



ZERO DAY

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Dedication

The book is dedicated to all the black sheep, the misfits, the outsiders, the mavericks, the eccentrics, the outliers, and the nonconformists. New ideas, Inventions, and Art all require someone somewhere to be different or they cannot be achieved. You are the building blocks and engineers of our future society. Handle your tools and architectural plans with care. Never lose sight of hope. Build more bridges than bombs. And never write an entire novel just to prove a point to a family member who works in nuclear security for the US government that dismantling the US internet infrastructure would cause much more havoc and destruction than any nuclear or radiological event other than all out global thermonuclear war.

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Today Is Day Zero

This was the day that all his hard work and dedication would finally come to fruition. Too bad no one would even know his name or what he had done or how and even why. All anyone would know about him was that he existed for a short period of time but the impact he had on the world was extraordinary. He was a Florida man and that's all the explanation you need in certain unique and desperate times. Today was the day that the button would finally get pushed and the changes would commence throughout the continental United States and the disruptions would also spread globally and ripple back again many times over. The trap was set and it was reengineered and retested many times over to ensure success. He looked at his smartwatch and it said "6 notifications" and the digital time of 2:23pm EST. "It's getting close... better finish packing and start heading to point x-ray" he said to himself as he clutched his satchel and backpack tightly. The same backpack that once held homemade thermite, electronic fuses, and magnesium rods was now full of clothes, food, camping gear, satellite phone, and his last RLI device along with a simple ultra-slim metallic laptop. He had spent the last 2 weeks traveling around the country from hotel to hotel checking in with a false name and receiving his packages from the hotel mailroom filled with RLI devices and charged long lasting batteries. This was the

final countdown because the batteries only lasted for 3-4 weeks max and would fail to power the RLI device or set off the electronic fuses when the battery dipped below 72 percent of the full charge. He needed all 100 to work simultaneously for the plan to succeed. The mission that he set out on nearly three years ago was almost complete and to be honest he didn't know what he was going to do when it was over. He was so dedicated to the idea of "Zero Day" that he spent every waking minute planning while doing his normal civilian and familial duties and executing when he was by himself. The Florida man was ready for the next chapter to begin but to start the next chapter the current chapter would need to end. What better way to close this chapter than a massive, simultaneous, calculated and coordinated, underground explosive, thermal attack. It's basically an underground firework show that only the naked mole rats can see and anything else with eyes that views this glorious masterpiece would most certainly go blind. The good news is the attack locations are all in remote and desolate locations free of any human eyes. If simultaneous explosions happen in a remote forest... does it make a sound?

Chapter One

The Florida man was always interested in science, technology and how things worked. As he grew older he began to venture into the human mind and studied psychology in high school and then attended a few sociology elective classes while in college at the University of Florida. He always had a fond memory of when his chemistry professor freshman year of college wanted to show the differences in potential energy in a helium filled balloon and a hydrogen filled balloon. The teacher had both balloons floating on a string tied to a stick near the top of the classroom ceiling. Then the professor lit a 3-foot tall Bunsen burner and adjusted the flame to be about 3 inches and proceeded to burn and “pop” the helium balloon. A few moments later he turned the flame on the hydrogen filled balloon and a true explosion occurred which sounded like a shotgun blast and shook the entire room. It was at that moment that he realized the immense power of certain elements in combination with an ignition source. If a gas can shake an auditorium, just imagine what a liquid or a dense solid of the right composition could do. What about Composition 4...C4? This Florida man had a unique and interesting family line. His grandfather’s both achieved the rank of Colonel in the United States Air Force. His paternal grandfather was a Chief Flight surgeon but passed away from complications during a routine surgery just before Christmas when he was less than a year old. His maternal grandfather was a wartime, cargo plane pilot

turned engineer who primarily led teams of engineers building newly designed bombs for use in Vietnam and other conflicts. His grandfather had a few different types of bombs and bomblets scattered around his house, but most were on his office desk or on the shelves near the bar in the pool table room near the back door by the garage. After his grandfather passed away at the ripe old age of 91 and he took a few military medals, bombs, bomblets, and engineering models as a keepsake. There were two types of "kinetic" bombs which are basically pointed rocks made of metal with tail fins that if dropped from a significant altitude will come back to earth with ferocious speed crashing through cars, houses, and even building and shallow bunkers. There was also the mock CBU-24 cluster bomblet at 1:1 scale and even a 1:1 scale half-cutaway model with the "plastic" plastic explosive and stainless-steel shrapnel pellets visible. The cluster bomblets also had a matching 1:16 scale SUU-30 dispenser unit which holds 665 bomblets. The Florida man always felt that they could have made space for one more bomblet but in hindsight maybe it was a conscious calculation to only allow space for 665. The world may never know and that's just fine.

Many years prior in the late 90's the Florida man somehow stumbled upon the "Anarchists Cookbook" online and began to read the first few pages. The first thing he read was titled "Lightbulb Bomb" which the simple instructions on how to add gunpowder and BBs to a functioning lightbulb and carefully plug it in near the light switch that turns it on and not to be the person to "turn it on". Honestly, this was so simple that it scared him, and he clicked to midway in the online book to "Thermite" and he began to read. These instructions were equally as concise as the lightbulb bomb but with much less downside risk if something were to go wrong during the assembly and testing process. The process to make thermite

was extremely simple and only required two main ingredients as well as a third ingredient to “light” the thermite on fire to start the highly exothermic reaction. You need to combine 3 parts red iron oxide which is simply iron rust and 1 part aluminum filings and mix thoroughly. This mixture is thermite and will burn through concrete, an engine block, and basically anything you can think of. He began to file down a scrap piece of aluminum in his parents’ garage and was able to collect roughly a gram or so of aluminum filings. He then jogged the 400 or so feet down to the concrete seawall and wooden dock that jutted out into a Northwest Florida bay to the rear of the property and began to search the Bayshore for old discarded and rusted pieces of iron scrap. He was in luck that day and managed to find a 6-inch rusted piece of iron rebar in a few minutes. He began to file the rusted iron rod and eventually had about three grams of orange/red rust to add and mix into the aluminum filings. Since the Florida man was only 11 or 12 years old, he had no money and no way to purchase the magnesium rods required to light the thermite mixture. The Florida man decided to try and use a propane handheld torch and “blast” the mixture with searing blue flames. Unfortunately for him, but not his parents concrete garage floor, the propane torch just wasn’t hot enough to start the thermite reaction and he decided to just clean up his experiment and throw away the remaining evidence. The next time he tried this experiment he would make sure to have the magnesium rods required and light those with a torch so that the immense heat and energy of the burning magnesium would start the even more powerful thermite reaction. It was only a matter of time before he would have the opportunity and resources to try this experiment again with hopefully more successful ignition results. The Florida man seemed to forget about the need or want to finish the

experiment from his childhood as he grew older and eventually finished college and began working in sales for the energy sector. He quickly learned how the energy grid and sales economy worked for both natural gas and electricity. From Henry Hub to NYMEX futures, ENRON to pipelines and transmission lines from dekatherms to Kilowatt hours as well as the accompanied sales techniques used to satisfy the energy needs of customers through the United States. After a few years in energy sales, he was fired from his energy sales position due to politics in his department despite him being the top commercial sales rep for the most recent 6 months in total sales volume. A competing energy company from Atlanta had just entered the Florida natural gas energy market and was making costly mistakes due to their naivety to the Florida market. He applied, interviewed, and was hired by the competing energy company and he gave his new employers the “keys to the state” which was the knowledge that his previous employer had taken years, if not decades to acquire at the cost of millions if not tens of millions of dollars. The Florida man gave away every secret the other company had and ways to outperform them at their own game, not for a monetary sum but for the simple fact that his previous employer in his eyes was acting improperly and he had lost all loyalty and respect for them. A mere five years after his departure from his first job after college from the local energy services company, the newer and now much bigger competing energy company from Atlanta, was able to purchase his old employer and take over their share of the Florida and national energy market. He always found it strange when he would drive by his old employer on random outings and then one day the competitors sign was affixed where the old signs and logo

used to hang on the main building and by the main entrance. He didn't know whether to be happy, sad, or indifferent, so when in doubt he just didn't care and chose to be indifferent.

Demolition Man

The Florida man was planning and preparing to fulfill the end goals of "Zero Day" and he needed to ensure that the main technological and chemical devices of his grand plan were going to work flawlessly. The homemade thermite mixture, the RLI (Remote Location Internet) devices as well as the electronic fuses, magnesium welding rods, wiring and shaped containers had to successfully ignite at the precise time via the internet over a cellular connection in the most remote of locations. The Florida man passed a large TV and radio antenna tower during his previous travels that was over 400 feet tall and broadcast TV and Radio signals to the surrounding areas. The antenna tower had two-inch-thick steel braided cables that connected to the tower in 18 places and connected to the ground at 9 concrete and steel rebar enforced anchor points. The anchor points were enclosed by 8 foot high 6 feet wide and 14 feet long aluminum fences that had outward facing barbed wire at the top overhanging at a 35-degree angle. The Florida man made three RLI devices and 9 small thermite filled pipes along with an 8-inch-long magnesium welders rods embedded in the thermite mixture. The magnesium rods were connected to an electronic fuse connected to a high gauge copper wire that ran for 300 feet to connect to the next

concrete and steel anchor point where the massive, tensioned control wires held the large tower at a near perfectly plumb vertical position. The tower was painted orange for the first 50 feet and then flipped to white for the next 50 feet and back again to orange, then white three more times totaling 413 feet including the 12-foot-tall orange antenna perched at the crown of the tower. The Florida man used steel snips to cut a small hole in each fence around the anchor points and placed his homemade thermite above the cables at the anchor point and wrapped the thermite pipe to the cable with black duct tape and then slid in the magnesium rod and connected the electronic fuse and then used dark gray wire nuts to attach the copper wire and ran that wire to just outside the small fence enclosing the anchor point. He repeated the process at the 8 other anchor points and then repaired the holes in the fences that he used to gain access. He waited for the perfect weather to ignite the thermite and see the aftermath of this experiment and his testing of the cellular internet controlled thermal destruction devices. The Florida man only had to wait 6 days for a weather front to arrive that brought with it heavy rains and powerful gusts of wind that peaked around 42 miles per hour. The rain pummeled the open fields around the massive tower and the Florida man slipped and slid trying to connect the copper wires at the base of the secured and barbed wire fenced anchor points. He ran as he unspooled the copper wire from a 50-pound roll that was 2500 feet of wire. The Florida man was able to connect the wires to a switching board used to ignite large fireworks displays and then the switching board was connected to three Remote Location Internet devices that were using dual SIM cards to connect to the internet. A trigger signal from the internet on the Florida man's mobile phone would initiate the process to start all 9 electronic fuses and thus ignite

the magnesium welding rods and finally the thermite mixture would burn through the steel cables and the concrete anchor points below. He connected all the pieces and turned on the RLI devices and when the cellular signal light was green, he opened his cell phone, loaded the "trigger" webpage, and pressed the single red button on the webpage. He looked to his right and saw the electronic fuse begin to ignite and after about 2 seconds the magnesium rod burst into a brilliant white flame and a few seconds later the thermite mixture began to burn vigorously and exploded through the steel pipe container and immediately began to melt the two-inch-thick steel cable as the mixture ran off the cable and started to burn into the concrete below. He grabbed his lowlight night vision binoculars and scanned the perimeter and counted 8 more cables being burned simultaneously. After 35 seconds the final cable was severed, and the tower lurched and twisted to the right and began to lean from the gusting winds until it came crashing down in the field pointed towards the northeast. He picked up his RLI devices, fireworks switching board, and cell phone and ran back to his vehicle to escape what was now a crime scene that would soon be investigated by federal agents in the ATF, FBI, Homeland Security, and FCC. The local TV and Radio stations in a small town an hour and a half east of Tallahassee, FL immediately ceased operations when the tower was at an angle of 72 degrees and the cables running the length of the tower began to twist, mangle, and sever, and the TV antennas and radio transmitters were destroyed upon impact with the ground. The initial response teams thought that the weather was responsible in conjunction with structural failures from defective support components. However, when the tech response teams began to inspect the anchor points with flashlights, they could see the unique burn marks from what looked

like liquid lava burns and then began to trip and stumble in the thousands of feet of copper wires running to the anchor points. They traced the wires back to the point in the muddy field where they could see footprints that were nearly washed away by the large raindrops. The police had arrived and quickly reported the findings of the rapid response tech teams to their home office and the ATF and FBI were dispatched in the next few hours to the spot of the newest terrorist attack on American soil. The Department of Homeland Security and the Federal Communications Commission dispatched representatives to the site of the crashed tower and when the sun rose the next morning the evidence had been secured by waterproof tents and the troves of federal agents were meticulously collecting every piece of wire and samples of the thermite residue for lab analysis. The federal agents were surprised by the uniqueness of this target. This was a TV and Radio tower and by dismantling it the only thing that was achieved was cutting off a form of entertainment for the locals in the area. This tower wasn't considered important for vital communication and thus had no cameras and little security measures. Little did the agents know this was simply a test for something much bigger and much more vital for the survival of our species. The agents collected the evidence and headed back to their home offices to try and figure out who this mysterious person was and why they had committed this act of "terrorism" where no one was hurt, and no one was in the area to see it happen. The ATF quickly concluded that the "explosive" material was a thermite mixture that was so common it was untraceable, and the electronic fuses were purchased online thousands of times a day and were extremely common. The copper wire could be found at any electronics or home improvement store and there was no way to narrow down who this "Thermite" demolition

man... or woman really was. The FCC and Homeland Security were dedicating more resources to this event than the ATF and the FBI because no one was hurt in the event and the long-lasting effects were more of a problem for the FCC than the public. Homeland Security wanted to ensure that this didn't snowball into something bigger. The agents in charge of this case had no idea that this mysterious case would grow cold over the next few years. During the time this case was growing cold, the Florida man would be preparing the US for a massive attack on the internet infrastructure with a three-pronged attack using thermite, a software computer virus, and an anti-satellite radio array weapon. The government was looking for a ghost that was already 10 steps ahead of them who would often daydream of being caught and locked in the Supermax prison at Florence Colorado, but he quickly realized that he was too far ahead, and they weren't ever going to catch up to him, at least not if he kept going he would always be faster than the Feds. He decided that the daydreams were enough to keep going and that before he knew it the plans would be complete, and he could finally rest in peace in a more natural world where he wouldn't have to hide who he was any longer. He continued to move quickly with building his technology and destructive inventory and designing and testing his tools tactics.

Point X-Ray

The Florida man had a few friends in high places, and one was of great importance to his plan even though his friend didn't even know it. Richie had been friends with the Florida

man since they were toddlers in daycare. Richie was a year older than the Florida man (boy) around the age of 4-5. Richie's younger brother was the Florida man's age, 3-4 years old they also had a 4th wheel to finish their quad friendship and this last young boy's name was John. These four boys would form a great friendship bond over the years maturing from boys to young men and finally adults. Richie was always a close friend to the Florida man, and both always trusted each other 100 percent through thick and thin. Eventually through the struggles and changes of life and a single tragic event, Richie grew to be the closest friend to the Florida man and the quad friendship slowly became a dual friendship. Richie was living in Boulder Colorado, and it was the perfect location to begin work on building the secret project that would eventually be known as point X-Ray. Richie had a plot of land nearly 10 acres where he grew much of his own food, both outdoors as well as some specialized indoor greenhouses that allowed him to cultivate throughout the frigid Colorado winters. Plot of land was near the mountains and was remote in the sense that the closest neighbors were over a quarter mile away and his house as at the end of a washed-out gravel road with a steep incline and two switchbacks before arriving at the plateau where the older hunting style lodge resided. The main cabin was about 50 meters from the large metal roof RV cover which was connected to a wooden barn that housed six old surplus military tents that glowed bright with white and amber light from the small rips and tears, and tattered seams in the tents. Inside of the tents were organic fruits, vegetables, and some exotic flowers. Richie would invite the Florida man to his private location at the base of the Rocky Mountains and they would talk, drink, and enjoy the beautiful view of the Milky Way disk in the nights sky. They would sometimes stay up late

enough to see the satellites zooming overhead at tens of thousands of miles an hour and at an altitude hundreds of miles above the Earth. The solar panels would reflect the sun's rays back to earth like a mirror until the satellite moved over the horizon or too far into the dark shadow of the earth to receive and reflect its phonic rays of sunlight. Over the next few years, the Florida man began to collect what looked like junk and store it on Richie's property to collect rust in the winter and wild vines in the summer. This random junk was a series of old ham radio systems, frequency modulators, and a range of 8-to-12-foot satellite dishes for Ka and Ku band transmission and reception. The Florida man's pile of junk collected over the course of two years would eventually become an anti-satellite weapon used against the United States military.

Target Location

The Florida man had chosen Boulder for point X-Ray for three reasons. The first was its seclusion away from prying eyes but also the trust and loyalty of the land's owner, Richie. Second was the generally clear night skies especially in the late fall and the strategic location very close to the geographical center of the continental United States. The last and final reason was its proximity to the Denver International airport and what lies below it. The Florida man was saving the airport for last, and he wanted to enjoy the view with high visibility optics and watch the proverbial fireworks from a distance. The Denver Airport is an anomaly among the world's airports. It has a monstrous blue bronco horse with glowing

red eyes and a sinister past. The bronco even crushed its original creator to death during its construction and assembly process. The airport also has some mysterious murals in the lower levels that depict the end of days and the world coming together in solidarity. There is a granite cornerstone that says the airport was designed and built by the "New World Airport Commission" and has a large masonic symbol of the G (Grand Architect of the Universe) and the compass and square. The Denver Airport had massive delays during its construction and was years late to becoming fully operational. The billion-dollar underground baggage transport system was quickly scrapped and continues to lay dormant beneath the ground floor of the massive sprawling complex. The airport has three main terminals but the most unique is the middle terminal specifically the eastern end where United Airlines has a lounge. Beneath the terminal lies an entrance to an underground facility that is fully stocked with food and other rations to hold thousands of the world's elites and high-ranking government officials and their families. This airport and this bunker would one day be used to house what were the world's most important people during the end of days to eventually emerge and rebuild civilization. His goal was to ensure that this bunker remained as empty as possible from human souls until the Denver Airport was entirely out of commission. The initial trap was set nearly three days ago with the release of the DDOS attack and was beginning to bring the entire internet to a crawl. After phase two where the internet backbone was severed from the rest of the internet it would be time to focus on the airport. The airport would be the most dangerous mission for him since it was the only target that had people in the vicinity and some of these people were armed and willing to use deadly force to secure the property. He knew that any other day

he wouldn't get 100 feet past the secure perimeter but today was different and he hoped that the difference would be to his advantage. He had been waiting for the news of the cyber-attack to reach the airwaves and he finally knew that it was time for phase two. He watched a few clips from national networks talk about a potential cyber-attack on google and that the "experts" were working tirelessly around the clock to fix the issue. The time was now, and he began to smile as the plan was beginning to move forward exactly how he had envisioned it.

Why

The Florida man began to see the problems created by the global surveillance state in America his last few years of college. He realized that the internet could and should be used for good and to help the world become a better place, but it had been subverted by the elites to control the population. Over time he began to loathe the owners of the internet and vowed to make changes to restrict some of the power from the global elites and secede that power back to the people. After years of brainstorming on potential ways to make the internet a better invention for humanity he had settled on two options for the future. The first option was to try and own a large piece of the internet to create somewhat of a hostile takeover from the people he distrusted so greatly. The other option was to shut down the internet in its entirety. Obviously, he chose the former and decided to start working on something that hopefully could snowball over time and become part of the

internet infrastructure. He was watching the movie "Back To The Future" and the part where Marty McFly goes 30 years into the future to October 21, 2015, when the idea hit him. Marty was walking on the sidewalk in the future world when a giant shark hologram jumped out and stopped Marty dead in his tracks. This holographic shark was the future worlds advertisement for JAWS 19 and the Florida man thought it was a great idea and asked himself why we didn't have this in 2017. He decided he would be the first to create such a device, but the problem was he had absolutely no idea how it was going to work. The Florida man began to experiment with different microcomputers and other devices that would allow him to serve custom advertisements to people as they traversed their daily routine. Generally, a person must open their phone or put on their earbuds in order to receive a digital video or audio advertisement. However, with this new system a person could be served an advertisement even with their phone away in their pocket or purse. The system would use Wi-Fi, Bluetooth, a native web application and a hardware computer system to turn any screen into an advertising platform. The system would plug into the HDMI port on a TV and the computer would serve the advertisements to the screen based on which person was in the local vicinity. Now, even if your phone was put away you may still see advertisements specific to you everywhere you traveled if the screens near you had a PIXEL ECLIPSE system. A few weeks into building on this new endeavor, he was working on the invention when his house started to tremble from the rotor wash from a large propellor plane. He ran outside and waited a few seconds for the plane to come into view heading dead west directly over the Florida man's house at an extremely low altitude of around 1000 feet. He watched in amazement as the large white C-130 Hercules plane with

4 propellers that each left a trail of light grey smoke headed off into the distance. He even snapped a picture of it with his phone and immediately reviewed his FlightAware application to see who owned the plane were and where it was heading. To his surprise the plane didn't appear anywhere on the FlightAware phone app which means the plane was not civilian and did not have a listed flight plan. He immediately realized that this plane was an anomaly because it wasn't greenish grey like nearly every other US military plane. He knew something was different now, but he couldn't tell just yet what it was. He thought long and hard for a few minutes after taking a seat in a chair on the back deck where the strange and unknown plane had just flown over. Then it hit him, and it was good that he was sitting down because he felt chills run down his spine and took a deep breath and he knew THEY were watching him. In high school the Florida man had interned for an aerospace company and that company provided several different services for the US military. This corporation was installing the DIRCM (Directed Infrared Counter Measures) system on C130s and Blackhawk helicopters for the Air Force and National Guard. This company was also bidding to install a chemical laser in a C130 for new weapons system testing in 2005. During his few months interning at this aerospace company in Crestview, FL he was intrigued by one of the seven hangars on the property. These hangars were on the east side of the runway at Bob Sykes airport and the intriguing one was clearly marked with L3 on the very top of the hangar. This hangar was off limits to everyone that worked at the aerospace company and even had its own private security 24/7/365 armed with M4 Carbines and a Glock sidearm. This hangar was special because it housed a military plane disguised as a civilian plane. This hangar was holding the Tepper Aviation C130 that was

being used for extraordinary rendition flights of wanted terrorists during the time the Florida man was welcome onto the property in the winter of 2004 and spring of 2005. He never actually saw the plane with his own eyes but a veteran employee who had worked at the location for many years told him with a whisper “That hanger holds a white C130 owned by the CIA, and it only leaves the hanger at night, and no one’s allowed to talk about it... ever”. The Florida man immediately remembered back to what the employee had told him many years ago and became immediately frightened to his core. He knew that something was off, and he had to figure out what was happening. He was careful to not publish anything he was working on to the internet and took great care in storing his data on offline devices instead of the cloud. He knew that Gmail was free because google reads your emails as you type them and was careful to only send email via his own server. He knew that the digital world had become a spying ecosystem where all data was stored processed and analyzed to give the technology elite even more power over society. He had no way to be sure, but he surmised that the C130 must have had some sort of electronic warfare package inside the cargo bay. Similar to the theft prevention devices near the exit doors of a retailer, a plane could send out a signal to the ground below and receive a response. Instead of the theft prevention devices catching a thief by sending out electromagnetic waves to see if a response comes back from the stolen merchandise, the plane could send out waves to get a response of what data was in the house and what plans he had in store. He began searching for connections as to why or what was beginning to happen to him. He found an article about the Pentagon’s LifeLog project where the US military was trying to create a database of the movies everyone watched, the books they

read, the friends they had, and the places they went. When suddenly the LifeLog Project was “killed” on February 4th, 2004. Another interesting thing happened on that same day... Facebook Inc was founded. He saw the connection and he knew that the US government was most likely the first major investor in Facebook probably financed by the CIA via the venture capital firm In-Q-Tel. He was stunned to learn that the government was already watching what he was trying to create. They must have learned the basics of what he was working on from his CTOs lackluster security measures. He soon realized that the invention he was working on could one day be extremely valuable for whomever its rightful owner was. He was building this marketing device for the customers to use to solve their business problems and facilitate an open marketplace of consumerism. The invention was also a double edge sword because as the feature list grew more impressive the amount of data collected and needed to solve a customer’s problems could also be used by the government and others with nefarious intentions. The device called a PIXEL ECLIPSE was everything the technology elite wanted in their quest for complete control over the population. The device connected to customers devices in the vicinity and relayed information back to the database for storage and analysis. The device also had a camera that could easily watch and identify the local populace. The device was growing to become the fingertips of the internet. Currently the internet ends at the destination device such as a phone, tablet, or PC but with this invention the internet could now reach out and touch anyone nearby and augment their daily routines. At this moment he knew that he couldn’t continue with this invention because it would never be controlled entirely by him. He chose to scrap the newly working prototype and start over from scratch. If the covert world was

already salivating over this invention just imagine what would happen if the device was being sold and installed around the world and at scale. He remembered the “Invention Secrecy Act of 1952” which basically states that the government can confiscate any invention they deem too dangerous for the public to have access to. On the opposite end of the spectrum, they would love to finance and help realize any invention into the market that suits their insatiable lust for corporate profits. He slowly came to the realization that this was a no-win scenario at least for him. If he was successful in creating and marketing the invention to the world the investors would now be making the long-term strategy decisions for the company. If he chose to go alone and try and oppose the elites in the shadows he would most certainly be killed, and the technology stolen from him. He could retain as much equity as possible and grow the company slowly, but he still ran the risk of losing too much equity over time. He only had two options at this point. He could embrace the situation and walk into the waiting open arms of the technology aristocrats and trade his life work for unimaginably tall mountains of cash or he could choose to go another route and scorch the Earth. He decided to oppose the technology oligarchy and he stopped working on the invention entirely. If they wanted this technology, they would need to develop it themselves. He deleted all his previous work and tossed the prototype into a small fire in a burn pit in the backyard. He vowed to not just be an uninvolved party in the elites plans but an active wrench in the grinding cogs of their future technological utopia. A place where the internet and surveillance were synonymous and the few controlled the many. He decided at that moment that he had to cut the tentacles of the beast. He was

going to shut down the global internet. Now he only needed a plan and a good one... “Zero Day” was approaching fast.

DEN

The Florida man watched the airport from a distance with a large pair of binoculars and waited for the sun to set over the horizon. It was time to move in from the base of the Rocky Mountains in Boulder to the secure facility at Denver International airport. It had been exactly 6 hours since he initiated phase two and released hundreds of pounds of thermite below the ground to burn through the steel braided internet transmission cables that comprised the US internet backbone infrastructure. The last and final step was to infiltrate the airport and render the facility and runways inoperable for the coming influx of high net worth, elite, and lucky government officials. Just as he had found the internet cables buried almost 6 feet below the ground with his specialized utility contractor equipment, he was able to map the power cables leading to the airport. The power cables followed the main highway and eventually moved perpendicular to the road and underneath the barbed wire security fence that surrounded the airport. Months before he had parked one of Richie’s covered motorcycle trailers on the side of the highway with a flat tire and a note taped to the side that read “Need new tire will move by morning” on

the side. He had a full ten hours to open the hatch in the wooden floor of the trailer and start digging on the ground below. He dug down 5 feet and hit the power cable conduit pipes that were made of steel and just starting to show some rust spots. He placed down a 5-gallon bucket filled with his homemade thermite and inserted the magnesium rod into a small hole drilled into the top of the buckets lid. He then added an electronic fuse and then 6 feet of copper wires that would eventually be used to remotely start the magnesium and thermite reaction. He waited until he heard the inevitable news from the air traffic control tower at DEN say they were restricting all new incoming commercial air traffic. At this point in time, he knew that within the next 2-3 hours all commercial traffic landing at DEN would be at a ground stop and the remaining planes to touch down at DEN would be high value targets worthy of a grand welcome as they touched down on the tarmac. The time to enter the facility was now and he wasn't going to waste any more time before attempting to decommission the airport. Since the internet was now compromised, he would need to set off the buried thermite in person but that was according to plan as the next step after shutting down the main power to the airport was to enter the facility and compromise the runways. He pushed the button to ignite the fuse and the magnesium rod that was situated in the middle of the buried bucket of thermite and the exothermic reaction began to commence. The thermite boiled and burned through the steel conduit and then the power cable inside. The entire airport went dark as he grabbed his night vision goggles and proceeded to ram the security fence in his military surplus vehicle and make his way to the center of the first of 6 runways. He crashed through the fence and drove to the eastern end of the southernmost runway and proceeded to slide out a large concrete triangular object

with a round hole in the top from the back of the army green vehicle. After the concrete anchor was strategically placed on the south side of the runway he quickly drove across the tarmac to the north side and placed an identical concrete anchor but this time he grabbed a 3-foot steel pole and quickly slide it into the anchor and secured a 5,000-pound stress rated steel carabiner to the top with a half inch steel cable connected to the carabiner. He then grabbed another steel pole and the other end of the cable which was terminated by a second carabiner and ran them across the runway and connected it to the other concrete anchor after inserting the second steel pole. This runway was now complete and only 5 more to go to ensure that no planes would be landing or taking off in the near future. He jumped back side his military surplus vehicle and began to head north to the next runway with ten more concrete anchors and the matching sets of poles, carabiners, and steel cables. The power had been out for three and a half minutes already, and he feared that it was only a matter of time before they would initiate their own continuity of government procedures for the airport and its underground inhabitants. He stopped three quarters of the way down the eastern most runway in near complete darkness and pushed out the third concrete anchor and threw a pole beside it as he didn't have much time before the airport started to go into defensive mode. Then he turned the wheels sharply to the right and crossed the tarmac a second time and screeched to a halt and push out another anchor and grabbed another pole with matching carabiner and steel cable and ran across the runway once again to connect the steel cable to for a second time. "Two down... four more to go" he said out loud but under his breath. He followed this same procedure for the adjacent runway and for a third time he connected a steel cable across a major US airport's

runway. As he began to traverse eastward across the Denver airport property the runway and emergency lights began to turn on once again and he knew that his time was limited. He proceeded past the United Airlines hangers to the northernmost runway facing New York City and Washington DC and proceeded to dump out two more anchors and connect the matching cable across the 4th runway. He knew there wasn't much time left so he jumped back in his vehicle and proceeded south to the remaining two easternmost runways at Denver International. He forced two more anchors out of the vehicle as well as connected the cross-runway cable and rushed back to the vehicle to head to the last runway just east of the main concourse. After placing the last and final cable across the 6th runway he peered at his watch and its time was just going past the 23-minute mark. The hard part was over, and it was now time to sit back and enjoy the show. The pilots and passengers that landed next at any runway would be met with the shock of their lives as their front landing gear was ripped away and the nose impacted the ground at a few hundred miles per hour. The private jets and business jets would surely never make it to the United Airlines terminal. They wouldn't even get a chance to taxi their way to safety. They would be torn to shreds as the aluminum plane rolled over and burst into flames a mere few hundred yards from their underground lair of elite level safety and luxury. The private jets landing tonight would not be taking off again no matter what. This was their last scheduled flight. He drove back west across the airport property and turned right to head slightly north to pass by the six jet fuel holding tanks on the north end of the airport on Queensburg street inside the security fence. As he passed by the tanks, he reached for the AR15 rifle on the bench seat next to him and pulled the slide back to chamber a round

from the magazine with red electrical tape around the base. This was the only magazine with tracer rounds inside and this was the only target deserving of such special ammunition. He used his right thumb to move the safety to the fire position and he took aim at the first and nearest cylindrical white tank and began to fire. The AR15 kicked slightly, and the flash of the muzzle was brilliant orange while the tracer round zoomed downrange and impacted the white target at a speed of over 1000 miles per hour. The 5.56 NATO round pierced the outer shell of the jet fuel storage tank and ricocheted off the second inner wall of the tank and came to a stop on the ground in between the two tanks. The Florida man came to a complete stop and took aim again and began to release the rest of the 30-round magazine into the same spot on the fuel tank. After the 17th shot the tank began to burst open with huge flames and he hit the gas and spun the tires in the soft sand and began to make his hasty escape back to point X-Ray as flames began to fill most of the space in his rear-view mirror. It was only a matter of time before the Cessna Citations, Dassault Falcons, Learjets, Bombardiers, and Gulfstreams would begin to descend on the city of Denver for their passengers to make their way to the eastern end of concourse B at DIA. He had a 45-minute drive to point x-ray and he wanted to make good time so he wouldn't miss the inevitable show. He drove the maximum speed that the old surplus military vehicle would allow of 55 mph and finally cruised up the old gravel road to Richie's house just east of Boulder and began to wait for the show to start while clutching his long-range binoculars. He was in luck since it was a remarkably clear night, and he could easily see the 20 miles to the 6 runways at DIA. He was only waiting for a few minutes before the first unlucky catch appeared out of the east and began to descend towards the airport that

glowed orange in the distance. As the incoming Bombardier Global Express approached the runway the pilots became extremely uneasy. They could see the fire burning on the north end of the property to their right and were cleared to land by DEN tower. The business jet slowed to 250 mph and raised its flaps in order to make a flawless and soft landing on the easternmost runway. A few seconds after touchdown the Bombardier Global Express clipped the steel cable at around 200 mph and the cable tore the front landing gear away from the plane's nose. The plane began to skid off the runway and overturned about halfway down the runway and burst into flames. The pilots and all 12 other souls on board were lost due to smoke inhalation and extreme temperature. This would be the first deadly crash in the Denver airports history, but it would not be the last one or even the last one tonight. He bit his bottom lip as the smoldering ashes began to start to dissipate and he knew they would very soon understand the airport was under attack from an unknown assailant. The Denver airport fire department was consumed by the flames erupting from the first jet fuel storage tank when the first unlucky visitor attempted to land with catastrophic results. The fire department quickly sent half the team to control the fires from the Bombardier Global express while the remaining half continued to try and extinguish the fuel storage tank flames. The firefighters raced down the taxiway and towards the flaming wreckage of the first victim jet in the Florida man's spider web of destruction. The firefighters began spraying the foam retardant on the business jet, but the flames and toxic smoke had already exterminated all passengers and crew on board. The firefighters were about to start the investigation and recovery process to see if any souls on board had been saved when the second of six fuel tanks exploded on the north end of the

airport. The first team of firefighters were caught off guard and the three closest firefighters were engulfed in flames that singed their exposed facial hair and blew them to the ground. The fire was out of control now and the firefighters were forced to retreat with the injured 3 brothers in tow back to the customized airport firefighting vehicle. The entire airport was in DEFCON 3 after the first explosion and the second explosion and deadly crash had elevated their position to DEFCON 2. If anything else happened at the facility the threat level would be increased to DEFCON 1, and the continuity of government plans would be initiated if they haven't been already. The military liaison inside the tower at DIA was already extremely concerned when the first explosion occurred and after the second and third incidences the Air Force colonel knew this was another 9/11 but this one wasn't initiated by the United States itself. This was something else entirely and he was standing at the thick glass windows at the top of the control tower watching the chaos unfold without any idea of what would happen next. He knew that he didn't have much time to decide the next course of action. He thought for a few seconds and knew that this was the time to initiate "Project Phoenix" and there was no going back after the control sequence was started. As the commanding terrestrial officer for the secret underground facility below DIA, he chose to do what he hoped he never had to do and hesitantly made the hard decision to cede control of the facility to the underground commander that was similar to a ghost. The above ground General was about to hand complete and total authority to the underground Colonel who he had never seen in person even though they had communicated via secured messages for almost 5 years. The terrestrial General knew that the message he was about to send via the hardline encrypted computer would eventually

travel inside the wire and snake through the tower and down below the airport to a depth of around a mile would be his last. After the message was sent, he would be relieved of his position and the phone and computer would turn off to never be turned on again and his job for the US military was now complete and he could now take care of his familial duties to try and save his family through the end of days that was inevitably coming through the next few days and weeks. He sent one final message that read "Project Phoenix is a GO... good luck and God speed". The computer system showed a message sent icon and 3 seconds later turned off to never be used again. The General took a deep breath and began to make his way toward the stairwell and descend from the tower. The Air Traffic controllers in the tower gave him a nod and knew what they were supposed to do next. The ATC personnel were about to earn the extra \$25,000 a year they had been paid since they were briefed into their secret roles at this special facility. The ATC knew they were required to land as many high value target planes as possible over the next few hours with complications such as the fuel reserve fires and the already crashed plane on the left side of runway R at DIA.

Project Phoenix

The Colonel who had just assumed power over the Denver airport from his fortified underground location was prepared for this role and knew that one day he would be forced to initiate the operations for "Project Phoenix". Project Phoenix was a plan for the world's

elite and the governments most important people to rebuild the world after a destructive event such as an asteroid strike or global nuclear war. The Colonel had kept the underground facility in perfect operational condition for the last 7 years lying in wait for the day where the facility would be occupied. He knew that if he was ever activated to fulfill his complete duties it would also mean that the world was in great crisis and would be forever changed. When he was first given control over the facility, he mentally questioned the reasons for initiating PROJECT PHOENIX but knew he had to follow protocol if the mission was to be a success. He had a second control tower buried deep beneath the earth that housed 13 specialized personnel that would support and monitor the civilian Air Traffic Control doing their duties in the tower from this point on. The 13 had special access to take over any part of the ATC responsibilities if they ever felt that ATC was deviating from the plan. The 6 men and 1 woman in the control tower at DIA were now acting as a secret military transport and security service. The ATC personnel knew that some of the United States most important people would be flying into the airport over the next 6 hours and they had to guide these human packages to the ground safely. They didn't know it yet, but they would soon find out that even if they did everything according to the "Plan" they were still going to fail. The ATC was ready to accomplish their part of the mission and even though the entire US internet was down, and they were operating on reserve power from the massive natural gas generators underground that were keeping the runway lights, tower, and essential security measures operational. They proceeded to contact the incoming private, corporate, non-profit, and government owned planes as they raced at maximum velocity to Denver from all over the world. The passengers who were on planes

that upgraded to extended range models were the luckiest. The jet planes that were too far to make a direct flight to Denver without a refuel stop were DOA. The budget model jets landed at any airport that responded to their requests only to find the jet fuel pumps to be unmanned with the fuel truck busy being used to fill millionaires prop and used jets trying to “Bug Out” to their own personal secluded lair. By the time the VIPs would get refueled the entire internet as well as DEN ATC would be incommunicable. The ATC was tracking 240 inbound planes that were cleared to land immediately after the plane was registered to a shell corporation years ago. The planes with proper planning for the end of days had secret identification built into their transponders and contained the worlds supposed most precious cargo of people and their families. As the planes raced to DIA, they had no idea that their race to a finish was a race to the death.

The DIA was on its last leg as far as operational activities or so he thought. The Florida man was about to cut the last fiber the DIA had to continue its operations. He was about to cut the massive natural gas pipeline to the airport generators and give the airport a status of “permeant blackout”. The Florida man sat up in his chair and flipped the switch on the base of a ten-foot tower that had and single point to point bridge antenna that faced directly down to the airport. The point-to-point antenna was in perfect position to send a signal down to a Ryder truck that was parked in the perfect spot on the south side of Pena Blvd to sever the natural gas lines running to the airport. He pushed a button and the local area network functioned as expected and carried the signal over the air from the elevated base of the Rocky Mountains in Bolder to the Ryder trucks matching antenna resembling a snare

drum facing point x-ray in the mountains. The signal crossed over the heads of unsuspecting residents without their knowledge or consent and the electromagnetic waves impacted the antenna receiver on top of the truck and moved down the wire and into the microcomputer inside the truck. In turn the microcomputer analyzed the signals and made the decision to ignite the 99 magnesium rods in the 99 five-gallon buckets filled with thermite mixture. The buckets of thermite ignited and the truck burst into flames as the floor of the truck melted with super-hot liquid thermite and the remnants of the steel frame and aluminum floor. The thermite dripped on the sand and melted the sand into a lava and steel mixture and began to eat its way down the 6 feet where the natural gas line was buried in the ground outside the airport. The thermite took about 90 seconds to reach the natural gas line and was met with a massive explosion that rumbled the airport. 25 seconds after the blast the generators began to starve themselves of needed fuel and the lights began to flicker on the tarmac. After another 10 seconds of flickering the lights finally stopped the airport was in complete darkness. Thirty seconds after the airport went completely dark the auxiliary airport power turned back on and the Florida man knew his reason for the attack was justified. The underground facility had its own power generation station that didn't require the usual input of coal, oil, or natural gas. It was too far below ground for solar and there were no underground streams or rivers. This was not a nuclear-powered facility either. The underground facility along with many others throughout the world were powered by "free energy". This free energy was a system to produce power using the laws of physics to their advantage. These generators were considered "over unity" devices and they created more energy than they consumed and

thus seemed to violate the laws of physics and thermodynamics. However, these machines were real and worked they only violated the laws of corporate profit. These devices were revolutionary and the global corporatocracy banned these devices in public so only the most secret military facilities had access to this technology. The underground base below DIA was already buzzing with military activity like a wasp's nest after a good shaking. The Colonel stood firm in the command center 12 stories below the Earth and instructed his subordinates on their every move. As the fire crews retreated away from the searing hot flames from the two burning jet fuel storage tanks the tower began guiding the next of several planes scheduled to land at DIA over the next half hour. The closest jet to DIA and the next to suffer catastrophic mechanical failure at the hands of a lone assailant was a Gulfstream 650. The Gulfstream was opulent on the inside and was carrying the world's third richest man and his family and personal security and a skeleton crew of his normal entourage. The passengers were eager to reach their final destination as well as the pilots who were hesitant to touch down at an airport with multiple active fires. The pilots radioed back and forth to Denver ATC and agreed to avoid the fires and land from the south on the easternmost runway heading north and eventually taxiing west to concourse B and their final destination. The Gulfstream banked sharply to the left and then after a few seconds back to the right on a due north heading and slowed to 250 mph just as the first unlucky Bombardier had about 20 minutes prior. The Gulfstream touched down with a slight bump which could be easily contributed to the conditions present at the airport. The pilots had the dual high visibility landing lights on the nose of the Gulfstream illuminating the runway and they saw the concrete anchors at the last minute but not the steel cable bridging the

two. Even if they had seen the cable there was absolutely nothing, they could have done to prevent the future demolition of their airplane and lives. The Gulfstream clipped the steel cable, and the nose landing gear was twisted and torn immediately as the plane lurched down and impacted the ground. The steel cable then wrapped around the right landing gear and the plane skidded to the right and turned over as the wings crumpled and tore away from the body of the aircraft. The flames began to ignite the spilled fuel and chase the plane down the runway and into the desolate sand running parallel to the tarmac. The flames caught up to the remaining fuel in the Gulfstream's extended fuel tanks. The most important passenger on the plane was hurled to the ceiling and then the floor as well as the other passengers on the jet. He saw the orange flames erupting through the 8 windows on each side of his favorite jet. The flames began to engulf the jet as it came to a rest upside down and he knew there was no escape at this point. He looked over at his wife who was crumpled in the fetal position on the ceiling ahead of him. Then he saw his 13-year-old daughter push herself up with her one unbroken arm and look at him with complete terror in her eyes. She screamed "Daddy help me!" as the fire burst through the side of gaping hole in the jet where the right wing used to be. He tried to scream back to her but the oxygen in the cabin had already been consumed by the fire and all that he could do was shed a single tear for his family as the flames and toxic smoke rushed through the cabin and encircled the unlucky inhabitants. The flames started to melt the hair on his head as well as his daughters while they both faded out of consciousness and succumb to their eternal slumber in the realm of shadows ruled by evil spirits and fallen angels. The Florida man grinned with satisfaction as the second plane burst into flames and he could see three

more jets on the horizon heading straight for his trap. The next plane chose to approach from the north and touched down on the easternmost runway with the fuel tanks burning outside the port windows and was met with the same fate as the first two planes. The final plane that arrived to touchdown at DIA was headed from Japan and elected to try their luck on the southernmost runway with similar results. There were now four crashes on four separate runways signaling danger for all approaching aircraft.

Lights Out

The Florida man had a contingency plan for the anticipated perpetual power being supplied to the airport. He thought of the old saying “If you can’t beat em... join em” so he decided to do just that. He had three old, covered trailers dropped off in the previous days near the security fences around Denver’s three major power generation stations. He moved the point-to-point antenna on top of the ten-foot tower toward the Cherokee generation station and began to make minor adjustments. He was able to pinpoint the opposite point to point antenna on the abandoned trailer and he slid down his oculus VR headset and proceed to turn on the metallic machine of destruction inside the trailer. This was a steal plated beast of a remote-controlled stump grinder. The machine was connected to the trailer through its own secure local area network which was beaming back to point x-ray. The machine had a speaker that had an air raid siren on loop as well as the words “Evacuate Now! Detonation Imminent” Playing at max volume. He drove the small tracked

remote control vehicle into the facility as the remaining employees scattered and attempted to stay alive. The employees were subliminally reminded of the “killdozer” that was unleashed on nearby Granby many years ago. The micro “killdozer” 2.0 gained access to the main room with the power generators and it began to sink its tungsten carbide teeth into the generators with scrapes of metal and sparks flying in all directions. He could see the first generator completely shut down, so he backed the machine up and lurched forward towards the next generator. He chewed through the next generator with ease and the lights inside the building began to flicker. He reversed once more and then proceeded to the next generator and began to eat through the hard steel casing and after a few seconds he emerged on the other side bringing the generator to a complete halt and the lights inside the Cherokee generation station went completely dark. This target was now another X on his war planning diagram. The power station supplied almost half of the power to the city of Denver and the grid was browning out all over the city. He hoped that one power plant out of commission would cause a domino effect for the other two stations in Denver but that didn’t happen at least it didn’t happen fast enough for him. He grasped the ten-foot tower once again and moved to the right toward the next trailer outside the Arapaho generation station in southern Denver. He adjusted his settings on the air bridge antenna and was glad to connect with the onboard LAN to bring the next armored stump remover to active status from its recent sleep mode. He reversed the machine out of the back of the trailer and slowly pushed through the security fence at Arapaho station and headed straight toward the large delivery roll up door at the side of the station. The machine crashed through the door and caught the remaining power employees off guard. The

employees froze for a few seconds until the speaker started blaring "Evacuate Now! Explosion Imminent!" And then they scattered just as the crew at Cherokee had a few minutes before. The demolition machines never had any explosives they only wanted to be afforded the ability to work in in piece. After he decommissioned the second generator at Arapaho the entire city of Denver was now in a state of chaos and complete darkness. The only lights on for miles were now coming from the DIA. The people of Denver were immediately drawn to the airport. The entire city was out of power, but the airport looked to be completely operational despite the 4 crashed jets on or near the tarmac of the north, south, east, and west facing runways. The people started to swarm the airport like bees or ants trying to secure a sugary crumb left on a sidewalk. The civilians began to overrun the security forces stationed around the airport and the security forces began to disband after emptying their magazines into the civilian threats that seemed to never stop coming. The dead and wounded writhed in pain or lay silent on the roadways and sideways leading up to the airport. The civilians rushed past the security guards and into the airport searching blindly for the reason they had come in huge numbers to this beacon of hope. The civilians made their way to all three concourses as well as the tarmac and surrounding areas though the gaping holes in the fence left over from the Florida man's vehicle as well as the abandoned security posts. The security forces had just discovered the remaining two steel cables across the runways that hadn't "caught" a jet yet and dismantled both of them. The security forces radioed the tower to clear all scheduled planes to land on any open runway and to best avoid the fires and debris. The remaining pilots braced for a rough landing on what would most likely be their final flight. The pilots followed their protocols and reduced

speed and raised their flaps to return safely back to earth with their most precious cargo.

As the pilots made their final approach, then could see that all the runways were scattered with civilians rushing toward the concourses and terminals that glowed brightly in the night. The runways were also home to multiple cars, trucks, SUVs, and RVs and were unable to safely accept any air traffic. The pilots braced for impact after placing their racing plane on course to miss any vehicles on the tarmac. The plane screamed by the civilians at 200 mph and the front landing gear, rear landing gear, and wings mowed down civilians with easy. The planes slowed to a stop a few hundred yards before the main concourse in a pool of mangled bodies and crashed vehicles. The passengers of the planes attempted to exit their aircraft but were met with an angry mob of people who had no one else to blame for their misfortune other than the planes occupants. The civilians beat the occupants and continued to storm the airport as the remaining 235 planes scheduled for arrival raced toward the clogged runways at DIA. The runways became makeshift parking lots with randomly assorted vehicles and civilians grabbing anything they could carry and heading towards the brightly lit airport and triple parallel concourse tents. The center concourse B whose eastern end was occupied by United Airlines was overrun by civilians and the secret paramilitary guards that fired ultra-secret laser weapons at the crowds wished that they had run out of ammunition like the guards around the perimeter with normal gun powder powered weapons. These guards continued to shoot the civilians with unlimited laser ammunition as the dead bodies began to pile up like small sand dunes with multicolored clothes and oozing a crimson red syrup. These secret guards had a single job to do which was allow safe passage to all guests on the manifest and deny entry to every other living

thing. The guards began to take short breaks as the human sand dunes were now too high and slippery for the rest of the incoming civilians to scale and overrun. Occasionally a straggler would make it through the piles of writhing humans, but they were quickly mowed down with automatic thermal laser fire from the Kevlar coated and ceramic plated body armor covered paramilitary guards.

Land-War-Net

The situation in Denver was being constantly monitored by the Air Forces National Reconnaissance Office the NRO and was already searching for targets of opportunity to make whoever started this war pay. The problem was the NRO nor the CIA, FBI, NSA have clue who was behind this massive attack. The CIA reached out to their counter parts in Russia's Federal Security Service FSB and the FSB responded with a sincerely apology that they had no other information to pass along as they had with the Boston Bomber and other international acts of terrorism. This was different because it was a minor "attack" when looking on from the outside but was a major attack when you considered its sophistication. The CIA then reached out to China with the same response. The Army's Land-War-Net was nearly unaffected by the internet backbone being severed. The Army and the entire US military had their own private internet infrastructure called the Global Information Grid which included unmarked buried cables and a litany of massive communication satellites ground based sensors and communication vehicles. The Air Force's private internet and

surveillance system called "C2 Constellation" was nearly fully operational as well and so was the Navy's FORCEnet. The rest of the civilian world was able to communicate via the internet locally without much interruption. The severed cables were in the heart of America and if the internet signal being sent didn't need to pass through an American sever the request was granted and the user was able to connect to a webpage or make a VOIP phone call. However, in America the interconnectedness of applications meant that even if the main server you're trying to connect to can be reached without the need for the severed lines, a portion of the application would need to use those lines and thus the entire application would likely crash or time out and fail. 99 percent of the internet was now off-line in America as the rest of the world waited for an update about the situation. There were no cell phones, no internet, no credit card payments, no ATMs. America was now at an economic standstill. The Department of Defense and NSA began to search their massive trove of data stored in the Utah Data Center while the CIA searched through their equivalent data of international origin. The NSA and CIA both used an ultra-advanced quantum computer code named ICARUS which was able to filter and sift through astronomical amounts of data in real time. ICARUS was a multibillion-dollar machine buried deep underground in Virginia and was able to take the past and predict the future. The system was able to manipulate the data in a way that allowed it to create what seemed to be differential equations and reduce the results to a single point of clarity. The machine's only limitation was the bandwidth of data packaged into qubits that could be fed into its hungry ports for processing in the Quantum core. The machine was connected to hundreds of massive optical cables that lead directly back to the servers of the world's most

profitable data collectors like Facebook, Google, and Apple. The massive machine began to slow down and prepare to regurgitate an answer of who or what had started this war. The machine came to a stop and the LCD screen read only two words... "YOU LOSE". The CIA and NSA both failed to identify the culprit who started a war against the United States in time. They had collected yottabytes of data on everyone in the country and as much as they could from foreigners. They stored data from every financial transaction, location data from every cell phone, social media posts, private messages, emails, and the physical recordings from Alexa and every other microphone in public. The data was complete unless someone somewhere was able to avoid all the surveillance devices throughout the country. The FBI watched online forums for transactions dealing in explosive material but didn't monitor the rust or aluminum needed to create thermite. The NSA recorded phone calls and even stored the data from applications like Facebook, they listened to a user's every word while the phone, tablet, or PC was on or off. However, if someone were to cut the microphone wires in their phone and attach an external microphone when needed the prying eyes and ears would be deaf and blind. If someone were to add a battery kill switch to their iPhone or android, they would be able to turn their device "completely" off and thus mute, blind and deafen the technological spies in their vicinity. A phone that has a removable battery or a battery kill switch is the only phone or device that can truly be "off" when the screen is black. All others appear to be off but are still storing data and transmitting data to the technological overlords. The Florida man knew how to avoid collections of his electromagnetic signals and he took great care to mask his online presence. He would use a virtual private network (VPN) with a laptop that was purchased in

cash from a pawn shop. He utilized the TOR Onion browser and PGP applications to mask his location and the content of his online activity with encryption and redirections similar to a covert spy on the payroll of a geopolitical powerhouse of a nation. Ever since he made the decision to terminate his plans for his extremely valuable invention which was at its most basic level a sophisticated spy device for the authorities and technological elite, he was a near perfect ghost as far as his historical online activity was concerned. The Florida man told no one of his plans and his accomplishments as they became apparent during the three years required to setup the technological, mechanical, and thermal devices that would eventually be used to shut down the entire civilian internet and cause a global economic crisis of epic proportions. He knew that the government would catch him if he told anyone about his plans and he also knew that anything that persisted and resided outside of his own mind was going to be collected and stored for analysis for a later date. He made sure to think about everything multiple times before he chose to type a key on his "clean" laptop that was previously owned by a struggling college student addicted to drugs who pawned his laptop for a quick chemical fix. He only searched topics online when his signals were hidden from prying eyes behind a VPN and only transacted online with Pretty Good Privacy (PGP) and a TOR Browser to ensure complete seclusion in his small corner of the dark web bazaars. The military, CIA, NSA, FBI, and DoD were searching for a group of individuals that wanted to cause maximum terror upon the homeland, but they would never find what they were looking for. The government wasn't prepared for a total "Lone Wolf" that knew their own procedures like the back of his hand. They were prepared for a foreign army or sophisticated terror cell but not the Florida man. The security services were

too busy monitoring terrorists that wanted to cause terror through massive explosions, chemical, and nuclear attacks but failed to see the homegrown attack that consisted of rust and aluminum shavings positioned at the perfect locations to sever the cables transmitting America's electromagnetic signals.

Inventions

The Florida man had transitioned away from creating his valuable spy devices and was totally focused on designing the devices needed for "Zero Day". He was consumed by the idea of a world without technological overlords, and he spent every waking minute testing new inventions and designing simple devices to facilitate his future plans. He was able to design a thermal destructive device that consisted of a 6-foot steel pipe filled with a thermite mixture and topped with a magnesium rod usually used in welding connected to an electronic fuse and an RLI device. The RLI device was a "Remote Location Internet" capable device. This was a cellular router that had multiple antennas that used the cellular network to connect to the internet. The RLI device was simply a way to connect to the internet in the middle of nowhere. If your cell phone had a single bar of reception the RLI device was able to lock on and amplify the cellular signal to transmit data. The RLI device was the internet connection point for over 100 of his thermite filled pipes and his specialized destructive devices outside of Denver International Airport. The Florida man purchased an underground utility discovery wand on the dark web for three thousand five

hundred dollars in bitcoin and used this device to identify and locate his targets. The device was very similar to a metal detector but didn't locate metal, instead the device was able to identify the electromagnetic signals of the underground transmission cables that sent and received packet traffic across the continental US and connected the major city hubs. The underground cables ran from New York city to Los Angeles and connected through Las Vegas, Utah, Denver, Kansas City, Austin, Dallas, Chicago, Washington DC, and many other major metropolitan areas. The utility wand was extremely simple to use and afforded him the ability to casually walk the areas where he thought the cables were buried to test his theories. He was able to use google maps to make educated guesses as to where the cables were buried, and he could then test his hypothesis with the utility wand. If he was lucky enough to guess correctly, he would mark the exact GPS coordinates of the cables in a notebook offline to be used for a later date. The Florida man would take multiple vacations to search for the cables while he was "hiking" if any authorities stopped him and asked him questions about why he was in the area. There was only a single time when he encountered the authorities while doing cable reconnaissance and the Fish and Wildlife officer in North Carolina only asked what the Florida man was doing with "that thing". He smiled and said looking for some civil war relics. The officer smiled and said, "Good Luck" and continued to search for illegal hunters in the area. The Florida man continued down the desolate high voltage transmission power line road and marked this target in his notebook. He had already mapped over 80 of the largest cables in the continental US and was on track to map the 100 largest by the end of the year. He knew that once the cables were identified he needed to start mixing the thermite and purchasing the magnesium

rods, electronic triggers, and the 100 RLI devices that would be used to detonate the thermite charges. The RLI devices would be the last piece added to the thermite filled pipes strategically buried and placed directly over the steel braided Internet backbone cables. When the thermite mixture inside was ignited by the magnesium rod running through the center of the pipe the molten metal would tunnel down and easily burn through the cables and turn the surrounding rock fill it a slurry of lava. The DDOS attack the would be unleashed would slow the internet, but it would still be operational albeit a little bit annoying when Netflix goes to buffer every 15 seconds. The thermite charges released upon the internet backbone would most definitely cut off access to Netflix entirely as well as cripple the SWIFT payments system used by every financial institution and credit card company. There would most likely be a near immediate failure of the cellular network due to maximum overload on the remaining system and would end up going offline entirely. The cables spanned tens of thousands of miles and there was no way to find the source of the complications. In the rare event that a fiber optic cable is severed it's almost entirely due to construction or mining equipment that strayed off course and accidentally impacted the cable. In this case the owner of the damaged cable is immediately notified and can dig up, cut out, and splice the damaged piece or most likely run an entirely new cable in its place. This process is very labor intensive and there aren't enough cable technicians in America to fix 100 simultaneous breaks of major data transmission cable. Even if the owners of the cables knew the exact location of all 100 breaks, they wouldn't have the equipment or trained professionals to fix them at the same time. Now consider the entire internet has crashed and there is no cell service, and the technicians and support personnel

cannot be reached with anything other than smoke signals or maybe a satellite phone. The gas pumps won't allow access until the credit card can be processed which can't function properly either so how can you drive a large utility truck to an extremely remote location as far from civilization as possible. The remaining inventions used in this perfect plan were simply larger versions of the cable piercing thermite pipes in a different shape and size. He also formulated his own communication system to send signals to his assets even when the internet and cell service was inoperable. He used a few air bridges which are basically a directional transceiver in the shape of a snare drum that is pointed at a matching transceiver and can send electromagnetic signals over the air in a specific direction. This achieves a wireless signal that can transmit many miles over the air if you have a direct line of sight between the air-to-air antennas. From his elevated position northwest of Denver, he was able to see the entire airport and any point-to-point antennas in the vicinity. The final invention that the Florida man had created for this operation was an anti-satellite weapon hidden in plain sight at point x-ray. This was a series of 12 satellite dishes ranging in size from 8 to 12 feet in diameter. These dishes were placed atop a mechanical 3 axis swivel base which allowed him to position these dishes in any direction pointed skyward. These dishes had cables that connected a series of frequency modulators and dissected HAM radios and would eventually produce an identical signal frequency that the government satellites were designed to receive and transmit. This identical signal would be used to overload and put the government satellites in "protection" mode due to complete system overload rendering them useless.

Bridging the Gap

The US military have a plan for everything, and this situation was no different than hundreds of other battle plans established decades ago. The military had contingency plans if the civilian internet and was impacted during a future war. The Army's 1st Space Brigade was the first asset to receive their battle plan orders. Their single task was to bypass or bridge the gaps left on earth from the melted and severed internet backbone. The military would plug into the internet backbone at what can be called an "internet hotel" and beam the internet signal to a satellite over America and then back to a matching ground-based satellite dish mounted on a vehicle and plug the signal back into the internet backbone at another internet hotel across the country. An internet hotel is a secured building where internet companies rent office space to install their internet hardware such as switches. These switches have "ports" to plug in cables of all types, fiberoptic, CAT 5, CAT6, T1, etc. Many of the largest internet providers lease space in the same building and then connect their cables into the networks of the other providers that rent space in the same building. So, an internet provider runs physical lines to your house or business and those lines run back to an internet hotel and then they connect to all the other companies that provide internet in the United States. Now a person or business that pays Company A for internet access can connect to a server owned by someone who pays company B for internet and the entire internet can connect and everyone that accesses the internet pays someone for

that availability. Internet hotels are filled with cables and machines but usually very little people. You can easily identify an "internet hotel" from the outside. For example, the internet hotel in Miami located on the SE corner of Miami Ave and NE 2nd Street has some remarkable features such as the massive generator exhaust fans and cooling system visible on the outside. The real giveaway of an internet hotel or even a metropolitan data center can be seen from the sky. The entire roof of an internet hotel will most likely be covered on every square foot by air conditioning compressors and ventilation piping and exhaust fans. If this internet hotel in Miami were to get hit with a Tomahawk missile or something similar to the ammonium nitrate bomb that destroyed the Oklahoma City Federal building the entire internet would be out in Miami and every Caribbean Island that is fed through Florida. There may be some Caribbean inlands closer to Brazil that may have a duplicate fiber optic cable under the sea but most of the Internet traffic heads through undersea cables leading back to Miami and then the internet hotel. The Florida man knew that decommissioning an internet hotel could be achieved with enough planning and enough explosive material, but you could only do one if you were so lucky. Explosives are closely monitored by the government and there would most certainly be a massive loss of life if one were to be destroyed through nearly simultaneous immense heat, pressure, velocity, and energy. Destroying an internet hotel was out of the question for him and he decided to look for a "softer" and easier target that wouldn't fight back, the internet cables themselves and not the actual machines and switches. The underground cables being cut would shut down the internet, but the cables could be replaced over time or bypassed completely by connecting the internet hotels across the country without cables via a

satellite uplink. The Army has a military occupation specialty (MOS) that's identified as 25 and which is part of the signal's corps and specifically the 25S denotes a satellite specialist. MOS 25S is responsible for maintaining a satellite uplink and this satellite dish is often on a vehicle for easy mobility and battle effectiveness. These trucks are stationed at many bases through the world and can be commissioned at moment's notice to any location within driving distance or flown via cargo aircraft to any point on earth in less than 12 hours.

Luckily the homeland had over one hundred satellite trucks available to disperse around the country to every internet hotel located in every major city. The trucks raced from their home bases to the closest Internet hotel to attempt to establish a connection to the civilian internet for the rest of the country that wasn't connected to the militaries version of the internet that was still operational. The convoys of satellite uplink trucks began their journey sandwiched by armored Humvees in front and back filled with any available special forces personnel as a protective force. The D-Boys, aka DELTA Force, Air Force Special Operations Group (SOG), Navy Seals, and any available convoy protection forces available, all clad in top-of-the-line gear raced toward the internet hotels expecting to possibly encounter the enemy that had started this war at any moment. The satellite truck convoys all made it to their destination hotels without incident and the protection forces secured the perimeter around each Internet hotel expecting a shadowy enemy to eventually engage them in a firefight that would never actually arrive. The 25S specialist parked the satellite uplink trucks in the now secure parking lots of the internet hotels and pointed their dishes at the sky to lock onto one of the available geosynchronous satellites over middle America that could bridge the gaps between eastern, western, northern, and southern America. The 25S

specialists connected a large fiber optic cable to a secure port inside the internet hotel and then connected the other end of the cable to a matching port of the satellite uplink truck. After a few button clicks on a military provided laptop and a few settings changes in the main internet hotel terminal the signal began to flow from the hotel and towards the truck completely bypassing the destroyed and permanently inoperable underground cables. The signal began to transmit towards the sky and was met by open ears by a geosynchronous satellite that would begin to transmit the signal from space back down to earth. The satellite was broadcasting the signal as all satellites do and would send this signal to anyone that had the equipment to receive the signal anywhere in America. A geosynchronous satellite can see and send a signal to one third to one quarter of earth depending on its distance above the Earth's surface. This means that a satellite over Kansas can be seen from New York or Seattle and anywhere in between. If you have direct line of sight to a satellite, you can receive its signal or even send a signal to a satellite. A satellite will "hear" anything you send to it if it's the correct frequency. So, with proper planning you can scream in a satellite's ear loud enough to break it or at the very least make it impossible for the satellite to hear anyone else. You can raise the noise level so the satellite can't hear anything else or potentially scream so loud the satellite breaks and shuts down temporarily or presently if you damage its transceivers. This is exactly what the Florida man had in store for the satellites from point x-ray and the satellites didn't have any way to protect themselves with earmuffs or a surge protector from the incoming electromagnetic assault.

Can You Hear Me Now?

The Florida man watched the airport as the third fuel tank exploded and the sixth jet landed at the now overrun airport crushing civilians scattered on the tarmac as it made a landing at the only illuminated parcel of land for nearly fifty miles. The occupants of the plane were met with an unstoppable force of an angry proletariat because there was no one else to take out their frustration on than the occupants of the Dassault Falcon and had the misfortune of being killed by a mob of angry and scared civilians instead of a fire and the resulting smoke from a catastrophic plane crash. The airport was done and every plane that was scheduled to land tonight would be met with the same fate of the Denver metropolitan area that had nothing better to do than try to save themselves and their families and destroy anyone that stood in their way. The planes landing would all come to a complete stop using less and less of the runway because their potential energy was dissipated by the impact and biological destruction of human bodies on the runway until the runways were so crowded with corpses and obstructed with abandoned vehicles that the slowest and last planes chose to abort landing and attempted landing at any emergency airport within range of their nearly empty fuel tanks. If they landed at another airport there was a high likelihood that their occupants survived the night but many of the remaining flights were unable to find a suitable airport and were forced to make emergency "landings" in fields and a few touched down without incident while many others crashed as the engines failed before a soft, smooth, and flat landing zone was identified. These plane

crashes were more violent than the others but had little to no fire because the fuel tanks were completely dry. The Florida man knew that watching the airport was futile and nothing more could be done to change the airport's current situation. He knew that he needed to start phase 3 and ensure that the internet was down for as long as possible to ensure permanent changes in the future. He didn't plan to win the war, but he wanted to win as many battles as he could before they found him. There was only one of him and it was only a matter of time before they found out the true instigator of this war and he would finally get to rest in an eternal sleep. He grabbed his backpack and started to jog to the control center he had setup in the back corner of the barn behind the military surplus tents. He pressed a button on the curved one-piece computer monitor that was the size of three normal monitors and began to flip on the switches to energize the 12 satellite dishes. The 12 dishes were covered by military camouflage that was suspended by wooden and steel poles that hid the dishes from visual identification by the numerous spy satellites maintained by the National Reconnaissance Office (NRO). The military had technology to see the heat signature of living things as well a visual identification and can track devices via triangulation, but they have a very hard time pinpointing signals from satellite dishes due the nature of broadcasting. Broadcasting is broad and everywhere but devices have unique ID's or a MAC address or an IP address, but a satellite dish has none of these features. The Florida man knew that he was hidden but not completely invisible while transmitting from point x-ray. The Florida man began to use his mouse and the attached joystick to identify the position of the geosynchronous military satellites and began to listen to the broadcast signals and move his satellite dishes at point x-ray directly at the satellites.

He started to project signals towards the satellites in the crosshairs of his 12 satellite dishes and began to broadcast "noise". The 25S specialists would in turn try to turn up their signal strength to establish a new connection to the satellite. Each time the 25S would increase the signal strength he would increase the noise level and the process would continue to repeat. The Florida man increased the noise level until the satellite operator increased the signal to a level above what was acceptable to the satellite and the satellite would go into shutdown and restart mode to protect itself from permanent damage. If the satellite went into restart or safety mode it would take about a half an hour to completely restart after an overland and the satellite had finished its restart sequence and returned to operational service. The Florida man had another trick upon his sleeve and if successful it would render the continental United States internet completely useless until the cables were replaced. The Florida man began to change the settings on his dashboard to increase the power sent by his ground-based satellite dishes. Most satellites are designed to transmit and receive in the Watts range. He was about to send a signal towards the satellites in his view that was in the Kilowatts range or hundreds to thousands of times more powerful than the satellites were designed to receive and this would damage the satellites transceiver and render the satellite permanently inoperable. He had been searching the night sky for the faint signal of hidden military satellites and making a map. The 12 satellite dishes in his possession were constantly moving in a grid pattern to cover all points in the sky. The autonomous ground-based satellite array was plugged into a desktop computer, but the computer was air gapped from the internet meaning it had no internet cable running to it or even a wireless network card to receive signals over the air. The dishes were on motorized stands that

could make minor adjustments and the entire system would log the azimuth and elevation of a potential “target” when it was lucky enough to “hear” a satellite. The satellites were constantly broadcasting a signal over the Ka or Ku bands, and he had acquired both types of dishes to hear and basically see where the satellites were. The entire mapping process had taken about a year and a half to slowly scan the entire sky over Boulder, CO, and account for where the government’s satellites were located. Once the mapping was complete, he knew that with a high confidence the government would be using 33 satellites over middle America to attempt to establish an internet connection for the civilian world of the United States of America. There were 33 targets of opportunity in the sky, and he would need to use every available tactic to outsmart the operators of his predetermined targets. He needed to test the connection frequency and spin of his equipment and ensure it matched the target satellite before he sent his directed energy waves at the satellites with the end goal of damaging their transceivers beyond repair and thus rendering the multi-hundred-million-dollar satellites useless and pieces of space junk. The satellites had no protection from the assault he was about to send their way with the end result being the total collapse of the United States only plan to bring the country back online to save the homeland from destruction and total decay of civilization. The satellites had rough locations with a zenith over middle America specifically over Colorado, South Dakota, Iowa, Arkansas, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Missouri and would easily be seen in the sky by both the eastern and western seaboard as well as anywhere in between inside the continental US. The satellites were in geosynchronous orbit, so they were traveling at tens of thousands of miles per hour in space but in reference to Earth they appeared to stay in the same spot in the sky.

The satellites were traveling at the exact speed to appear stationary to anyone looking at them while standing on the Earth's surface. The mapped log of 33 satellites was the target acquisition list but the Florida man still had to identify each satellite's "kryptonite" which was its exact transmission and reception frequencies. When you send a signal to a satellite the signal is polarized and has a specific spin and direction. There is "Left Hand" polarity where the signal resembles a corkscrew spinning towards the left and right polarity where the signal resembles a right spinning corkscrew. If you can identify the polarity and the frequency band and the exact frequency of a specific satellite, you can connect to the satellite and force it to hear anything you want to say. You can yell at the satellite in a language it doesn't understand or just scream in its ear, and it can't hear anything else trying to connect to it. Now if you're yelling at a satellite and someone next to you yells louder the satellite will hear them. If you continue to send noise towards a satellite and raise the "noise floor" the satellite can't hear or connect to its intended target and eventually the satellite will reach its maximum designed limits and overheat or most likely shut down and go into a safe mode to cool down and then try and restart again. The satellite will protect itself before it slowly overheats and damages itself beyond repair however, if you were to send a signal towards the satellite that was so powerful that it overloaded the satellite by hundreds or thousands of times its expected capacity, it was highly likely to damage the satellite's transceiver and decommission the satellite permanently. Broadcasting is an interesting system when you think about how it operates. When you broadcast a signal anywhere you send out electromagnetic waves in all directions or you choose a specific direction by the shape and internal specifications of the

antenna or “dish” if the antenna is in the shape of a partial sphere. A dish is a directional antenna and pinpoints the signals in a specific direction and can receive signals that are pointed at it. An antenna or a dish connected to a satellite will send a signal down to earth and span an extremely large area and could be the entire United States if the satellite was over the middle of America near Kansas City. A single satellite can send a signal to a quarter of Earth if it’s elevation above Earth is large enough. The signal sent from a satellite is landing on Earth just like the sun’s rays. The percentage of space a single satellite dish on earth is compared to the total area of the earth’s surface being broadcast over by the satellite in space is miniscule. A twelve foot in diameter satellite dish on the Earth’s surface is an extremely small percentage of the area being bombarded on Earth by that satellites dish antenna. The amount of power being received by each dish on earth and transmitted back to space is so small because most of the signal falls on deaf ears such as trees, roads, mountains, forest, oceans, beach, snow, and anything that isn’t a satellite dish. If you send a signal to a satellite that it’s designed to “hear” it will receive the signal and try to transmit that signal back to Earth through its transceiver. You can transmit with a left-hand polarity signal and even receive on a right-hand polarity instantaneously. The military began to transit their signal of the civilian internet request and the internet began to slowly regain a minuscule signal and the people still trying to connect to a simple webpage were able to see the page start to partially load on their screen slowly and then fail. It was America’s first sign of hope in more than 24 hours. The Florida man was waiting for his homemade satellite array to identify the signal specifications of the 33 military satellites being used to bridge the internet signal across America were designed to use in the Ka and Ku spectrums.

After 7 minutes the camouflaged satellite array was able to detect with accuracy its first target frequency and polarity of the 33 geosynchronous satellites. He smiled as the target system instructed the phased array to the next spot in the sky and began to repeat the process and identify the target frequency and polarity of the remaining 32 satellites. It should take about 3 hours to identify the remaining satellites frequencies and polarity and then he could begin to send the correct signals towards the sky that would inflict damage to the chosen targets of opportunity. After 2 hours and 49 minutes his phased satellite array had identified all 33 satellites signals reception frequency and was now able to start the assault of invisible electromagnetic signals towards the unsuspecting satellites currently bridging the gaps of the internet in America. The internet in America was beginning to regain its integrity slowly and the Florida man knew that after phase three was complete there would be no more fighting. If he was successful in this last endeavor the internet would be down for his lifetime. If he was able to successfully decommission these 33 satellites the government wouldn't be able to turn the internet back on. The only way to turn the internet back on with physical cables would take years at this point and the potential satellite reconnections were far too complicated at this point. Most satellites have boosters that can adjust the satellite position in space, but these boosters are for small movements and cannot move a satellite to vastly different positions in space. This means that geosynchronous satellites can't move much after they're placed into position. Many other satellites are in orbit and travel around the Earth like reconnaissance satellites and can see almost every part of Earth over time with enough rotations especially polar orbits. He knew that if he was lucky enough to decommission these 33 satellites the

replacements would be nonexistent or unavailable due to the massive amount of desertion and AWOL troops required to achieve a space launch or orbital adjustment. Once the 33 satellites were destroyed there wouldn't be any replacements and the internet would never recover. He selected the first satellite of 33 and began to transmit "noise" towards the satellite and then slowly turned a dial which was the control of the power to the array and cranked it to the maximum "volume" of 7,000 Kilowatts. The satellite in question was rated for a signal reception on its transceiver of 750 Watts and the transceiver began to build thermal energy and increase in temperature. The satellites transceiver absorbed well over the 750 Watts and began to fail at 2100 watts which is ten thousand times less powerful than the signal sent towards the satellite. The signal that the satellite received was almost 5,000 Kilowatts and the satellites transceiver was heated to 1400 degrees for a split second resulting in catastrophic failure. He smiled and began to move the phased array to the next target and then proceeded to repeat the process over and over until all the target satellites had their transceivers damaged beyond repair. The targets persisted in orbit, but they were no longer useful to the US government or civilians of the United States. The satellites were now inoperable space junk and there was no other backup plan for the reconnection of the internet and society in America. This was the beginning of a primal world where anything goes and the survival of the fittest would be tested. The city dwellers wouldn't fare well, and the rural areas had a real chance to go back in time and start to regain their previous roots as a hunter and gatherer civilization.

Pentagon's Last Resort

The entire United States government was dumbfounded as to what was truly happening to them and the fighting and screaming at subordinates permeated through every government office. The Military, DoD, and other security services were scrambling to assemble a plan to "fix" the issues or win the "war" depending on the agency. The military was identifying potential targets to retaliate whether it be a cyber-attack launched via radio frequency or the release of a MOAB (Massive Ordnance Air Blast) thermal kinetic bomb to destroy enemy assets. There were plenty of bombs to drop but zero actual targets that deserved the gift wrapped present of laser guided high explosives. The hornet's nest of the Pentagon was as mad as it was at the beginning of the new millennium except this time, they weren't poked in the eye investigating the \$2.3 Trillion in "missing" funds. The accountants looking to identify the missing monies spent on "black projects" like the Denver Underground facility were spared from the high explosives of a cruise missile sent to clean up a mess of too much information being released to the public. This time the accountants were just drinking coffee because they knew this would be an all-nighter. The US was at an economic and communication standstill where everyone was worried about the ones they loved but had no way to communicate with them if they weren't at the same location. The officers ducked into closets and the bathrooms to frantically try and send or receive a messages to their families. The enlisted personnel as well as the government contractors kept quiet and tried to ignore their desire to reach their loved ones for fear of

reprimand in the coming days. They kept thinking to themselves “Maybe this will be over soon” and “I’m sure everything will be fine”. There was a lieutenant in the pentagon’s IT infrastructure management team that had a single bright idea that could potentially restore part of the continental United States internet infrastructure and start the restoration process. The lieutenant knew every piece of the top-secret infrastructure that the pentagon owned. He knew that the communication cables used by the pentagon were extremely out of date and should have been updated many years ago to compete with civilian technology. The government communicated via lines that were laid underground in the 1990’s or early 2000’s and were secret and covered with multiple layers of steel conduit, faraday cages, and concrete with rebar and air pocket gaps between then layers that were designed to be impervious to nuclear attacks. The rest of the world had updated their communication cables, but the Pentagon had lagged due to the extremely difficult nature of installing new cables when the old ones were “perfectly fine” The lieutenant knew that the rest of the world had moved on to newer technology, but the old technology remained buried underground and this could be enough to bring an extremely slow and limited version of the internet back online. Video games, Netflix, social media, and Cryptocurrency wouldn’t be possible but simple things like email, telephone calls, and payments may work if the rest of the internet traffic was restricted. There was no guarantee that the derelict internet infrastructure would still work but it still existed and that was their only hope for now. The lieutenant shook his head side to side but said “It’s the only way...” out loud but to himself and the general staring at the TV monitor with the other generals around the country looked over and faced his direction. He said, “What the fuck did you say lieutenant?” And

the lieutenant said, "Nothing sir!". The general said "No.. fucking tell me exactly what you just said soldier!". He said sheepishly "It's the only way... Sir!" "What's the only way? Speak up soldier, this war is going to be over before we even know who started it and have a chance to teach them a lesson." screamed the general. The lieutenant began to explain to the general that if they had the Internet service providers switch back over to their older infrastructure and restricted the internet to essential services and blocked all other traffic, they may be able to establish a connection and achieve a limited version of the internet. This may be enough to maintain society until everyone could adjust to this new world. The lieutenant explained there was no guarantee the plan would work but it was the last piece of technology that had the potential to reverse this pattern of total destruction of America. The general repeated the summary of what the lieutenant had said and the rest of the generals on the video conference call agreed to end the meeting and make their calls to initiate the only plan that was left, that was never tested or properly planned. The generals made the calls to the heads of the communications providers via secret communications satellites, which maintained executive control over the prehistoric underground cables through a series of mergers and acquisitions and the consolidation of assets from BellSouth, AT&T, MCI, and others. The derelict cables were mostly intact and still connected to the switches and other routing hardware. The military and communications companies began the massive quest to manually switch the internet backbone back over to the older infrastructure that had no way to handle the influx of potential internet requests from the uneasy public in a communication blackout. The military and civilian technicians began the arduous task of driving to the communications hubs throughout the country and

manually disconnecting the cables in the worst-case scenario. In the best-case scenario, they clicked a few buttons on a keyboard and then digitally switched the connection to revert to the old cables laid decades previously which had remained dormant for so many years. The generals forced all non-essential internet traffic to shut down. Facebook, Google, all other social media, Netflix, Amazon, and every other high bandwidth domain name was restricted at the DNS level and their servers were shut down so that the public couldn't waste any of the precious internet bandwidth and hardware resources that were now so valuable and extremely scarce. They were hoping to establish a connection for the most basic of services and entertainment wasn't one of them. Basic communication and payments would be the first goals to achieve over the next few days, weeks, or months but hopefully not years. These would be useful if they could be regained before the populace decided they didn't need money or to communicate with friends and family across the country. However, if currency had switched from dollars to gold and whiskey and the need to communicate had switched to the need to hide from others wanting to take your resources, their plans would be useless. It was now a race against the clock to see how humanity in America would respond to this huge change of reality. This experiment had never been done before and the end results were a mystery to all parties involved.

Animals

The third day of total communication shutdown was exponentially harder than the first two days had been. The first day most people had no idea that the internet outage in their area was actually a national outage of epic proportions that would bring the entire world to a standstill over the coming months and years. The second day without internet, payments, and communication the civilians began to panic because only one in a thousand was prepared for this situation and had a “bug out” bag or stored food. On the second day the stores were beginning to get raided by hungry people that had money but no way to get their funds out of an ATM or use their debit or credit cards. The masses of hungry people raided the stores for food and anything else that though would be useful to their survival. The banks were left alone even though their security systems couldn’t call for the authorities because money was useless in this new world where the shelves were now empty, and no one was coming to restock them. The third day without internet and food was different because the hungriest of the civilians began to turn back into their primal self and their actions resembled animals that fight and kill their competitors to ensure a single meal for themselves or their families. The civilians of America were beginning to change from the civilized and polite populace into what resembled a pack of hyenas that roamed the cities and began to sprawl into the suburban areas. The rural areas were affected the least because most of them had enough food stored as well as the ability to harvest from their gardens and even hunt the rural areas for wild meat. However, the starving people

transitioning into animals eventually made the trek from the urban areas towards the rural areas to find safety from other urban dwellers who would kill for a meal with the hopes of finding nourishment outside of the cities. The urban residents were prepared with food and had the ability to grow more and hunt as well as protect their assets. When the urban residents tried to bargain with the rural residents they were met with shotguns and rifles. The country residents were nice and motioned with the barrel of their firearms to “move along” and go try and survive somewhere else. The urban residence that tried to force their way into the homestead of the local rural residence were chopped down by AR15, Shotgun, and handgun fire before they gained entry. The sight of a dead body on the front lawn was usually a warning sign to future hungry hyenas but sometimes the residents had to protect their homestead more than once before the hyenas looking for food decided to look somewhere else. The entire continental US was ravaged by hungry people that had no options other than to search blindly for food that was becoming scarcer every day. The military was operational, but their human resources were beginning to slim down due to AWOL soldiers. The soldiers had a choice to make that was the hardest one they had to make in their lives up until this point. They were ordered to stay at their posts and fulfill their duties as an asset to the US military, but they feared the worst for their loved ones. They had all been briefed that there was an unconventional war starting and they were needed more than ever to potential win this war and save America. The soldiers initially followed orders but over time some of them decided to choose to save their families instead of following orders from their superiors. They began to grow hesitant when the hours without talking to their families turned into days. The soldiers started to worry since

they couldn't communicate with their loved ones, and some eventually made the decision to disobey their orders and chose to be AWOL with the hopes of finding their loved ones and protecting them. Most soldiers would make an excuse that they had to relieve themselves in the restroom and would simply leave out a back door of their facility. The military police couldn't catch all or even most of the AWOL troops and over time even some of the MPs chose to leave their posts. If too many of the soldiers chose to leave, the military would have no way to continue their operations in the future. The people in America had no way to know what would happen next nor would they be prepared if they knew the future. The people were scared, tired, hungry, and beginning to resemble a group of insane schizophrenics that were searching for nourishment at all costs. They ravaged the cities and moved into the rural areas in search of enough food to keep them and their families alive for just a short time longer. The people would eventually eat all the food in their area and attempt to find food in other more remote areas. There were roving bands of zombielike hungry and dehydrated people that walked or drove their cars until their gas tanks were dry in search of a single morsel of food to sustain them another few hours. The people of America were no longer civilized and would kill anyone to satisfy their writhing stomachs. They would continue to search for food until their bodies gave out and they eventually died of exposure. The lucky ones had a quick death due to dehydration, but the unlucky ones died due to exposure and eventually the unluckiest would die of starvation. The prepared people had plenty of food stored away as well as firearms to protect themselves and their resources. The prepared ones enjoyed meals together while at least one family member was assigned to protect the residence like an armed guard at a prison

that walked the perimeter of the residence in search of hyenas coming to attempt a raid on their homestead with the goal of filling their stomach and maybe taking some leftovers to their loved ones if they were still alive. The government had no plan to save the civilians of America. They planned for a continuity of government, but they never took the time to plan for the continuity of the American populace. If things continued the way they had these last few days the world may eventually reduce its population to the acceptable numbers written in stone in 8 languages on the Georgia Guide stones. The first of the ten guides or sayings written on the stones says, "Maintain humanity under 500,000,000 in perpetual balance with nature." And this may very well be in the future for America based on the direction things were currently heading. The Florida man didn't know that the actions that he had set in motion were already planned by the groups that maintain control over the people of Earth. The plans had been established before he was even born and they were waiting for the right person to set them in motion. They were surprised that the person who despised their plans so much was also the person that would set off the process of creating their "New World". The same plans of action would start to reduce the world population, but it also reduced their small numbers by compromising their hiding spot below the Denver Airport.

Elite Plans

The elites of the world had secret plans that extended into the far future. They knew that they must plan decades into the future to maintain control over the population and ensure the perpetual survival of their members. The world has been controlled by a select few people that have immense control over the entire planet. These people hide in plain sight and were all members of an elite group that has many names but is generally referred to by the public as "The Illuminati". They were planning on maintaining control over the world in eternity or until their leader came back to assume control over the planet. These individuals had taken an oath to the most powerful fallen angel who goes by many names but the most common is "Satan". These individuals all had something in common which was the love of money and power, and they would do anything to build their wealth at the expense of others. They had established forms of control over the world through debt and had direct control over prisons and the military to force any debtor into a cell or the high energy explosives to subdue any nation and exploit their resources to repay their debts. These people already controlled the human assets of Earth if they were registered with the government by requesting or signing a birth certificate. The US was in significant debt to the Rothschild backed central banks across the pond and unfortunately had less assets than needed to satisfy their debt obligation. They had nothing of value after the great depression so the treasury officials decided to turn their citizens into securities that could be traded and sold as asset. The future productivity and debt obligations of the citizens

could be used to pay back debts to massive central banks owned by the richest families in the world. Fun fact, if you use your social security number from your paper card as the CUSIP or bond/stock certificate number and then use the red number on the back of your card which is the “sequential control number” as the password you can see how much money is in your Federal Deposit account. The Florida man had checked his worth by using the CUSIP search option on the Fidelity Investments website and he was surprised to see that there was \$33 million and change in his treasury account at the Jacksonville Florida Federal reserve bank. Three years after he first checked his account it no longer showed up in his personal Fidelity investment account holder portal. He knew the information about the contents of the account linked to his Social Security number and the sequential control number on the back were still stored somewhere but the owners who store this info had most likely limited access to the public. It’s a simple process to add a single column to a database table and use that single field to limit access to any user without appropriate permissions or the most current and valid web token. Any ultra-high net worth customer in the small group of elites who trade human stocks would have the needed user permissions to view this data and check any accounts status and value. He laughed when he saw that he was a debt slave with a federal deposit account with his unique social security number and over \$33 million dollars in it. He was a millionaire and so were many others in the country, but his millions were being used by the elites to extract his productivity and worth and he knew he would never be able to extract the funds for his own enjoyment. The elites that exercise control over this planet were trading the future worth of their citizens just like a stock or bond. The elites were obsessed with control and self-perseveration and took steps

to ensure that they were protected from financial and bodily harm in all situations. They planned into the near and far future and had unlimited funds available to build the world around them that they wanted which wasn't necessarily the best future for the proletariat. They owned the prisons and the industry as well as the money itself and were able to print as much worthless paper as they wanted and then wait to collect the debt owed when the money was lent to the populace. They had plans to achieve total control over the planet and achieved their goals in every country with a central bank. The national central banks were used to make funds available to corporations and nations and if the loans were defaulted on the central banks would seize assets and never lost their initial investment. They would intentionally loan to borrowers that couldn't pay the loans back with the intention of seizing their property and assets in the future. The elites were obsessed with control and self-perseveration and took steps to ensure that they were protected from financial and biological ruin. The elites had been waiting for a time when their money and power wouldn't matter, and they would become part of the proletariat just trying to survive. They knew that the surface of earth was covered in potential dangers from nuclear war, volcanic eruptions, deadly viruses, or even mass natural or manmade disasters that could envelope the earth at any moment. To ensure their survival they had dug deep into the earth and hollowed out massive cider ground complexes all over the world with tunnels and access points hidden in plain sight in city centers or even some secure facilities. These massive complexes were underneath the outskirts of many of the major cities and they were connected via 50 foot in diameter tunnels. These tunnels were drilled through the earth by massive carbide teeth spinning on the head of a nuclear-powered tunnel digging

machine. This machine was also able to heat the rock pieces chewed up by the machines boring head into a molten slurry and mold the edges of the tunnel with molten rock that was as smooth as glass. These tunnels were home to massive magnetic levitation trains that could travel at a max speed of 2,100 mph and make a cannonball run from New York through Washington DC through Atlanta and over to Dallas and then Las Vegas and finally ending at Vandenberg Air Force base in southern California in a little less than two hours. With the Denver Airport out of service on the surface the only way to access the underground complex was the ultra-fast maglev trains but would they be filled to their planned maximum capacity or would they be nearly empty with most of the worlds people scheduled to arrive at the underground complex chose to arrive in style on their private jets and where met with flames and fury to a blacked out major metropolitan area and the only airport on fire with deadly plane crashed on all runways. Then trains were filled with military personnel and the required teams in continue the continuity of government operations. The President of The United States was still aboard Air Force one circling above the open skies above Wyoming and the F35s were positioned to the wings while 3 more were screaming arrow and jockeying into position to receive the previous team of pilots escorting the special Boeing 747-800. The President had been in the air for 27 hours now and the pilots on Air Force one began to prepare for their third air refueling during this extended flight. The pilots were hoping that the military would give all clear to land anywhere soon because they were beginning to lose faith. Air Force One can fly forever with enough KC-46 fuel tankers matching its speed and elevation to transfer fuel but the

pilots will eventually start to hallucinate due to a lack of sleep and physical exertion and overworking their minds on high alert for too long.

El Presidenté

The President of the United States when “The Event” happened was extremely frail and barely competent so it was one of the worst times in history for an event with such significance be unleashed. However, if the goal was to attack a country with a weak and unprepared leader, this was the most opportune time to cause a total collapse of the government and with that the entire country. The President spent much of his time sleeping and dozing around the White House and when then National Security Team was briefed about a potential cyber-attack on Google, they decided to wait for the President to wake up from his nap before they told him the news. When the team saw the President starting to lunge out of bed and place his feet on the floor to rise with a confused look on his face, they knew this was the time to brief him before his moods changed and he began to anger more easily with each sundowning hour. They tried to explain what a DDOS attack meant to the octogenarian but the only word he understood was “Google” and he responded with “What happened to my Google phone?”. The team decided to bypass the president just likely they had done many times before because they knew that if the President was incompetent, they were going to do their duty. They told the government agencies tasked with national digital security and infrastructure to continue to monitor the

situation and then brief them again when they knew more or had a plan of how to stop the attack and return the Internet to its normal state and function. The attack was simple yet extremely effective. The attack was requesting image searches from Google but the returned results were never seen. The botnet of computers that had downloaded one or more of the Florida man's "free" programs was using running in the background of millions of computers, tablets, PCs, and other small devices. The devices requested image searches from Google for random words and Google would continue to return millions of images and the devices would immediately request more images while refusing to load or view the requested images. Google's servers were overloaded and the influx of images being sent over the internet was astronomical. There were hundreds of billions of images flowing over the Internet cables and the immense flow of data packets flooded the switches and the entire internet was beginning to slow down as a result. The public had no idea why Netflix was buffering every 30 seconds and their gaming was lagging to players in every other part of the world but America. The National Security Team came back to the President at the end of the day and tried again to explain the importance of the current situation but this time he was already in one of his moods and angrily snapped back to the team with "I said I want ice cream for desert". The team knew that the President was going to be incoherent and useless until the next morning, so they brought him his usual portion of vanilla ice cream as he was dressed by his staff for bedtime. The team would monitor the situation until the morning and see if they could get a more responsive President in the morning. Little did they know that the entire internet would go offline in the coming hours. Then internet cables were severed by immense heat caused by simultaneous underground

thermite detonations in remote areas far away from any major city or civilization in general. There was no way to identify the source or location of the cable breaks unless you could find the remains of a remote location internet (RLI) device placed in the forest or high grass to the side of the utility corridor where the thermite was placed underground or the small black wire connecting the two. When the internet cables were cut the IT Infrastructure personnel tasked with stopping the DDOS attack began to scream and yell at each other because they thought that the DDOS attack had increased to the size where the Internet hardware switches were beginning to fail and shut down. The IT guys were confident that there was an issue with the switches and packet routing hardware in the internet hotels. The internet was completely offline, and they had no way to fix it so they tried to frantically contact their counterparts that may be able to restart the switching equipment. The Florida man's plan worked and they were chasing the wrong rabbit down the wrong hole. They were looking in the wrong place to fix the issue and if they spent too much time chasing the wrong rabbit they would never get back to a place where they had even a remote chance of regaining control and fixing the issues. Everyone was solely focused on the DDOS attack and the internet hardware and no one was looking at the cables themselves, the backbone of the internet, and this would prove to be a huge mistake of epic proportions. The President was sleeping when the internet went dead and the White House, NSA, CIA, FBI, NRO, Military, and every other government agency started to slowly buzz with activity. The internet had been dead for over an hour before the National Security team made the decision to wake the President and try to establish a return response. The aids crept into the bedroom and nudged the President awake to

find a groggy and angry senile old man. They explained that it was time to get up and he scoffed back but listened to their directions as they began to dress him in a three-piece suit just before midnight. They escorted him out of the White House in the cover of darkness to the south lawn as Marine One swooped down. The other two identical decoy Marine One's hovered nearby and "El Presidenté" was whisked off to Joint Base Andrews to board a waiting Air Force One. The military didn't know who or what was attacking America, so they decided to fly until an enemy was targeted or the threat was mitigated. The pilots of Air Force One pushed the throttle forward and the massive jet screamed down the runway and as soon as the front landing gear was airborne the entire plane accelerated in a near vertical climb to reach cruising altitude away from any light arms fire or surface to air missiles potentially waiting near the end of the runway. The military didn't know who the enemy was yet, and they could be anywhere, even near Joint Base Andrews waiting in a van to send some fast-moving high energy metal and explosives towards Air Force One. The plane reached cruising altitude and there was no one waiting to test the planes counter measures for the first time. The 747-800 raced from Virginia towards the great lakes and began to circle the lakes and Canadian border for 6 hours until the first KC-46 air tanker arrived at dawn to refuel the Q cleared presidential transport plane. The President grinned as the KC-46 matched its speed in front of the 747 and began to release its refueling hoses. The President was amused while the rest of America was scared and confused and hoping that the world wasn't going to an end as they knew it. The KC-46 filled Air Force One's fuel tanks and then retracted its hoses and began to bank to the left and start the return journey to its home base of operations. The President's grin began to fade as the plane

began to move out to sight from the cockpit windows and he returned to his suite below the cockpit.

Underground Activities

The underground complex below Denver International Airport was alive with activity and the current residents were excited for the opportunity to greet the future tenants speeding their way. The airport above ground was now obsolete due to the fires engulfing the jet fuel tanks on the north end of the property and the four plane crashes as well as the massive influx of locals from the Denver metropolitan area. Denver was in complete darkness due to the attacks on the two main power generation stations, Cherokee in the cities center and Arapaho in the southern region. The residents began to migrate to the bright lights of the Denver Airport powered by the secret underground facility buried deep below the international airport. The guards had protected the entrance located below the United Airlines terminal to the point where the bodies were stacked to a height of 7 feet and there was only a small crawl space between the mountain of dead civilian bodies and the airports drop ceiling. When an individual was able to climb the mass of oozing bodies and reach the top, they were quickly neutralized with the secret laser weapons possessed by the covert black Kevlar clad guards. The guards had protected the entrance but were eventually called back down below to the interior and tasked with sealing the nuclear blast protective door that they had existed hours ago. They followed their orders and began to

make their way to the entrance and then initiated the process to close the twenty-ton blast door and lock it so that it could never be opened by an outside force. The guard's heads hung low because they knew they had killed hundreds of their fellow countrymen for their mission and that the mission had changed. They had sacrificed hundreds of innocent people when they could have closed the doors hours ago or never opened them in the first place. They were greeted as soon as they exited the elevator the twelfth floor underground the airport. The Colonel that oversaw the entire facility told the soldiers that were once "Tier One" operators for the United States military that they did a "Good job" and that they were now assigned to the presidential arrival and protection detail. The soldiers nodded their heads in near unison and began to head towards the underground command center to brief themselves on the plans to protect the incoming President of the United States. The soldiers reviewed maps of the underground tunnels and began to plan their mission to move the president from his terrestrial landing location to the underground facility below Denver International Airport. The soldiers started to make their way towards the maglev platform on level five and knew that their mission to protect the current president of the United States may be their last for the foreseeable future. They boarded the next incoming maglev train headed a few hundred miles away to Salt Lake City Utah and waited for the train to arrive and stop at the platform below Hill Air Force Base in Salt Lake City Utah. The soldiers began to file out of the maglev train and move towards the elevators that would take them to the above ground facility to their waiting counterparts in the Air Force special operations group, Delta Force, and Navy Seals flown in from their bases of operations in California. The soldiers waited for the President to arrive at Hill AFB while the terrestrial

soldiers admired the weapons systems possessed by the underground based soldiers code named "Talon Anvil". A Delta Force operator asked to see the black clad full face masked underground soldiers' weapon and he shook his head side to side as the other soldier finally understood the gravity of the current situation and he proceeded to adjust his tan Kevlar vest with both hands while his rifle hung to his side from the black strap. The F35s split from their protective service and began to bank hard left and right into sharp turns and slowly expanding outward while Air Force One started its hostile environment landing approach. The massive 747-800 started to bank sharply to the left and spun down towards Earth while continuing to circle the perimeter fence of Hill AFB and descending from 25,000 feet to 2000 feet in only a few minutes and eventually made the last turn and adjusted the flaps, leveled the wings, and raised the nose for a light touchdown on the only runway at Hill AFB. The Delta Force, Air Force SOG, Navy SEALs and other Tier One operators were approaching the plane as it reversed thrust from the four upgraded and overpowered General Electric CF6 turbofan engines and the plane came to a soft stop on the tarmac. "El Presidenté" had arrived and was going to get the shock of his life when he realized that the trains he loved to ride as a child were also available to ride underground at 16 times the normal aboveground speed inside vacuum tubes. The Special Forces operators grabbed the "nuclear football" that held the codes to launch a nuclear strike anywhere on Earth in a few seconds. The President was loaded into an open golf cart and driven the 500 feet across the edge of the tarmac to the closest hanger to the southeast while shrouded on each side by armed guards and elite special forces operators and secret service personnel. The golf cart came to a screeching halt on the slick concrete that had been recently polished, and the

President's head jerked forward and back again. The President was escorted through a generic steel framed doorway and down a hall and to a sally port leading to the elevators. The first door of the sally port closed behind the President and his protective entourage and the second door of this port opened, and the President was pushed mildly to ensure forward progress from the octogenarian. He proceeded to walk forward towards the elevator with open doors waiting to take them to the underbelly of the planet. They entered the elevator, the hexagonal doors closed, and the elevator began to fall at terminal velocity but without the acceleration needed to force the human occupants off balance. The doors opened and the President was guided towards the maglev train waiting on the platform and his eyes widened with excitement and surprise to see this marvelous piece of American ingenuity. There was a brief pause as the train's hermetically sealed doors closed and the train began to accelerate like a laser and zoom down to the complex below Denver Internal Airport at over 1000 miles per hour. The "Train Force One" arrived at the station below Denver Airport in 23 minutes and the President was greeted with the shock of his life. There was a group of seven tall grey aliens standing near the door to enter the main pavilion after the train terminal. The aliens read the mind of the President and could feel his terror and confusion. They decided that he posed no threat and ignored him and his guards. The underground based guards knew there was a problem. They weren't supposed to "mix" with the ancient ones, so they slowly engaged the firing mechanism for their laser weapons and began to scan their heads-up digital displays for other potential threats. The soldiers formed a perimeter around themselves because they knew that anyone without laser weapons wouldn't stand a chance and would certainly end up as food for these

ancient monsters now unleashed from their high-tech containment pods near Dulce Base on the border of New Mexico and Colorado. The special soldiers heard a scream behind them as a secret service agent was taken from behind by the claws of a huge mantis like creature and his submachine gun fired wildly as he was dragged away towards darkness. The rest of the protection detail started firing and the president began to cower in fear. The special soldiers decided not to fire a shot and moved away in silence as the screams echoed the large rock cylinder tunnels. “El Presidenté” was the only one without a firearm so he was saved for last. The mantis stopped their slaughter and in walked a reptilian alien who studied the President up and down. The President was covered in other people’s blood spatter but otherwise unharmed. The 9-foot-tall reptilian alien then chomped down and tore his head from his frail body with his jagged teeth and proceeded to gulp the flowing blood from the stump of his neck where his head once stood.

Escape From Dulce

The aliens being held below ground at Dulce Base had agreed to work with their human counterparts and remain confined to the underground facility even though they possessed the ability to escape at nearly any time. They felt safer underground where they were surrounded by fellow extraterrestrials and briefed military specialists. The humans working at Dulce Base, the surrounding underground facilities, and connecting tunnel complexes were cleared for Top Secret and Secret Compartmentalized Information (TS/SCI). However,

their special clearance that afforded them the ability to travel freely between the tunnels with proper clearance was their "Majestic" clearance. After the Roswell crash in New Mexico in 1947 there was a committee of twelve important people that were assigned to form a commission to investigate the crash and capitalize on the specialized technology and weaponry that was scattered along the barren desert farmlands. The twelve military and scientific professionals assigned to this secret project decided that the best way to capitalize on the technology was to keep it secret and ensure that the first implementation of this technology be underground and free from the prying eyes of the public. The twelve participants in this commission were afforded total control over the operations of these secret technologies and weaponry collected in New Mexico and from other crash sites in future years. The goal of the recovery process was to reverse engineer the technologies possessed by the off-world tourists. The government and industry formed a partnership where the defense companies were given the raw materials from the crash sites and the government protected the companies through secrecy agreements and provided unlimited funding that began to snowball out of control over time. The CEOs of the defense, aerospace, and technology companies knew that they had a goose that would lay golden eggs for the foreseeable future. The broken pieces of technology held in secure vaults and being researched and reversed engineered could be used to completely change the world for the better but as the scientists started asking about the future applications for humanity the original twelve members of Majestic 12 lobbied their friends to pass a new federal law, the "Invention Secrecy Act" of 1952. This act was designed to "provide for the withholding of certain patents that might be detrimental to the national security, and for

other purposes". The congress of the United States had now passed laws that allowed the government to seize and confiscate any patent or new technology that they saw fit including any technologies that could change the world for the better to protect long term corporate profits. There would be hundreds and even thousands of patents that would become property of the US government and secreted where the public wouldn't have a clue of what was available to them over the technological horizon. The inventors of new technology that could hurt cooperate profits for the energy, defense, or medical sectors were first bribed with significant payments and if they didn't take the money alternative plans were afforded to them. For example, Stanley Meyer invented a way to use water as fuel and burn the hydrogen and oxygen in an efficient way and turned down an offer of a billion dollars for his patent. After refusing the money and persevering forward by himself he was assassinated in a restaurant by ingesting his poisoned soup and he dies in the parking lot held in the arms of his brother. The members of "Majestic 12" were more powerful than the president of the United States as a collective although none of them were more powerful individually even if they made their required phone calls to their "friends" in high places. The committee were able to swing legislation and bribe or blackmail anyone else that stood in their way. This allowed them to finance anything they wanted and rush anything through the engineering and quality assurance process and could scale their new inventions by just adding another few zeros to the right side of the check they were handing over to the defense, aerospace, and technology companies. They could build state of the art technology and from purchasing agreements that were 50 years in the future to deliver multiples of anything they could dream of, and they could even get

a significant kickback for the sale to the government. They built stealth aircraft, spy satellites, fiber-optics, laser weapons, tunnels, maglev trains, and more for the US government and bought mansions, luxury cars, helicopters, beach vacations, and small businesses with the monthly kickback payments. The government had made contact with the ancient aliens that controlled the development of humanity on our planet and had agreed to help with the transfer of technology for the benefit of humanity. The aliens fulfilled their part of the agreement and had transferred both the physical technology and “engineering specialists” from their planet along with translation devices if the participant wasn’t versed in telepathy. These specialists trained their human counterparts on how their technology worked and even tried to explain the production process in detail. The humans reported their findings to their superiors and the messages eventually made their way above ground to be checked by terrestrial scientists like “Bob Lazar” at Site Four (S4) inside the Nevada National Security Test Site on Papoose Lake just south of Area 51. The aliens could read minds but were never in the same room as the “Majestic 12” committee and could only know what their counterparts knew which wasn’t much intentionally due to their limited briefings. The aliens continued to fulfill their previous obligations but in the late 1960s they stopped their total cooperation and began to stop helping. Likely they had been for the previous two decades. In 1979 the alien base was penetrated by curious humans and a firefight and battle ensued that resulted in 60 Americans dead. The partnership had soured, and the humans agreed to remain above ground except for a select few specialized personnel that would form a truce to secure the subterranean tunnels into the future in exchange for the aliens remaining underground until summoned.

to rise from their dark hideaways. The aliens remained underground until "The Event" and when the civilians above them began to panic and flood the airport the aliens knew their agreement had been fulfilled and they were now free to choose where they resided on this planet and should now escape from their small tunnel in search of more open spaces above ground. The aliens began to concentrate on the hexagonal sally party entry doors and the doors opened with easy as if they had been instructed by the rightful owner to open on command. The aliens began to enter the maglev station and boarded the trains and then picked their destination from the map on the front cabin of the train and telepathically command the train to head to their destination. The trains moved on command and the aliens were transported towards Colorado and eventually stopped below the Denver International Airport and the aliens departed the train and waited to assemble a larger force to emerge above ground. After a few minutes the first train to arrive was occupied by the current president of the United States and his security detail. The aliens read the Presidents mind and saw that he wasn't a threat and turned back towards the door while sensing the mantis aliens approaching from the east and western corridors. The mantis woods be so understanding of the importance of the person standing dumbfounded in front of them.

Fire And Brimstone

The Florida man knew that he wasn't smarter than the United States government in its entirety and planned accordingly. He knew the "Point X-Ray" would only be safe from the government for a short while and as soon as the mission was accomplished the 33 satellites had been disabled beyond repair he would be forced to evacuate the location or risk being shredded by point tank weaponry as well as high explosive charges rain down from above or the high likelihood of a supersonic cruise missile that would strike in a split second and remove his scalp and limbs just like a sharp "Tomahawk" (missile). He was totally focused on the VR headset while destroying the generators at the two main power plants supplying energy to the Denver metropolitan area when Richie approached him from behind. The Florida man jerked for a second but knew that it was his friend and continued to chew away at the final generator until the power shut off at "Point X-Ray" and he slid the VR headset up and gently placed it on the table next to him. Richie asked "What are you playing? Don't know the internet is out?". The Florida man responded with "It's an RPG and a first-person shooter." Richie said, "Stop playing against the computer... that's stupid." The Florida man began to laugh and said, "Let me try to find a signal with the satellite array... it's worth a shot, right?" Richie nodded and said, "I'm going to bed maybe everything will be fixed by the morning." The Florida man responded a final time with "I'll need to use the generator to see if I can get the array working." Richie said "Whatever... as long as you refill the diesel fuel tomorrow." The Florida man nodded and said, "You know it!". Richie

scuttled away towards his bedroom and began to prepare for a restful night sleep. The Florida man primed the generator and then pushed the large switch to start the old diesel engine that would power Richie's homestead as well as his anti-satellite weapon. The government was already searching for targets all over the world but couldn't come to a consensus before releasing the high explosives needed to destroy a potential target. The NRO was utilizing all available reconnaissance satellites to search for any anomalies to be marked for total destruction. The NRO began to analyze their imagery after the explosions at the Denver Airport and saw the shadow of a blurry dark green military vehicle that appeared to breach the secure perimeter fence just before the fuel tank and airplanes started to crash. The NRO was able to piece together the imagery from multiple satellites and could see that the military surplus vehicle that had entered from the south had exited from western fence and headed towards Denver and possibly Boulder. They were able to identify the type of vehicle as a Stewart and Stevenson M1084 6X6 cargo vehicle. The NRO was able to see the vehicle near the fuel tanks and could place it directly in the tarmac of all six runways and they knew that this vehicle was solely or partially responsible for the destruction at the airport and most likely the issues faced by the entire continental US. The NRO relayed their information to the DoD and they planned to attack the vehicle as well as anything in its vicinity. The NRO assigned a majority of their specialists to review the historical images and data from the last few hours over Denver. The mission was simple, to identify the exact resting location of the vehicle responsible for the carnage and destruction in Denver. The specialists and analysis at the NRO had pinpointed the exact route of the vehicle manually and had placed the vehicle in the outskirts of Boulder at a

remote location at the base of the Rocky Mountains. The Florida man had just identified the 33 satellites and began to initiate the process to disable the satellites and knew it was only a matter of time before "Point X-Ray" would be engulfed in flames just like the Denver Airport. He knew that the confusion would work towards his advantage, and he could estimate a time of discovery around 3 to 4 hours, and he was approaching the 2-hour mark. He was relieved to see the green lights come on at the main display for his satellite array and he knew that he only had a few more minutes to complete his mission and seek refuge somewhere else. He opened the command prompt on the satellite array and input the correct commands to raise the satellites background noise level and eventually send such a concentrated blast of energy towards the targeted satellites transceiver that the satellite would be forever inoperable. He sat back for a few seconds to make sure the computer was going to execute his commands and when he saw the computer loading up "targets" he is eyes widened and he turned to run back to the main cabin on the property. He ran towards the cabin and burst through the back door and began yelling for "Richie... wake the fuck up bro... we gotta GO.... like right now!" Richie responded still groggy from the half night's sleep he had achieved and said, "What the fuck bro... it's like 2 am... what's happening?". The Florida man responded with "If we don't leave now we won't get to 3am!" And grabbed his best friend by the arm and lugged him towards the living room and the front door. The Florida man said "We gotta take your car now... I'll drive!" and motioned for the keys hanging on the wall by the front door. Richie reached for the keys and snagged them as they exited the door and slowly tossed them into the air as the Florida man caught them with a jingle as the keys rattled in his hand. They jogged towards the makeshift garage and

pressed the key fob to unlock the Rezvani Hercules 6X6 SUV that was shining brightly under the florescent lights in the barn style garage. Richie had decided to use the profits from his illegal cannabis cultivations to “invest” in a luxury SUV that came with thermal and infrared vision as well as bulletproof windows and steel armor designed for civilian use. The Rezvani Hercules spun the tires as it headed down the gravel entry road. The NRO relayed the exact location of the old military surplus vehicle and had mapped the potential locations of the satellite dishes at point “X-Ray” while the Air Force mobilized their assets at Cannon AFB and Holloman AFB in New Mexico as well as Nellis AFB in Nevada and their planes were enroute to destroy their intended targets in Boulder Colorado. The F35s, A-10 Warthogs, and AC-130s screamed and hummed towards Boulder at their maximum velocity and began to initiate their firing sequence as their target came within range of their weapons systems. The weapons engineers and pilots radioed their commanders one last time to confirm their targets destined for destruction and all received the “Go Ahead” to rain fire and brimstone on their predetermined targets. The first to arrive was an F35 and it dropped two laser guided JDAM bombs that destroyed the main house and barn containing the military surplus vehicle used to compromise the airport. The rotary cannon of the F35 hummed as it proceeded to rain down high explosive shells on the remote homestead. The A-10 Warthogs arrived a few minutes after the F35s had returned to base and sent six sidewinder missiles towards the target and some of the satellite dishes were destroyed. The A-10s banked sharply and came around for a second time with their Vulcan cannons peppering the property with high explosive shells destroying the remaining satellite dishes. Ten minutes later the AC-130s arrived on location to rain more fire and brimstone from

their 105mm Howitzer cannons and 20mm Vulcan rotary cannons that splintered the trees and removed all traces of life from the property. The military had wiped the target from the map, but they were 30 minutes too late to execute and neutralize the threat that the Florida man posed to them. The Florida man had escaped this time and was now a fugitive from the entire US government.

On the Run

The government had pounded “Point X-Ray” into oblivion but were unfortunately a few minutes too late to neutralize the threat of the overpowered anti-satellite array weapon. In addition to failing to destroy their target on time, the military allowed the person responsible to escape and was now a fugitive from justice in this brave new world. The government and military knew that they were looking for the owner of the plot of land that they had so recently destroyed and had watched an unmarked military surplus vehicle enter the property. After watching historical imagery data from the past few hours of available images the analyst at the NRO and Pentagon had identified the 6x6 leaving the property just before impact of the high explosives. Unfortunately for the military there were too many holes in the raw images that they couldn’t track the 6x6 vehicle forever and somewhere in the mountains near Edwards and Eagle Colorado the images available no longer contained the tracked vehicle and the government was out of luck for now. The government was trying to track the unique vehicle, but the Florida man had an idea that

just may work to get them through to the next day and if they were lucky enough, they may even last a week or two. Richie balked at the weaving the Florida man was making while heading up a very long road towards the top of a mountain near Eagle Colorado. They approached the main gate to the property and slowly pushed through the wrought iron gate with the 6x6 armored vehicles brush guard and continued another half mile up the road. They looked at the imagery from the thermal cameras and could see some deer off to the sides of the road but no humans yet. Richie asked the Florida man where they were going and what was at the top of the hill. The Florida man responded with "A castle to sleep in for the night". Richie was stunned to see what looked very similar to an 16th century castle but with a modern touch. This castle was built by a tech billionaire decades ago, but the tech billionaire was starting the process to sell this \$42M whale of a property and wasn't living there at the time. The Florida man knew this, and he also knew that with the internet being down for days the people working at the property would most likely have gone home to check on their loved ones by now. The Florida man still intended to take his sidearm in case someone tried to put up a fight and drew "First Blood". Richie and his friend exited the 6x6 after parking in the courtyard next to the 12-car garage and drew the slide back on his Walther PPQ M2 40 caliber pistol to chamber a round. Richie winched a bit and said, "Let's hope no one's home today." And the Florida man nodded and proceeded to pick the lock on a shed near the garage and open the door to find lawn maintenance equipment and found a chainsaw and a sledgehammer. He used the tools to smash and cut through the sides of a bay window and were able to enter the castle and had free reign for the time being to use any bedroom inside to get a few hours of sleep but first

they had to move the 6x6 into the garage and choose another vehicle that was available to continue their journey. The Florida man chose a 2020 Aston Martin DBS Superleggera in diavolo red and grinned as the engine revved while reversing the supercar out of the garage and into the cobblestone courtyard with a nine-foot marble fountain in the center. He made one lap around the cobblestone turnaround and parked near the side entry to where Richie was giving a thumbs up at his best friend's choice in cars this evening. Richie thought they were going to convoy, but the Florida man had other plans. The 6x6 would act as a laser beacon after they left tomorrow to guide the high explosive and warplanes back to exterminate this castle in due time. The Florida man and his best friend slept for about 6 hours and by that time the sun was almost exactly overhead but still in the east, so they knew the time was close to 11am and they needed to plan their route. The Florida man decided to tell his friend what he had done and proceed to sit his friend down next to the gas fireplace and poured him a drink of an ultra-rare bottle of aged scotch that was once owned by the previous occupant. He explained that for the last three years he had been planning an "Event" that he thought would change the world for the better or maybe something else entirely would happen over time. It was his experiment, and they were going to follow it through to the end no matter what happened. He told him about the virus he had set off weeks ago and the thermite he had planted years ago and ignited days ago and the satellite weapon that he had used hours ago as well as the carnage he had inflicted on the Denver Airport and the city of Denver's power grid. Richie's jaw dropped as the Florida man came to the end of his explanation and told Richie that his property was already most likely a smoldering pile of ashes. He became angry when the Florida man told him they

needed to leave the 6x6 as a “sacrificial decoy” because it increased their chances of survival significantly. Richie was upset to lose everything that he worked for but eerily excited to see how this whole “end of the world” thing would end up and what choice did he have at the time. The US government was after him and not the ghost of his friend, the Florida man. He would need to work with his best friend until they were found, captured, and executed and most likely not in that order. The two men packed their bags and entered the red supercar after placing the 6x6 near the door of the hilltop castle and headed down the road towards the crashed iron gate and began to slow to a stop. They played rock, paper, scissors to see who would have to lug the heavy wrought iron security gate out of the road so the supercar could escape to the main highway below. Richie was the loser with paper losing to the Florida man’s scissors, so he hopped out of the car but struggled to move the gate, so the Florida man got out and together they moved the heavy iron gate enough of the way out of the road to get by and escape down the hill to the highway in Eagle. The government was taking hours to review the newest satellite imagery available for what took minutes in the real world for the Florida man and his friend to accomplish. This means that after the two friends had slept through the morning the government was still trying to piece together where the 6x6 had finally ended up and nearing 3pm the NRO had identified the 6x6 by the side door of the castle themed mansion. The CIA relayed intelligence that the mansion was most likely unoccupied by its owner, and anyone inside could be eliminated. The military decided to send something faster than warplanes and high explosive shells. They chose to send seven tomahawk missiles, three to destroy the main castle, one for the guest house, one for the garage, one for the banquet hall, and one

for the 6x6 vehicle. The missiles were launched from a guided missile destroyer off the coast of Los Angeles and the cruise missiles took a little more than an hour to reach their target positioned at the tail end of their maximum range of 900 nautical miles. All seven impacted their targets within nine seconds of each other and the castle, garage, guest house, banquet hall, and 6x6 were completely destroyed and engulfed in flames. The government was satisfied this time and seemed to be confident that whoever had started this war had been punished to the fullest extent of the American justice system being administered by the US military. The military neutralized the imminent threat and began to switch back and change gears to try and fix the problems created by the Florida man and his friend these last few days and weeks. The two fugitives from justice, one known to the government but wrongly accused, and another unknown and not yet accused were now traveling through Aspen heading south towards the border with New Mexico near the city of Durango with a final destination of Dulce, NM. They had been traveling for almost two hours and the red supercars fuel tank only had less than an eighth of a tank left. The Florida man told Richie that it was time to switch cars and to be on the lookout for something that might work for the both of them. The gas pumps weren't working so they would need to open the fill hatch and send down a bucket many times over like a high octane well in order to continue using the car they had, or they could commandeer something new that came with a tank of gas. They passed a dealership about 45 minutes past Aspen and made a sharp U-turn and zipped into the parking lot and began to search for a clean vehicle that would get them at least to their destination of Dulce, NM. The supercar came to a stop near a slightly used 2019 Toyota 4Runner in pearl white and they both stepped out and

noded at each other in agreement that this one would do if they could fill the tank if it wasn't already but first, they needed keys. The Florida man walked over to the main door of the small dealership and shook the locked handle. He then unholstered his sidearm and squeezed the trigger twice at the glass of the bottom half of the aluminum framed door. The glass cracked and shattered, and the glass break sensor alarm started wailing as the Florida man motioned to Richie with his hand to come forward. He said, "Don't worry there is no internet to alert the police and most likely police aren't at their posts anyway... let's just hope no one's here and tried to put up a fight". He kicked the glass and removed the lower portion below waist level and proceed to enter the dealerships and immediately found the key lockbox in the manager's office. He searched the drawers of the manager desk and found the key to the lockbox containing all the keys to the vehicles on the property. They opened the key lockbox and began to rifle through the keys until they found the Toyota 4Runners set. They ran to the 4Runner and unlocked the doors and turned the ignition to see that the car only had a quarter tank when the needed much more than that to make it to Dulce, NM. The Florida man sighed and stepped out of the car and ran to the repair shop at the rear of the property and grabbed a motor oil draining bucket and a battery powered drill along with a half inch drill bit and returned to the main sales lot. He began to slide the long flat plastic bucket under cars with large gas tanks like SUVs and truck and crawled under the vehicles to drill a hole in the gas tank to drain the remaining hydrocarbons into the oil drain bucket. He told Richie to find a gas tank and to start transferring the reclaimed fuel into the pearl white 4Runner. After puncturing the gas tanks of 7 vehicles and numerous spills they finally had a full tank of mixed octane fuel in their

awaiting chariot headed for Dulce Base in New Mexico. The two men had a full tank of gas and three 5-gallon tanks of gas to spare in the trunk of the 4Runner and they sped down the highways of Colorado on the way to the southern border with New Mexico. Neither of them had been to Dulce, MN before but they were intrigued with the stories about a secret base that was home to aliens working with humans on secret projects below the mountains. If there was any time to be a tourist at Dulce Base and find out what was really happening, there it was now. This would be the first time in history that the Base was open for the resident to escape and visit the aboveground world for the first time. This was the first time that most of the resident of Dulce Base would interact with anyone from outside their subterranean ecosystem.

Unidentified Aerial Phenomena

The extraterrestrial visitors and prisoners on our planet were now free to explore the Earth with complete and total freedom. The aliens living underground were now free to move around the maglev tunnels after the containment failure at Dulce and were starting to make their way to the major cities and began bobbling around their newly claimed environment while sightseeing like a trove of international tourists having the time of their lives. The aliens began to summon their friends and relatives via telepath and a few minutes later there was a shining orb of light on the sky that was an inter-dimensional video phone where the aliens on the other end could see exactly what was happening

across the galaxy in real-time and were so intrigued that they summoned their intergalactic transport ships to assemble and prepared for the 10,000 light year journey. The total travel time for the aliens was only a few seconds due to the excitement of the pilot to enter the coordinates correctly. As soon as the ship knew where and when it was supposed to be headed it instantaneously removed itself from spacetime and teleported to the Earth's atmospheric surface. The ship was the size of thirteen aircraft carriers and released a swarm of civilian and tactical drone vehicles that began to move from a height of 100 miles above the Earth's surface to sea level or wherever they could find a suitable landing surface. The aliens began to swarm the Earth compared to their usual scientific and political interventions to guide humanity along their journey of evolution. This time was different they didn't even have to try and hide or blend in anymore. The aliens that were humanoid were very easy to spot for the average person, but the humanoid aliens were nearly impossible to spot to the untrained eye. The humanoid aliens were missing link in evolutionary history, and they looked more like humans than most humans did. They were usually very tall, fit, symmetrical, and had other special powers like telepathy, telekinesis, and the mind of a super genius with the intuition to put Sherlock Holmes to shame. These individuals were rare but pervasive around the world but decided to hide among us with the full capability of being the smartest and best "human" on the planet, but they relegated themselves to mediocrity. These aliens enjoyed being the opposite of the "Truman Show" where they knew all the secrets but everyone else had no idea what was really happening. The lights over the dark side of Earth which was between Australia and Saudi Arabia began to hover and flash before they were accompanied by the appearance of the massive

transport ships from all over the galaxy and the universe. The aliens began to land on the surface of the planet, and we met with occasional small arms fire but retaliated appropriately and with equal force. The person responsible for the potentially fatal shot was met with a mind shattering pain of acid being poured over the frontal lobe and they were apprehended by the alien's security forces but wished they had been killed due to the immense pain they were in. After a few minutes of extremely painful reeducation pain compliance from the extraterrestrial security forces the offending human was a new person with total loyalty to their new colonizers. The aliens had taken over the entire planet in less than 3 hours and the lights and ships hovered over the major cities while eventually phasing out of our spacetime reality and heading back to their origination world. These aliens began to setup broadcast systems the major networks home offices and even patched through their highest ranked diplomats holographic live stream to the "New World" their plans and how the Earth's people could accommodate their actions. They broadcast on all frequencies and people all over the world were able to receive the signal via cell phone, computer, FM/AM radio, HAM, secure military device, satellite signal and all heard the same message in their native language and completely understood the actions being taken and knew they weren't the ones who needed to be scared. The people were happy to be part of something much bigger than themselves and knew that the ends would soon justify the means. During the seven hours that it took to drive from the center of Colorado one the border with New Mexico the aliens had taken over every major city and had begun to expand out to the other more remote locations. The Florida man and his best friend could see the lights in the sky and noticed the majority were headed in the same direction that

they were. Richie began to start breathing heavily and said, "This isn't a good idea... what if they kill us or something?". The Florida man responded with "Who cares... if they kill us, it's not our problem anymore." They drove for another hour after stopping to empty their remaining ten gallons of reserve gas before seeing sign for Dulce "12 Miles Ahead". They slowed to a stop as the Florida man said, "Well we're here and they're either going to kill us... or knight us!" The 4Runner sped ahead towards Dulce Mountain as the lights above them began to descend at the same rate they approached the mountain and until the alien security forces were near parallel to their vehicle. They proceeded forward towards the base of the mountain as the ships began to impede their forward momentum and the Florida man pushed the brake pedal which slowly coming to a complete stop and pushing the shifter into park. They exited the vehicle as the ships that were surrounding them began to open and reveal their occupants. The occupants were terrifying alien guards that could tear any human apart with a few blasts from their laser weapons. They possessed laser weapons that were 100 times more powerful than the paramilitary guards below ground on Earth. The two men walked forward as large spherical ship hovered down to the ground as the door opened and a unique older Pleiadian alien exited the inter dimensional vehicle. The Florida man clutched his sidearm and then dropped the clip to the ground and pulled back the slide to eject the slide and the 40-caliber round in the chamber went flying... another survival strategy. He began to kneel in front of the alien and motioned for Richie to do the same. Both men remained motionless until the approaching alien was a few feet from them. As Richie continued to look at the ground the Florida man looked up and into the eyes of the alien waiting for his future to be decided. The alien stared into the

soul of the tired and weary human that had been on the run from the entire United States government for the last 24 hours and had nearly been killed in two airstrikes. The alien knew that this person was the one who had started this chain reaction and he was sympathetic to his new friend. The alien chose to take this man and his friend under his authority and bring them to his leaders. They shuffled onto the spherical ship and were prepared to travel to the secret entrance into the base at Dulce Mountain. The alien and the two men sat at the front windows on the ships bridge and traveled towards the mountain tops where the holographic top of the mountain disappeared, and the ship descended into the mountain. The Florida man had finally gained access to the most secret facility on the planet. The aliens had granted him access to the place he had been hoping to enter in his dreams for years.

Continuity of Government

The Pentagon was overwhelmed by the influx of potentially dangerous flying objects because their total number of objects had increased a thousand-fold compared to this time last year. The secret government office that was tasked with combatting a black swan event was busy scattering papers around their open floor plan war room and yelling at each other in the hopes of shifting blame or finding a potential solution. The government had tried to deploy their military assets but wasn't about to get any of their aircraft off the ground due to unexpected mechanical and electrical issues likely caused by this

extraterrestrial invasion force. The government was wanted to attack the numbers aerial targets, but their weapons systems were failing them, from the fighter jets to stealth bombers, to the cruise missile, and even the intercontinental ballistic missiles. The pentagon even tried to use the “Star Wars” space defense system that uses ground-based lasers to bounce the laser photons off a reflective satellite and back down towards earth and into the warhead of an incoming enemy ballistic missile, drone, plane, or spacecraft. The government had lost contact with the security detail assigned to protect the president while he was en route to the Denver underground facility after landing at Hill AFB in Utah. The government hoped for the best but was preparing for the worst while beginning to initiate their continuity of government plans to ensure the survival of the American institutional process. They called into the room the most senior advisory and asked his opinion about the situation. They couldn’t confirm the president’s actual location or physical existence now, and this was a major issue that needed immediate rectification. The generals and chiefs of staff decided to start the process of handing the power of the presidency to the next in command now. The Vice President was also unaccounted for after the plane made an emergency landing near Jackson hole, WY after aborting a landing at the overrun airport in Denver. The next in line was the speaker of the house of representatives but they were lost when their plane crashed after trying to abort the Denver airport and land in Fort Collins. The President of the Senate, Secretary of State, and Secretary of the Treasury were all unaccounted for now, so the Pentagon decided to assign presidential powers to the Secretary of Defense. The war was almost over, and the Secretary of Defense was now the acting President of the United States of America. Little did he know that he

wouldn't have much time to enjoy what was left of America. The new President of the United States was briefed like no other President had been in the past for historical conflicts. Each time previously, the President was presented with valid and stepped options of escalated retaliation. In this case the President was briefed on how bad things were and how bad they were probably going to become in the near future followed by a long list of options that had been tried and had ultimately failed. They said that they had only one option at this point, and it was to try and split the spacetime continuum once again like they had done over a decade ago after the large hadron collider became operational in Switzerland. The European Center for Nuclear Research (CERN) was able to sever the spacetime continuum and move our reality to a similar but not completely identical reality. They had bounced our reality to something or somewhere new in the past and it was potentially possible to repeat the experiment with similar results again today. The military had resulted to a tactical battle plan that didn't involve high explosives but did involve quantum mechanics and string theory. The US had planned for the continuity of their government since the invention of atomic weapons and had clear and precise plans of action for almost any situation. Whether it be a natural disaster, a cosmic disaster like an asteroid impact, a virological pandemic, or a global nuclear war. There were protocols set in place to establish fortified locations to hide and protect the highest-ranking officials and their families and the largest facility was below the Denver International Airport. Since the airport was now inaccessible for most aircraft due to the previous crashes, uncontrolled fires, and masses of civilians roaming around unmolested by security forces, the protection locations would need to be changed to their backup locations. The government prepared to

fly some of their most important officials to Raven Rock underground facility in Pennsylvania while the rest were scattered among many of the smaller facilities. They prepared for an immanent war but soon realized that this wasn't a war, it was a surprise party. The "Unidentified Aerial Phenomena" UAPs were beginning to appear all over the sky and the horizon was filled with lights of unknown origin in all colors. The ships began to enter the atmosphere and the fighter jets assigned for protection detail to the jets carrying the United States governments only plans for a continuity of government began to engage. The pilots visually identified the targets, but their weapons systems couldn't lock onto the fast-moving illuminated targets. The pilots switched to manual firing but their entire weapons system targeting system went dead. The pilots tried to restart their weapons computer systems, but their main avionics system began to malfunction and go dead. The pilots tried to regain control of their aircraft, but they were unsuccessful, and their million-dollar machines began to slow until the engines started to fail, and the jets started to plummet towards the earth in an uncontrolled spin. The pilots that had gained the most altitude were able to experience the terror of their planes falling towards Earth for the longest period of time. The pilots who were nearest to the ground were able to experience the g-forces of their ejection seats the soonest. All the pilots were able to pull their ejection handle before their planes impacted the ground in a large fireball of crushed aluminum, titanium, steel, copper, rubber, plastic, kevlar, and silicon semiconductors except for one. A single F22 Raptor pilot flying near Atlanta was so mesmerized with the view he was witnessing that he never even reached for the handle between his legs to eject safely from his airplane. The aliens didn't want to cause any more suffering than what was inevitable

with their return and this pilot and father of three was deserving of salvation, so their karmic intuition guided them to send a signal to the planes main computer to initiate the ejection seat as if the pilot had pulled the handle himself. The seat began to fire its rockets and the seat thrust upward as the cockpit glass was detonated with small explosives to remove it from the flight path of the pilots helmeted head. The plane was entering a nosedive at less than 1000 feet above the ground before the ejection seat rockets fired. The canopy was pushed out of the pilot's path and after the rockets had burned for half a second the auxiliary rocket fired to force the ejection seat and pilot towards the sky and straighten the trajectory for the launch of the ejection seats parachutes. The parachutes deployed without any issues and the pilot made a hard landing at around 25 miles per hour and fractured his leg in the process of returning to Earth. The pilot screamed and moaned in pain but began to grit his teeth and closed his eyes in solidarity with his new friends. He knew that he never pulled the ejection handle and someone or something that cared about him pulled it for him. Did he have a guardian angel? Were the things he saw in the sky angels? Was he alive or did he die in his jet's fireball on impact and was he in heaven?

ConCERNed

The European Union had financed the largest machine on the planet and with this great expense came great power. The teams of dedicated scientists and engineers had worked for over a decade to build their masterpiece below ground on the outskirts of Geneva

Switzerland. This machine was so powerful it could alter reality for the entire world. The scientists build this machine to try and isolate the “God Particle” also known as the “Higgs” or “Higgs Boson” particle and at the time the Large Hadron Collider was designed and commissioned for production the Higgs was theoretical and no one knew for certain that this particle even existed in particle physics. The Higgs was a mystery particle, and it was theorized to be the particle that gave rise to matter in our spacetime continuum. The scientists devised an experiment that would crash particles into each other at the speed of light and they would monitor the quantum crash with specialized sensors to watch the crash happen and measure the particles that were released upon impact. The scientists started to measure the quantum crashes with higher and higher speeds and input energy until eventually the particles were split into their most basic building blocks. There were quarks, bosons, neutrinos, leptons, muon, photons, electrons, protons, and neutrons but there was something missing. After countless experiments the sciences and engineers were able to isolate the final building block of our reality and this subatomic particle was called the “Higgs Boson” or “God Particle”. This particle was similar to a string in the shape of a circle but the frequency that this circular string was vibrating at gave rise to matter itself. This means that if you can form a standing wave or a frequency over the Higgs Boson particle you can give rise to matter and thus create something out of nothing. This was the explanation they were looking for and explains the big bang and the “Double Slit” experiment of light. In the late 1800’s scientists were able to view the strange characters of light by shooting photos through a paper with two vertical slits in it. The scientists noticed that when they were observing the experiment either with their own eyes or later on with

a specialized camera, the light behaved like a particle and would choose to go through one slit in the paper of the other slit. However, if the experiment wasn't observed the scientists notice that the light would behave like a wave and not a particle and would go through both slits based in the interference pattern on the wall beyond the paper with dual vertical slits. The scientists could explain the phenomenon but were sure that light was alive and could choose its destiny based on outside observation. This means that if you can modify the correct subatomic particles, you could also manipulate reality or spacetime to your advantage. The LHC was designed to test the hypothesis if you can modify the most basic building blocks of our quantum reality you can also change our reality. The first few years of operation of the LHC were simple tests of the equipment, followed by experiments that were designed to identify the subatomic particles present in all matter including the Higgs Boson. The last step of the years of preparation was to try and alter the Higgs Boson and thus change the matter and reality currently in existence. The scientists wanted to try and test if they could modify something today that would go back and alter history to change the current reality. All the scientists were doing if they were successful in their experiment was creating an alternate reality. Due to the nature of subatomic particles and how our universe was created there are infinite possibilities for our future and there were also infinite paths through the past that could have landed us at this specific current reality. However, there are also infinite realities with the same location in spacetime as ours and these realities overlap but we can't see, hear, or feel each other. The overlapping realities exists in the same spacetime plane, but they aren't real for everyone at the same time. The scientists at CERN were belt to direct the LHC to test their hypothesis of moving or bumping

realities and chose their target, Nelson Mandela. The scientists were able to collide with subatomic particles and force us into a reality where Nelson Mandela didn't die in a South African prison and was released to become President. This modification also resulted in many other changes that have now come to be known as "Mandela Effects" throughout the world. There were numerous differences in the reality that we were once in and the new reality that surrounded us. The memories in our heads were crystalized and couldn't be changed because they were real, and they happened but the holographic and observable reality around us was hacked and modified. The government was hoping to coerce CERN to run a second experiment that could save them from this new reality were the most destitute countries with rural farming communities were nearly unaffected by the changes and the countries with the most wealth and highest standard of living were returning to the dark ages. The American government as well as the rest of the "Five Eyes" nations, Australia, United Kingdom, Canada, and New Zealand agreed to initiate their last resort. Their world was falling, and they decided that anything would be better than what was happening now. They chose to go to a reality where this "Event" never happened and that was the only parameter for a successful solution to the equation. The scientists began to load the parameters into their laptops that would send the requirements to the main quantum computer for the LHC, and they had settled on a solution to their problem and continued into the quantum abyss of unguided experiments with the blind leading the blind. The scientists knew that the last time they had initiated a test like this they had significantly altered the evolution of our species in reference to our specific timeline. There were millions or possibly billions of people that had "false memories" of the past that were

very real, but the fabric of space-time around us had changed and the only thing left over from our historical reality was our crystalized memories in the hippocampus of our brains. The scientists were loading the plans into the quantum brain deep underground below Geneva and after a few hours of preparation they finally initiated their programs. The LHC began to energize but would take another 6 hours before its massive capacitors were able to store enough energy to successfully complete their experiment. The scientists, engineers, and security personnel all worked in unison to prepare the equipment for the next high energy experiment that would potentially save them from the coming judgement. The "Five Eyes" members had no other option but to wait for the LHC to slowly build enough energy to save their economies and their governments from complete and total destruction. They were no longer only dealing with a single lone wolf in America, they now had incoming threats from throughout the galaxy and universe.

Judgement

The aliens at Dulce Base welcomed the Florida man and his friend into the massive underground complex. The elevator used to descend to the lowest levels of the base was over 500 square feet and easily fit the human pair and a baker's dozen aliens surrounding them in a circular perimeter. The elevator came to a stop at 1,300 feet below the surface

and the doors opened to reveal a sprawling facility with hundreds of aliens milling around looking excited for the new developments for their species. The Florida man smiled with excitement as he had finally arrived at a location where he felt welcome and to be himself. Richie on the other hand was speechless and feeling nauseous due to the extreme nature of viewing an alien for the first time let alone, thousands, and he still missed his old home and vehicle that were destroyed by high explosives in the hours before they arrived at Dulce base. The aliens used their telepathic powers to “speak” to the two men in their own language and they told them to “Keep moving forward...please”. The two men looked at each other not knowing which one of the aliens just spoke to them. One alien to their 5 o'clock position raised his arm slightly and nodded his head and said again telepathically “It was me... please move now... time is limited now”. The two men moved forward towards the growing mass of aliens in the main lobby as the aliens began to part to the sides leaving an open pathway down the large tunnel and towards the secure rooms previously occupied by military personnel. They were motioned towards the third door on the right by an alien that resembled a human but with longer fingers and a longer neck than what’s considered normal, but this alien could also communicate in telepathy and said, “This way gentlemen... please have a seat in here”. The two men sat down reluctantly in the two chairs waiting for them in the center of the room while a group of 7 aliens in the front of the room by the now static and defunct computer monitors on the wall were studying them up and down while trying to get a read on them telepathically. Richie was the first to break and started to hyperventilate while the aliens tried to comfort him and relay a message of peace and prosperity to his now uncontrollable mind which was racing through potential scenarios

that resulted in death and dismemberment for the pair. The Florida man had no emotions because his plan had so far succeeded, and it had accomplished so much more than he had planned over the last three years. He was content with ending the story right here and now and would drift off into his eternal slumber in a state of peace, contentment, and pride, for coming so far over the last three years. The alien's realized that the Florida man was different and that his coconspirator was more of a patsy and didn't even realize what was happening or why like the Florida man did. The aliens conferred amongst themselves for a few seconds and then broke their huddle and moved towards Richie as he tried to get up from his seat the alien guards behind him grabbed his arms and placed them in plasma handcuffs that bound his feet with plasma seconds later and forced him to walk with his head down out of the only entrance to the room. Richie was terrified and sobbed as we made him way towards the door and looked back one last time at his best friend and mouthed "I'm sorry". The Florida man said "You did great... you're my best friend... I'll be outta here soon... don't piss these things off bro" and smiled with a grin and a single wink of his right eye. The aliens pushed Richie from the room and closed the heavy metal door and with that action the Florida man's fate was now sealed and judgement would be passed upon him momentarily.

Total Decay

Society had quickly fallen into a state of complete disarray and the will to survive clouded judgment and forced many people into fight or flight cognitive status. The people of America were praying for “The Event” to be over and for their world to go back to normal but their world continued to crumble as they became tired and hungry as the days without internet counted on. The government had failed, and the Elites were denied their safe haven underneath Denver International airport and the ancient ones had escaped and the visitors were returning all around the Earth. The elites were beginning to get scared because each one of their backup plans was now obsolete with all the additional factors that just kept adding up made their odds of survival near zero in the long term.

Unfortunately, the civilians of America were paying the price for a transgression made by an extremely small group of people against one Florida man. The Florida man had decided that the only way to be fair was to make everyone play the same game. This wasn't a game or even a war game... this was an actual war of the world against one Florida man. The Florida man had chosen the fate of so many by pressing a single button and there was no going back to the way things used to be. This was a brave new world in America where the survival of the fittest was an understatement and it was quickly becoming a literal fight to the death for the last remaining food. The trucks had stopped delivering the food to stores and the restaurants weren't open because they couldn't take payments, so the stores were raided by the employees. The gas station pumps weren't working without internet and the

gas wasn't being delivered because the drivers had all driven back to their homes to try and protect their families. The military had seen large amounts of soldier desertion in the homeland and every government agency had gone from a fully staffed operation to a skeleton crew. The aliens had escaped from their containment at Dulce Base and were now roaming free above ground and had summoned their friends in high places in the galaxy. The arrival of the beings from all over the universe was a sight to see for the people of Earth and most of them were confident that this was a spiritual event and others considered this event to be the "End of Days". Babylon had fallen and the beginning of the end was fast approaching. The Florida man and his friend had escaped the high explosive shells, rotary cannons, laser guided bombs as well as the volley of cruise missiles launched at their most recent known locations. They were wanted dead or alive if they could last long enough to walk into a super-max jail cell before the government exacted their revenge upon the two friends. The friends had somehow made their way from Boulder to the highest peaks in America and back down to the base of Dulce Mountain and were approaching the entrance to the secret military facility now overrun by ancient beings and some visitors from beyond our world. The aliens were discussing how to handle the current situation on Earth when the two most wanted men on the planet just so happened to arrive in a pearl white SUV. The aliens were intrigued by the actions taken by these individuals and wanted to learn more about their intentions and long-term plans. They wanted to know more about the reasons why this event was initiated upon the population of Earth. The aliens began to bombard the Florida man with questions about why he had done this to his fellow species via a telepathic good cop bad cop onslaught. They asked so

many questions that the Florida man began to get angry with the line of questioning and started to argue with the powerful beings in front of him. At one point one of the seven aliens reached his arm up to use telekinesis like Darth Vader's powers to choke the neck of the Florida man from across the room for a few seconds until the Florida man was forced to learn how to use his own powers of telepathy. The Florida man was choking and exerting all his energy to breathe or speak or yell at his captors but as he began to lose consciousness his brain clicked over to a side that was rarely used and he was able to scream without his vocal cords in the left ear that was depriving him of oxygen. The alien lurched to the side and looked to his left expecting to see a being, but nothing was there and then the Florida man now using his vocal cords in the split second that the alien had lost concentration to say, "Over here idiot... two can play that game". The alien grinned with his yellow jagged teeth and said, "You're more like us than you even know". The Florida man responded via telepathy "Take me to your leader". Both beings smiled and both knew that neither would be a threat to each other, and the alien walked forward to take the now open seat next to the Florida man and reached out his scaly arm with a four fingered hand and the Florida man took his hand and shook it like his life depended on it. The alien sitting next to him asked the Florida man in an extremely polite voice via telepathy, "Please explain why do did this? What other options were there before resulting to something of this magnitude?" The Florida man sat back in his chair and took a deep breath before leaning forward and letting out a big sigh followed by a telepathic message "You really want to know?". The alien scoffed and responded back again with telepathy "Yes... this doesn't happen often... it's unique... and I need to know why before we pass judgment upon you for the actions you've

taken... you friend will be spared because we know he didn't cause this, but you did... now please explain why this happened like your life depends on it". The Florida man began to explain everything that had happened over the last four years and why he had to do what he did. He explained that there was no way for someone or even a small group to take out the most elite and corrupt people on planet and take control of their technological slavery devices. The Florida man explained that he tried to build his own portion of the technological web but that it was going to be subverted and subject to hostile takeover at any time. He told the aliens that since there was no way to take control of the "SkyNet" of a global surveillance state then the only other option was to destroy the technology in humanities favor. The aliens understood the dangers of artificial life going out of control such as a destructive AI overlord but the idea that one faction of the same species would subjugate the other factions of the same species to slavery and exploitation was new to them. They were sympathetic to the Florida man and knew that if he had access to their technologies, he wouldn't have needed to cause so much destruction to bring about positive change in the future. The aliens began to form a circle amongst themselves and decide the fate of the human individual in front of them. The Florida man sat in silence and began to meditate and try to find a peaceful place and prepare himself for the verdict which would most likely be like the governments... swift and instantaneous execution. The aliens broke their huddle and began to encircle the Florida man with inquisitive stares and the alien that had built rapport with the Florida man said via telepathy "If you help us finish what you started... we will spare your life." The Florida man responded with "Spare my fiends life too and you have a deal".

Long Term Fix

The aliens were concerned with the growing loss of life concentrated in America but was beginning to spread slowly across the borders and throughout the world. With the internet in America having been down for days and the rest of the world tightening their national lockdowns the worlds citizens were beginning to fight back against their governments. The world was starting to stop spinning economically and all flights to America were cancelled leaving citizens stranded abroad and tourists held captive in the smoldering ashes of America. The aliens told the Florida man that they had the ability to stop the senseless violence at any time but would return to what existed a week ago be fair to humanity. The aliens asked the Florida man his opinion on their potential solutions to this global problem created by him. The aliens became frustrated when they had laid out all their potential plans for the Florida man and he had rejected all of them due to valid concerns with the potential long-term outcomes. The Florida man had one last mission that he was prepared for mentally but physically had no idea of the layout of the mission location or the inner workings of the target. The Florida man began to explain to the aliens the importance of the Large Hadron Collider in Geneva Switzerland and how it may be the key to get his species out of the abyss. The Florida man explained that he as well as numerous other people own the planet totaling in the billions had memories of a past world that they were a part of but had been disintegrated from everyone around them except their memories.

The aliens conformed to the Florida man that the universe was a hologram and that all realities were existing at the same point in spacetime and that this was his reality, and they could move him to a reality of his choice at any time. He did not choose to go to a reality where he was considered a king like many other would have chosen, but he asked to be moved to a reality where he could save his fellow species from subjugation from a small technological elite. The aliens began to chuckle in unison and were happy to announce that "We can achieve this together in this reality and you might even enjoy the mission". The Florida man nodded in agreement and the aliens began to move backwards as he stood up and moved forward towards the door towards the motioning outstretched hand of the same humanoid alien that had greeted him before he entered the room. As he entered the only doorway to exit the room the aliens said via telepathy one last time "We will send a security team with you to ensure you accomplish our mission." The Florida man smiled and said, "I'll need some of your technology to accomplish the mission" The aliens responded with "Anything you need is yours... just inform your security team of your requests". The Florida man held up the "Peace" or "Victory" V with his fingers and exited the door towards a waiting group of aliens with large laser weapons and futuristic body armor motioning his towards the center of their group as they began to briskly walk the underground facility. He approached a room where the aliens had gathered around a large table that glowed with a large hologram of the underground facility in Geneva, Switzerland. The aliens explained that they would need to capture this facility to alter the spacetime continuum in their favor and if they didn't capture this facility the world's elites would soon use this facility for their advantage to bump us to a reality where this event had never happened.

Time was limited and the aliens and the Florida man needed to move fast to stop the LHC from successfully completing its current experiment to save the elites world. The aliens marched down the hallway towards a secluded room at the end of the hallway and slowed the door as everyone had entered. The Florida man was amazed to see the multiple pieces of technology floating in midair in a baby blue fluorescent haze of light. There was an entire suit of living metal armor hovering awards the back wall of the room. The aliens closest to the off-world military technology began to reach for the boots and motioned for the Florida man to take a seat in the only chair in the room. He sat and raised his right foot as the aliens removed his shoes and began to position his new battle boots on each foot. The aliens moved across the room to grab the ankle and thigh armor and the Florida man sat up in his chair. The Florida man stood tall as they placed a breastplate over his chest and abdomen and then raised each arm while they attached the upper and lower arm armor. The one alien with a red patch on his armor reached for the final piece of armor and placed the helmet on the Florida man's head just as the heads-up holographic display inside began to turn on and identify all the living targets in the room and eventually display the readout of "Enemy Targets 0.0". The aliens then motioned the Florida man towards the adjacent room where the available intergalactic weapons were hovering in a blue haze just as below. The Florida man stopped in the doorway and began to study all the available options before him until the alien with the red patch moved past his and said, "You'll want this one". The Florida man was ecstatic to learn the battlefield effectiveness of the weapon begin delivered to him. The Florida man said, "What's it do... how does it work?". Th aliens just chuckled and said, "It's easy... just point and pull the trigger". The Florida man didn't

know whether the alien was being serious or not but knew that he was going to point this strange piece of technology at anyone that stood in his way and pull the trigger to see what happened. Hopefully, the device he was holding didn't turn out to be an inter-dimensional flare gun or something else effectively shooting blanks. The aliens motioned the Florida man towards the same door he had entered and began to make a brisk walk towards the elevators near the main concourse of the underground facility. They entered the elevator and rose the 15 stories upwards eventually exiting the facility into the cold sunlight of the American Southwest high desert. The aliens looked East towards the open plateau where an alien ship appeared out of thin air about ten feet above the ground and then slowly descended to Earth and placed its three landing gear on the surface of the desert. The militaristic aliens assigned to the mission said, "That's our ride... let's go". The Florida man walked with the aliens to the waiting ship and entered the ship through the octagonal door on the port side of the ship and took a seat in the metallic bench seats inside on the perimeter of the intergalactic transport ship. The Florida man was squished between two aliens that were 9 feet tall and felt like a child sitting in between his parents on a bus or train. The ship began to hover, and the landing gear raised and in a few seconds the ship teleported to Geneva and was descending over the LHC as the security forces began to fire upon the incoming ship. The aliens said to the Florida man "Don't worry we have shields here... when we get out.. we must shoot back because our shields are not perfect". The Florida man knew that he may have to shoot another person for the first time in his life and he hesitated a bit before saying out loud to himself "Shoot back". They exited the ship on the east side of building 42 a CERN headquarters to a barrage of small arms fire and began

to return fire with their intergalactic weapons. The guards began to scatter, and one unlucky guard decided to take cover behind the large metal sculpture of Shiva in the courtyard next to building 40 and the CERN hostel. The Florida man took aim and pulled the trigger to see a blue plasma flame shoot from the barrel of his weapon to engulf the entire statue and the hiding guard behind and in a flash the statue and guard were gone and had disintegrated into oblivion.

Battle For Reality

The scientists at CERN were busy preparing for the massive release of energy in the coming hours from the largest machine in the world, the Large Hadron Collider. The collider was beginning to siphon energy from the power grid in Geneva and was pulling so much electric energy into its capacitors that Geneva was starting to brown out and the residents were concerned with the impending doom approaching from all directions in the nights sky. The sun was just about to rise in Switzerland and the machine had been storing away the cities energy for 5 hours and was almost to the point where its capacitors had enough energy to sustain a successful experiment. This experiment was the second time this experiment was initiated at CERN and hopefully it would be the last if the elite directing the largest machine in the world were successful. The elites had already split the spacetime continuum to move our reality to another similar one in our multiverse which had resulted in the numerous “Mandela effects” on our world. The elites planned to use their machine to split reality

once again to a new reality where they were still in control and the Florida man and the aliens helping him were never a threat. The Florida man and his alien security team were preparing for the battle of a lifetime in Geneva from a secret underground bunker facility on the border of Colorado and New Mexico. The aliens and the Florida man walked on board the intergalactic ship that was similar to the "Enola Gay" for this mission because it was the last resort to win the war. The ship began to hover and as it reached an altitude of 1,000 feet, the ship disappeared in a purple flash and instantaneously reappeared above the CERN headquarters in Geneva, Switzerland. The guards now stationed on high alert at CERN began to fire upon the ship as it descended below 500 feet and continued to shoot their French made submachine guns until the ship had touched down to the south of building 42 on CERN's campus around 600 feet west of the main airport in Geneva. The guards at CERN were highly trained and well-armed but still no match for the aliens and their technology being welded by the Florida man. The Swiss Special Forces Command or "grenadiers" were able to put up more of a fight than the private CERN security forces. The Grenadier Battalions 20 and 30 were both repositioned from their home base of operations in Isonne, Switzerland to protect the most important asset in their tiny county. The Swiss Special Forces battalions were already taking up fortified positions at the entrances to the buildings scattered all over the property. The "grenadiers" were preparing for the battle of their lives and most of them didn't even know why they were risking their lives to protect a machine that shouldn't even exist in a civilized world. The Swiss were lying in wait to engage the approaching aliens and their alien armor protected human asset. The "grenadiers" watched through night vision goggles as the smaller "alien" blasted a CERN

guard hiding behind the Shiva statue and began to question their odds of survival in this final battle. The alien platoon headed west past building 29 and the antiproton accelerator building towards the CERN antimatter production building near the center of the sprawling campus. The Swiss Grenadiers started to engage their enemy with catastrophic results. The alien platoon along with their human member destroyed the humans in a matter of seconds thanks to superior technology and nearly impregnable living metal armor with form fitting plasma force fields. The grenadiers were all disintegrated into oblivion without a trace or a single leftover piece for their families to cremate or bury for closure. The alien platoon and their human member made their way towards the border with France, near the center of the main CERN campus, marching in the direction of the third countries army to fire upon the Florida man in the last 24 hours. The French Special Forces Command had already dispatched their top tier operators to their side of the massive machine of a particle accelerator that was mostly buried below the French side of the two countries border. The 4th Helicopter Regiment of the French Special Forces was positioned strategically in the open fields inside the ring of the LHC which is a circle with a perimeter of 27 Kilometers and a radius of around 4.3 kilometers. The French Special Forces saw the alien ship begin to descent over the Swiss side of the CERN campus and they knew the battle was about to begin. The French were positioned around the CERN antimatter production facility and fired upon the alien platoon with FN Minimi 5.56 Light Machine guns and FN SCAR 7.62 Battle Rifles. The bullets were met with an unstoppable force when they impacted the alien plasma armor directly and spun off in widely different directions when they skimmed the side of the armor in a brightly colored and glowing ricochet. The

French special Forces began to bombard the alien platoon from 11 helicopters that had taken flight from their hidden terrestrial positions inside of the LHC main accelerator ring. The helicopters and the French Special Forces soldiers inside began to fire upon the alien platoon from their elevated positions of air superiority. The alien with orange stripes on the shoulder of his armor turned back to the Florida man and said telepathically "Watch this... we have our own air support" and pressed the black mirrored flat object on the back of his armor-plated hand. A few seconds later a gamma ray burst from an alien warship fired from many times farther away than Earth's moon impacted the helicopters and their occupants. The gamma ray burst was so powerful the internal silicon chips for the avionics systems were damaged and inoperable and the helicopters began to malfunction and spin out of control towards the ground. The pilots could do nothing because of the fly by wire systems complete failure and the beginning stages of radiation sickness coursing through their bodies. The gamma rays had splintered and damaged the French helicopter regiments DNA and had started the process of cell death throughout their bodies. The French soldiers' cells were exploding at an exponential rate just as their rate of speed began to increase as their aluminum chariots raced towards the ground. All 11 of the French Special Forces helicopters crashed in open fields except for one that landed on CERN Building 180 and came to a stop on the roof after spinning in a complete circle while on its side and burst into a massive ball of flames. The heavily armored and overly radiated troops on board had already made peace with their fates as the fires engulfed their sick, twisted, and torn bodies. The CERN particle accelerator control room was now open for the aliens and their new leader to choose the destination reality for this world, which was currently a crumbling

holographic remnant of the previous world once built by God. The alien platoon and their human member made their way north towards CERN Building 3173 and encountered the occasional scientist trying to get out of the facility and make their way to a safer place. The CERN facility was gearing up for the largest experiment in its entire 15-year history. The alien platoon and the Florida man made their way through the secure doors of the facility when a scientist opened the door to escape for himself. The Florida man ran towards the open doors in the main lobby and could see another room with large screens and what looked to be a holographic representation of the world in real time. The supercomputer system at CERN was making calculations and running a realistic model of its predictions on Earth. The Florida man could see that the computer was nearing a countdown where it would fire its particle accelerator at the precise moment to collapse our dimension into a singularity where our reality would have to adjust or attach itself to a similar dimension of their choosing. The countdown was less than an hour away from the "Zero Time" where the particle accelerator would fire, and this reality would be adjusted for the residents of Earth. He didn't have much time to dismantle this "reality time bomb" before it exploded with drastic consequences for the world. The Florida man had a few options and he needed to make his decision fast. He could destroy the machine leaving everyone on Earth to live in this reality without internet that he had created. He could let the machine run its course and go to the reality the elites had selected. Lastly, he could try to change the parameters of the machine and bump the world to a reality of his choosing. He smiled and began to click faster and faster on the supercomputers input terminal keyboard while slightly biting his lower lip as he envisioned and built the blueprints of the future reality.

New World Orders

The Florida man knew he must be specific enough in his demands with the electronic beast of a machine at his fingertips to satisfy the required outcome he envisioned but also vague enough so that the computer could use quantum variables and differential equations in a short enough time frame and still render a “true” solution to the equation. The machine was beginning to initiate its final checklist before the final burst of accelerated particles zoomed through the collider crossing from France to Switzerland thousands of times per second. He wiped the elite’s old parameters with a single “delete” keystroke and slowly typed his three parameters with his eyes closed and breathed a sigh of relief as his eyes opened to his three lines of coded input parameters. “Governments Cannot Keep Secrets” “No Central Banking System” “No More Corporate Secrets” He smiled as he clicked “return” with his right pinky finger and the terminal flashed black and then white for a split second. The terminal then prompted the Florida man with an alert box that said “The Sentient World Simulation cannot be rendered with allotted time before test fire sequence ignition. Do you want to run sequence anyway? {YES}/{NO}” The Florida man tabbed to {YES} and clicked {ENTER} on the keyboard, the screen immediately went black, and the supercomputer and quantum computers connected to the CERN network began to race to find the solution to his three parameters of a new future but parallel reality. He wouldn’t get a chance to see where they were going beforehand with the 3D holographic

representation of the “Sentient World Simulation”, but it was likely the new reality would be better than the recently destroyed one that now seemed to be beyond repair. The Florida man removed his alien made battle helmet and dropped it to the concrete polished floor as he began to walk back towards the main entrance to the secure laboratory bunker. He closed the door to seal the room and then shot the door keycard mechanism and door access controls to ensure no-one could gain entry to the room behind him. As he approached the hallway that opened to the main entrance, he could see that the firefight was over and that the aliens had assembled into a squad about 100 feet past the main door to the building and that the alien ship was hovering a few feet off the ground. The aliens began to board the ship as he exited into the sunlight on the border of Switzerland and France. He jogged ahead and his feet made a slight clank as the polymer metal ship contacted his polymer metal armored boots. The ships door closed, and the ship quickly accelerated upwards until it reached an altitude of a few thousand feet and then vanished from view in an electric flash of turquoise plasma as it teleported back to Dulce Base on the border of Colorado and New Mexico. The alien ships reappeared above Colorado and this time began to hover and then ascend much higher above the Rocky Mountains and then proceeded to go even higher to an altitude much higher than the space station without pausing the then to a height of 300,000 miles above the earth’s surface roughly the distance from the Earth to the moon. The Florida man was confused and said to his alien friends “Where are we going?”. The aliens chuckled and said via telepathy “We don’t know what you chose as an alternate reality... it could be anything... good or bad.” The Florida man said out loud “You don’t trust me?” The alien looked at him dead in the eyes and

without moving his mouth said “It’s not that we don’t trust you... It’s that you guys as a species don’t know what you’re doing and are going to make mistakes, but we already accounted for that and your planet is now in a ‘containment bubble’ so no matter what happens it won’t affect us or the surrounding planets, moons, and other lifeforms like myself.” The Florida man’s eyes widened, and he nodded with approval and said back to them “So it’s like if you want to play with a virus on a computer, you would use a virtual machine that you can destroy afterwards if the virus is too powerful and takes over?” The aliens nodded back in the affirmative. They came to a stop somewhere near 600,000 miles above Earth’s surface with full view of the small blue marble sized Earth as well as the smaller white marble of the moon positioned to the left side of the earth when viewed from the intergalactic ships port side windows. The particle accelerator was finished energizing and the particles were preparing to be moved ever so slightly to cross paths inside the accelerator and thus collide with quantum and nuclear forces or unimaginable energy. The CERN particle accelerators quantum and supercomputing network had worked out an acceptable solution for the three new parameters. The destination input was now assigned to the electrical and mechanical accelerator as the new trigger mechanism. As the accelerator whirred and buzzed at maximum capacity the trigger mechanism fired and the beams intersected, and the particles collided at the perfect time to collapse a quantum wave to thus form a zero point vacuum from which a new alternate reality seed could begin growing outward in a torus shaped doughnut like object of quantum entangled energy. This ball of energy quickly consumed the CERN facility in few nano seconds and then raced outwards into the sky and even underground as the atmosphere of earth was whisked

away into a bright flash of white light. The white light expanded outward up until the point of the alien containment bubble and dissipated into a hazy greenish grey darkness. The Florida man was relieved to be outside the containment bubble but was also easier to get back to the “New World” below. The alien ship proceeded to descend back towards earth passing what looked to be the same moon as before although who could really tell if the craters were different. The Earth began to get bigger as the ship cruised down to 100,000 feet above Earth’s surface and the contents were in the same locations, as far as the Florida man could tell everything was still alright with this new reality. The alien ship began to descend over the Rocky Mountains again but this time something seemed a little bit different than the view moments earlier before the accelerator had fired its particle beams. The earth was greener here, there was more natural forest, the Mojave Desert to the west was smaller with more pockets of healthy vegetation. The alien ship began to slow its descent over the border of Colorado and New Mexico and came to a stop a few feet off the ground at the base of Dulce Mountain. As the ships door opened the fresh new air burst into the ship and the Florida man’s olfactory nerves went into overdrive because of the lack of pollutants in the air and influx of natural scents. The Florida man was reunited with longtime friend Richie. Richie was free from plasma handcuffs this time and was now wearing some futuristic clothes. Richie offered his friend some unique and unknown fruits and offered to take the Florida man’s suit of alien armor in trade for something more comfortable and appropriate for the occasion. The Florida man said to Richie “Can I tell you a secret?” Richie simply said back “We don’t do secrets here... but if you tell me it’s not a

secret anymore right?" "Right" said the Florida man as they both nodded in approval of each other.





