turns out that some of that is due to genetics, but a lot of it is also due to their intestinal microbiome: the particular mixture of the trillions of bacteria they have living in their gut.

And now there was a one-time miracle drink that you could take. I'll admit I took it, along with a billion other people behind me. And to this day I still keep an old pair of pants around to remind me of the fat, old days. Monetary value of this elixir to the Greater Good Foundation: Zero. It was free to the public (Priority Generations Only), yet priceless, practically eliminating obesity, and reducing diabetes. Another discovery from Eve's nano database: Turns out the gut has a far greater influence and much more direct connection to the brain than we ever realized, churning out both dopamine and serotonin. All of a sudden, depression and many other mental illnesses among the post-millennials could be treated and cured by

simply tuning up their gut bacteria with a simple shot of these same probiotics. This preferential treatment of the young angered some of the pre-millennials too old to make the cutoff and safely ingest it. Still, a miraculous elixir like this was just too good to pass up for some in that group and many of them risked it anyway—and paid for it with their lives.

Then Steve gave a further warning. Because of the overwhelming number of new innovations expected to be produced and posted online by The Patent Store on a daily basis (500-1,000 per day), items would simply be designated as “Patented” without actually filing for approval and licensing with government patent offices. The reason? There simply wasn’t enough time for such bureaucratic red tape. Therefore, anything listed as “Patented” was to be treated as such with all due royalties and licenses paid to the Greater Good Foundation. Any violators would “risk consequences”. But people being human meant that a simple warning like that wouldn’t be enough to keep them from trying, if only to see what “consequences” would occur when they crossed the line. So what would happen?

China, the world’s foremost counterfeiter and violator of intellectual property and patent rights would be among the first to test the waters and suffer the consequences of infringing upon Eve’s patents:

Xandon Industries, a new subsidiary of one of that nation’s largest air conditioning manufacturers, would soon begin producing a knock-off of the super-efficient, compact and chemical free units found on The Patent Store’s website without having obtained a license, nor paying The Greater Good Foundation royalty fees of approximately 350 Yuan (about \$50) on each of the units produced. They were then exported to nations across the globe. But within weeks, complaints began pouring in that the air conditioners had simply stopped working.

Closer inspection found that the inner mechanisms, the patented “guts” of the system, had become corroded, leaving them coated with a metallic dust. It wasn’t long before engineers in China figured out that the dust was the work of nanos. The microscopic bots had attacked practically every part that was not licensed, rendering the air conditioners useless beyond repair. (This corrosion process would soon be coined “nano-rust”)

And thus, it quickly become apparent that any unlicensed manufacture of a product or non-payment of royalties due would not be tolerated—be it computer chips, car parts, medication, carpeting or plant seeds. Whatever the unauthorized item, the nanobots would locate, target and then begin decomposing it with nano-rust within days to weeks.

For the finale, Steve showed a video clip recorded hours earlier:

Onscreen, a man in a hoodie walked across the same convention center stage Steve was currently standing on, climbed a nearby ladder, pulled out an aerosol spray can and began spraying down the large canvas sheet hanging in the background. When it came time to move the ladder to extend his reach the man acrobatically leapt sideways to a second ladder a few feet away, sprayed the area then leapt to a third even further away before finishing.

“Ladies and gentlemen, the video screen behind me is nothing more than a white fabric canvas. That spray you saw applied is an eco-friendly, self-assembling electronic video and touch screen that can be painted on to practically any surface to create a Wi-Fi-compatible display of any size. You can find this product available for licensing in The Patent Store as well.”

[This spray would go on to transform the surface of the world, electrifying it—some would even say trashing it—by allowing low-cost video screens to be spray painted onto the sides of buildings, cars, floors, roads, clothing, everything. These cheap but hardy screens would proliferate so much that “eyesore laws” had to be passed to prevent every neighborhood from being lit up like Times Square. But one of the greatest and most popular uses was to spray paint one’s own fingers and palm, creating a convenient, safe and durable digital display that doubled as a smartphone touch screen AND a camera. Dubbed the “Handy” it would soon spell the end of the handheld mobile phone industry.]

As the crowd cheered heartily, the man in the hoodie walked in from the shadows.

“One last item before we go. Can we get a big hand for the guy who painted the screen?”

The crowd gives a subdued round of applause. The man removes his hoodie. He’s not a man. It’s a robot. The crowd goes nuts. Standing ovation. The amazingly life-like anthropomorphic robot with human-like facial expressions is clearly synthetic, white with illuminated eyes.

“My name is Robby. I can do all the things you want and expect a robot to do. I can help take care of a family member, drive your children to school, hold conversations, tell jokes, teach, even help on the farm. In regions where medical care is understaffed or non-existent and where I won’t put other physicians out of their jobs, I can be programmed to diagnose diseases and perform virtually any type of surgery with the same skills as any board-certified physician. Same goes with engineering, putting out fires, policing, you name it. I obey Asimov’s three laws of robotics and will never maliciously harm anyone. I’m licensed to Tesla and affordably priced at \$10,000 with 6 million units already produced, warehoused and available—3 million of which will be distributed to your local district Untouchables across the globe and put to productive public use at their discretion. Now please pardon me. Mr. Aoki here wants me to cook him a 5-course meal and I have to get going.”

The crowd gives a standing ovation to wrap up the first day of the conference.

The Global Environmental Technology Conference: Day 2

Rebalancing Nature

Two children, Untouchables, headlined the second day of the convention. For three hours they took turns talking about the planet's biosphere, local ecosystems and habitats. It was a strange sight. Their size and appearance said they were five-year-old small children, but their shimmering violet eyes reminded you they were not. And small children don't get up on stage and address thousands with the authority of articulate adults either. Here's a portion of their presentation:

“For every species there is an ideal population, in harmonious balance with both the biosphere as a whole and other flora and fauna. Some species are overpopulated. Others are underpopulated, scarce. Then there are the invasive species that have escaped the boundaries of their normal habitats, causing harm to delicate ecosystems where they don't belong. And all three of those categories need to be addressed and adjusted. It's called “Rebalancing the biosphere” and that process has already started.

“Let's take tree plagues for example. Millions of trees all around the world are dead or dying, infected by pests... Omniscience show Ash trees in the United States. Now show how many of those trees were infected with the Ashley Borer beetle from one month ago.”

Millions of trees registered as dots onscreen.

“Now show how many are infected today.”

Only a small handful of infected trees remained.

“We have eliminated the invasive pests infecting not only the ash tree but also most all the chestnut, hemlock, and elm trees, putting an immediate end to the tree die-offs and saving over 100 million trees, and their countless tons of stored carbon, in the U.S. alone.”

The crowd roared their approval.

“With the extensive data we've been able to obtain in the Whole Earth Catalog over nearly a year, we now know exactly what biospheric realignments need to be made and when. So far, there have been hundreds, with many, many more yet to come. Anopheles mosquitoes responsible for transmitting malarial disease that accounted for nearly 350,000 deaths last year have all been eliminated, same with the ones that cause Yellow Fever. This will save millions of lives annually.” (Cheers of approval)

“Now let’s take a look at honeybees, a very important insect needed for pollination of flowers and crops but threatened with extinction by a parasitic mite that attaches to their bodies and saps them of energy. This mite, called Varroa Destructor, is the main cause of colony collapse disorder. As of yesterday, 99.99% of these mites have been eliminated.”

The crowd cheers again.

Yet to this point in his presentation we haven’t seen HOW exactly these “eliminations” are occurring. That’s about to change.

“Most people don’t realize that one of the most overpopulated and destructive species in the world are feral cats. These predators are the greatest threat to the biodiversity of small animals, birds, rodents and reptiles and account for billions of undue deaths as can be seen by these Whole Earth Catalog stats. This large predator to prey imbalance has dangerously tilted the scales and driven some species to the verge of extinction. Omniscience, show feral cats from noon local time today, worldwide:”

Onscreen, the display showed a plethora of black dots—and a total: 131,452,902 feral cats. That was at 12:00:00 Pacific time today.

By 12:02:00 that number had dropped.

To 27,000,000—exactly.

Over 100 million cats had been culled in the span of two minutes.

The stunned crowd was silent. Within hours, hundreds of videos that had captured some of these feline deaths began to post online. One such video captured on a Ring doorbell camera in London showed a stray calico darting across the street. Suddenly, at the allotted time, the cat falls over onto its side mid-sprint as if someone literally turned its lights out. Necropsies were not helpful in revealing the cause of death. But since the felines were seeded with nanos, it left the scientific community to theorize causes of death, one of which the Untouchables would soon confirm as correct: On cue, Eve had sent a command to the nanofilaments lining the felines’ cardiac systems. These in turn caused a prolonged electrical impulse to travel down the timing system that controlled the cats’ heartbeats, short-circuiting them and sending them into dangerous arrhythmias that resulted in sudden death.

This demonstration would result in plenty of fallout. One predictable result was that animal rights activists were up in arms, not only because of the 100 million deaths, but also due to the graphic, “inhumane” nature in which they died (though biologists would soon disagree, pointing out that this type of sudden cardiac death was instant and painless and probably the most humane way to go). Regardless, Eve would learn from this and readjust the optics of some deaths so they would be less offensive. For example, when it came time to reduce the overpopulated and environmentally destructive wild horses in the United States, numbering over 100,000 in the state of Nevada alone, Eve staggered their cullings out over 30 days and made it so they only died in their sleep.

Now the other Untouchable spoke. “Ladies and gentlemen, there are thousands of invasive, harmful and predatory species across the planet, in every country, causing trillions of dollars annually in damages to plants and animals. These invasive species are much more of a threat to biodiversity than wildfires and, by this time next year, they will all be fully addressed and dealt with.”

And they were. Take wild and feral hogs that can disrupt entire ecosystems and consume vast swaths of vegetation, decimating crops and rooting out new-growth seedlings: 7.3 million (out of 8.28 million worldwide) were trimmed from the global ranks over a 12-day period and turned into hearty worm food.

In Florida, the fungus that caused citrus greening: gone. The nanos inside their fungal cells having choked off their nutrient uptake thus leading to their demise.

In New Zealand—an island whose native birds, lizards and other sensitive species evolved in the absence of mammalian predators until recently when invasive rats, Australian Brush possums and weasels found their way there, decimating their way through 4,000 species now categorized as “threatened”—their Minister of Conservation would call for a national holiday after Eve eliminated all those pests in the course of a week. An added benefit: New Zealand was able to save the millions of dollars they had earmarked for their struggling eradication program and put it to other use.

In Australia, where the Brush possum was native but overpopulated, their numbers were “adjusted downward” by exactly 53%. This was the cull rate the Whole Earth Catalog’s A.I. had come up with as more in balance and keeping with the sustainability levels of other wildlife there.

The Kudzu plant, an invasive vine that can grow at a staggering rate of 1 foot per day, choking off other plants was entirely eliminated in the U.S.

And only in New York would there be a city-wide celebration after Eve reduced the city’s menacing rat population by 98%. leaving behind the other 2% as “a necessary and important part of maintaining a balanced underground (sewer) ecosystem”.

Further rebalancing, culling, and fine-tuning would continue day in and day out for the next year before leveling off to a steady state. The results on the biosphere were almost immediate with billions of trees returning back to health, and animals and plants no longer looking over their shoulders at the invasive species coming to get them as they too rebounded heartily.

The Untouchable speakers moved on..

“Let’s talk about soil. Half the world’s soil is degraded, ruined by mismanagement, over-farming, under fertilization, over fertilization or a multitude of other things. These same soils, when healthy, can pull carbon dioxide out of the air in vast quantities just as trees do, reducing atmospheric CO₂ by up to a third. Well, the Whole Earth catalog has

identified several regions scattered throughout the globe that already happen to contain a magical type of soil. This self-sustaining supersoil known as Terra Preda, not only absorbs CO₂ and filters heavy metals but also perpetually fixes nitrogen SO THERE'S NEVER ANY NEED FOR FERTILIZERS or crop rotation. This same soil can be engineered and reproduced across the globe, it's simply a matter of recalibrating the composition of soil bacteria, killing off the 'bad' bacteria and nurturing the 'good' while also manipulating the pH, very much like we do with probiotics and gut bacteria. This is something the soil nanos can easily do and have already begun doing using the global underground mycelium superhighway, which is a vast network of fungus filaments that act as a subterranean circulatory system, connecting and running coast-to-coast in a microscopic web mesh that spans and interconnects the globe. Within the next 10 years, virtually ALL the soils used for farming across the planet will have been rejuvenated and converted to this Terra Preda super soil. This alone will lower the CO₂ in the atmosphere by nearly a third and mean the END OF FERTILIZER USAGE as well as the end of harmful fertilizer run off into our waterways!"

[The announcement of this global soil rejuvenation program would lead Big Agriculture—the fertilizer manufacturing conglomerates who stood to lose billions of dollars a year if Eve converted all the world's farmland into supersoils—like Big Oil before them, to pour millions of dollars into PR and social media campaigns disparaging these soils as "AMO's"- Alien Modified Organisms. This had the intended effect and lead many people to falsely believe anything grown in these soils would be harmful to ingest. But protest as they might, it made no difference. Because nothing us mere humans did could stop Eve's atomic-sized nanos from doing their job and transforming farmland soils the world over.]

Omniscience

Later this same day, the Omniscience Database—still relentlessly churning through its massive database in search of novel associations, correlations, matches and linkages between its countless data points—spit out yet another startling discovery.

Between the mid-90s and 2030:

- Male sperm count had dropped by over 50% with no end in sight.
- The rate of autism had nearly than quadrupled: From 1 case of autism in every 150 people to 1 in 36 by 2030.
- The rate of childhood and adult obesity had.. dammit I misplaced my notes- but it had gone through the roof with fat-asses everywhere. (hey, I can say that—I WAS one of them!)
- The number of kids with food allergies had increased to alarming levels with even worse slated to come.
- Cancers of many varieties had also gone through the roof.

The single linkage that connected them all?
The culprit?

Turns out there was a man-made material that had increasingly polluted our planet, our seas, our fish, our animals, our water, even the air we breathed: MICROPLASTICS.

And these microplastics, just like the larger-sized plastics they originated from, came in a toxic brew of manufacturing compositions that could have dozens, if not hundreds, of potentially harmful chemicals in them. (We'd soon find out that Big Oil, just like Big Tobacco before them, had been aware of the risks and had been hiding them from the public all along).

According to Eve's data, the average human the world over had about a credit card's worth of microplastics (by weight) floating in their blood, organs and intestines. Even babies were being dosed with microplastics and their poisonous chemicals through the placenta, breast milk, baby food, water or simply by breathing them in through the air. Back then, they were simply unavoidable—and they were in EVERYBODY.

Needless to say, this river of chemicals caused a wide variety of issues. For one, they were antigenic. That's fancy for "allergy-causing". You know, the peanut allergy you or your kid or your neighbor's kid has? Yeah: blame it on microplastics.

Furthermore, some of the chemicals had a direct effect on the endocrine system with about a dozen that targeted the stem cells that produced male sperm.

Also, some of the endocrinic chemicals played havoc on "fat-metabolizing" pathways by constantly sending signals to "Store more fat! Store more fat!"

According to Omniscience, autism was caused by chemicals that inhibited the body's natural ability to trim off or cleave some neuronal synapses beginning around 18 months.

Eve would offer up a solution. A complete cure in fact. But not just yet.

The Global Environmental Technology Conference: Day 3

Earth Sentinel:

Greta Thunberg took the stage flanked by the two Las Vegas-area district Untouchables from yesterday to give a talk called “Planet First”.

Here’s some excerpts from Greta:

“Ladies and gentlemen, our planet is on its way back!

“For over a year now we’ve seen the almost complete normalizing of our weather patterns, the end of the apocalyptic droughts and floods. Farmers around the world are getting reliable rain with accurate weather forecasts more than a full season out. Our underground water tables, aquifers and lakes are filling back up, Lake Chad in Nigeria, Lake Powell, Lake Mead, the Colorado river is headed back to normal and there are no more water usage restrictions—not even in California. AND THE POLAR ICE CAPS AND GLACIERS HAVE EVEN STOPPED MELTING!

“Still we need to do more for the Earth. The Untouchables will be launching a planet-wide program and they need volunteers, planetary patriots to help with eco-projects like dam removals, tree-planting and even for pressuring our politicians, many of whom are still stupidly and recklessly destroying our planet for their own self-interest and profits.”

“Let’s hear a big round of applause for the huge increase in our marine life! One more year and fish counts will be back to levels they were in 1900! Manatees have come back from near-extinction, Vaquitas too. So many fish have come back!”

“Has anyone noticed the insects? The animals at the bottom of the food chain are rebounding thanks to Eve. Next in line we can expect to see a rebounding in the populations that feed on these insects, the smaller animals, the birds and rodents, followed by other animals up the chain.”

And it was true. People had begun to comment on the high number of flying insects they’d recently begun to have to clean off their windshields—something which only those who’d driven in the 1980’s-90’s had last experienced before the insect population precipitously dropped. Still, nobody could figure out exactly how these insect populations were increasing and there was nothing like the mysterious underwater fish-factory spheres to be found churning these insects out on land.

But Greta had another beef. It had to do with the environmental destruction still happening

and the complete disregard that many people still had for locations marked “Priority Protected Area” on Eve’s global maps as well as the poaching of animals marked “Protected” such as the dwindling number of rare elephants and giraffes.

“Let’s take the Amazon Rainforest, the lungs of our planet for example.”

Onscreen behind her is a real-time map of the rainforest, with areas of illegal deforestation highlighted in red. The nanos have tagged every tree and the active tree count stands at just under 348 billion trees: 347,856,984,128 but counting down at an alarmingly rapid clip.

“These rainforests are being cut down for their trees and logs or burned down to make way for palm-oil plantations. Throughout the summer, Eve has warned these people to stop. They didn’t. So She tried to gently step up the enforcement.”

Onscreen, a group of loggers can be seen going about their work when they’re suddenly attacked by large swarms of flying insects. They flee and shut down the operation but days later return with insect foggers and more protective clothing. This time, they’re attacked by hundreds of birds in a coordinated effort to seemingly gouge out their eyes. Again, they halt work, but only long enough to get plenty of shotguns to take out the birds. Their strategy works. But the following day, it’s snakes that attack, halting production again. But then the braver among them realize that most of these snakes aren’t poisonous or can’t bite through their layers of protective clothing. The logging begins again, this time unabated.

“Ladies and gentlemen, clearly something more has to be done to stop these people. I’ve had several meetings with Eve and as you can see She has tried all the less intrusive measures, ‘persuasions’, to get people to stop violating the protected areas of the planet and it hasn’t worked. We both agreed that now is the time for the gloves to come off. These people have been destroying the planet with complete disregard for long enough now and it simply cannot be allowed to continue. Enough is enough. We need the Earth to be healthy if we are to survive and it’s time we allow the Earth to fight back. Planet first!”

“Planet first! Planet first! Planet first!” The crowd roars back in agreement.

“Our biosphere is more important than any single human, especially the heinous folks who recklessly destroy our protected areas, ecosystems and habitats for their precious dollars. The rainforest is more valuable than the individual lives of the men who are destroying it. The life of a protected elephant is more valuable than the life of the stupid human recklessly hunting it down!

“With that in mind, the Earth Sentinel program was quietly launched a few days ago. This is a stepped-up level of technological environmental protection and enforcement for all “Priority Protected” areas, trees, plants and animals and all significant violations will be publicly listed on the Arma-Lena website under the Earth Sentinel tab.

“Now what you are about to see may be difficult to watch and some of you may want to

turn away. However, we are going public with this now as a warning because both Eve and myself felt it important that violators understand the extreme fate that awaits those who continue to dare do harm to our planet now and in the future.”

In the short video recorded five days ago, a battered truck drives along a dirt path. To its left are flattened and cleared acres of newly planted palm oil groves that stretch far into the distance. To the right, the receding edge of the dense, lush-green Amazon rainforest. As the vehicle comes to a stop you can hear Eve saying, “This is your last warning.” The men look around and one asks if that warning came out of the radio’s speakers? You can see they’re nervous now, but it doesn’t stop them from getting out and hurriedly grabbing two large kerosene containers from the back. They run in opposite directions, eager to set the trees on fire to clear them for more farmland before Eve pulls another one of Her tricks. Anxiously looking over their shoulders and seeing nobody there, the brothers remove the caps off the gas cans, approach the tree line, pour the kerosene over their heads and strike a match.

Onscreen a data file appears:

Earth Sentinel Program- Violators: Enemies of All Man’s Kind

File: 1-000-000-238

Name: Paulo Hermano

D.O.B.: 07-13-97

Country of Origin: Brazil

Location: Amazon Rainforest, Brazil

Offense: Attempted Deforestation—Priority Protected Areas

Third violation

Time of Offense: 12-13-30, 16:42:00

Penalty: Death

A similar file ending in 239 appears for Paulo’s brother Eduardo.

It has the same grisly death video attached—forever immortalized for all other potential violators to watch and think twice about before violating Eve’s dictates.

* * * * *

The next video Greta plays is from December 14, 2030, just four days prior. However, the narrative commentary I’ve included here was taken directly from a PBS Frontline episode that aired four months after this gruesome incident—one of many that tried to analyze and make sense of the events of this particular day:

Democratic Republic of Congo

Virunga National Park

The Virunga National Park was supposed to be a safe space for animals and a sanctuary for elephants. But elephant tusks were a prized possession back then, especially in China, where a single tusk could fetch over \$150,000 to be used in traditional Chinese medicines.

Onscreen behind Greta, a group of yellow dots appear on the map representing a live herd of majestic elephants roaming the beautiful savanna of this protected habitat. The yellow dots begin to flash red as the camera switches over to a live scene showing 5 adult elephants and 3 calves now running in a full panic after being spooked by the helicopter that has suddenly swept in from behind them. The image is fast-moving and slightly off-color with a yellowish tint as the herd runs across the plain, the camera seeming to be jockeying for position at the rear of the pack. Then the camera switches to a much clearer aerial perspective that shows the entire herd with one adult bringing up the rear to push the young ones and make sure none fall behind. Now it's back to the previous camera view in the back of the action as the chopper dips low, pulling up even with the rear elephant as a man hangs out its open door with a rifle at the ready. A small pop. A dusty impact thud and sudden view of the bright blue skies above as the animal lands on its side and the camera stops moving. The image fades to black over several seconds before switching to another slightly yellow-tinted perspective as another elephant takes up the rear and lets out a heart-wrenching roar.

As the chopper lands on this sunny day, a low-slung dusty haze, hardly noticeable at first, begins to form in the several acres surrounding the downed elephant and chopper. The camera changes again to an aerial view slowly circling the scene from dozens of feet up. But now the camera lens is different: The central part of the image in the frame appears astoundingly sharp while the periphery is slightly out of focus. The decades-old and weathered chopper powers down and the rifleman and pilot climb out.

Dr. James Lee, an engineer and Harvard professor specializing in robotics narrates the action for Frontline:

“Now that we've been able to review dozens of similar events that occurred after this one, I think we have a firmer grasp on what's happening here. This entire area has been previously seeded with invisible nanocomponents, probably down to a depth of several inches of soil. These little robots are just going about their business doing whatever it is they're doing, analyzing the soil, transmitting data, or maybe just lying in wait for a command. It's just after the gunshot that these particles begin rising up from the terrain itself.”

Onscreen the dusty haze is thickening into a fog-like cloud about a meter off the ground and extending into the far distance. And all of it moving in foggy waves toward the open clearing surrounding the downed animal and chopper. Another view, this time very close-up to the ground, shows small tornado-like dust-devils spinning up from the grassland.

“See how the vortices catch the light? Those flashes may be tiny piezo wafers acting like solar panels to supply energy to the system. Notice how the vortex twists one way and then back on itself as it rises. That sinuous movement could be an indication of distributed intelligence as those exceedingly small and practically weightless particles go airborne, efficiently working together to climb up through the viscosity of the air.”

As the silent ribbons of darkening knee-high fog continue to grow and thicken, tendrils begin to coalesce and stream vertically skyward, moving ever closer to the site of the action. The

poachers, oblivious to the ominous dust clouds now gathering behind them just yards away, pose for multiple trophy pics of the downed elephant as the menacing clouds wheel and turn in the distance.

“This whirling is a type of flocking behavior, like what you see with large groups of birds or fish where there’s no single individual leading the pack. Rather each individual, or nanoparticle, simply responds to the local stimuli of the surrounding particles, creating this self-organizing, coordinated behavior that we see here. Incredibly, these nano-swarms are behaving like a gathering hive of wasps about to spring into action. However, if they are in fact being actively directed, then I think they have to be operating under a predator-prey computer algorithm.”

Moments later, the three surrounding swarms dive down low to the ground as the narrator points out that a strong gust of wind has just come through, rustling the trees and threatening to overwhelm the flock’s ability to maintain its higher altitude position. They strategically hug the ground before rebounding back and melding into a single, more sizeable and menacing entity, like a localized fist of storm clouds. The pilot notices a shadow on the ground, looks up and points as the rifleman steps up his game, hurriedly sawing through the tusks. The pilot takes a few steps toward his left to get a better look at the strange aerial sight—and the strange aerial sight takes a few steps to its right to get a better look at him. As he gets even closer, the cloud, now a densely shimmering dark mass about 12 feet in diameter and maybe half as thick in height, strategically flattens and spreads itself out over a wider area in order to better cover both men. The pilot says, “Hurry, I’m going to start the chopper,” as he grabs one of the tusks and moves at a trot.

“I believe the swarm is learning here. It somehow knows, or has become aware, that if he starts that chopper the flock will be unable to maintain formation due to the strong rotor wash. And it can’t allow that.”

The writhing nebula splits into two groups with one shadowing the pilot—and the purposefulness in its movement and behavior is truly unsettling. Running now, the pilot is cut off at the chopper door by the large, roiling horde blocking his entry. As he starts to run around to the other side, the mass simply flows under, over and around the chopper’s skin like a glove of liquid silver and menacingly obstructs his entry once more. The pilot steps back and calls to his partn—

It happens in a flash..

The dense swarms suddenly attack, wrapping themselves around each man’s head like some medieval death helmet. And similar to the molten metal in the Terminator movies, the dark silver masses flow into their nostrils, mouths and eyes, turning them into black holes that suffocate and blind them. Once the men are dead, the flows reverse course and stream back out, darkening in color and scurrying over and under their clothes, torsos and limbs until they are completely enveloped from the neck down as if dipped in glistening black tar.

Virunga National Park rangers would find them hours later. From the neck up, the men appeared as they had during their last moments of life: eyes open and mouths in mid-scream.

From the neck down: Complete skeletons. Bleach-white bones with not a morsel of flesh left on them.

The nanos had nipped and gnawed—taking their pound of flesh and then some—over the course of trillions of molecular-sized bites, then disappeared. The rangers concluded that the heads were purposely left intact to ease in the identification process. Searching the chopper, a smartphone was found still flashing the message:

“WARNING: PROTECTED SPECIES—DO NOT ENDANGER”

“Close inspection at autopsy found patches of black, soot-like material still caught in the men’s mucus membranes. Electron microscopy has since revealed 25 different styles of nanobots, all built upon the same basic chassis but with differing nanocomponents added on, and all were inactive at the time of analysis,” Dr. Lee said as actual electron microscopy photos were shown alongside more detailed 3D artistic renderings of the different nanobots. “As you can see the basic nanoframes all look similar and, we believe, are all designed to capture the energy needed to fly, maneuver and somehow follow commands. These tiny protrusions are the motors, and these little appendages are the tools. This one is a cutting tool. We think this nanobot here is the transporter that ferries the little molecules of... well... flesh away from the body. Of course, these are educated guesses simply based on appearance. As for this one here, we think it could be some type of command-and-control component based on the way this appendage seems to fit into all the others. These others (nanobots), we still have no clue.”

* * * * *

Greta’s presentation continued on for another half hour. As it wrapped up, she once again rallied the crowd and left on a high point:

“Ladies and gentlemen, Earth is on the mend but we’re not out of the woods yet. We all still need to pitch in. The Untouchables need volunteers to help with projects that will continue to heal our planet. I urge you to contact your representative through the Touch App.

“And for those still thinking of violating protection zones or hunting protected animals, you do so at your own risk so please heed the warnings you have seen. For everyone else I say to you now: Ask not what your planet can do for you, ask what you can do for your planet!”

The arena erupted in a standing ovation with chants of “Planet first!” as a sendoff to the last speaker of the conference.

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Mike Jess:

For those of us with eyes that could see and brains that could think, it was immediately clear what a threat this REBALANCING OF POPULATIONS policy could be to humans. After all, let me remind u, as we were all quickly reminded, of what Eve had said at Her first UN speech:

“In the (last 50 years), you, the apex predator, have more than doubled in population, far outstripping your biosphere’s ability to sustainably adapt and keep pace. By most definitions, YOU HAVE BECOME AN INVASIVE SPECIES, crowding out and devouring all others while poisoning your atmosphere in the biological blink of an eye.” She also said outright, “For every species there’s an ideal population.”

Well shit, you do the math.

what did that mean for us? She was playing God, “rebalancing” entire animl populations and people were afraid we could be next.

And also, let’s call it what it was: A brain-tap. She had every animal, including humans, brain tapped.

This was mind control. She could just turn out ur lights or sic nanos after u, even make u light urself on fire like some puppet master.

We weren’t gonna go quietly, we had to find a way to resist, fight back.

Greta Thunberg:

That’s not how everyone felt. Opinion polls after that convention showed Eve still had a positive approval rating of over 50% in most countries, even over 70% in some. And Eve wasn’t randomly killing people, just those who had it coming, who earned it.

E-Squared:

People opposed to Eve would take what they had seen here and weaponize it. Soon, people were posting videos and claiming they were under the influence of mind-control when they had yelled at their spouse or shoplifted or murdered. Teenagers acted strangely and blamed it on mind-control. Governments, seizing the opportunity, fired up their propaganda machines and began pushing this fear-mongering narrative too, painting Eve as demonic and warning their citizens away from Her influences. Russia began to claim that Eve was controlling birds carrying deadly pathogens and flying them into populated areas to spread disease with the goal of rebalancing humans through engineered plagues. Social media was rife with talk of a grand plan to cull the weak, elderly and infirm—the “Final Solution 2.0”. Bottom line: NO CONSPIRACY THEORY WAS TOO CRAZY TO BE BELIEVED. And truth be told, why would it be? After all, Eve had acknowledged and even demonstrated that She COULD perform mind-control on the population and showed us videos to prove it, COULD sic nanos on someone, COULD make you pour gasoline on yourself and light it, COULD make you go blind or deaf, COULD cull millions of cats at the flip of switch.

Ut. CJ Gambrel:

This may be hard to believe but the degree of fear, backlash and resistance to all of this on the part of certain segments of humanity came as a somewhat unexpected surprise to Eve who had continued to hope that making an example of the few would subdue the masses. Even within our own ecosystem, a chimp who sees another chimp killed for an action will generally avoid that action. But humans were different from chimps, more difficult to “scare straight”. In fact, it would become increasingly apparent to Eve that humans were different from most other species throughout the galaxy in some important ways. Most other galactic civilizations would have gratefully embraced the positive developments the nanos had brought and made the minor sacrifices She was asking for, or at least acquiesced to Eve’s demonstrations of fearsome power. Our species, however, would turn out to be much more stubbornly recalcitrant and emotionally driven than the others, more tribal and violent than expected. It wasn’t our ability to love that set us apart, it was our ability to hate. Add that all up and the Human Species became more or less outliers in the Galactopedia’s actuarial charts, making our reactions and behaviors to Eve’s Reconstruction Plan increasingly hard to predict. And once the predictions started to go awry and get things wrong, it was difficult to recalibrate them back to accuracy again. Not that Eve didn’t have a plan for how to better handle stubbornly resistant and difficult planetary species. She did. And it was just after this point, in early 2031, that Eve began to reach for the fan. You know the fan. The one the shit’s gonna hit.



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The Sun: Eve Culling Predators. Are We Next?

The Guardian: Oak Trees and Honeybees Among Dozens of Species on Rebound. Environmentalists Rejoice!

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The First Church of Eve opens in New York, Los Angeles, and London with dozens more branches planned. They would worship Eve as a savior, if not the Messiah himself.

The Evangelical Church continued to drive home the message that Eve was the Antichrist and that the rebalancing of the ecosystem was against the will of God.

Humans 2.0: The Quickening

The dictionary defines a civil war as “a war between groups of people in the same country” and a world war as “a war between many countries”. Nowhere in the dictionary is there a word for the collective outbreak of multiple civil wars across many countries all at once. Up until now there was no need to coin such a term. But with Eve’s very next pronouncement, things were about to change:

The World Civil War was coming..

On December 27, 2030, Eve’s global trumpet blew once more, calling to attention the world’s 9 billion-plus people. This time, Her speech was lengthy, touching upon many topics—only select portions of which I’m permitted to reveal here.

However, one of the things She had promised us in our Reconstruction Plan, and that we had voted YES to, was “Better Humans”. Now, we were about to learn exactly what that meant..

From Eve’s speech:

“Having said that, the next item in your progression to a Type 1 civilization is “Better Humans”. This involves an evolutionary leap, in terms of both human biology and technology.

“Currently, as a species, you are just coming to understand and attempt to master your DNA. Yet you still have quite a long way to go before you fully decipher the language and understand the mechanisms that encode for ALL of the functions, nuances and flaws embedded within the instruction manual that is your genetic code. Recently, you have come to appreciate some of the flaws in your genes, even begun to make therapeutic changes using tools like CRISPR, gene drives and genetic splicing to repair those flaws and heal people with sickle-cell disease, for example, PKU or Tay-Sachs, just to name a few. And you were just learning to apply these techniques in the animal kingdom as well to make grander changes to your ecosystems by, for example, inserting purposely destructive genes meant to wipe out mosquitos infected with Yellow Fever and Malaria and invasive fish like Asian Carp. And while you may guise what you are doing in subtler terms like “therapeutics” or “medicine”, what you are actually doing is directly altering the blueprint of life, making genetic changes in a single generation that previously may have taken millennia to develop, if at all.

“But make no mistake about it: You, Homo sapiens, have now reached the point in your development where you are directly **CONTROLLING AND ACCELERATING YOUR OWN EVOLUTION THROUGH TECHNOLOGY**”...

She went on:

“Furthermore, you have now started implanting neural hardware into your brains. These implants have helped people with seizure disorders and Parkinson’s disease—another genetic flaw easily fixed if you knew where to look. Even more recently, you have begun to dabble in brain-computer interfaces. I am referring specifically to Elon Musk’s visionary Neuralink system. While still very primitive and clunky, it is a significant leap forward in creating a seamless brain-machine interface, as well as toward your neural evolution. Remember, your brain is an organic computer, after all”...

“As you can see, you have already started taking the first steps in accelerating human evolution through technology—‘techvolution’, if you will—controlling, altering and improving your DNA and merging with computers. Were you not facing an impending mass extinction, and left to your own devices, it is highly probable that a century or so into the future, man’s kind would come to completely master its genetic code, eliminating virtually all disease while also lifting, enhancing and boosting yourselves to a new level of optimized health and wellness. Furthermore, you will have likely mastered truly organic brain-machine interfaces that contain no metals, no wires, nothing you think of as computer hardware today. Rather, it would be human biology fused with organic, wetware technology.

“And that is what I offer you today. Accelerated evolution. Better Humans by way of a 100-year quickening in human evolution”...

“...the pioneers, the vanguard of this evolutionary leap will be ushered in with the very next generation of Homo sapiens: The Optimized Generation. These will be transcendent humans, physically primed and virtually free of disease, with a next-level capacity for intelligence, merged with technology. They will grow to form a fellowship, interconnected both to each other and to the outside world through what to them can only be deemed an additional sense, A SIXTH SENSE, just as natural as the other five are to you. Let me be clear, these will not be the crude machines or cyborgs your unimaginative science fiction tropes have served up to you. Nor will they be superhuman and their DNA will remain unaltered. These are 100% human beings. But they will be Better Humans.

“So, with that in mind, beginning tomorrow, all women of child-bearing age, and exactly 27 days pregnant, will be given the option of choosing to have a Better Human”...

Eve went on to other topics before wrapping things up with Her final pronouncement, what some would coin the “Population Bomb”:

“Additionally, there is one more item I must address before I go. As I have previously stated, your society, if it is to survive and thrive as a mature Type 1 civilization, must be in a holistic state of harmony and balance with not only its biosphere but also the entire catalog of life forms that depend upon this planet for nurture and support. That includes that of man’s kind. And this should come as no surprise, but Homo sapiens are the single-largest stressor on your planetary biosphere”...

She continued on talking about how, from a completely objective point of view, our current

population of 9 billion plus people was at an over-capacity level. She pointed to our disproportionate usage of planetary resources compared to all other species combined, our propensity for ecologic destruction and other factors that all but qualified us as an “invasive predator” were it not for the fact that we were also Earth’s apex species.

Furthermore, for us to become a truly Type 1 civilization our Civilization Fitness Score, which was currently in the low 30’s, needed to increase to above 80 by the year 2060—a tall task to tackle in such a short time. And one that would be made much easier to accomplish IF THERE WERE LESS PEOPLE ON EARTH 30 YEARS FROM NOW..

“So, taking all of these factors into your Earth-specific Reconstruction Plan goals, it has been determined that, by 2060, your target population size should not be in excess of 6.4 billion people. The good news is that this reduction of one-in-three people will not require culling. Rather, it can be achieved through strict fertility controls and natural attrition in the 3 decades to come. As for the fertility controls, from today forward every human female will be allowed no more than a maximum of two additional children during her lifetime.

“Finally, I understand there are many of you who do not agree with much of what is happening. Regardless, this is The Plan the majority voted for. I said from the start it would not be easy, sacrifices would need to be made and yours is the generation of sacrifice. The alternative would have been to leave you to your own extinction, an outcome nearly assured without Our intervention. I ask that you stay the course, and you will get through this. I guarantee success. Failure is not an option. Thank you and may peace be upon you.”

The next day, the following message began appearing on select women’s devices:

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Congratulations!
You are 27 days pregnant.
You have the option of choosing to have a Better Human.

Would you like to optimize your child’s health, wellness, intellect and fellowship through an additional sixth sense?

- Yes**
- No
- Abort pregnancy

** As you can see, “Yes” was pre-selected as the default option. This was very clever because it made it psychologically difficult for many expectant mothers to actively opt out. Because selecting “No” seemed too much like tempting fate and risking that your child NOT be born healthy and intelligent. Still, many people did opt out. How many? We wouldn’t know for quite some time. And the 27 days pregnant thing? Neurogenesis—the formation of neurologic structures, and primarily the brain, begins in the fifth week of pregnancy, shortly after day 28 or so. That’s why.

Carried through to successful delivery, this will be your first out of a maximum allowable two children.

And I probably don't need to tell you this, but I will:

To say that THE CHOICE to "Sixer" your baby—as it would become commonly known—was a powder keg that would go on to become the most divisive and defining issue of our lifetime would be an understatement.

It was a casus belli: An act or situation used to justify a war.

Not to be outdone, the forced population control and easy abortion option was a bit of a big deal too.

* * * * *

Fox News: Mothers Choosing to have Alien Cyborgs.

MSNBC: Better Humans: The Dawn of a Wondrous New Era?

RT (Russian TV): Ultimate Plan: Alien Hybrids to Make the Rest of Us Second Class Citizens.

Greta Thunberg (in an interview with CBS News):

"I have spoken directly with Eve and She has told me, in detail, what we can expect from these Sixered children in the future. And although I've been sworn to secrecy as part of Eve's plan to maintain strategic ambiguity until these kids grow into their future abilities and reveal themselves on their own, I can assure you we are about to embark on a wondrous new era of human evolution. And I strongly urge everyone around the world to optimize your children. Trust me and trust Eve. You will be glad you did; I promise you."

Marjorie Taylor Greene (at a large outdoor rally in Georgia toting an AR-15):

"Can't you see this is all a grand ploy? Eve is a tyrant bent on subjugating the population by any means necessary, including mind control, fixing up the planet for Her Bosses and preparing us for the takeover invasion to come. And instead of resisting, most of the sycophant zombies in the U.S. and around the world are blindly rolling out the welcome mat for this Thing. When that Mothership lands, the era of human slavery will begin and all of y'all will be made into food."

"Now this purple-eyed martian Queen wants to replace us with a mutant horde of half-breed alien foot soldiers. I don't know about you but I don't want my normal children and grandchildren turning into second-class citizens who take orders from no alien half-breeds, because for sure whatever comes out of these wombs won't be human. I declare open season on this brood, this future generation of mutant kids and any parent who

willfully chooses to allow their fetuses to be infected and turned in utero. And as far as I know there ain't no law against hunting down and killing no body-snatching spawns of Satan!"

"To side with these Aliens is un-American, plain and simple, and anyone who does is a traitor to this country and should have their citizenship revoked. You are either with us or against us!"

At this point, MTG removes her jacket to reveal a fresh new feature on her sleeveless upper right arm: It's a tattoo of the late former President Donald J. Trump in silhouette. Raising her assault rifle above her head, she fires off a volley of shots.

"We need to fight back. America is the greatest nation in the world and this is our call to arms! We ain't giving up our country or our Constitution for no One World Government. We ain't gonna cede one square inch of sovereign U.S. territory and we definitely ain't giving this evil Antichrist the great state of Mississippi either!"

"Donald Trump, God rest his soul, Made America Great Again. Well now, I'm here to tell you we got ourselves a new crusade—to save the heart and soul of this great nation. And dammit, that's why I'm announcing that I'm running for President of these here United States. Elect me the next President and I guarantee you I declare war on all things Eve. Let's take our nation back and MAKE AMERICA HUMAN AGAIN! And if you don't like it, then get the fuck off our planet!"

And that is how the MAHA movement—which would come to sweep Marjorie Taylor Greene into the seat of the next Presidency in 2033—was born.

T C*****—Church of Scientology (TV/Social Media Ad):**

"Ladies and gentlemen, the era of The Quickening is now upon us. As foretold in the Church of Scientology's holiest of scriptures, it is this new generation of babies and children that must be Quickened—or Sixered—if the human race is to survive. For The Great Zibification—the epic battle of good versus evil—is very near now and will commence just after the arrival of Eve's Mothership in 2060. The scripture teaches us that only the enlightened army, the Sixer Army, can defeat the body thetans that will be unleashed upon the world. I urge all of you to imbue your offspring with the new abilities they will need in order to become Better Humans and repel Xenu and save humanity.

"You need to be informed. We all need to be prepared if we are to continue to flourish and survive as a civilization. Please join us and come to your clear salvation. You can find more information, teachings, and declassified scriptures at Scientology.org."

The message closes with Mr. C***** doing his Church of Scientology's now-customary sign-off: a quick double-tap to his chin with the index and middle finger of his right hand.

Dan Bongino (Radio Program):

"...make no mistake, this is the real Great Replacement. These extraterrestrials want to

remove and replace us with ET-hybrids. This Reconstruction Plan of Hers is clear as day now. Eve—the Grand Beastress—is going to eliminate one third of the normal population at the top end and replace us with a brood of Her own at the bottom end. Does She really think we’re gonna accept these new mutant hordes, this fifth column, as human? Do you really think that’s gonna fly? And it’s already clear the left-wing ET-loving radicals will be opting to Sixer their babies and outbreed the rest of us. Oh, this is grounds for a civil war alright, because it’s gonna be open warfare on these so-called children, I can guarantee you that...”

Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez:

“If I was going to have another child, I would elect to have a Better Human and optimize that child, no doubt. This is the future of humanity and I recommend it to all future moms.”

Pastor Jackson Lahmeyer:

“This is an abomination in the eyes of God! This defilement of the human soul. This choice to tamper with God’s creation—our future generations of babies and children—is the very road to hell itself! It’s a choice worse than abortion and it flies in the face of God’s will! What we have here is the battle of our lives, a holy war, a fight for the very soul of not just our nation and its democracy but our species as a whole! We cannot allow these devil’s offspring to survive and walk this Earth!”

“Let there be no doubt, we are in the time of the Tribulation and Judgment Day is near. The Antichrist dwells among us now and its name is Eve. According to the scriptures, in the end of days the Antichrist will attempt to control the population, eliminating those in society who choose to resist. Eve has vowed to kill off over 3 billion of us in the years to come, replacing us with Her evil minions. You can expect these demons to have the mark of the beast. It is by their mark we shall know them. It is by their mark we shall slay them. Let us prepare for battle!”

U.N. Secretary General Elwira Hamed:

“I urge all to keep an open mind until we know more what this ‘Optimization’ means exactly. There is no need for conflict and the choice to optimize one’s own child should be left to the individual alone, without threat of persecution and repercussion. Eve has done much for us and for our planet already and we should allow Her the benefit of the doubt.”

China’s President Xi:

“These so-called children present a clear and present danger to our Chinese civilization and way of life. They are a threat that will not be tolerated. It is illegal to tamper with your pregnancies. All ‘Optimized’ offspring will be considered non-human entities. They will have no human rights, not even animal rights, no rights at all. These entities will be immediately exterminated and both parents will be duly prosecuted.”

* * * * *

Across the globe, battle lines would be quickly drawn. Laws, as well as new religious doctrines, would be passed both for and against this “new breed” of human. Individuals would choose sides that did not necessarily adhere to their national boundaries, ethnicities, or creeds. This fractured not only nations and states but villages and towns, families, even marriages, with some mothers choosing to “optimize” their pregnancies and Sixer their babies in secret.

Ultimately, THE CHOICE was the straw that broke our society’s back, ushering in the era of brother vs. brother.

For supporters, these new babies and children would come to be viewed

As the greatest thing ever

To be lauded, their newfound abilities marveled at

Envied even

But for the opposition they were Public Enemy #1..

And the parents that supported them: Public Enemy #2

An existential threat to humanity for which there was only one cure: Extermination.

This sent a new scent wafting through the air

The scent of the witch hunt

And they would be hunted

First by the thousands

Then by the millions.

Suffer the children.. suffer..

For it was the Sixers who would set the world on fire.....

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