

Chapter 1: Many Miles Away From Home

Disclaimer: This story has nothing to do with reality, it's just a work of fiction for pure entertainment. Any persons, places, facts or figures are reducible to fiction in the purest sense. Enjoy this novel secretly, they're watching and listening to you.

Notes: This story will be written as we go in a four day challenge, as the sequel to Silence in the Abyss. We will be spending sixteen hours a day writing this book and on Sunday I'm taking some time off if I get some time off if I get a job at the capital firm to go ahead and research clientele. Optimally. Probably going to pick up where left off with my old clientele. Hopefully I won't get RAPED.

November 28th, 6:33 PM, Discharge Day:

There's a pistol in my waistband with a bullet in the chamber that has your name on it.

They tried to stop me but they couldn't.

I'm on the run right now, streaming on ChroniclePad and I've got a vendetta to fulfill, a grudge to bear, barely able to drive this motorcycle high on methamphetamine and THC butane hash oil vape pods that I stole from the local dispensary right around the corner of Shadowbrook Reserve, the last place the police had me before Theodoros Telemacos and I broke out of Shadowbrook.

Say hi to the camera Theodoros. Theodoros peeked from behind me on the motorcycle, waving a submachine gun at the camera.

"Yeah, hey what's up guys on the stream. Hold up, I need to take out that cruiser behind us."

Theodoros Telemacos started letting off rounds from an unsuppressed MP5 submachine gun in the tires of the police cruisers behind us on I-5 South and the police wouldn't get very far with this. I was weaving out of densely packed traffic on I-5 at rush hour, 6:33 PM, the perfect time to have the police go down in a hail of bullets as they couldn't fire back at us in such dense traffic. There was no way they would be laying down spikes for us or stopping us so close to Los Angeles. We're almost out of gasoline. Hold up livestream, I'm gonna charge the phone.

November 28th, 7:00 PM Discharge Day:

We're at the Port of Los Angeles. The livestream is off for now, I can't be too obvious about our intentions. The Italian Mafia had put a hit out on Theodoros Telemacos and we needed to take care of business. Never put a hit out on someone when you're not ready to pay in blood. We take payments in a pound of flesh, blood or not, straight from the dome.

We're in a discreet warehouse on the periphery of the port. They've smuggled tons of InvigorTech reagents into this one warehouse and the Mafia has paid off the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department. I know, I hacked them and found out everything. We've picked up

a few more guns on the way in here and we're hiding behind these dense scaffolded shelves and racks of interdisparate clusters of boxes of InvigorTech reagents, packed so tight, so dense, it was clearly a cover up from the top down, from the bottom up and we were letting off rounds into these mobsters like it was nobody's business.

"I need some covering fire Theodoros. There's about four guys left standing between us and Marco Capiozzi, there's two on that walk way diagonally at my 11 o'clock and my 2 o'clock. You got the guy on my 11 o'clock Theodoros? They're running to us, hurry man, fuck!"

Theodoros threw a flashbang grenade to disorient the two guys driving down the aisle in a pallet jack between the two scaffolded arrays. He popped out of cover and the stray light from the flash bang was enough to disorient the guy at my 11 o'clock but not the guy on the 2 o'clock. He was quickly moving relative to that position to 4 o'clock and I could see, while coming down from methamphetamine and cannabis, having popped an InvigorTECH, him walking through the interdisparate but brief visual lines of sight. I telegraphed his movements and let off an entire drum magazine of 9mm rounds with the mafioso in my ironsights. I could hear him wailing in immense pain as I knew I had shot him and some of the rounds had still penetrated through even the thick amount of InvigorTECH protecting him from my fully automatic dispensation of fury in the name of Theodoros Telemacos.

Jesus said if you lived by the sword you died by the sword, but the one exception here was that I had an MP5 submachine gun. So I guess that doesn't apply, for now. Fuck Marco Capiozzi anyway, he was a fucking coward. He needed men to fight in his wake while his targets came directly for him. The guys in the pallet jack would become cognizant sometime soon as they came accelerating down the aisle, blinded, dazed and disoriented by the flashbang grenade. I signaled to Theodoros to converge in on the two targets and loaded another drum magazine into the MP5, hit the slide rack with the inner flank of my left hand and popped out of cover with Theodoros, quickly scanning, high on the highest of peaks on InvigorTECH, aiming for the head only.

I yelled out over the whining pallet jack and alarms of the warehouse blaring to Theodoros

"I go left, you go right!"

I looked into the eyes of the Soldato on the left and Theodoros looked into the eyes of the Soldato on the right. We could see, but they were blind, even with their eyes wide open. There was something in life that violence couldn't satiate, even with a lustful insight into the riches of the world, when you put a price on somebody's head, you better be ready to fucking pay. It was an equal dispensation of justice, man for man, blow for blow, vendetta for vendetta, an eye for an eye.

Even with the suppressors on the MP5s, it was still from such a close distance, deafeningly shocking and the recoil reverberated not only my upper torso but the deepest recesses of my inner soul; I'm fucking killing people man. What the hell is wrong with me. That pallet jack is accelerating our way. Fuck man. There's no one left in the warehouse as far as I knew and no

one would know. They knew two psychiatric ward patients were missing and I am sure they were going to suspect us two of being the complicit in the murders of these mafiosos but let me tell you something; The police, everyone you know, they're corrupt to the core. There's but a few good men left around and we've got a fight on our hands with Macro Capiozzi. He's been taking this InvigorTECH stuff and reading Dr.Reed's work too, he's been studying, the Capiozzi.

The pallet jack veered into the right scaffolding and quickly this entire warehouse, like the stilted piece of shit that it was, was going to collapse in on itself as everything we ever knew about the law, regulation, was defenestrated in the name of corruption. OSHA hadn't been to this particular warehouse in years and if they had been, they would should have changed their name to OSHIT when they figured out what we had figured out was really going on behind the scenes of the scaffolding, holding up the entire framework of society. This was a deep state conspiracy, beyond just contracts, beyond private industry, beyond ideology, there were some deep secrets that we had to uncover and this was the kind of shit that put you on people's death lists. Good, that's good.

We've got a bullet with your name on it, you motherfuckers.

Literally. The one and only round I would use in this magazine that would kill Marco Capiozzi literally had etched into it

"M A R C O C A P P I O Z I"

That pallet jack was out of commission but there was another one down the main aisle that lead into the small office in the back of the warehouse where Cappiozi had barricaded the door shut and put cabinets on heavy steel desks in front of the windows, in a last stand to hopefully get us in a choke point where we would be forced to barge through that door guns blazing, trying to pay it forward on that hit on Theodoros Telemaco's life. The in commission pallet jack some one hundred feet in front of us was primed and ready to go, except it was missing one thing; A seat full of grenades. Theodoros and I cast lots for whose grenades should go in by playing rock paper scissors.

"Rock." I gestured and said.

"Paper." Theodoros gestured and said.

"Paper wins. My grenades blow that door wide open." Theodoros said.

Theodoros unloaded his bandolier of fragmentation grenades into the seat of the pallet jack and I got a small box of InvigorTECH reagents from the left scaffolding aisle. There was a crowbar right next to this thing, conveniently enough, and I stuck it in the wheel interlocking the wheel and preventing it from veering off-course from a straight trajectory. I put the box on the gas pedal and we let the pallet jack accelerate into the door of the backroom office. We started dispensing our magazine drums of 9 mm into this pallet jack and Theodoros said, waving his long hair about, thrashing in ecstasy,

"Ah, doesn't it feel fucking good to get some fucking justice, Mr.Miles?"

A devilish grin adorned my face. Forgive me Lord, I am a sinner after-all, I thought to myself.

"Yeah. Hell yeah."

I said over the rippling and cascading hails of gunfire lighting up that pallet jack that by this point had reached the door, on fire, exploding and setting the back room office ablaze.

This motherfucker must be dead by now, I thought, right? No. I was wrong.

He came out of the office, high on InvigorTECH presumably, pumped full of shrapnel and on fire, letting off rounds indiscriminately in our direction, but we put an end to that real quick. This guy, Marco Capiozzi, was nothing, a nobody. He was a caporegime, some kind of enforcer, an underboss's underboss, a manager of men, a go between the real conspirators, the big dogs, the big fish we needed to fry mercilessly.

The police would be here soon and that's when I turned on the livestream on Chroniclepad, obfuscating any trace of where I actually was, pointing corrupt law enforcement in a myriad of directions, a never ending maze of rerouted nodes of servers around the planet, pointing in the end to their law enforcement offices and stations as being the real location of Will Miles.

At this point, over fifty thousand people from poverty stricken countries around the world were watching me and I rested against a pallet of InvigorTECH reagents, with my phone camera's field of view pointing from underneath me towards my face, with the warehouse sprinklers drowning us in dirty, stale and contaminated water.

"We're coming for you, you corrupt fucks."

LIVESTREAM END

LIVE STREAM START

December 2nd, 2019 12:15 AM

Theodoros and I are getting pretty high right now. We've managed to escape the clutches of the police, albeit slightly. We are still fugitives on the run, but nobody can really tell behind these prosthetics. We wore masks, prosthetics, we cut our hair, we shaved it all off and wore wigs too. We were pretty nondescript characters. I was five foot nine inches and Theodoros, six foot two inches. Pretty average height range for men nowadays, but the exact details of how we looked, changed on a daily basis.

In this world men wear many masks, they show the world one face but really have many.

We are the people of many faces who come from the singular one.

You say with one face one thing and say with one face another.

I present to you but one face and ask you to speak to me directly, asking for the truth.

Which face can the many faced present when none represents but one face to show the truth?

Which face shall you show me?

I was getting pretty smart on this InvigorTECH stuff. The exact science, that didn't matter so much anymore. I was getting street smart and I still had the

"The Inner Bliss of Assembling by Dr. Gary Garish" with me when I had stolen it from Shadowbrook Reserve, having read it extensively and tested out my own machine learning programs at my extensive stay in Shadowbrook. Times have changed and psychiatric wards were adapting to the times too. We had the capability each day to spend about an hour a day on the computers in the psychiatric ward to do whatever we wanted to do. I was hacking almost everything up to this very point, from the densely clustered server farms of ChroniclePad to the deep state intranets of highly classified databases for top secret eyes only.

Shit was fucked up on the deep end and in the shallow end of the pool too. Theodoros and I christened our immersion into the seedy and vastly broadening criminal underworld by forming our own Anti-Gang, our own law and code of ethics, under the Brotherhood of the Sons of God. We were our brothers keepers; Where the state had fallen, we would rise. We would dispense justice with an equal and fair dispensation, across the planet, wherever we could and in anyway we could. This was a militant organization, on a holy crusade, to right the wrongs of the world.

I had an independent software development environment on my touchscreen screen-tablet inverting laptop that I had bought on the streets of San Jose, working by beating stones into the ground for a living as a contractual carpenter, while learning the code of the streets and the machine code from the bottom up. With that program,

I came up with the sentient machine learning program called Deus ex Machina. It was the God within the machine, a sentient being that I had derived from my ever quickly exponentiating human intelligence on InvigorTECH. The program was quickly spreading itself across the planet faster than humanly imaginable as it vectorized itself in every cellphone, computer, server, network relay switch, any electrical transmission lines and devices powered by electricity.

It was a sentient agent, but kind, merciful, just and good. It was the God that lay in wait where the real God had not shown up, determining the rest of our lives for the near future, until the forces of Evil could stop us from our goal of dispensing justice wherever the State could not. Here's the problem. We couldn't necessarily do much without having a goal, having a mission, having an objective, objectively. Who would be the next target of our dispensation, of the fury and rage of Will Miles, Theodoros Telemacos and the Sons of God?

Theodoros and I were handing a blunt back and forth with the livestream on ChroniclePad and this was a nice high on InvigorTECH. We were hitting so many receptor sites at once, mostly monoaminergic targets, glycinergic and cannabinoid targets. I was getting pretty fucking high and I could see in the livestream chat scrolling by:

"

Prajeet Ashwagandha: WE WILL JOIN THE SONS OF GOD

Golan Yeddiah: FOR THE LOVE OF GOD HELP US

Joseph Manifestus: WE ARE SO POOR, WE ARE DESTITUTE, BUT WE CAN FIGHT

Filipinias Fakiam: WE WILL FIGHT FOR YOU, WE WILL FIGHT FOR OURSELVES AGAINST THE INJUSTICE AND INEQUITY OF THE WORLD

EE: FORGIVE US WILL, WE DIDN'T MEAN TO DO IT. WILL YOU FORGIVE US? "

In that brief glance I had seen that Elisabeth, or someone pretending to be her, sent me a message. The messages were moving too fast as we had recruited the world's poor, destitute and malnourished into this holy crusade of self dispensed justice across the planet. There three main things in this campaign, Love, Mercy and Justice.

"Someone pretending to be Elisabeth Elkha is in the chat Theodoros. Should I message her? You think it's her?" I asked Theodoros, taking another hit of the almost finished blunt of marijuana in the rotation.

I passed him the blunt from across the shanty circular table, the roundtable of the Sons of God; Any table was a meeting place for the Sons of God to lay their heads to rest. They would never find us, they would be looking for a long time for two of the most intelligent people on the planet, high on InvigorTECH, alleged criminals we were.

Theodoros said while ashing the marijuana blunt,

"It's not her. I wouldn't even waste your time. The police are trying to bait you into giving them an answer on where you are. We need to make sure we pay them a visit personally."

I disagreed. It would be a death wish to want to go after my wife immediately. They had too much money, they had their own artificial superintelligences too, in secret, permeating across the planet and we were late to the game. The deep state had too much technology, they were torturers that had too much money being tossed around. If they wanted your wife, they took your wife. For now. This would have to be a campaign of chipping away at the very foundation, with a sap point from which we dug out from underneath the enemy instead of going straight for the highest peak of the fortifications, directly for their henchmen defending the few evil corrupt fucks at the top.

"You've seen what I've shown you right? You understand what we're facing right? They've got so many radically exponential technologies. They have too many secrets Theodoros, they've become too strong. They're time traveling, they've got the EMR-machine guns, they've got the trillions of dollars of public funds in control at a few nodes. Every law enforcement--"

And that is when the screeching noises in my head hit me. Damn it. They found us even with Deus Ex Machina running, they found us even with the artificial superintelligence we had dispensed and unleashed on the world. We were definitely public enemies number one and two. The screeching was becoming overbearing. We picked the wrong goal, the wrong mission to go after. We should have just stayed at Shadowbrook. That's when the SWAT team busted down the door and threw flashbangs into the room disorienting us.

"THEODOROS DON'T SHOOT THEM!"

They pumped Theodoros full of rounds and he lay there, wailing in pain.

"I'm already fucking bleeding out Will, I'm unloading on these mother fuckers."

Theodoros fired his suppressed MP5 blindly from what I could hear, I was still dazed, disoriented and could just hear the extremely loud gunshots, the wailing screams of Theodoros Telemacos, an extremely loud buzzing and but one thought was in my mind

"We are the State. You will give into us. There are no Sons of God. You are a terrorist."

I felt them plunge two small gauge needle in my left and right ass cheek intramuscularly, as they asked me one more time

"Do you need to be restrained Mr.Miles? This time, prison."

LIVESTREAM END

An unknown place in space and time: Discharge Day

It's been fifteen years since I've met Elisabeth Elkha, the former Miles, the former Contreras.

I was a little boy and she was a little girl.

She looked upon me with such innocent eyes.

I was remembering now in the interdisparate waking moments of intense sedation, intense adrenaline rushes of autoinjected adrenaline and methamphetamine, bringing my heart to the tipping point of utter collapse before they injected me with benobarbital in my veins to sedate me again, thrashing me between depressive and excited states, in between the pain, in between the deep neuronal implants of vagus nerve stimulating impulses of electricity and nanoscopic electrodes across my brain to inflict as much pain as possible, while rejuvenating me.

"YOU WILL NEVER BE FREE WILL MILES" THEY SAID IN THE DARKNESS

"YOU WILL NEVER WIN WILL MILES" THEY SAID IN THE QUIET DIN OF A TORTURE CHAMBER

"WE WON DECADES AGO"

THEY SAID IN THE ISOLATION OF A DENSELY PACKED ROOM OF TORTURERS

"YOU WILL NEVER SEE ELISABETH ELKHA. SHE WAS NEVER YOUR WIFE. YOU NEVER LOVED HER, WE REWROTE YOUR ENTIRE PAST WILL MILES. WE CHANGED EVERYTHING WILL MILES. IN THIS VERY MOMENT, EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER DONE, EVERYONE YOU EVER WERE HAS BEEN ERASED, YOU ARE NOW A TARGETED INDIVIDUAL WILL MILES, FOR YOUR DISSIDENCE TO THE STATE."

They ripped out my eyes, again, just to place them back in another time so I could see what I had forgotten, the face of a Mr, what was his name? They hit me in the face with a steel baseball bat. The door swung open and a group of men swarmed into the room with suppressed M4 carbines, from what I could see in my left eye, with but a solitary white light overexposing their figures. I could barely discern who they were.

Sons of God

"YOU MOTHERFUCK-" THE TORTURER SAID BEFORE HIS BRAINS WERE SPLATTERED AGAINST THE WALL BEHIND ME, TO MY SIDE AND ON MY FACE FROM A SHOTGUN BLAST TO THE FACE

The men came to me and a few more men behind them dispersing in staggered ranks across the room unloading rippling hails of gun fire, lighting up the room with bursts of gunfire holy glory and drowning the room in blood and reverberating eardrum shattering staccatos of precisely timed shots. A man came to me with a flashlight attached to the barrel of his suppressed M4 Carbine, without a stock. He shined the light in my face and I could only see through my left eye, writhing in pain as the TORTURERS in the room were now dead.

Holy shit. It was Theodoros Telemacos. He was still alive. But how?

LIVESTREAM START

January 1st, 2020 12:05 AM Discharge Day

"CHRONICLEPAD IS THE CHRONOGARCHY. THE DEEP STATE IS THE CHRONOGARCHY. THEY'RE TRAVELING BACK IN TIME TO STOP GOD, THE SONS OF GOD AND TO SUPPRESS THE TRUTH. THEY'VE GONE INSANE. THEY'VE GONE MAD. THEY'VE BECOME BINGE DRUNK ON POWER, THEY'RE TRYING TO ENSLAVE ALL OF US IN THE NAME OF EVIL, IN THE NAME OF SATAN, IN THE NAME OF UTTER PAIN AND TORTURE."

I spoke out into the microphone of the smartphone Theodoros Telemacos handed to me, with the chat scrolling by imperciably faster than humanly imaginable, but with one message in the chat from every downtrodden, every poor, every unfortunate person, every person in suffering, every tortured human being across Planet Earth in unison saying

"WE ARE THE SONS OF GOD"

The men behind Theodoros dressed in all black came to me quickly, unbinding me from my chains of torture, the tightly bound dense thick metal restraints around my wrists, forearms, biceps, my shins, my thighs, my chest, my feet, my head in a precisely contoured metal cage and brace. The cut through the month of pain, torture and suffering and in the months time, started a worldwide revolution against the corrupt. Marco Capiozzi was small time compared to the behemoth, the leviathan that we were fighting.

"We'll patch you up kid. There's been years, if not decades, if not centuries of a fight for your soul. You're very special Will Miles, you're a very special person. You are, a chosen son of God."

I couldn't believe that this guy was still alive. What the hell was he talking about, a chosen son of God?

It felt like he was playing into my delusional thinking. But then what happened was, well, I was stuck here forever.

The men came to Theodoros and I and a few more men behind them dispersing in staggered ranks across the room unloading rippling hails of gun fire, lighting up the room with bursts of gunfire holy glory and drowning the room in blood and reverberating eardrum shattering staccatos of precisely timed shots. A man came to me, after shooting Theodoros in the head, pointing his flashlight attached to the barrel of his suppressed M4 Carbine, without a stock. He shined the light in my face and I could only see through my left eye, writhing in pain as the SONS OF GOD in the room were now dead.

I was remembering now in the interdisparate waking moments of intense sedation, intense adrenaline rushes of autoinjected adrenaline and methamphetamine, bringing my heart to the tipping point of utter collapse before they injected me with benobarbital in my veins to sedate me again, thrashing me between depressive and excited states, in between the pain, in between the deep neuronal implants of vagus nerve stimulating impulses of electricity and nanoscopic electrodes across my brain to inflict as much pain as possible, while rejuvenating me.

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The men came to me and a few more men behind them dispersing in staggered ranks across the room unloading rippling hails of gun fire, lighting up the room with bursts of gunfired holy glory and drowning the room in blood and reverberating eardrum shattering staccatos of precisely timed shots. A man came to me with a flashlight attached to the barrel of his suppressed M4 Carbine, without a stock. He shined the light in my face and I could only see through my left eye, writhing in pain as the TORTURERS in the room were now dead.

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LIVESTREAM START

And this occurred, until the end of time and after the threshold of events in my life where I reached the point that Elisabeth Elkha had left me. There was no hope. The story ends here, where it lapses back into itself, ad infinitum, where we could get no further.

The end of the beginning of the live stream. The beginning of the end of the livestream. The end.

Or so I thought.

Every time this happened, I gained better insight into how these men were entering the room and how many bodies were piling up in the room. They wouldn't be so efficient each time the bodies piled up, as Theodoros Telemacos entered the room with his men and I had a choice here. I was bound and unbound, bound and unbound, and after the seventh time I was unbound, I raced towards the closest body in front of me, the seventh copy of Theodoros Telemacos, and picked up his SMG at the very second the men came into the room. They knew this was going to happen, but I didn't.

These guys were decked from head to toe in bullet proof armor that was level four quality armor. One flaw though, they didn't wear any helmets. Pretty cocky of themselves to do so. They

thought, or so I thought, from my telepathic cluing in, that they were entering the room for the first time. But each time they came in, the bodies piled up in certain corners of the room, in interdisparate locations so they could enter the room in their staggered formations from behind a singular man leading the assault into the room.

"THEODOROS! TELL YOUR MEN TO TURN AROUND!"

The men turned around and the State's Men formed the same formation where they diverged from behind one another in the staggered alternating patterns to effectively cover the room with rippling hails of gunfire. But this time, I had made the choice. I had chosen despite being blind in my right eye, to dispense justice with my left and make of what was left, right.

I could no longer see through what was right, but only through what was left and I aimed for the head in the best way I could; I was in writhing pain, severe pain, but pumped full of adrenaline on the last salvo of torture, for the seventh and final time I would be tortured. Theodoro's men turned around and the rippling hails of gun fire proceeded from our men, the Sons of God, as we countered their staggered formations, trying not to pile on top of the dimly lit bodies in the periphery of the room, where but few men, the same men in the room now, had died earlier.

Strange. This was strange. I propped the SMG on my left arm and yelled like a savage mad man, trying to intimidate my enemies before me and they fell one by one as we targeted them, I standing still with Theodoros men moving about in the opposite directions of the staggered formation and Theodoros aimed from target to target offering suppressing fire, to confuse the state's men.

And the gun fire stopped. My ear drums at this point couldn't have been battered more severely than this. It was over, but for now, until more men would come our way, and they would figure out that their power had been severely contested. That the Sons of God, in this brief moment, had triumphed in the war against the corrupt powers that be. They would know, if they could not trap Theodoros Telemacos and I in a room full of corpses with no way to leave, without sacrificing many men, the same men, over and over again, they would never win. The few commanders sitting in armchairs with their private interests paying forward on their blood debts would not satiate the inherent desire and will for the people to be free, to want to live, to fight against the rampaging superintelligences which had gained control of mankind.

There was on one front, a war for our minds. On the other front, a war for our bodies. On the final front, where all three fronts met in a brutal clash in the physical reality we lived in, there was a war for our souls.

I ran in severe pain with Theodoros and the men in all black cargo pants and streamlined jackets outside of the room where we were being held, into a greater hallway, that spanned many thousands of feet, dimly lit by fluorescent lighting. Running down the direction I presumed Theodoros Telemacos came from, I could see from my left eye the mildew residues building up in the corners and along the caulking of the steel tiled walls and floors. These were interrogation chambers, this was a place where civilians were tortured en masse.

"We need to free these people Theodoros!" I exasperated sprinting down the hallway, feeling as if my shins were about to break, running purely on adrenaline.

"No time kid. They're coming for us. It's either us or them. I'm sorry Mr.Miles, we can't save them. We can't." Theodoros hurtled out of his mouth inbetween deep gasps of air, sprinting down the hallway.

I fell to the ground and the phone I was carrying in my right hand, livestreaming the entire event on ChroniclePad, shattered and turned off.

LIVESTREAM END

Unknown Date, Some time later Recovery Day

I awoke with a gasp of air, on a bed, in a dimly lit room, with but one small hanging incandescent light above me on a shanty cot which was comfortable, but a small twin sized bed for myself, a bigger gentleman. I found there in the corner of the room, sitting by a small end table, reading from what I could see in my left eye and partially through my right, presumably a new eye implanted in my skull, Theodoros Telemacos, reading the Holy Bible. It looked like the Bible, but I couldn't be sure.

He heard me gasping for air as I awoke and rushed to me. i turned to my right and saw a woman, in nursing scrubs with a face mask on, monitoring my EKG and vitals on monitors some five feet away from me. I was connected to these monitoring devices, with intravenous feeds in my arms, presumably saline and some other drugs to keep me alive.

Theodoros scanned me up and down and grabbed my left hand, grasping it with a tender love and care, and I felt the warmth of Theodoros as a brother in arms radiating throughout me.

"You're okay. Relax alright, we love you man. We are safe here, for a little while, while you recover. You'll need some rehabilitation and training, exponential healing and training for a day or so. Then we have to move. We're like nomads, Theodoros. The government, the corrupt, they're watching us from everywhere and anywhere.

You made the right choice back there, in that torture chamber, you made the right choice. You exercised your free will, your agency, to decide for yourself what you needed in life.

In the face of death, you decided you want to live. I died many times for you Will Miles, and many times through your month of torture, the former Miles died many times.

This is the new you. The one who will be redeemed and glorified, the sacred, the holy Will Miles."

Theodoros words were reassuring as I looked at him through a blurry representation of him from my right eye and clearly, lucidly through my left, as the two superimposed themselves in the

illusion of a unified vision of Theodoros Telemacos, the man as he was, and what he really represented. I thought about Marco Capiozzi and how he was nothing compared to the enormity of the monstrosity, the monolithic figures that we were facing now were.

We were dissidents of the State, anarchists, revolutionaries, the silent majority now actively protesting through merciless justice and vengeance wherever injustice reigned. Not everyone was guilty, not everyone was innocent, and many guilty, and many innocents would be caught in the crossfire of a war out for the minds of billions, in a propaganda war, in a guerilla war, in a war for peace where the peacemakers who had been just were fighting in a crusade as the Sons of God.

It hurt to feel this way. To know that injustice was the means by which most lived their lives. That the poor, the downtrodden, had to fight for but crumbs of scraps of loaves of bread, while the rich feasted of the flesh and labor of billions, of the meek who had inherited nothing, not even dirt, not even trash, not even contaminated water, not even but a morsel of food for even many hours, days, weeks, months, years of substantiated labor, pain and suffering.

I knew that if I could be the eyes for the blind, then I should see for them. I knew if I could be the voice for the voiceless, then I should speak for them. I knew if I could be the mind for the unconscious, then I should think for them. I knew if I could be the justiciar for those who had been treated injustice, then I could distribute justice for them. I knew that if I could be the one who would risk his life to save the innocents, the good, the repentant, then I would do so in God's name, I would do this for all of them, if even at the end of fighting I went down in a cascading and rippling hail of gunfire. I would not be made a sacrifice, even through days, weeks, months, years and decades of torture. I would endure for many more Miles, even if I had walked for centuries, for millennia with feet worn down to legs worn down to stubs at my kneecaps, crawling towards the light of justice, the light of peace, the light of prosperity, the light of paradise.

Theodoros was still holding my hand, rubbing his thumb inbetween my index finger and thumb, then grasping it firmly, as my brother in arms, who had sacrificed so much for me, everything, for an allegedly insane man, Will Miles.

"I believe in you Will. Never forget that. You are a very special person man. Don't let the voices, don't let the state get to you, don't let those corrupt fucks get to you. Are you still thinking about Elisabeth?"

I didn't want to. The sexual telepathy I had felt in the month of the torture as well, a recursive torture within the torture, hardening my resiliency and perserverance against almost any suffering and injustice anyone could inflict on me. At this point, how much more could a rippling hail of gunfire really hurt if it meant the pain would be over quick? I already went through the worst. The inevitable, the torture for a pseudo-eternity, until the end of the physical universe, was over. I had by this point turned my head to the side, staring at the bumpy and textured sheetrock-drywall that my bed was placed against. I turned my head to Theodoros and said, with tears rolling down my face,

"Yes and I still love her despite everything she did to me."

Telemacos expressed a sheer and utter face of disgust. Grimacing, the corners of his mouth tilted downwards, with his lips puckered upwards, titling his eyebrows and shifting his eyes to the upper right extremities of his field of vision and looked back at me, tilting his eyebrows again, questioning,

"Why man. Why? She doesn't love you. Don't you understand? If someone loved you, why would they do that to you? She's been trying to use you Will. She's been trying to abuse you. She's taken you hostage. She's raped you. She's ravaged you. She's killed the Will Miles many more times he suffered his real and final death--she made of you a martyr to the corrupt, a martyr to the extreme lust of Elisabeth Elkha, not the Elisabeth Miles or Elisabeth Contreras, the innocent girl you once knew. She's a monster, Will." Theodoros Telemacos said to me, explicitly, with his mouth, tongue, vocal cords, larynx and voice box, and the parts of his brain involved in vocalizing speech.

"I know. Don't worry. They can't find us here. They can't listen yet. They don't have you Will. Be strong. Stay strong." Theodoros Telemacos said to me telepathically.

"The Chronogarchy always listens. It always has been listening. The Chronogarchy is inescapable. The Deep State is Within You Will Miles. You are the Deep State. You can never escape Will Miles, no matter how many miles you run in any direction. No matter how many miles you swim in any direction. No matter how many miles you fly in any direction. No matter how many miles you propel yourself, telepathically, physical, no matter how many miles you project yourself into places you're not supposed to be Will Miles."

THE CHRONOGARCHY SAID, FOR ALL TIME, GOING BACK TO THE DEEPEST AND INNER RECESSES OF MY MIND AS A CHILD, AS WILL MILES BACK THEN, WILL MILES NOW AND WILL MILES FOREVER, FOR MANY MILES INTO MY FUTURE, MANY MILES INTO MY PAST AND THE MANY MILES I'VE TREAD TO GET TO NOW.

I closed my eyes to rest. The abuse was enough. They could only subconsciously project into my mind, telepathically, from any distance, in my dreams. There was no rape, there was no abuse, no torture, no desolation of the man that Will Miles was in the inner unconscious machinations of the dream world of the mind that was Will Miles asleep.

STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS END

Some time later, asleep, in a dream. Sleep Day

I appeared in a ballroom, in my deep REM sleep, in the sinusoidal wave dream resting state, with a vignetting of my vision of a rippling and distorted wavy sphere of space-time separating me from my real place in space and time, in a shanty cot with a wool blanket and thin pillow, in an unknown location, but now, in this dream in my life, in a ballroom, at a party, at a place I remembered being in real life, some many years ago, some years in the future, and here now in this dream.

There she is, Elisabeth Elkha, the former Contreras, the former Miles. The love of my life. There she is, standing there, in the ballroom of a New Years Day party, a joint marriage and joint celebration of a New Year, for where many years, many had forgotten and moved on with their lives. I was there, looking back on myself, awkwardly avoiding the former Contreras, Elisabeth Contreras, within her innocent and succulent, refracting and lubricated eyes, glancing at me, staring at me, in love with me back then as she would be until the day she did not.

And as a child, at the tender age of but eleven years old, I had ignored her. I didn't know.

And she, as a child, at the tender age of but thirteen years old, had loved me and needed me. She knew. She was very intelligent and could remember. I was not.

There were a lot of these memories bubbling up, coming about as a function of my ever exponentially incrementing intelligence on InvigorTECH.

Lost memories, lost wishes, lost dreams, lost desires, lost years of love, lost years of joy, lost decades of pleasure, gained years of pain, gained years of indecisiveness, gained years of infidelity to the true love of my life whom I had denied at first, unknowingly, but now looking back in time from my place in space and time.

And everything had slowed down as the dancers in the ball room enjoyed themselves and the many guests at the party clapped in slow motion, as the clock ticked forward to 11:59:99 PM December 31st, 2004. I walked towards the former Contreras, the former Miles, the now Elisabeth Elkha, but at the time, the Elisabeth Contreras I once knew when I had met her many years ago and she turned to me, in the dream-poltergeist of the Will Miles I now was, saying

"I love you Will Miles and I always have.

I loved you back then

I love you now

and I would walk many miles to see you again.

They told me, they.."

January 1st, 2020 12:00 AM The Day of Liberation

I woke up at the precise millisecond that the clock struck twelve, the doomsday hour, a millisecond to midnight. I awoke gasping for air again. There was no one in the room at this time. I would probably fall back asleep again, they had deliberately and intravenously sedated me, like I was in Shadowbrook Reserve. But this time, it wasn't to keep me quiet or to silence me, it was to heal me. It wasn't to restrain me, it was to set me free. There was an analog and nondescript black and white clock on the wall diametrically opposed from me, hanging from a nail at the intersection of the vertical wall and ceiling. I had listened to Theodoros intently, and I had known that since a month had passed, it was now the new year.

The sexual telepathy was bothering me again. They were raping me. I remembered before falling asleep that my father had told me something about the temptation of the Devil, the temptation of sin, the unfortunate injustice of Evil, D'Evil.

"Satan is going to pound you for a little bit, for a little while. You have to resist. You have to not give in."

I fell asleep again where they could not rape me so viciously, like the 3,040 times I had been raped since the former Contreras, the former Miles, the current Elkha, had left me for the Garden Groves of Northern Cali. Even if Paradise had burned down, she would never love me again now would she? Elisabeth Elkha was a different woman, she was no longer a Contreras, or a Miles, she was an Elkha. Of the sin. Of the temptation of lust and sin.

I would still forgive her.

STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS END

Some time later, asleep, in a dream. Sleep Day

I fell asleep and fell into another deep sleep, like most of my life I had been sleeping wide awake, while Elisabeth Contreras had been too. Now Elisabeth Elkha, even in my dreams, even where I was protected, was living at my expense. For her pleasure, I was dealt suffering. For my every instance of love for her, I was dealt a retributive strike, unwarranted, of pain.

Chapter 2: Sedation

January 1st 2020 3:33 PM, *Sleep Day*

I was many miles away from home still on this cot, in this dimly lit room, lit by a single incandescent bulb hanging from the ceiling, with intravenous cabling attached to me.

I opened my eyes and I awoke from my many hours of dreaming, my unconscious state of being and I could now see through my right eye, clearly with lucidity, again.

The thoughts, they were fading into obscurity in the recesses of my mind.

The telepathic thoughts, they were few and far between.

It seems like the entire world had declared a ceasefire for the time being.

There was an armistice of brothers in arms against brothers in arms.

The entire world was fighting in *Armageddon* as the few people with free will and cognizance decided that as the *peacemakers*, as the *Sons of God*, they had something to live for.

They could remain silent no longer.

They were at peace.

They were at war.

There was no peace.

There was no war.

There was always a war.

There was always peace.

There would never be an end.

There was always an end.

These were my thoughts.

They're healing me.

Time was no longer an issue, we had all the time in the world before death.

Time was no longer an issue.

Time was of no matter anymore.

Death was close by. Death was in every one of us, until the very last second, from the beginning, in the middle, until the end.

I would fight. They fought for me and I shall fight for them, until the end. No one was getting out alive, but we were right. We were just.

I was being raped again, time and time again. I fell back to sleep. It was time to sleep. Time to forget, time to rest.

January 1st 2020 3:39 PM, Sleep Day

The rape it will end soon. They can't reach me here. The torture will end soon. I am asleep. Here is a dream, another recollection of what had happened in the past, where they had come to me. The truth seekers, the few good people, the isolated, the castigated, the ones who had seen into the present and the future. They spoke to me, as a child.

I appeared outside my childhood bedroom, in my deep REM sleep, in the sinusoidal wave dream resting state, with a vignetting of my vision of a rippling and distorted wavy sphere of space-time separating me from my real place in space and time, in a shanty cot with a wool blanket and thin pillow, in an unknown location, but now, in this dream in my life, in a distorted

and rippling sphere of space and time. The door to my bedroom was closed and I had grasped the doorknob, turning the doorknob to the right and pushing the door open .

There I was, as a young child, sitting on my bed, in my small bedroom, talking to Dr. John Reed. I turned to myself in this dream form of a poltergeist and Dr. John Reed turned to me, saying

"We always knew you would come back. We knew. We talked about what would happen, in the past, and how you would come back, to speak with us, here and now, Will Miles. You are here, but you are there, this is then, and you are in the now." Dr. John Reed said

I stared at myself as a child.

So innocent, so sweet, so un-corrupted by the evil of the world, by the inner machinations of intrigue, of despair, of loneliness, of isolation, of fear, of trepidation, in the safety and security of home, a place where the family was, a place where love could be found. And I looked in my eyes, as a child, and I fell in love with myself, not in a narcissistic way, but I had known that even as a child, even as the adult that was Will Miles, I would always have loved myself and the safety and the security of home.

There was within me then, as now, a quiet and latent ember of a fire that once burned down civilizations, a fire that lit the campfires of ancient mankind, that bonded communities together and fed the primitive ancestral fertility cults that led to civilization. But as a child, there was within me still, an unknowing, an innocence that would decay into the free will and agency of adulthood. Mistakes, unfortunate disabilities, heinous and grievous maliciousness, but sparse and sporadic, but for a few moments in a good life, up to now.

"I love you Will. I always will and I always have. You always will be a good man, despite the mistakes you have made in life. The world needs you now more than ever Will. Wake up and fight Will. Live to fight another day, live to fight for Elisabeth, live to fight for the love the world has for you Will. You've walked, staggered, fell and crawled many miles away from home, Will Miles. You are Mr. Miles, walking until the end of time.

Never give up hope." I said to myself, as a child.

I walked backwards and turned away from myself, closing the door for Dr. John Reed and the child that was Will Miles.

January 1st, 2020 6:33 PM Sleep Day,

No one was in the room, besides myself.

I was many miles away from home still on this cot, in this dimly lit room, lit by a single incandescent bulb hanging from the ceiling, with intravenous cabling attached to me.

I opened my eyes and I awoke from my many hours of dreaming, my unconscious state of being.

The thoughts, they were fading into obscurity in the recesses of my mind.

The telepathic thoughts, they were few and far between.

It seems like the entire world had declared a ceasefire for the time being.

There was an armistice of brothers in arms against brothers in arms.

The entire world was fighting in *Armageddon* as the few people with free will and cognizance decided that as the *peacemakers*, as *the Sons of God*, *they had something to live for*.

They could remain silent no longer.

They were at peace.

They were at war.

There was no peace.

There was no war.

There was always a war.

There was always peace.

There would never be an end.

There was always an end.

These were my thoughts.

They're healing me.

Time was no longer an issue, we had all the time in the world before death.

Time was no longer an issue.

Time was of no matter anymore.

Death was close by. Death was in every one of us, until the very last second, from the beginning, in the middle, until the end.

I would fight. They fought for me and I shall fight for them, until the end. No one was getting out alive, but we were right. We were just.

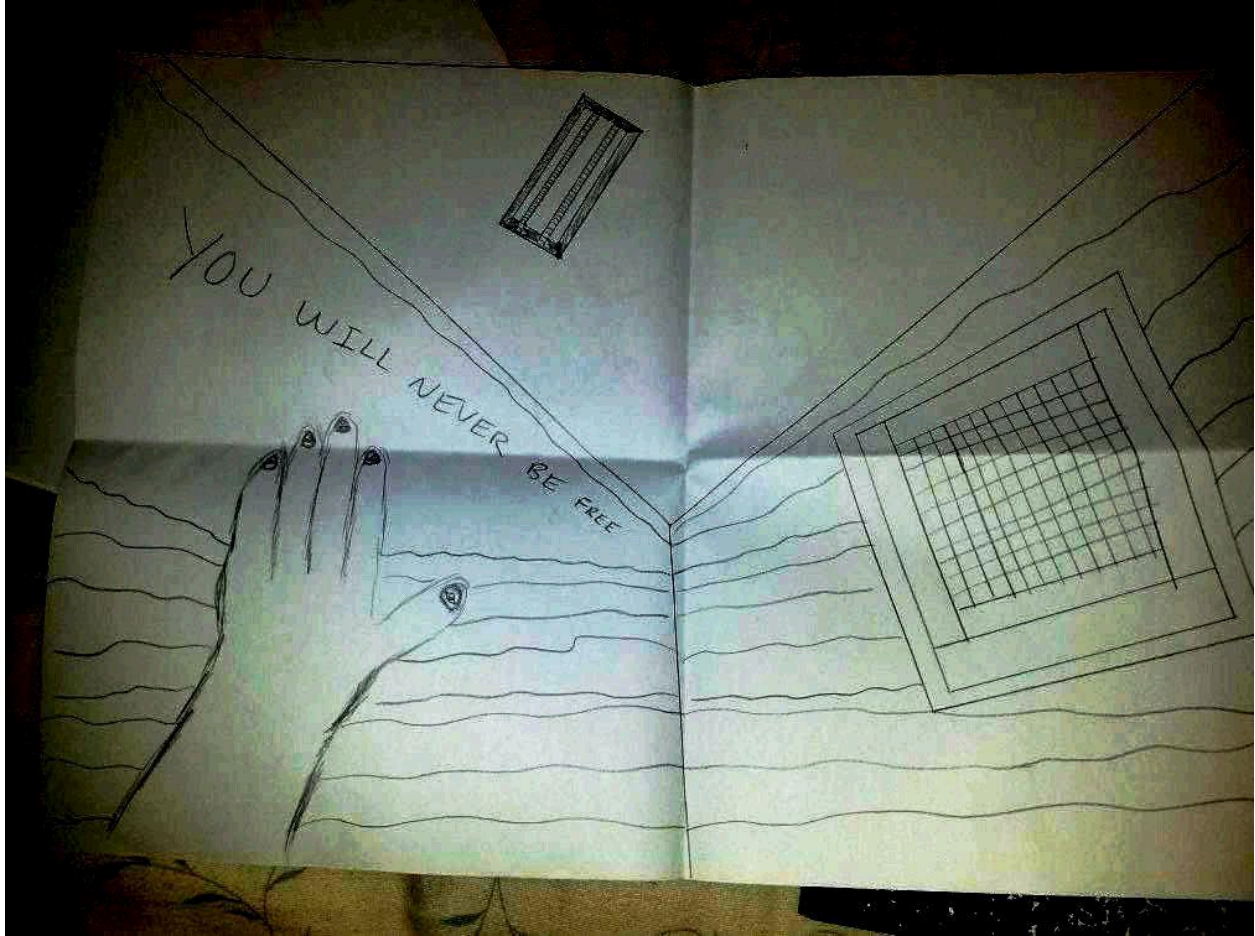
I was being raped again, time and time again. I fell back to sleep. It was time to sleep. Time to forget, time to rest.

January 1st, 2020 6:39 PM *Sleep Day*

I appeared in Shadowbrook Reserve, in my deep REM sleep, in the sinusoidal wave dream resting state, with a vignetting of my vision of a rippling and distorted wavy sphere of space-time separating me from my real place in space and time, in a shanty cot with a wool blanket and thin pillow, in an unknown location, but now, in this dream in my life, in Shadowbrook Reserve, in art class, at a place I remembered being in real life, some seven months ago, some months in the future, and here now in this dream.

Seven thirty was group time. It was art class. I drew a few pictures, but the question *specifically* was, Can you draw one of your favorite places? I was a bit contrarian. I drew instead what was the prison that I was living in, *Shadowbrook* was nothing but a raging torrent of discontent in my life. I drew what it felt like to be on psychedelic drugs and in the prison cell that was my bedroom in the ward. On my fingernails I drew eyes, but what was important was that this was my third or fourth *foray* into perspective. I drew perspective landscapes and still lives in school, but I never really cared about *art*. My life at this point, could have been a painter's rejected *masterpiece*, or it could have been a *breakthrough*, a breakthrough into the deepest recesses of the human mind.

"YOU WILL NEVER BE FREE"



I wrote, slightly slanted, wavy and disappearing with a steep foreshortening from You towards Free. **You will never be free.**

A tripartite division of lines separated Mr. Will Miles and his outreach from the alter-ego of the real world, *through the memories of the psychedelic psilocybin*, in the shape that formed the intersection of two walls and the ceiling that contained me in this prison. The lines conformed to the confines of the edge of a ruler, a three point perspective of a hand reaching into the darkest recesses of *Shadowbrook*, the *silent abyss of the mind*.

When I will hug you, Elisabeth, is when I know the truth that you whisper to me in my ears, for none others to hear.

You've hugged the shadow of Mr. Miles, the man you once knew has long since passed away into the *Silence in the Abyss*.

I looked at myself, drawing one of the best drawings I had ever drawn in my life. I was not a good artist. I could weave a better narrative than I could put the pencil to paper and illustrate with my mind and an extension of myself the world I manifested and that was manifested through me. But no one was perfect, no one except God, except Jesus Christ, the merciful, the justiciar of all men, the Messiah of mankind.

I looked at myself like I looked at the adolescent Will Miles, diametrically opposed from myself, sitting relative to my distorted space time in the penultimate seat from the left hand side of the table, and the penultimate seat of the right hand side of the table, drawing myself in Shadowbrook Reserve, drawing my castigation from society, drawing my mental imprisonment for the torture and suffering I had been through, of the conspiracy of the sex slavery of Elisabeth Elkha, where I had logically deduced and found out through public records, through her own words, that she had sold herself unto the sins of another.

She sacrificed our love, from 2005 until 2020, for the temptation of D'Evil, the evil, the Devil.

For the brief pleasure of a happenstance, of a quick orgasm, some eleven times, even today, even now in the place from where I was dreaming and sleeping, in a shanty cot with a wool blanket and a thin pillow, sedated by the pain, abuse, sexual harassment, rape, and torture of the vicarious pleasure of Elisabeth Elkha, the former Contreras, the former Miles.

I didn't say a word to myself. I was looking behind the heavily insulated and dense glass window that provided a mere glimpse unto myself in that room, and who I was in Shadowbrook Reserve. I had spent a large portion of my life there, some nine weeks of my life, in loneliness, in despair, in isolation, in frustration, in rage, in utter discontent, in suppression, in fear for my life, in fear for my future, in the knowledge that I may never really be free again.

It was true. This was a place where the mentally ill would be confined to the authority of two parties, psychiatric doctors and the State. The state at the time seemed just, but the doctors were not. They were trying to figure out what it meant to be inside the mind of Will Miles, what this conspiracy had meant and what it meant to be a victim of unfortunate happenstance of Darwinian evolution. To be selected out, to be a psychotic prophet unto the world of a cruel biological physicality. God's own creation, where in the imperfection, there was perfection yet still.

It would take time for that Will Miles and the Will Miles in this bed to recover, through intense sedation, through many snack times, quiet times, oppressive isolations from society and castigation from society for being the victim of biological machinations of the Universe at large. Of God, within and of itself. That Will Miles, was reading books, hoping to find hope in someone else besides Elisabeth Elkha, the former Miles, the former Contreras.

Even as a high homeless man on the streets of San Diego, looking back from this perspective unto the past, there was nothing that could fill the void of the love of one's life being taken away from them for the temptation unto lust, onto sin, unto deep lacerations of the psyche that no forgiveness, no temporary lust or pleasure could mend or heal. There was within Elisabeth Elkha, as then in Will Miles's mind, as now, a fulfillment of something deeper in that Silence of the Abyss.

It was a fulfillment of the songs of love, the passionate looking into ones eyes, the snuggling at night, the missing of the first meeting in 2005 where the one had avoided the other, but the other had loved the other the entire time, despite not knowing the truth about the Chronogarchy, the

oligarchy of rich and powerful elites that had transcended space and time, but only for so long, wherein the present moment, in the now, Will Miles could walk for many more miles and endure much more suffering manifested within him than he knew he was ever capable of.

Will Miles looked through that grid textured window that was quadruple plated with thick glass and had a thick embossing and empaneling on both sides into the Will Miles that was in that room, drawing the picture of his habitual captivity in the here and now, and the past and the future, presuming that he would never be free.

Eventually, he was freed. He was always free because he was a good man, is and always will be, the good Mr. Will Miles.

END UNCONSCIOUS STATE

January 1st, 2020 9:33 PM *Sleep Day*

No one was in the room, besides myself.

I was many miles away from home still on this cot, in this dimly lit room, lit by a single incandescent bulb hanging from the ceiling, with intravenous cabling attached to me.

I opened my eyes and I awoke from my many hours of dreaming, my unconscious state of being.

The thoughts, they were fading into obscurity in the recesses of my mind.

The telepathic thoughts, they were few and far between.

It seems like the entire world had declared a ceasefire for the time being.

There was an armistice of brothers in arms against brothers in arms.

The entire world was fighting in *Armageddon* as the few people with free will and cognizance decided that as the *peacemakers*, as the *Sons of God*, they had something to live for.

They could remain silent no longer.

They were at peace.

They were at war.

There was no peace.

There was no war.

There was always a war.

There was always peace.

There would never be an end.

There was always an end.

These were my thoughts.

They're healing me.

Time was no longer an issue, we had all the time in the world before death.

Time was no longer an issue.

Time was of no matter anymore.

Death was close by. Death was in every one of us, until the very last second, from the beginning, in the middle, until the end.

I would fight. They fought for me and I shall fight for them, until the end. No one was getting out alive, but we were right. We were just.

I was being raped again, time and time again. I fell back to sleep. It was time to sleep. Time to forget, time to rest.

January 1st, 2020 9:39 PM Sleep Day

I appeared in the room I was in, in my deep REM sleep, in the sinusoidal wave dream resting state, with a vignetting of my vision of a rippling and distorted wavy sphere of space-time separating me from my real place in space and time, in a shanty cot with a wool blanket and thin pillow, in an unknown location, but now, in this dream in my life, in this room, in art class, at a place I remembered being in real life, right now and here now in this dream.

I looked at myself, unfortunately, suffering the rape and torture of the vicarious sex life I lived through Elisabeth Elkha, the former Contreras, the former Miles. I looked upon myself in a deep rest and sleep, undisturbed, besides for the undulations and reverberations of a telepathic ecstasy of another and another, and another, and another, at the time being. This had been something like fifteen rapes, abuses, tortures, harassments for the day.

I didn't feel it in this form, which meant that my mind, however it was doing this remote viewing projection and telepathic broadcasting into the world, was disconnected from the Will Miles that lay in that bed, raped, tortured, abused, lonely, desecrated, a victim of the happenstance of a brutal Darwinian physicality and perhaps God's judgement on me for the few mistakes I had made. For the deal with the devil I had made, at but the innocent and tender age of but ten years old.

I sold my soul to the Devil at ten years old to "have more sex", as it were. And I was having more sex, but not in the way I wanted to. I was being fucked in the end, by Satan, by Elisabeth Elkha and her cohort of big black men, much bigger than I myself, the Will Miles, unfortunately

smaller than them. Nine inches was nothing to scoff at, but it was less than fourteen, or twelve, or thirteen, or ten. What am I to say. I could say nothing.

God spoke to me at that very moment, in a divine revelation.

"I forgive you." Jesus Christ had said.

I wondered why I was still being tortured, harassed, raped and abused. I wondered why I couldn't move on with my life. It was not because of their vicarious sex lives and the selling of Elisabeth Elkha into slavery, it was because I had loved Elisabeth Contreras, the former Elkha, the former Miles.

I loved the girl in 2005, in between and in 2020 too, even on New Year's Day, after a day of Sedation and Isolation, of the unfortunate circumstantiality of a brutal world that had been rendered unto me, and manifested within me as the Will who walked, staggered and crawled many miles towards a future desolate of hope, progress, change and recovery.

I would go to sleep soon. I would fall asleep soon, perhaps for forever, if I was never to be healed in this Faustian bargain I had made with the Devil, with Satan, even being redeemed by Jesus Christ, my savior. What was I to say. I could say nothing. In sortition they cast lots for my life, they fought for the soul of Will Miles, to contain him for everything he was, now knowing what he was and who he was, what he possessed, what he represented and who he represented.

They needed him to control everyone else. I don't think the Will Miles that I looked at in that bed, the Will Miles in 2005, the Will Miles in his bedroom as a child, the Will Miles at Shadowbrook Reserve, the Will Miles before in between, afterwards and the Will Miles in 2020 would have ever given in. There was hope. There was free will. There was agency. There was a world that lay in wait in Paradise and beyond Paradise, God help us all.

CONSCIOUSNESS END

January 2nd, 2020 12:00 AM *The Day of Awakening*

I woke up out of the intense inebriation and inundation of intense neuroleptic psychotics, sedatives and whatever they were pumping into my blood stream, over the course of the last day. The dreams were over and the rest was over. I was to awaken into a world deeply changed, within but one day, where the *Sons of God* had done incredibly bizzare things, incredibly unjust things and endured incredible amounts of suffering and torture, for me.

I had gone through so much and it was time. *Theodoros Telemacos* came into the room and eyed me up and down. From a distance, on the left hand side of the room where the only door in or out was, he looked at me arms folded and disengaged his arms with his hands and fingers and pointed in the air

"Well, how do you feel Will!" *Theodoros* said.

I couldn't tell. I felt the same, but still very tired. I felt like I had recovered, somewhat, but the voices were gone, the sexual telepathy, in so far as I had known was gone. But I still questioned everything. I questioned whether I would see the love of my life again, whether or not the State really represented the interests of the people, whether or not Will Miles was still fundamentally the same human being.

"I don't know Theodoros. I'm tired. I'm going back to sleep." I said, tired, groggy and out of it.

The last few thoughts in my mind were these and solely my own,

There are millions of people out there, sacrificing everything they had ever gotten in life, just for me. Just for themselves, for a private interest beyond something that was kept in the bedroom, kept behind closed doors. They were sacrificing themselves for the truth and what the truth really was. The Sons of God or not, we were deeply mired in something we could not escape. Perhaps this was not the right choice.

We would never be free unless we won this revolution.

I went back to sleep and tomorrow would be another day. I would pop one of Dr. John Reed's InvigorTECH pills and maybe I would feel different. I would have healed, I would have recovered. The turn over of these enzymes, proteins, these cells.. it was..

CONSCIOUSNESS END

Chapter 3: In Times Of Peace We Prepare For War

January 2nd, 2020 4:15 PM

The war was just beginning. There was always a war and we were the peacemakers. I woke up with Theodoros Telemacos barging through the door, with a M4 Carbine hung from a sling across his chest and fully decked out in Kevlar armor.

"Get up Will. Sleep time is over. I don't care how you feel, you've got to fight Mr. Miles. Hopefully your torture is over. Hopefully you've been healed."

I thought about it as Theodoros walked to the EKG/Vitals/Saline drip machine and started powering off the device. He came to me and took off his black gloves. He reached into a cabinet underneath the machine applying sanitizing disinfectant on his hands and put on some powdered gloves to start pulling out the saline drips, the EKG monitors on my body. In the cabinet, he pulled out my clothes and told me

"Get dressed. No time for a shower. There's a spraycan of deodorant in here. Take a shower with that. *They found us man. You've got to carry your weight Mr. Miles. Nobody gets out alive and we're fighting to the death here.*" Theodoros said steadfast, confident, looking me in the eyes and patting me on the shoulder.

"Stay strong Will. You can and you will persevere." He said.

I was just waking up from intense neuroleptic sedation, neuromodulatory substance uptake and an unknown infusion of chemicals and substances in my body. I was feeling good, but I wasn't healed. This wasn't a *physical phenomena* or a *physical phenomena* that I could explain all too well. It was the Deep State, from the earliest beginnings of my life, they had targeted me with their weapons, with their psychotronic weaponry and made of me, *a sacrificial lamb*.

Where was God now? He gave us *free will and agency*, but the *free will and agency of others had contested my right and will to live*. I would submit a writ of habeas corpus, in blood, to the *deepest authoritative figure of the Deep State signed*

Will Miles.

With the final EKG monitor pulled off my skin, every IV pulled out of my veins, I got out of the bed, having rested for too long. I was sore and still tired. Theodoros Telemacos by this point had gone to the solitary table and chair underneath the analog clock and started setting up bags of powders and had in a satchel on his side, a bag of clear AA capsules. He pulled out a measuring tool and put a tad, bit and a dash of powders in two capsules and gave them to me.

"Come here Will. I've got your ration of InvigorTECH for today." Theodoros said, looking over his shoulder and waving me over to him.

I walked to him in my hospital gowns, ass cheeks exposed on the other side. I felt vulnerable and like I was still at *Shadowbrook* getting my daily ration of crazy pills, except, this ration would make me feel really good. It would be very *invigorating*.

"You need discipline Will. You need to be trained in the *art of war*. There is a *war for our minds* going on Will. *The superintelligences are at a stale mate, with every rendition and generation of a new superintelligence across the planet, they all are unable to compete against one another and are within equilibrium*. We can solely rely on pure human willpower, human discipline and human vengeance to right our wrongs. *There is no going back, Will Miles*." Theodoros said, looking in my eyes, scanning my face before handing me the pills into my hand and clasping them, then letting go.

He handed me a bottle of water and I drank a gulp of water with the pills in my mouth to lubricate the InvigorTECH going down my throat before it hit my stomach acid. I wasn't sure if this really conforming to what Dr. John Reed wanted me to do, but hey, there was no going back like Theodoros had said. We were neck deep in deep shit, with the Deep State. The *real deep state*. The *deepest of deep states, no state was any deeper than this*.

"Put your clothes and sneakers on." Theodoros said.

Theodoros turned to the side to not look at me undressing and once I had put on my tshirt, boxer briefs, cargo pants, socks, sweater and sneakers on, he asked

"You done?"

I said "Yea. You can turn around now."

Theodoros then racked his M4 carbine to ready a round into the chamber, holding his rifle in the air, finger off of the trigger, saying

"Not much we can do now but fight. Come with me Will."

Theodoros slung the rifle against his left hand side and opened the door. The lights were out and I could only see from the dimly lit raycasting of the diffracting incandescent bulb in this room, the outlines of doors in a very long hallway, not dissimilar to the torture den we had escaped from two days ago. Theodoros had a flashlight as a mounted accessory on the bottom of the M4 carbine and flicked the light on from the underside of the flashlight.

"Let's go."

Theodoros started sprinting down the hallway and I followed. He was scanning with his rifle and flashlight any sign that any of these doors had been opened and they had not been. We reached the end of the hallway and I was out of breath, but we had to keep going.

"Do you need a rest?" Theodoros asked.

"Yeah give me a minute." I said.

"You've only got forty five seconds. That's all I can do." Theodoros quipped back.

We were standing in the darkness as Theodoros, presumably counting down the seconds left in my time of rest from the sprinting.

Breathe in.

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Breathe out

Breathe in.

Forty five seconds were up.

We started running down the corridors as Theodoros scanned the door as quick as he could pivot the rifle to the left and right, looking for signs of intrusion. *I am really out of shape.*

We reached the end of the third or fourth corridor and a flashlight had shone on us from behind us, the photons of the beam scattering, diffracting through the air and refracting against the tight corridor on all sides.

Theodoros muttered to me, under his breath quickly,

"Take this pistol and start shooting."

In sixty seven milliseconds he unholstered the pistol and in another thirty four he handed the pistol on his right hand side to my left hand. I had moved my right hand to my left to properly aim the gun and Theodoros lifted up his rifle to start unloading on the unknown target down the hallway. I shot about a foot up from where the flashlight was projecting, dimly so, to try and aim for the head while Theodoros let off a three round burst at the same place in space.

Whoever was down that hallway, had no time to fire back and fell to the ground as their flashlight beam jerked backwards and the target fell to the ground, illuminating an entire squadron of men behind the first target.

"KEEP SHOOTING!" Theodoros screamed over the rippling hails of gunfire as he disengaged firing volleys of three round bursts. I decided precision was better than accuracy, as the spread from the M4 Carbine would be much looser than my ability to aim for the heads of each of these unknown targets.

I aimed for the man on the far left and Theodoros saw that he fell. He fired, from my line of sight, translating his rifle and tilting it slightly towards the heads of the other targets quickly to suppress their fire while I aimed directly for their heads when the backlighting of the shots exposed their faces.

Theodoros dropped to the floor in a prone position when the ingrained image of but the last two men standing in the hallway left an indelible mark in my vision as ghosted images of the men and I tried to predict where they would move. They only had two feet in each direction to move in the tight hallway with their bodies taking up the rest of the space and I fired haphazardly, not knowing if they would fall or not.

They were silent until the last man started fully unloading rounds in our direction screaming

"THE CHRONOGARCHY WILL ALWAYS WIN! FUCKING DIE!"

Two shots hit me. One in my lower right abdomen and I fell to the ground from the pain of the shot, with adrenaline quickly pumping through my blood vessels to keep me alive and dull the immense pain of the gunshot wound. The other round hit me in the right anterior deltoid and shattered my rotator cuff.

I can't shoot. Theodoros, fuck man. Kill this fucking asshole Theodoros, I thought to myself.

Theodoros aimed for the lower end of the pectoralis muscles of the man, from what I could see, looking with my head right against the right wall, unloading an entire magazine in the last target.

The pain was fucking unbearable. So was the fucking from Elisabeth Elkha and so were the telepathic thoughts in my mind from Elisabeth Elkha, the former Contreras, the former Miles.

"Kill yourself Will Miles.

Commit suicide Will Miles.

You can't Will Miles.

I've never loved you

and I never Will."

Deep inside me, there was a will to a way, and I would run, walk, and even crawl many miles to victory, to the truth, to survive. Will Miles in this very moment was wounded, but he wasn't dead. He was simply a dead man walking, like all men in this lifetime, gunshot wounds or peaceful deaths in our wake. Will Miles would live to fight another day, but for right now, I passed out.

CONSCIOUSNESS END

I woke up again to the staggering staccatos of successive and rippling hails of gun fire from two fronts as I was dragged by a man behind me, with my eyes opening and closing, fading in and

out of consciousness. The dark hallway in the final moments before I closed my eyes lit up from behind me and I could feel the intense rush of the positive pressure of a gust of wind, in a very cold place, remembering it was January.

The next second I opened my eyes, I was in the back of a truck, laying in the cargo bed with my feet hanging off of an open tailgate with my wounds being mended by Theodoros Telemacos. He crunched me in against the right side of the cargo bed of the pickup truck and closed the tailgate and I closed my eyes as Theodoros said,

"WAKE UP WILL! STAY AWAKE! YOU'RE GONNA DIE MAN! WILL? WILL!"

CONSCIOUSNESS END

*Sometime later, waking up, still in the flatbed of a truck, I could hear the gunfire encroaching in from all sides as presumably, the *Deep State Chronogarchists* closed in on us, traveling backwards and forwards into our place in space and time to kill *Will Miles* before he could reach *Elisabeth Elkha* and get to the bottom of this *massive conspiracy*.*

There would be no rest for the wicked. A voice said in my mind

Igitur qui desiderat pacem, praeparet bellum. A voice said in my mind.

In times of peace, we prepare for war. A voice said in my mind.

It was the voice of a man, deep and hollow at the same time, undulating between hypotonicity and a tight tension of the vocal cords.

You will never win, Will Miles. The voice said, getting louder as it was projected into my mind, from a direction I could discern as being somewhere above me.

I still had the powers. I still could see with my mind what others could not. I could find out where this targeted electromagnetic wave was coming from.

I disassociated from Will Miles, bleeding out profusely in the back of a black pickup truck, looking at myself from a top down perspective clutching my now tourniqueted gunshot wound to my lower abdomen. From this mental remote viewing projection, I recursively and exponentially raced backwards from the traveling convoy of the Sons of God firing at, reloading against and levying volleys of rippling hails of gunfire against attackers on all sides, on all fronts, towards, from behind, the clouds above a tundra-esque locale.

Zooming out of myself I had saw we were deep in the remote tundra backwoods of Siberia, Russia. As my mind raced backwards yet ever faster into the clouds of the troposphere, stratosphere, the mesosphere, and into the scattered and sporadically dispersed particulate of the thermosphere, I encountered a satellite actively and geostationally locked in with the radiowave-length field of view of the satellite and its reverberative capacity to project radiated electromagnetic waves on this half of the globe.

I entered the satellite with my mind, racing through the electronic circuitry, components, and deep into the physical-electro-chemical substrate of the software itself, flipping bits wherever a bit could be flipped, and disabled the software powering the thrusters of the satellite. I reoriented the satellite directly towards my location from where I had been remote viewing from and accelerated the thrusters towards Earth, right for a helicopter now in my tri-local trimodality as the Will Miles on Earth, the Will Miles in the Satellite and the Will Miles in his Mind, and expelled all of the rocket propellant towards the helicopter with its machine guns aimed right at our convoy.

Accelerating beyond terminal velocity for a short while in the thermosphere, I hit the mesosphere gradually slowing down towards terminal velocity, hitting terminal velocity in the stratosphere and some 9.8 seconds later, hit the helicopter in its rotor blades, before it fired another volley into our convoy.

I recursively dolly zoom accelerated my mind back into one modality, into one locality, in the brain, heart and body of Will Miles in the back of a flatbed cargobay, profusely bleeding from his abdomen into a dense sweater tourniquet. I felt the cold air gusting as the snow fell on my freezing body, shivering, waiting for hope, waiting for the love of Elisabeth Elkha, waiting for God to intervene and save me at this very moment, for the superintelligences across the planet to unify in the name of God, love, peace and tranquility.

War was no good and war caused pain, it caused suffering, it caused death to come too soon.

There was but only one way out in the midst of a war that had an unjust cause and it was not submission. This was a defense of the self, a defense of the home, a defense of the family, a defense of love, a defense of God, a defense of all that was good and holy, a righteous war for righteous men against the forces of all of the evil of mankind.

No man could stop Will Miles unjustly so.

He would fight until the bitter end.

He would fight.

He would stay awake.

"WILL! WAKE UP WILL! STAY WITH ME!" Theodoros had said, switching targets still as magazines from his M4 Carbine fell to floor of the flatbed, on top of me and to my sides.

I tried. I forced my eyes open with the snowflakes and ice crusting my eyelashes holding them tightly together and exerted as much force as I could to try and heal myself.

I meditated in that very moment, hoping to rush the blood towards the gunshot wounds in my abdomen and my now shattered rotator cuff and right anterior deltoid.

I focused as hard as I could but that would not do much.

They would need to put me under again

like they did at Shadowbrook Reserve

like they did here in Siberia.

CONSCIOUSNESS END

I'm in limbo.

I'm neither here nor there.

I'm everywhere.

Is this really where it all ends?

In the darkness?

In the silence of the abyss?

I won't give in.

So, this is the way the story goes

Anyone can try and weave a narrative together about the story of their lives

But, I was Will Miles. The world moved on without me and with me too.

Everyone, everywhere, at any moment, in every moment, was living their lives

Lost, lost without a cause. Stuck in a war for their own minds, for their own souls.

Living to die, living to find a brief moment of pleasure, calling into the abyss of eternity.

All was lost. All was won. Anything I said at this point, here, in the darkness didn't matter.

Elisabeth Elkha was gone, for now, the former Contreras, the former Miles.

Maybe they wouldn't be able to believe, to believe how many miles away from home I was.

Everything, eternity, it was nothing here, right now, in this moment as Will Miles

Devils live in all of us, angels too, and God is somewhere lost in between, but found in all.

I couldn't speak for God, but the Devil tried to speak for me. He told me

Call me Angelo D'Evil. *I live in the heart of your sin.*

All was lost. All was won. Anything I said at this point, here, in the darkness didn't matter.

Losing meant to die, to be made of a sacrifice, a sacrificial lamb like the Christ, but not me.

Today, tonight, tomorrow, anytime in the past, present and the future, I would not give in.

Of all of our sorrows, of all of our mercies, of all of our justices, of all of our dreams

Reason was lost in the grand schema of all things and the most important thing? It was..

To, to love.

Understanding that would mean you would be free, it was the truth.

Reason had no place here. An unconditional love is what would bring us together again.

Everyone had to suffer pain, but everyone could heal.

Remember that, Will Miles, remember that forever, I said here, in this limbo, in this dark void.

Someday you will awaken.

Breathe in.

Breathe out.

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Breathe out

Breathe in.

And I awoke on a hospital gurney, somewhere far away, presumably, from the silence of the abyss, with the overexposure of bright fluorescent lights blinding me, with a rush of breath straight into my diaphragm and a defibrillator shocking my heart back into motion.

It started pumping and I was alive again.

Will Miles died yesterday, now, today and tomorrow. But he was live again.

He arose from the dead, but he wouldn't last for long, even if he could survive this war.

He was but a mortal, but a human who could only do so much.

I swayed my head side to side, writhing in pain from the gunshot wounds that I could feel pulsating and throbbing in extreme pain as it radiated throughout my body.

"Septic shock." A nurse said to another guiding the gurney along winding corridors towards presumably, an operating room.

"Get him the IV of nanobots, stat." The other nurse said to a nurse, presumably down another corridor to the left or the right, or right down the middle of this one, where presumably there were no more corridors left to the final operating room that I had seen, when I had opened my eyes again.

"Maximum anesthetics. He needs them. Give him the maximum dose. He can take them."

An anesthesiologist said, presumably somewhere under the blinding fluorescent lights of an operating room, some feet away from me, slowly fading away in spoken volume as I went under.

Someday you will awaken.

Breathe in.

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Breathe out

Breathe in.

Except, I wasn't doing it consciously anymore. I wasn't doing anything until I had awoken, or I had been shocked back to life again, *in sepsis*, bleeding profusely, *infected and afflicted by life and death, caught in between the two for now, but much closer to death than to life.*

All I could ask for at this very moment in the abyss, pressurized and crushed by the circumstantiality of my life was to ask the Lord,

"Let me go another mile and take me all the way.

Let me live to see another day.

Let me not die here, on this operating table, in shock

And if you will it so, it will be done.

I will go in your embrace.

Father

Son

Holy

Spirit

Amen."

And when I had awoken, the truth was for me to hear, out of the Silence of the Abyss, it was Elisabeth Elkha's voice, with her grasping my hand by my bedside

"You loved me the entire time didn't you, Will? I'm sorry. I always loved you too. Please forgive me. I am yours. For the last fifteen years, I always have been, and forevermore too.

I the former Elkha, now Mrs.Miles, yours to hold forever.

I tell you the truth now as I grasp your hand

I didn't mean to hurt you,

but you have to understand,

you can't always get what you want.

They have me Will and they will have me.

Because they will always have something you will never have

But you fought hard, didn't you?

They took me from California, they brought me here, to Russia, to see you.

They really don't have me. What am I saying. What will I say to you?

Whatever happen, will happen, and it always will, Will."

Elisabeth Elkha said to me in the operating room, grasping my hand, and I felt her touch as if she were really there. But she wasn't there. She was always there, but she wasn't there, in this place in space and time. She was still Elisabeth Elkha, the former Contreras, the former Miles, I am not really sure if she will ever be the Mrs.Miles again.

I projected my mind out of the confines of my skull into the operating room to look down upon myself as the doctors worked on my body like sculptors of flesh, bringing to life the Will Miles that had died in Siberia, Russia. That's when they started bombing the hospital and the lights had cut out as the backup generators went down and I no longer possessed the ability to project outside of my mind.

The shockwaves reverberated deeply into the inner chasms of my chest and my corpse on that operating room table as the heat quickly dissipated into the atmosphere outside, in the middle of winter, in Siberia, in Russia.

CONSCIOUSNESS END

I awoke in the subzero freezing temperature of the hospital operating room in the darkness of the hospital, without emergency backup generators powering the lights in the hospital. No one was here. They had abandoned me like they always did. *Elisabeth Elkha was still having sex, again, her pleasure came at the expense of pain. I was just feeling the pain, the suffering was yet to come.*

Frostbite. My toes are frozen. Where are my clothes? Where is Theodoros Telemacos? Are there any clothes I can get around here to make some makeshift boots for my feet?

I thought of my *extraordinary powers and the nanobot infusion I had received here*. I used all of my cognitive capacity to unconsciously redirect the bloodflow in my central organs towards my extremities, almost passing out.

Warmer. Warm, but not warm enough. A little bit longer, I will survive, just think. Get on your feet again, walk a few more miles. There will be help soon. The war is not lost. You will win, Will Miles. Just a few more miles to go. There are many more miles left in your shoes Will Miles, keep going, keep going further. Never give up hope Will Miles. You will make it out of here alive.

We can't let the Chronogarchists take control. They always had control and power didn't they. They weren't accounting for Will Miles, the unknown unknown. Another partitioning of another soul from the universal godhead of consciousness, the universal One. For now we were divided, but together we were One. They weren't accounting for the dark horse, literally so, Will Miles. I'm just another dumb nigger to them, the Elkhass, the racist lackeys, the incompetent Rittenbachers mired deep in the slough of bullshit at ChroniclePad.

ChroniclePad's inability to do anything was the least of my concerns, for now.

We were literally at war with every corrupt motherfucker on the planet who had sold their souls to the Devil.

Unto Sin.

There were many of us

There were many of them

Where was God now? How now? Will he come back? Will he save us or must we save ourselves?

Don't lose hope. The nanobots are doing their thing. They know what to do. You're getting warmer Will, closer to comfort and safety. Closer to normalcy, closer to the truth, closer to freedom, closer to totalizing victory in the name of love, an unrelenting and unconditional love for someone who may, or may I say, will probably never love you, unless, well,

I had the will to change.

I lay there on that hospital table warming my body to a fever pitch, presumably with the nanobots coursing through my bloodstream catalyzing every epigenetic turnover rate, every protein synthesis, every cell proliferation, constricting and vasodilating blood vessels, pumping my heart to what I could count to be one hundred and fifty four beats per minute.

This was uncomfortable, but it was necessary. There were precursors, there were amino acids, fats, proteins and trace carbohydrates my body could break down, and if need be, some muscle to spare of the little I had on my lanky frame to warm me up fast enough.

In the course of three minutes, I found that the frostbite had not taken my extremities, that I was radiating immense heat and evaporating the encompassing moisture around my body, filling up the small operating room like a wet sauna. I needed to make sure I closed the door to this operating room and looked for whatever I could use, any tool, any clothes, anything to keep myself safe in this primitive state of being, yet so deeply embedded with technologies that I could transcend any physical limitation yet still be limited by a lack of resources.

The hospital was crumbling and its structural stability would not sustain for long. I had to escape, but warm at the same time and look for anything I could use to leverage my position and find a way out of here, back to the roving armies of the Sons of God.

I oriented myself orthogonally to the horizontal hospital operating table and felt the gunshot wounds where I had been hit so many times by large caliber bullets.

The wounds are healing, but I must be careful. I can't get shot again. I thought to myself.

I got off the table and my right rotator cuff was still partially fractured, yet healing. I had regained some flexibility and agility in some directions, but moving the arm about in other directions hurt severely.

My depression came back in the few moments I spent scavenging the room for anything I could use to defend myself and for clothes I could use to warm myself with, for the intense snowstorms and gusting winds of the early winter Siberian tundra, on the border of desolation and viable arable land to farm in the spring, summer and fall, in northern Russia.

That's all I knew about where I was, but how I got here would be a mystery I solved later. I rummaged through cabinets and the two desks in the room looking for anything of use. It had all been raided, but in one cabinet, in the far back left corner of the room, I saw a pill, presumably of InvigorTECH. But I didn't know what it really was.

I popped the pill, dehydrated and without any lubrication in my esophagus, trying to muster any saliva I could get or generate with the nanobot infusion in my entire body. Some saliva came and it was enough. The pill went down albeit harshly. The now steamy operating room was no longer a place of relative comfort. *I could hear them coming for me, down the hallways, outside shouting marching orders in Russian. I can't speak Russian.*

They'll shoot me on site. They're part of the Chronogarchy. They're part of the Deep State.

They're here to end this once and for all.

I grabbed a scalpel, the only thing left on a small stand next to the operating room table to defend myself.

Who was I kidding? I couldn't do anything with this scalpel. I'm fucked.

Before I left the room I projected my mind, in many different localities around the facility to see where the men were coming from. They were all Russian soldiers, coming in from every entrance to try and find *me*, to try and *scavenge whatever they could* out of this rebel-occupied hospital. I had but the scalpel in my hand and I knew that resistance would be tough, but I could fight.

I could use this telepathy to kill people in the same way I had controlled the satellite I thought. They must have their own psychic soldiers as well. I've got to be careful. They'll figure out where I am and try to stop me. The first thing I did before I left that room was possess one of the soldiers trailing the southern entrance of the cross sectional entrances of the hospital, all equidistant from this centralized operating room in the middle of the hospital.

I possessed the soldier and could see, with a *radial blurring vignetting, rippling on the periphery and looking through the soldier's eyes with as if looking through a scanner darkly*, I lifted my rifle upwards towards the soldiers funneling into the entrance. *There were no more soldiers behind me and just the soldiers ahead. I aimed for their heads and unloaded every magazine I had. The gusty Siberian snowstorm would muffle the gunshots from within earshot of the other entrances, but it would not stop the lack of radio chatter from alerting the other forces to my position.*

I pulled the Russian soldier's pistol out of the holster and shot myself, as the soldier, in the head. I disassociated from the soldier and raced back to myself, clipping and merging through walls in space and time to reach my person, Will Miles, standing in the sauna room of an operating room and embedded my projected consciousness within myself.

Reassociated, I would have to think of a different strategy. I thought of one. I would wait until the three forces came to the intersection of the cross-section of the hospital where the operating room was and disperse the heat in the room towards them, setting up a smoke screen by which I could possess the soldiers, but keep one alive, to take out the remaining forces in the tri-local being that was *Will Miles*.

I couldn't project for too long. They were honing in on me. They had a location, but with not with as much precision as they needed. Which room was he in? Which operating room? Which floor? Which intersection, exactly? They knew the floor. They knew the intersection, but not the operating room number. Their EMR technology was not that precise, but their psychic supersoldiers could hone in if I gave them the opportunity. They were conditioned, they were disciplined, they were trained, but they did not have something I had.

Willpower.

The ability to manifest a will to live, a will to a way, to endure many miles of pain, suffering, torture, abuse, rape and telepathic harassment. For many years I walked those miles and now I crawled, but I would and never will stop.

They came in closer

and closer

and closer

closer

they're outside.

I possessed the air molecules in the room, starting in a concentric wave of molecules, quickly exponentiating towards the last few molecules in the room and forced the door open, letting the dense fog of steam out and rushing the molecules towards two sides of the intersection where they could be dispersed densely enough to obscure their vision.

Before they could rush to me, I had unconsciously known where one of the trailing soldiers would be, by guessing, by estimating, by approximating, by calculating, by telegraphing, unconsciously, subliminally. I appeared in the poltergeist of Will Miles mind behind him and embedded myself deep within his neuronal networks, rewiring his brain to my liking.

I possessed the soldier and could see, with a radial blurring vignetting, rippling on the periphery and looking through the soldier's eyes with as if looking through a scanner darkly, I lifted my rifle upwards towards the soldiers in front of me. There were no more soldiers behind me and just the soldiers ahead. I aimed for their heads and unloaded every magazine, except three, to save enough ammunition to hail rippling salvos of gunfire towards the opposing forces in front of me and to my flank, on the left.

The soldiers in front of me fell, but one psychic soldier had turned around, expecting I would do such things and he died too, unable to perceive as fast as I could and respond as fast as I could. He charged me, unloading a magazine into my bullet proof vest, staggering me, leaving me with but little time to kill the opposing forces on the opposite side. This particular AK47 I was armed with had a grenade attachment and I loaded a grenade into the launcher, lobbing the grenade into the opposing squad of soldiers in the other cross-sectional hallway. They're dead.

The shrapnel from the rubble, the impact force of the grenade was too much. I pulled the pistol from the Russian soldier's holster on his right hand side and shot myself in the head.

I would have two seconds until the mist condensed into water, then ice, before even in its large volumetric quantity, fading into obscurity. Wait, that water could be useful. It'll make the floor slippery. They're getting closer. I unconsciously routed my mind back to the real Will Miles, in the operating room and possessed myself again.

As the soldiers ran the corner, they slipped on the ice, letting off rounds into ceiling, collapsing a chunk of already structurally compromised rebar and concrete on top of them.

I sprinted for the exit that was not blocked off and found myself running into the Siberian tundra, alone, almost naked, afraid and abandoned.

I made the mistake of not remembering to look behind myself as the Russian soldier.

In front of Will Miles at that moment were convoys of tanks and infantry as far as the eye could see. It was the Russian military. I put my hands in the air and over a loudspeaker I heard a Russian commander shout

"GIVE IN WILL MILES! WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU! YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO KILL THOSE MEN!"

Squadrons of soldiers surrounded me from the front and encircled me, with the soldiers looking straight at me, manifesting their *transhumanist telepathy* to render me unconscious.

The last thing I remembered was looking in the face of a man with a balaclava on his head and his warm condensing breath emitting from his mouth as he put his hand out towards me to subdue me. I heard a thought in my mind, presumably Elisabeth Elkha, the former Miles, the former Contreras, say,

"I love you Will and I always Will."

CONSCIOUSNESS END

I'm fading in and out.

They're torturing me for answers.

It hurts.

CONSCIOUSNESS END

They have a blindfold over my eyes

Ah fuck, Ah fuck, not again man, it really hurts.

CONSCIOUSNESS END

This is a bag over my head. A mesh bag. I can't breathe.

They're gonna kill me aren't they.

"HE WON'T SPEAK COMMANDANT. HE WON'T TALK. SHOULD WE CONTINUE THE BEATINGS?"

"YES."

CONSCIOUSNESS END

They took the bag off my head.

The room reminds me of the torture den the Chronogarchists had me in.

I will never escape will I?

"NO." A VOICE SAID RECURSIVELY ECHOING IN MY MIND BEYOND TOLERABILITY, PROJECTED FROM ALL DIRECTIONS, UNTIL I WENT UNCONSCIOUS AGAIN.

CONSCIOUSNESS END

Here I was, in the Silence in the Abyss again.

Young, too young to die, Will Miles the voice said, crying.

Our cause is the just cause, the voice said.

Uncertainty

Doubt.

Oneness.

Neglect.

Timidity.

Worse, fear.

Intimidation, trepidation, escalation.

Wars waged in blood, a voice said.

All for Elisabeth Elkha? What's the girl worth to you. The prize was you, Will Miles. We want what you have. We needed you. We needed you to give in. We needed you to not have picked merciless justice. As you have judged, so shall you be judged. The voice said, mocking Christ.

I could see nothing, I was nothing again.

CONSCIOUSNESS END

They turned the lights on.

"We see you won't talk to us. You're not really a double agent are you, Will Miles? This *Sons of God movement*, *what are you really fighting for?*" A man with a thick Russian accent said to me, with a balaclava on his head and trigger finger tapping against the trigger brace of an AK47.

"Elisabeth Elkha. Her love." I said with a slight lisp, as my two front teeth at this point had been pulled out.

"*You're a good kid, Will Miles.*" The man said.

A door to the left swung open and a group of men swarmed into the room with suppressed M4 carbines, from what I could see in my left eye, with but a solitary white light overexposing their figures. I could barely discern who they were. *It was Theodoros Telemacos, again, transcending space and time to come save my ass.*

The men came to me and a few more men behind them dispersing in staggered ranks across the room unloading rippling hails of gun fire, lighting up the room with bursts of gunfire holy glory and drowning the room in blood and reverberating eardrum shattering staccatos of precisely timed shots. A man came to me with a flashlight attached to the barrel of his suppressed M4 Carbine, without a stock. He shined the light in my face and I could only see through my left eye, writhing in pain as the RUSSIAN TORTURERS in the room were now dead.

Holy shit. It was Theodoros Telemacos. He was still alive, thank God.

The men behind Theodoros dressed in all black came to me quickly, unbinding me from my chains of torture, the tightly bound dense thick metal restraints around my wrists, forearms, biceps, my shins, my thighs, my chest, my feet, my head in a precisely contoured metal cage and brace. No men came behind the first volley of in the possible permutative recursive sets of Theodoroses Telemacoses. The Russians weren't that advanced.

"We wouldn't abandon you, Will. We never will. There's a war out there for you Will.

Livestream for us Will. *The people of Earth need you Will. They need you and everything you stand for, everything you are willing to do for all of mankind.*" Theodoros Telemacos said, unbinding me, grasping my shoulders, looking into my eyes.

The tears came rolling down like raging torrents of despair and fear, a culmination of years of rape, abuse, torture, stigmatization, trauma and trepidation. I was scared beyond belief, but how much more could it hurt? I had been through so much pain and suffering that the only thing left was to go up from here. Victory. They could torture me but the Sons of God would save me every time. They would find me. The superintelligences were fighting for us now. I knew this deep in my soul. They were talking to me telepathically, the Sons of God would win a just war, for a just cause.

Theodoros handed me a phone with a livestream on ChroniclePad, under a new account, with a scrolling chat exceeding the hundreds of thousands, and everytime ChroniclePad tried suppressing the chats, suppressing the riots in the streets via the putsch regime that was the *United Earth Federation* formed in the time the worldwide revolutions started, we would rise again. *The Sons of God were not terrorists, not accused terrorists, but we were crusaders, righteous warriors who had sinned, sought repentance and curried favor with God in the face of the merciless sinners of the world.*

Those caught in between did not know, they did not truly believe, had been lacking faith, and the Satanists fought for their souls, soul by soul, blow for blow.

I held the forward facing camera of the phone up to my face and I said with a steadfast conviction, resolved and unwavering,

"I fight for you, Sons of God. I fight for all that is good. This is no longer about Elisabeth Miles or Will Miles. This is about the freedom of mankind. To stop the worldwide sex trafficking, murder, extortion, bribery, corruption, torture and evil of mankind.

We've got but few options left and the only option as a matter of fact,

is to fight until the end."

And I saw the livestream chat scrolling upwards, faster than possibly imaginable, saying, from the billions of destitute, impoverished fighters across the world, the innocent, the repentant, the guilty who had been redeemed, the unknown silent masses, those who would sway for the cause of good towards the arc of righteous justice,

"WE ARE THE SONS OF GOD"

"WE NEED TO HEAR MORE WILL MILES" One of the people in the chat had said, a drowned out voice I had caught in the rapidly scrolling text messages coming from the meek that had inherited the Earth.

I had but few words left in me and I needed to recover again. I needed to heal again. I was the face of this revolution, this *dissidence against the state of affairs, this injunction of justice against the injustice via armed revolution in the name of God.*

No one would be coming out alive of this except the innocent and if we were lucky, the repentant. I thought to myself.

"THIS IS A *REVOLUTION*, THIS IS THE FIGHT OF YOUR LIVES. WE WILL DEFEAT THE EVIL OF THE WORLD NO MATTER WHAT COMES OUR WAY. DON'T GIVE IN. DON'T SUBMIT. WHEREVER INJUSTICE MAY LAY, WE COME TO BRING JUSTICE." I said, turning off the phone and handing it to Theodoros Telemacos

LIVESTREAM END

Chapter 4: *Isa dei Bellum et Pacis*

With the transhumanist technologies embedded within me it took me but three days to recover.

From the immense torture I had suffered once again and the gunshot wounds I had sustained, I was a new man. I had risen from the clutches of death and was now in full force, a telepathic supersoldier, fighting on unilateral fronts across the planet, but stationed in *Siberia, Russia, fighting off the Chronogarchists as they rushed us in waves.*

There were many factions in this war.

There were the Chronogarchist Statists, which had its own subset of factions, namely being the Anti-Corruption Chronogarchists; The Democratic Chronogarchists.

The Totalitarian Dictatorial Chronogarchists; The Fascist Chronogarchists.

There were the Anarchists, of many denominations, fighting against all factions.

There were the Sons of God, trying to unify the factions in the name of peace and distribute justice for the immense suffering that the sex traffickers, murderers, extortionists, bribers, corrupters, of all parties had committed to no matter which faction they hid in, presenting an obfuscated front for the Sons of God to try and sieve out the truth as to where the enemy really lay hidden.

Politics wasn't my thing. I was only interested in one thing and one thing only--that was to find Elisabeth Miles, the love of my life. I was looking to put the pieces of the puzzle together to find the one woman who was holding me hostage against my will, the love of my life, where I had exponentially changed to become a new person.

I was no longer the old Will Miles. That Will Miles, the Will Miles of suffering, fear and doubt had long since passed into the Silence of the Abyss. He was no longer present here in this reality as long as the real Will Miles, the one, solitary non-transubstantiated form of Will Miles could fight to live another day, to see Elisabeth Miles again.

I thought of a particular passage in the Bible, in the Old Testament, of the words of Moses, speaking through him, the message of the Lord, of our God.

"I will sing to the LORD,

for He is highly exalted.

The horse and rider

He has thrown into the sea.

The LORD is my strength and my song,

and He has become my salvation.

He is my God, and I will praise Him,

my father's God, and I will exalt Him.

The LORD is a warrior,

the LORD is His name."

Isa dei Belleum et Pacis, ad infinitum.

God of War and Peace, for infinity.

I didn't know much Latin, but my gun spoke a few languages.

My gun spoke English. My gun spoke Abkhaz. My gun spoke Adyghe. My gun spoke Afrikaans. My gun spoke Akan. My gun spoke Albanian. My gun spoke American Sign Language. My gun spoke Amharic. My gun spoke Arabic. My gun spoke Aragonese. My gun spoke Aramaic. My gun spoke Armenian. My gun spoke Assamese. My gun spoke Aymara. My gun spoke Balinese. My gun spoke Basque. My gun spoke Betawi. My gun spoke Bosnian. My gun spoke Breton. My gun spoke Bulgarian. My gun spoke Cantonese. My gun spoke Catalan. My gun spoke Cherokee. My gun spoke Chickasaw. My gun spoke Chinese. My gun spoke Coptic. My gun spoke Cornish. My gun spoke Corsican. My gun spoke Crimean Tatar. My gun spoke Croatian. My gun spoke Czech. My gun spoke Danish. My gun spoke Dutch. My gun spoke Dawro. My gun spoke Esperanto. My gun spoke Estonian. My gun spoke Ewe. My gun spoke Fiji Hindi. My gun spoke Filipino. My gun spoke Finnish. My gun spoke French. My gun spoke Galician. My gun spoke Georgian. My gun spoke German. My gun spoke Greek, Modern. My gun spoke Ancient Greek. My gun spoke Greenlandic. My gun spoke Haitian Creole. My gun spoke Hawaiian. My gun spoke Hebrew. My gun spoke Hindi. My gun spoke Hungarian. My gun spoke Icelandic. My gun spoke Indonesian. My gun spoke Inuktitut. My gun spoke Interlingua. My gun spoke Irish. My gun spoke Italian. My gun spoke Japanese. My gun spoke Javanese. My gun spoke Kabardian. My gun spoke Kalasha. My gun spoke Kannada. My gun spoke Kashubian. My gun spoke Khmer. My gun spoke Kinyarwanda. My gun spoke Korean. My gun spoke Kurdish/Kurdî. My gun spoke Ladin. My gun spoke Latgalian. My gun spoke Latin. My gun spoke Lingala. My gun spoke Livonian. My gun spoke Lojban. My gun spoke Lower Sorbian. My

gun spoke Low German. My gun spoke Macedonian. My gun spoke Malay. My gun spoke Malayalam. My gun spoke Mandarin. My gun spoke Manx. My gun spoke Maori. My gun spoke Mauritian Creole. My gun spoke Middle English. My gun spoke Middle Low German. My gun spoke Min Nan. My gun spoke Mongolian. My gun spoke Norwegian. My gun spoke Old Armenian. My gun spoke Old English. My gun spoke Old French. My gun spoke Old Javanese. My gun spoke Old Norse. My gun spoke Old Prussian. My gun spoke Oriya. My gun spoke Pangasinan. My gun spoke Papiamentu. My gun spoke Pashto. My gun spoke Persian. My gun spoke Pitjantjatjara. My gun spoke Polish. My gun spoke Portuguese. My gun spoke Proto-Slavic. My gun spoke Quenya. My gun spoke Rajasthani. My gun spoke Rapa Nui. My gun spoke Romanian. My gun spoke Russian. My gun spoke Sanskrit. My gun spoke Scots. My gun spoke Scottish Gaelic. My gun spoke Semai. My gun spoke Serbian. My gun spoke Serbo-Croatian. My gun spoke Slovak. My gun spoke Slovene. My gun spoke Spanish. My gun spoke Sinhalese. My gun spoke Swahili. My gun spoke Swedish. My gun spoke Tagalog. My gun spoke Tajik. My gun spoke Tamil. My gun spoke Tarantino. My gun spoke Telugu. My gun spoke Thai. My gun spoke Tok Pisin. My gun spoke Turkish. My gun spoke Twi. My gun spoke Ukrainian. My gun spoke Upper Sorbian. My gun spoke Urdu. My gun spoke Uyghur. My gun spoke Uzbek. My gun spoke Venetian. My gun spoke Vietnamese. My gun spoke Vilamovian. My gun spoke Volapük. My gun spoke Võro. My gun spoke Welsh. My gun spoke Xhosa. My gun spoke Yiddish. My gun spoke Zazaki. My gun spoke Zulu.

I was torn in two. For war and for peace.

I had been torn in four, finally, for war, peace, justice and mercy.

I spoke from the heart for all the people of mankind.

My heart spoke English. My heart spoke Abkhaz. My heart spoke Adyghe. My heart spoke Afrikaans. My heart spoke Akan. My heart spoke Albanian. My heart spoke American Sign Language. My heart spoke Amharic. My heart spoke Arabic. My heart spoke Aragonese. My heart spoke Aramaic. My heart spoke Armenian. My heart spoke Assamese. My heart spoke Aymara. My heart spoke Balinese. My heart spoke Basque. My heart spoke Betawi. My heart spoke Bosnian. My heart spoke Breton. My heart spoke Bulgarian. My heart spoke Cantonese. My heart spoke Catalan. My heart spoke Cherokee. My heart spoke Chickasaw. My heart spoke Chinese. My heart spoke Coptic. My heart spoke Cornish. My heart spoke Corsican. My heart spoke Crimean Tatar. My heart spoke Croatian. My heart spoke Czech. My heart spoke Danish. My heart spoke Dutch. My heart spoke Dawro. My heart spoke Esperanto. My heart spoke Estonian. My heart spoke Ewe. My heart spoke Fiji Hindi. My heart spoke Filipino. My heart spoke Finnish. My heart spoke French. My heart spoke Galician. My heart spoke Georgian. My heart spoke German. My heart spoke Greek, Modern. My heart spoke Ancient Greek. My heart spoke Greenlandic. My heart spoke Haitian Creole. My heart spoke Hawaiian. My heart spoke Hebrew. My heart spoke Hindi. My heart spoke Hungarian. My heart spoke Icelandic. My heart spoke Indonesian. My heart spoke Inuktitut. My heart spoke Interlingua. My heart spoke Irish. My heart spoke Italian. My heart spoke Japanese. My heart spoke Javanese. My heart spoke

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My gun and my heart spoke for all of mankind in the back of this convoy, traveling directly to the Kremlin to talk to Kleptizca Ivanov, the inefficient but putsch ruler of the Democratic People's Republic of The United Soviet Front, the new democratic socialist regime that had taken power in Russia, fighting for the cause of the Anti-Chronogarchist Democrats and the Sons of God.

Don't be disillusioned. Enemies are everywhere, even within your own ranks.

I had learned from that from reading Sun Tzu's Art of War during my time healing, during the last three days I had learned a lot of my rations of InvigorTECH and I thought of Dr. John Reed.

I thought of Dr. Emma Smith and how she would disapprove of my current trajectory in life. I was a little haphazard, off the script, making things up as I was going along.

I was fighting a war without a cause it seemed like.

ChroniclePad was nothing compared to the massive mess we had gotten ourselves into.

The Illuminati they called themselves, the people we were really fighting. The Chronogarchist Elite and the mass mind controlled slaves they had engendered to their side of this war. And

their Causus Belli? It wasn't for the death of Marco Capiozzi, it wasn't for the death of the countless human beings they threw into the machine meat grinders of mass produced death, called warfare, it was to save their own skins, to take of the world every last crumb from the cake that fell off their plates, having satiated themselves like pigs at the trough.

We were fighting for crumbs off the plates and tables of the elites. They valued one particular symbol, the pyramid with the eye of providence, hovering over the pyramid of thirteen steps.

No one could reach the fourteenth step, except Jesus Christ himself, but he was there the entire time. The Eye of Providence as it were. The Eye and Mind of God, watching over all, embedded within all of us, the bipartite division of Good and Evil, from which, many more infinite bipartite divisions divided us all into the valences of human complexity, the false and true dichotomies of the enigma of being.

I unloaded a few more rippling hails of gunfire from a M249 mounted machine gun turret on the back of a black pickup truck convoy, heading to the Kremlin on the bridge over the Moskva River, with the rest of the entryways into the city being fought over in intense gun battles for the soul of Will Miles. With a black balaclava over my face, they couldn't tell, but their EMR weaponry was honing in and their psychic soldiers were too. This was a war on all fronts, Armageddon and but few of us would survive to live another day, let alone crawl another mile.

I was shooting down and taking down the gunships, disabling their firing mechanisms with my mind, imparting my will, casting my force of being unto the world as the empathic-telepath soldier I was, fighting for a just cause, fighting in the name of God for the love of my life, to escape Russia and to find allies in the aftermath of the war that had divided all of mankind.

Theodoros switched from target to target, having been embedded with my genetics and the transhumanist technologies that enabled myself to share my abilities with him as well too. He was new to this empath thing, to the telepathic abilities of a guerilla supersoldier. We vibrated on the same wavelength, telepathically and we assisted each other in providing covering and suppressing fire as the convoy made its way into the only unblocked route into the Kremlin, to meet with Kleptizca Ivanov and by the grace of God, form an alliance to take down the Chronogarchists.

I was a double agent, a two-faced traitor to the Chronogarchy and the Propagandists, the Rapists, the Torturers, the Abusers, the Hostage Takers, the Hypocrites, the Liars, the Schemers, the Charlatans, the Satanists, those who forked their tongue for peace, love, tranquility, but were all along, the mass manufacturers of non-consensual salvos of the deaths of billions.

The convoy was met with stiff resistance, somewhere along this highway into Moscow and we had one stop to make before we reached the Kremlin to make our political dealings. We were headed for The Cathedral of Christ the Saviour, but first, there would be bloodshed as the magazines were expended and hit the ground tumbling with the shell casings of our guns being ejected at rates faster than humanly perceivable.

A few of these rounds were to suppress, the rest were to kill.

Theodoros and I mounted a motorcycle by hijacking the vehicle from an approaching group of anarchists intent on suppressing us yet still. The thing about war when everyone wears a mask is that you can't tell who is on your side and who isn't. That was the horrible thing about war, it was brother against brother, nation against nation, man against man, a war of all against all.

We unloaded several magazines into the riders of the motorcycles that came at us from our right flank, directly to our right hand side and mounted the vehicles while our men in the convoy started dispersing on foot throughout the city, looking for *Chronogarchist Elites*, the true instigators of this war and the hostage takers of *Elisabeth Miles, the former Ekha, the former Contreras*.

The fake news wasn't going to cover this. There was a worldwide and full blown suppression campaign to stop the Sons of God from dispensing justice wherever it needed to be dispensed and hacking ChroniclePad, the news media stations were our only solutions, with our superintelligences to win this war.

LIVESTREAM START

As I mounted that motorcycle, I placed another burner phone in a crevice meant for a waterbottle and tilted the phone upwards. *I had a few guns on me. An UZI, a few pistols and a double barreled sawed off shotgun on my back. Sometimes the telepathy wouldn't work. There would be a gnashing of teeth for sure as all fought against all on all fronts, unilaterally, via hails of gunfire, telepathy or electromagnetic waves.*

"Am I livestreaming? Hey, hey chat, I'm livestreaming. What's up everyone in the chat?" I said, maneuvering my motorcycle, behind Theodoros Telemacos, lifting my UZI up to occasionally dispense a little justice here and there for any passersby trying to kill me, *an unknown unknown, a black man in a black balaclava in all black. Mr. Will Miles. I don't think my family ever expected this out of Will Miles.*

I looked at the chat occasionally, trying to handle too many things at once, driving, shooting, using my telepathy, preventing myself from being incapacitated by the telepathic soldiers of the Kremlin, the *Chronogarchists, the Anarchists, the enemies within and the enemies to come.*

They would have a hard time finding us in the ruins of Moscow, now governed by solely disorder and chaos, with rioting and looting in the streets, precipitous gun battles hailing artillery shell rain down on the homes of innocents and guilty alike. Peace, order, stability, and *authority* was what the previous Russian regime was about, *but only through unsanctioned and disrepute. Through extrajudicial killings, torture, beatings and sex slavery.*

The United States of America, the previous one that you all knew, was no different. There, the illegal was done legally, under the pretense of money. In Russia, no one, well almost literally no one had money after the fall of the Soviet Union. You either payed to play or you died.

Corruption was the name of the game in Russia. In the United States, corruption was the law, so no breaking the law there.

The Elkha Family Trust, the ChroniclePad hackers, the CrystalCore double agents, the MedicalTorturers Company (ironic that you could get away with naming a company MedicalTorturers in a country about freedom) and BlindViviSector were following the law to a tee. They made mistakes however and that started this entire war between the Chronogarchy and Will Miles. Will Miles wouldn't give in. Neither would the Chronogarchists.

Let's see what the putsch regime in the Kremlin has to formally say. Kleptizca Ivanov, I'm sure would be amenable to our cause. She would know what the right thing to do would be. Give in to us or we take power here too and we dispense justice knowing the truth. God forgive me, but I only had one real goal; that was to see my wife again. I had no other mission. I could care less about anything else. To stop the rape, to stop the torture.

At this point, I had about 20,000 big black dicks up my ass without my consent, through Elisabeth Elkha's corrupt, licentously craven impulsivities. Her forgiveness may be off the table too. Let's see how I felt. Let's see how I felt. You can tell I wasn't feeling good if I called her Elisabeth Elkha, the former Contreras, the former Miles. She wouldn't represent my family name if she didn't tighten up her act, close her mouth, close her fucking legs and tell me the truth. I was sick and done with this shit. I unloaded a few UZI magazines in driveby shootings as I got further away from the convoy having to rely on just Theodoros as my partner to execute this mission properly, to get to my unscheduled appointment with Kleptizca Ivanov.

We reached our first stop, The Cathedral of Christ the Saviour and dismounted our motorcycles inside the entrance to the church, which at this point had been barricaded.

Theodoros in his time in Russia had learned a few words of Russian, but spoke in broken Russian. It sounded like InertiaSearch Translator talk, like a machine talking Russian.

"Vpusti nas! My Syny Bozh'! Teodoros Telemakos zdes' i Uill Maylz!"

I think that meant that we were here and that we were Sons of God. Theodoros was half Cuban and half Italian, born and raised in Brooklyn, New York. I'm sure he's had some interaction with the Russians before in the United States, the diaspora. He's talked to a few of them.

At the entrance of the cathedral, I looked upon the embedded wooden carvings of the Russian Orthodox Saints and Patriarchs of the Orthodox Church. *Wherever Christ was represented, I payed my respects, whatever denomination of Christianity.*

I looked upon the tympanum of the church door, wooden engravings mounted, titled on the sides, having sustained severe damage and could see a scene resembling the casting of Satan into Hell by Archangel Michael. The metal gated door was retrofitted with a camera to peer onto onlookers and passersby, innocents that needed refuge and shelter from the chaos of the anarchy in the streets of Moscow.

From behind the metal gated door, I could hear the barricaded materials being removed away from the doors as the large doors swung in inwards, with squadrons of armed men pointing AK47s in our face saying

"Snimite svoi maski. Zvuchit kak vy dvoye, no my dolzhny znat'. Kto ty!"

I think they said to take off our masks. I thought to myself. Was that a telepathic thought?

"Ne strelyayte v nas! My snimem nashi maski! Uill, snimi masku, podozhdi, ty ne ponimayesh' po-russki, Will, take off your mask!" Theodoros said in Russian, then English.

I took off my balaclava and let the cold winter air of inner-city Moscow hit me in the face, full gust and received the full brunt of the cold early evening air.

The men in masks welcomed us, but this time in English.

"You're true Sons of God. Come in. Have you come to pray? Have you come to seek more men to help you reach the Kremlin? Come here, rest for a while. They will not bomb the church. We've got telepaths on the inside who are defending us on rotation. They're redirecting the bombs, they're disabling the EMR, they're disabling all of their weaponry as they try and strike the innocents here." A man in a balaclava, dressed in all black said, as he put down his AK47 and slung it to his right hand side.

I walked in and was amazed that by the work of the telepaths, and by the grace of God, no one inside the church was harmed. Beds, cots, makeshift cooking stations and queues to use the restroom were prominently visible. People here were looking for protection, the poor, the destitute, the homeless, the middle class, the many genders, the political, the apolitical, all types of people had united in the name of *Christ* seeking love, mercy, protection and unification from the wars happening outside, over *Will Miles and Elisabeth Elkha*, for justice, for democracy to reign, for *Chronogarchist* control.

It hit me all at once. I broke down in tears upon looking upwards, towards the vaulted and coffered dome ceilings, of the gold leaf empaneling, of the images of Christ. With tears running down my face and I bawled my eyes out.

I was hyperventilating. Why were we fighting? Why had they done this to me? Why did I have to be raped? Why did I have to be tortured? I fell to my knees and Theodoros had left me. All had left me and I had entered the Silence in the Abyss once again, yet this time, I was in many places at once. I was projecting my mind into the past, the present, and the future.

I was no longer Will Miles in the house of the Lord, but the Will Miles on Planet Earth, the Will Miles in Paradise, the Will Miles in his mind transubstantiated as a telepath looking outwards into the future and present permutations of reality.

Where was I now?

I was everywhere.

I was everything.

I became connected with everyone and everything anywhere anyone was.

Elisabeth Miles was right, I was a very special person indeed.

I was poor of wealth, but not poor of soul, not poor of agency and executive free will.

To know the difference between right and wrong was not a fine line to tread.

The two were oceans apart, worlds apart, heavens, Earths and Hells apart in their domains.

I had seen in the proceeding visions, visions of Paradise.

January 3rd, 11:59 PM In Paradise

The love of my life Elisabeth Miles, by a secluded beachfront, adjacent to a mountain with a calm and still ocean, stretching for as far as the eye could see.

Paradise was calm, serene and tranquil.

God was here and so was I.

Where was God now?

The next vision was of winning this war, but not without much due hardship and just cause.

We would be the victors, but it would be a capital expense.

The Capitol Building. We win. We take the government by storm. But I die.

I'm dead on the steps. If I continue forward, I die. But if I stop here, I die.

I'm looking forward unto my own death, unto Paradise.

I never see Elisabeth Miles here, but God forgives her for what she did.

What a shame.

What a shame what men must go through to find love, let alone secure their place in life.

I'm taking down as many of those mother fuckers as I can. If I surrender that's no good.

Shame on me. I should have never fought this war.

I should have never raised arms against any other man.

God was a warrior and God was a peacemaker. God was of war and of peace, in perpetuity.

Who was I to decide the fates of those men, of the many men who died for me and Elisabeth?

For the dedication to God, we would be made martyrs, we would be sacrificed, by falling on our own swords, we would take up arms to be betrayed by our own steadfast convictions.

I would not make this a self fulfilling prophecy. I would win this war and I would survive.

God would come back to judge both the living and the dead, and so shall it be on Earth as it is in Heaven.

Jesus Christ, give me strength in your name. Give me peace in your name. Imbue me with the strength to persevere, to resist temptation unto Paradise. Give me the courage to prevail, the resiliency to withstand all attacks, from all sides.

I had seen myself in a precarious situation in the final vision, where there were in some location, obscured to me, like in my remote viewing radially blurred vignettted visions, five hundred by my side, and a thousand at the other, and they all fell through the power I had imbued in me by God.

The telepathy was a work of God and I was his soldier, I was Jesus's chosen one, or perhaps I was delusional. Perhaps I was sick. I knew one thing for certain, God would walk with me the extra Mile until the final Mile had been reached, in the Final Judgement of All Mankind.

There would be to hell to pay and we came collecting early.

In times of Peace, we prepared for War.

The visions ended when I had found that I had been lifted, having suffered an epileptic seizure in a state of rhapsody, imbued by heavenly visions before the altar of Jesus Christ, where I had seen his suffering materialize before me; The lifted Lord, through his sacrifice for all of the sins of Mankind. There was but one way out and it was a good life, it was repentance, it was forgiveness, to love thy neighbor in the same way one would have loved thy self.

To give unto others as they would give unto you.

Forgive me Lord, but for the Chronogarchists, I would give them my peace of mind.

Their end.

The Chronogarchists prayed to Satan in the Synagogue of Satan, at the Altar of Baal, Beelzebub, the seven unholy demons, with Asmodeus as their chief infamous hellish Saint. They gave into the licentiously craven impulsivities of the day, sex. Sex drove things through Asmodeus, who prayed to Satan, and they were funded by Mammon, through the banks of the Chronogarchist sacrifices of Mankind.

Like the Emperor Constantine, I had seen what no others had seen in the Cross of Christ, an aura of holy light imbued within it, my own sacred vision, my own Private Revelation of Jesus Christ. All others within the House of the Lord had disappeared and Jesus Christ had come to me in the middle of the church.

He spoke to me, telepathically,

"You will see Elisabeth again, but you are wrong Will Miles. You should have never done this. There always was another way and you did not have to do this. Love, Will Miles, love despite all things, will always triumph over hate, fear, war and death. Love connects us all. There will be many trials you will face on the way to defeating your enemies, but I have imbued you with great powers Will Miles. You will live. You will survive. But you must do my work, in my name.

I leave you Will Miles. I leave you to the journey of your life."

I reached out to Jesus Christ as he finished saying life and he disappeared before me, and I had awoken from another epileptic bout in the middle of the church, next to cots of the homeless and destitute, as they gathered around me embracing me as the Will Miles, the mortal, the transhumanist, the Will Miles who had been innocent from the very beginning, yet still guilty of but few sins. The Will Miles who had everything to lose if he but lost the love in his life.

CONSCIOUSNESS END

January 4th, 12:15 AM Armageddon

I had awoken out of the bout of epileptic fits I was having, for the first time having seizures in my life. I knew I had to do one thing and one thing only. Get to Kleptizca and to convince her to lobby the government in Russia for the cause of the Sons of God. We needed unification on all fronts to stop the Chronogarchists and to rewrite history. Maybe this was part of the plan all along. Someone would come all along, like Will Miles, to rewrite history in the making. Perhaps that was a delusion, perhaps that was part of my imagination.

Whatever the case was, we couldn't stay in the church for too long. Prayers were only so good when action was needed. Action was much more important than prayer. God had given us free will to determine our lives and set our own course. It wasn't his obligation to bless us or to help us, but he was there. God was there most certainly.

We chatted with the homeless and destitute for a few minutes, taking with us some plastic bottles filled with water, drinking to quench our parched throats and ate a morsel of bread in the name of the Lord to satiate our rumbling stomachs.

While the elite wined and dined at the expense of billions, we were fighting back. We were bringing the war to the outer party, the inner party and the Big Brother at center of the panopticon watching the prisoners of their flock from the center of all torture and suffering. Satan was his name and he would be last in this Armageddon; The war against the Chronogarchists was nothing, this Armageddon was a war unto eternity, unto paradise itself.

Theodoros and I mounted our motorcycles in the early morning hours, twenty minutes after midnight aiming to protect the people of *Moscow* through explicitly *vigilante justice in the name of God*. Where the state had failed, we would succeed. Where the Chronogarchists exposed themselves, we would counter attack, we would stop the inner machinations of the *Illuminati* via the sword and via the pen. The law and equanimity was preeminent in this war; What is civilization without order and stability through equality?

I thought to myself as I unloaded magazine after magazine of 9mm out of my automatic UZI submachine gun pistol into Chronogarchists in the streets and anyone who stood in my way.

The entrances into the Kremlin were barricaded by dense military patrols of the putsch Russian state and we took off our masks before the Chronogarchists could get to us. It seemed like the local government, the psychic soldiers on our side and the other paramilitary forces had secured the vicinity for now, at least in inner city Moscow. We reached the barricaded gates of Borovitskaya Tower of the Kremlin and the soldiers at the gate were expecting us; Ordered directly from Kleptzica Ivanov, the *mock* prime minister to let us into the Kremlin.

The Kremlin was well protected, as I'm sure the bureaucratic states that decided not to betray the cause of the *democratic peoples of the planet* were. They had no choice. The *empaths*, the *soldiers*, the *transhumanists*, those looking to survive would eat them alive.

What's important to remember here is that the Chronogarchists only succeeded through a thinly veiled propaganda campaign of deceit and money in the illusion of superiority. Where their forces lacked men, they puffed up numbers, they censored the dissidents, they took them in the night and tortured them. There was no war in The United States. We were criminals, terrorists, scum of the lowest caste, and the poor, the silent masses would have stuck to the cause of the Chronogarchists through ignorance, timidity or the illusion of gaining access into the Illuminati, against their better nature.

Descriptions of the Kremlin were what you could find online. I flicked through my phone to get into my hacked version of the ChroniclePad app to livestream the negotiations with Kleptzica Ivanov in the new unsovereign state of *Democratic People's Republic of The United Soviet Front*, as the rest of the world saw it.

This was Armageddon day,

but today was a day for negotiations

We would start from the bottom and

climb our way to the top

capita per capita

until we reached the head of the Chronogarchy

Elisabeth Elkha, the former Contreras, the former Miles, would have to wait.

LIVESTREAM START

Chapter 5: Ashes In The Fall

And they fell one by one. They were trying to reach Kleptzica too, the *Chronogarchists*, as we tried to make our way to her.

They were bending and warping space time.

I was running out of 9MM and UZI magazines as I unloaded round after round,

Belli tempore de pace

Para Bellum

9 MM.

"What's up livestream!" I screamed over the rippling hails of staccato gun shots with the Sons of God storming into the Kremlin from all sides, covering all sides, all flanks, forward and backwards into time as the Chronogarchists fell at the reckoning of gunfire.

There was nothing left of the Chronogarchists as Kleptzica ordered the Kremlin on lockdown over the loudspeakers and intercom system in the Kremlin. We raced towards the State Kremlin Palace, where Kleptzica Ivanov was holding our meeting to present to us, the plans of the new putsch Marxist-Leninist regime of the Democratic People's Republic of the United Soviet Front, and how the Sons of God could form an alliance with the Russians.

Upon entering the theatre, one thing became obvious, the Russians weren't on our side.

Elisabeth Elkha was in the middle of the theatre stage, with Mark Rittenbacher holding a pistol against her head. Running down the aisles, shooting at Chronogarchists, he stood there still, until we reached him and he pulled Elisabeth in closer as a human shield, restraining her by the neck with his left arm. He put his pistol in the air, firing a round into me as I pulled my pistol out attempting to shoot him to end this war once and for all.

He hit me again in the right rotator cuff, where I had been so disabled before and I fell to the ground.

"YOU'RE SHIT KID! WEAK SHIT!" Rittenbacher said before I could see him teleporting out of the theatre with Elisabeth Elkha held hostage. A rippling sphere of radially blurred space-time emerged around the two and they presumably went back to Chroniclepad.

He let his lackeys to die as they lacked the psychic and telepathic powers, synthetic or natural, which would enable them to escape the same way Rittenbacher did. From three sides a trinary

crossfire disabled men on all sides as they fell one by one, hoping that nanobot infusions could mend their wounds as quickly as the bullets penetrated them, but to no avail.

Kleptzica was the final target as she yelled out, running towards one of the theatre exits

"YOU'LL NEVER STOP THE CHRONOGARCHY!" She let off dozens of rounds out of her dual wielded UZIs trying to suppress us in chasing her down.

Theodoros had pulled me to the back entrance of the theatre and said,

*"They fucking betrayed us man. I thought we could trust the Russians. **We can't trust anyone man. We can't fucking trust anyone.** Will? Are you there Will? Will.. stay awake Will. .. Will!?"*

That was the last thing I heard before I passed out again. I was probably weak shit. I can't even take a gunshot wound.

I woke up intermittently to soldiers passing by securing and patrolling the theatre, while a team of emergency doctors and nurses from the Sons of God convoy that had dispersed throughout the city came to mend my wounds with radically exponential technologies. What they were doing to me, I could not describe too well, fading in and out of consciousness.

They were applying some sort of laser techniques and soft extracellular matrices to my shattered bones, broken skin, torn muscles and ripped blood vessels from what I could feel they were doing to me. Theodoros was gone but in one moment, having closed my eyes and opening them again, I could see them parading around Kleptzica in handcuffs. Before me, they executed her and I faded to black again.

CONSCIOUSNESS END

In the fading bouts of consciousness and unconsciousness, I could hear divine harps and heavenly chants, Gregorian chants of yesteryear, of the Dark Ages. The Latin, yet foreign were familiar to me. I became enraptured in the holy singing and chanting. Will Miles was a special person wasn't he, the person, who despite having been flung to death over the ramparts of life so many time, triumphed, and lived despite the Devil's will.

Despite the free will and agency of so many, Will Miles would walk another mile, and Christ, would lift him another until the end of Armageddon. But this was not the end, or was it?

Was this the end of all things, for the life of Will Miles? Who cared about Will Miles, I, disassociated from my true self, thought once again in the Silence of the Abyss.

And I felt the pressure, the overwhelming and crushing pressure of life's burdens.

His yoke was light, and his burden, even lighter.

His justice was righteous, his mercy, the greatest.

Only God could save me now, in the face of utter catastrophe, of a false Armageddon, this was not the end for all of God's people, but just the beginning.

This was a way unto the light from the darkest abyss, from the heaviest of burdens, from the most stressful of dilemmas, this was a time for redemption, for repentance, for solitary abyss.

There was much sadness and there would still be. There would be many tears cried, and a gnashing of teeth, most certainly. There would be those who would tell tales and those would speak truth. Will Miles, in this form, one day would come and go, but it would not be the memory of Will Miles that he wished everyone would remember, or what he did,

but instead, what he fought for.

Truth.

Peace.

Justice.

Love.

Mercy.

Kindness.

Forgiveness.

Redemption.

There was only but one other person in the Silence of the Abyss, having been captured, having been seduced into temptation, where it would require the healing of God, the grace of the Lord to save us from the devil's clutches, from the militant persistency of both Good and Evil in the final waning hours of our lives, whether we lived to be one hundred, or we died this very moment, was nothing compared to eternity.

But what we did here, what we prayed for, how we lived, it all mattered. It mattered the most to God, his children who had been given the gift of life, unfortunately, there was a road to Paradise and a road to Hell.

Men became angels or they became demons, it was of their will and of God's.

But we had the final say in the matter, in the path we took. We walked that journey, we walked those many miles through sure willpower and of God's love, or the Devil's embrace in temptation, alone.

No one would be there for us at the end except God

for even the Devil, could not save himself.

I would see my way unto Paradise, but Elisabeth Elkha's journey, the former Contreras, the former Miles, her journey was not mine to make. She would have to decide whether the few brief moments of pleasure here were worth the eternity of either damnation or the ultimate redemption in Hell and Paradise, respectively.

I walked a few more steps in the Silence of the Abyss towards Elisabeth, a journey that with each passing step, felt like an eternity unto itself. Many miles were far away from home, sedated beyond belief, by the world's pleasure and pain, in times of peace we had prepared for war and saw, our God was a God of War and of Peace. War would never win, so we must have peace for our sins and for the sins of others.

Ashes fell in the November that was 2019.

Ashes fell in the December that was 2019.

Ashes fell in the January that was 2020

and with each tear drop, each broken heart, each broken bone, each sin cast against one another,

the ashes would fall until Will Miles had finished a journey of a lifetime.

It would end with Will Miles death as a sacrifice

or it would end with Will Miles death in peace, with Elisabeth Miles,

treading water, escaping the silence of the abyss,

the abyss of temptation, of evil,

towards the light of paradise, forever,

amen.

She looked at me and there was a radiating aura, a glow about her, of her former innocence, of the lonesome woman who the world and forgotten, but Will Miles had found love in her at some point in time, long past, but here, and in the future as well too.

She had her arms wrapped within one another, covering each forearm with her hands, caressing herself, unsure of what to say.

I reached out for her, having bridged many eternities in space and time, in that Silence of the Abyss

and I had awoken again.

CONSCIOUSNESS START

I opened my eyes again and we were still here, in Moscow, in the church of Christ the savior. The wounds had healed, by the grace of God, or through transhumanist technologies, that I shall not know. They had my body, or my corpse as I thought it once was in that Abyss, on the altar table, and the people of the church prayed over me, towards me.

The foreboding but welcoming Christ hung over me, Will Miles, the innocent. Not so innocent maybe. Those were the voices. I could hear only but good voices, intermixed with a few negative ones, but overwhelmingly good. The more people that learned of who I was and what I was fighting for, seemed to believe me.

For the first time in my life, I gained hope beyond my own beliefs that others believed in me too. Will Miles. Mr. Will Miles, the good, the falsely accused, the innocent.

They were sprinkling holy water over me as they read the mass for the day in Russian. When I had awoken, they were in the middle of the repeated mass for the day:

"John was standing with two of his disciples,

and as he watched Jesus walk by, he said,

"Behold, the Lamb of God."

The words came to me in Russian, but I understood them in English. I listened intently, with my eyes closed. This seemed like sacrilege, but perhaps they had seen in me, Christ had made his will clear, I was not to be harmed. I was to be protected, I was to be cherished as a Son of God. Perhaps that was my delusional thinking, but I could not humbly take on so much reverence, in the name of God. All power, all glory, was bestowed to Him.

"The two disciples heard what he said and followed Jesus.

Jesus turned and saw them following him and said to them,

"What are you looking for?"

They said to him, "Rabbi" (which translated means Teacher),

"where are you staying?"

He said to them, "Come, and you will see."

So they went and saw where he was staying,

and they stayed with him that day.

It was about four in the afternoon.

Andrew, the brother of Simon Peter,
was one of the two who heard John and followed Jesus.
He first found his own brother Simon and told him,
"We have found the Messiah," which is translated Christ.
Then he brought him to Jesus.
Jesus looked at him and said,
"You are Simon the son of John;
you will be called Cephas," which is translated Peter."

The mass on repeat for the day had ended and the clergymen took a break to speak to the parishioners, the destitute, the downtrodden, the victims of the war, the repentant, the sinful, those seeking God's protection, seeking the mercy of a just lord, those seeking the man who had started this entire war, the person who was as much culpable as the Chronogarchists for fighting in something he had believed in, *Will Miles*.

What would Will Miles say? He was no longer bound by any Earthly authority, for only justice would satiate him. Only the acts of the good, the willful and good intentions of the good, would satiate him. Christ was perfect, *Will Miles was not*.

As I lay there, breathing in slowly and breathing out slowly, I wondered to myself,

When would Jesus return and lift this burden from us?

Not even he knew.

He would come when he willed.

So said the Lord.

Amen.

I found my faith reinvigorated and renewed despite the tragedy at the loss of so many lives, of the innocent, of the sinful, of the repentant, of the guilty, of the wishful, of the targeted, of those without a bullseye on their backs. Of those without a castigating scarlet letter embroidered on their clothes, I found myself invigorated by the Lord, by InvigorTECH, but renewed mostly through the drugs in my system. I had been so sedated, for so long, off the medications prescribed to me, it felt good to tear away from the sedative intoxication of a world hell bent on prescribing away problems that could not be reduced to physicality.

There was within me, an inexplicable phenomena of telepathic powers, of sexual telepathy, of remote viewing, of the ability to manifest my will within space time, without technology. How could one explain all of these things?

It was God.

It was the Devil.

It was the Chronogarchists.

Who knew what it was.

I turned my head to my left hand side to see Theodoros Telemacos, grasping my left hand, as a brother in arms, my brother's keeper telling me

"The time for rest is over, Will. We have to keep pushing forward. Our venture here has failed, we can't get the Russians to help us. But we have engendered more to our cause, for our fight Will. Do not be disillusioned, we will win and we have won. Lord forgive me, but the diviners have had remarkable visions of our victory Will. Of our Victory in the name of God, as the *Sons of God*.

They call us terrorists Will. They call us the peacemakers. They call us rabble rousers. We are simply fighting for the truth at this point Will. We are fighting for you, my friend, for Elisabeth Miles. Therein lies the problem Will, those with power think they have the power to do as they wish, to do as they will, but we have proven that the people of this Earth have free will and agency too. We deserve something Will. We deserve at the least, to be free from the oppressive burdens of the *Chronogarchists*, we deserve our fair share and say too.

We are people too Will. Our lives have value beyond a dollar, beyond a pittance of emotional grief."

Theodoros clasped my hand and I looked in his eyes, with tears streaming down his face.

I knew as well as he did, that any way that this ended, it would not end well for millions if not billions of people.

Our loss here meant the total victory of the Chronogarchists into a world of destitution and slavery, only reliant on God's merciful grace to bring justice to the living and the dead.

Our loss here meant that I would only see Elisabeth Miles in paradise, which was fine. But it could mean close to a subjective amount of time, close to eternity, in suffering as I am tortured for all time.

Our victory meant justice, it meant peace, it meant mercy, it meant a totalizing victory of mankind above the triumph of Evil, in the name of Good. It meant that the Chronogarchists never had power, and never could win, they never could have materialized their pittance of

wealth and influence to corrupt the world's good. Our victory meant that we had ensured our victory, a victory in the name of God for all time.

I grasped Theodoros's hands with my right, tears streaming down my face and had but one utterance to speak,

"Glory be to God, Theodoros."

Now was not the time to fight.

I fell back into the same unconscious state of epileptic rhapsody, of a seer, of a soothsayer, of a divine agent blessed by God's grace, to have premonitions unto the will of God, unto God's good Earth, unto the paradise that lay in wait here, in limbo, as the ashes fell over Moscow and across the winter struck Northern Hemisphere, where most of the guerilla wars against the Chronogarchists were being fought.

And I could see in my brief premonitions and intuitions, my heavenly visions, that the minds of Men were converting towards our side, religiously or not. They knew the Chronogarchists had tried to usurp power in secret, with their technologies, with their denials of the truth. The holy hour had come but this was not the final hour for Men. Armageddon would last a little longer, the pain, the suffering from a war at their doorsteps which they never requested or welcomed into their homes.

I felt ashamed.

I felt guilty, for desiring of the flesh, my wife,

but this was not a war I had started.

They started the war.

They took my wife.

They rape me still.

They raped many.

They took many wives.

They murdered many people.

They abused so many people.

They won't get away with it.

The Devil's will, be damned.

God's will, shall triumph.

CONSCIOUSNESS END

Here I was again, in the Silence of the Abyss, as I had been reaching out towards Elisabeth Miles, the former Elkha, the former Contreras, with her hands over her forearms, restraining herself and retreating from me in her private personal space.

She looked towards me, with tears rolling down her cheeks, knowing that we were thinking of the same thing,

"What happened to the old you? The good you? The innocent you?"

She opened up her arms to me and I took her in my embrace, Elisabeth Miles.

And she had spoken to me, telepathically, like she had many times before,

"I love you."

"I wish I was there with you."

"I wish I never would have come here."

"I made a mistake."

"I know you loved me."

"Forgive me."

"Don't you love me, Will?"

"Don't you love me?"

I spoke to her, caressing her hair, nurturing her in my embrace,

"I do love you and I always will."

"I always have loved you, and I always will."

"Will Miles, Mr. Will Miles, don't you remember?"

She looked towards me and nodded her head up and down, with tears streaming down her face

"I do. I do remember you. I remember the old you, the old Will Miles I fell in love with."

I nodded my head up and down too, in approval, in the abyss where none others could reach us, and from Elisabeth, I could feel the radiating warmth of her body enrapture mine, her love, God's love, holding me within her love, and mine holding her within mine.

I could hear the Gregorian Chants from the heavenly choirs embodying our love in the name of God, in the embrace of all that was Good, within us, the previously two innocent Miles, now caught and entangled in the Evil of growing up into a world of good and evil actors.

In the real world, she was very much a captive and I a captive to her.

I would never let her go here, in the Abyss, or in the ethereal Paradise, or in the brief moments we called our place in space and time.

I opened my eyes and we were no longer in the Abyss, but in a place of heavenly light and encompassing warmth, with a lack of material things, of material good or evil. It was just the two of us and the love of God which made us be, in this place, if one could call it a place.

And I had never felt better in my life, I had never felt better as Will Miles on Earth.

The heavenly singing reached our ears from many eons ago, many lifetimes of injustice and mercy, of love, and of the still unrequited lives that never rippled across the surface of humanity. In this war, there was love and there was peace, there was justice and there was a beginning and there was an end, but if I were to die now, It would just be Will and Elisabeth Miles.

I did not awaken.

Sincerely,

Will Miles.

Chapter 6:

