

MOTHER' S
DAY
IN THE
EMPIRE STATE
OR,
AN ANSWER TO THE
ARRAIGNMENT
OF
WOMEN



"Mother's Day in the Empire State
Or, An Answer to the Arraignment of Women"

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OF
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by

Constantia Munda

2024

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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE

Free-Grace Press is proud to publish its second novel entitled, Mother's Day in the Empire State, Or An Answer to The Arraignment of Women, which is our 2nd novel answering the misogynist pamphlet written by Joseph Swetnam in 1615, entitled: The Arraignment of Leuud, Idle, Froward, and Unconstant Women: Or the Vanitie of Them, Choose You Whether: With a Commendation of Wise, Vertuous and Honest Women: Pleasant for Married Men, Profitable for Young Men, and Hurtfull to None."

In the polemic spirit of Jane Anger's The Protection for Women (1589) we publish as a rebuttal to Swetnam's pamphlet: Mother's Day in the Empire State, Or an Answer to The Arraignment of Women, written by Constantia "Connie" Munda. Free-Grace Press publishes this deposition novel investigating three very distinct stories about motherhood in America. This novel was found within the Public Records of the Allegheny Family Court in the New York Empire State. It is a deposition from the author, illustrator, and Child Protection Services officer: Constantia "Connie" Munda.

By publishing Mother's Day in the Empire State, Or An

Answer To The Arraignment of Women we hope to unearth child abuse wherever it exists and to expose it. This novel also investigates **"The family,"** patriarchy, breeding, **"Love"** and/or **"The Expectant Mother Racket"** as Anna Jarvis (the founder of Mother's Day in 1906) called the modern-day family.

Woman especially are preyed upon to succumb to the **"Expectant Mother Racket"** because Mother's Day originally was about mothers meeting and working together to end wars and war-mongering governments. Anna Jarvis did not believe in the "Sentimentalizing of motherhood" - and according to **Anna Jarvis** **"Motherhood is a man-made invention"** by **"Mother's Day Imposters"** and **"Charity Charlatans."**

Anna Jarvis FOUNDED THE MOTHER'S DAY HOLIDAY AS AN ANTI-WAR HOLIDAY FOR WOMEN to organize against war-mongering politicians and governments who sent their children to war. **Mother's Day in the Empire State, Or An Answer To The Arraignment of Women,** will give the reader the intelligence, the illustrations, and data, to prove that American "Motherhood" is child abuse.

Literally, graphically, and linguistically Free-Grace Press publishes this deposition novel as the second part of a five-novel series about Free-Grace philosophy via the **Artist's Book**. Our first Artist's Book novel was published in 2018 and is entitled: **The Worming of America, Or An Answer To The Arraignment of Women,** by Autumn Leaf. It's an Artist's Book designed and published in the style of William Blake's Songs of Innocence and Experience (1794). We also acknowledge Laurence Sterne's The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman (1759) in which the graphics and a modern flat arc is explored with prose concerned more about philosophy, language, the fine arts, architecture, and humanity than a standard plot. Literally, **Mother's Day in the Empire State, Or an Answer to The Arraignment of Women,** is also inspired by Clarice Lispector's

The Passion According to G.H. (1964) in which a woman's metaphysical and psychological breakdown is revealed.

The **Mother's Day in the Empire State** novel has a relatively flat arc with only one repeat, a mash-up, and a deceptive closure. In lyrical algebra the novel has an unexpected long opening, then goes into a repeat for the majority of the novel. At Chapter 17 there is a denouement mash-up, and then the novel ends quickly with a deceptive closure. The novel's chapter's algebraic rhyme structure is as follows:

A B A B A C D E D E D E D E D E D-E D E C.

Constantia "Connie" Munda has written a tragic-comedy deposition. In one large part, it is a treatise to our English thinking soul about why we are killing our children, and in another smaller part, Connie has created a theater of the absurd. The free-verse, satirical prose evokes the languid and serious style of Virginia Woolf woven together with poetic folly and stream of consciousness for the right-side of your brain. Dialogue and descriptions are reminiscent of Voltaire, Flannery O'Connor, and Walt Whitman.

Free-Grace Press believes the worst reading is to have prose with no answers, no expected rhythm, or an unorthodox measure, yet ambiguity and unanswered questioning drives the pulse and rhythm of this Mother's Day novel. Connie Munda, the narrator, jumps around from the storyline to fine art, philosophy, stream of consciousness, and history, not just using **Haikus**, but **Haibuns** with a Metafiction prose for the early 21st century.

For Free-Grace Press, the literary prosimetrum meter becomes not just an expressive tool, a "**Mathesis**" style, but all together—a **Mathemaku** style. This Metafiction and *Mathemaku* style are not just

Post-Modern and Hyper-Modern, but a **Meta-Modern style**.

Our **Meta-Modern** style is "Writerly" in Roland Barthes (French Literary Philosopher) terms, and Free-Grace Press continues to answer Barthes two important essays: The Last Happy Writer (Voltaire) 1964, and, The Death of the Author, 1967. Our books make the reader an active participant in the novel. The text is free, not restrictive, and encourages the reader to slow down and use their imagination / the right side of their brain.

Our Mother's Day in the Empire State novel is a true deposition, but not a true deposition. Correct or incorrect is not the issue, but our life, our future, and our children's soul is the issue. The novel adopts no standard form, moving itself toward a vibrant individual prose and novel style.

Constantia Munda, our narrator, and author, investigates two mothers for child abuse on Mother's Day in 2021. Connie believes both mothers investigated seem to play a male-heroic, martyr -role, and/or Jesus-role, not using their feminine energy. So, Connie the author has structured this novel's chapters alongside the crucifixion of Christ and/or **The Stations of the Cross**.

Connie Munda is a single mother of two children, a veteran military Intelligence officer, and a Child Protection Services (CPS) officer. Connie brings her troubled and noble female heredity as the granddaughter of Anna Jarvis - the West Virginia woman who started Mother's Day in 1906. **The Mother's Day Holiday was originally an Anti-War day for mothers to gather and set up political opposition to WAR, because war only kills a mother's child.**

Connie brings her worldly, razor sharp mathematical "Intelligence" descriptions and examinations of two abusive mothers within Appalachian and "Up-State

"poverty and luxury." Connie's third-world military experience with intelligence and espionage, and now as a C.P.S officer, creates a formal prose that gives the reader a voyeuristic and blistering experience on multiple intellectual levels and dimensions.

Connie Munda, the author also gives the reader fifteen illustrations and/or watercolor paintings to aesthetically understand American "Motherhood" child abuse. Connie also provides numerical preciseness, that shows the reader how to understand "Motherhood" not just linguistically, but financially numerically. The reader gets a view in to the life of motherhood in rural Appalachia within poverty and luxury.

Within the parameters of a Greek tragedy, the reader shares fewer than twenty hours with Child Protection Services officer Connie Munda as she examines and investigates and records like an unblinking security camera both poverty Appalachia and luxury Appalachia. The author focuses on American motherhood and financial inequality by investigating two mothers accused of child abuse in a small, Appalachian Town called Allegheny. Allegheny is a fictional Town in the Southern Tier of the New York Empire State approximately 2-hours west of Binghamton, New York, and one hour east of Erie, Pennsylvania. Allegheny is also located somewhere next to the Seneca Nation Indian Reservation.

Our novel investigates why our children in 2023 are the most suicidal, addicted, indebted, poorly educated, and overweight. From the Me-Generation, to Generation X, Y, Z, and to this very moment you are reading this sentence - all of our American children are devolving: physically, intellectually, emotionally, and financially. These **Junkie Generations** are the most disadvantaged generations known to America - and it's our parental fault. Free-Grace Press publishes this novel as a reminder

that if we do not stop the tide of child abuse today
- the child abuse will only be worse tomorrow.

And as we hinted with our first published Artist's Book, **Mother' Day in the Empire State is not just for the literate, but for the illiterate. Non-English readers are also not excluded either,** as all of Connie Munda's fifteen original illustrations and/or watercolor paintings are included in this novel, and they alone express and describe this novel's thesis in our **universal visual language.**

Free-Grace Press's five-novel series about free-grace philosophy brings the natural sun's brightness to our books. This book will entertain and enlighten. And the sun will shine tomorrow even as you read this tragic comedy; because, in good faith to America, the truth about child abuse will be felt and laid bare. Not because our children live within America's Age of Reason. No... quite the opposite. Mothers' Day in the Empire State will be read, seen, and heard in 2023 and beyond because America's children now live in the age of treason.

STATE OF NEW YORK FAMILY COURT
County of ALLEGHENY
People's Exhibit List

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Chapter 1

INTRODUCTIONS, COMMENTS, SUGGESTIONS

This Deposition is from May 9th, 2021, and it is being prepared in response to **Complaint #21-4532** and **Complaint #21-6154**. Both child abuse complaints come from the Town of Allegheny, New York. They are anonymous complaints about two (2) mothers abusing their children. My name is Officer Constantia "Connie" Munda, and my badge number is number is three, one, four (#314). I've been a Child Protection Specialist (CPS) for twelve (12) years in the New York Empire State.

DEPOSITION TRANSCRIPT BEGINS:

5-9-21, 12:09 am

Dear Honorable Family Court and Good Reader: I'm driving way too fast and it's a little after midnight, the beginning of Mother's Day in the New York Empire State. The moon on my western horizon plays games with me and the silvery clouds that are moving in my same westerly direction. "Going West" here in northern Appalachia is the prevailing wind both physically and metaphysically. The American pilgrim traffic has been so thick here for the spiritual and financially desperate and their families for the last

1 two hundred and thirty-four (234) years that this
2 land is called the "Scorched earth."

3
4 I'm in an unmarked retired State Trooper car and
5 I'm recording my Family Court Deposition on my ear
6 hook with microphone. I will attach this Deposition
7 transcript and approximately fifteen (15) People's
8 Exhibits for the Family Court and Good Reader. I'm
9 leaving the Albany Capitol region and heading west
10 as many pilgrims have in the past - towards the
11 infamous Seneca Indian Great Hill and its Western
12 Door to America.

13
14 My target Town of Allegheny sits on the threshold
15 of this doorway. My Empire State car, number two,
16 zero, four (#204), a Trooper car converted to a
17 Child Protection Services (CPS) undercover car, is
18 a Ford(F) Interceptor. Low and heavy with excellent
19 engineering this Mad Max car easily slices through
20 the rolling hills of the Susquehanna River val-
21 leys. River roads shaded in a purple black, bruised
22 and sleepy from a long winter roll away, winding
23 along with the Chemung River. These Appalachian
24 hills form a hallway valley to my moonlit Western
25 Door for scorched-earth America and all its Great
26 Awakenings.

27
28 This path was not just blazed, but the earth
29 was scorched by the American patriot's Sullivan
30 Expedition in 1779. Might was proven right to the
31 six (6) Iroquois Indian Nation Tribes who mistak-
32 enly sided with the British Empire, both in the
33 American Revolution in 1776 and The War of 1812.
34 Then in 1830 the Western Door became a spiritual
35 pilgrim holy land and path to spiritual experiments
36 championing utopias, Christianity, slave's rights,
37 and women's rights. There were the Shakers, the
38 Quakers, the Latter-Day Saints (LDS - the Mormons),
39 the Adventists, the Chautauquans, and even the
40 Jehovah's Witnesses. This antebellum Appalachia
41 is a burned-over wormhole now, spirituality and
42

culturally it's an "Up-State" void, a blackhole,
and/or, "Nothing."

I crack my car window to get some fresh air and stay alert. The Appalachian air is filled with emerald, green pine swamps, bloody dead possums, and skunks in heat. The night air is deeply haunted at this time of night, but I want to start my CPS surveillance and investigations around three-thirty *ante meridiem* (3:30 am) in the morning. It's peaceful here in the nighttime with these enchanted little mountains rolling behind... if you're okay with ghosts, anything is possible here.

Traveling west into northern Appalachia is similar to going off the grid or slipping around in the night of a third-world country with the American military. Black operations function out of black operations that function out of black operations, which only destroys "Us" and strengthens "Them." It's black and fast here in northern Appalachia as I float back into our primordial cave and our lives become timeless and entangled.

I try to get in the spirit of Appalachia and put my worn-out compact disc (CD) of Faith Hill and Tim McGraw singing nostalgically about beers in the fridge, muddy boots, and desperate house-for-sale signs going up back home in Appalachia. I think the song is called "Back at Momma's."

The spring has not yet come to the Southern Tier. The frigid Canadian air with "Lake Effect" freezes my nostrils and washed hair. I roll up my car window and turn the heat up to eighty-eight (88) degrees. My exterior thermometer reads twenty-eight (28) degrees as I smell my hair / my favorite henna conditioner. The smell reminds me, I need to order more as I've already watered it down. The weather here on Mother's Day in May in the North Country is still like late March for the rest of America (Lows: twenty-five (25) degrees, and Highs: forty-eight (48)

1 degrees). It's cold and spooky here... especially
2 with the supernatural *Ides of March* lingering per-
3 petually here in shadows of north Appalachia. Here
4 on May 10thth, 2021, only a few spring flowers -
5 mostly daffodils, have pushed through for Mother's
6 Day 2021, but there is plenty of mud pushing up our
7 frost heaves.

8
9 I come from West Virginia, so I'm not used to these
10 low temperatures in May. Let me tell you Family
11 Court and all you non-Yankee readers out there with
12 thin blood like mine: There is something even more
13 horrible than blizzards and the cold winter season
14 that the sadomasochist Yankees seem to enjoy.

15
16 In New England and "Up-State" New York there is some-
17 thing to live for after being incarcerated for five
18 (5) months (mid-November to mid-April). Imprisoned
19 by four (4) feet of snow, and not confined in your
20 bright, airy large home, but in your ten by ten
21 (10x 10) bedroom. There one sits in a windowless
22 black igloo that resembles a homeless cardboard
23 camp under a bridge, or a lame Burning-Man (BM)
24 camp. Here in this cold discontent, one has to look
25 forward to a "Mud Season." There one sits shivering
26 even in April and May when your ten-by-ten (10 x
27 10) bedroom with a space heater between your legs
28 is still your only home.

29
30 Your home used to be your well-lit spacious two
31 thousand (2,000) square foot home, but no north-
32 ern Yankee can or will afford to heat their whole
33 house. If you thought wet snow was hard to shovel
34 just wait until you have to dig out your car from
35 soft wet mud up to its axles.

36
37 The grey sun doesn't win in *Up-State* America; even
38 now in May the air smells like wet earth and decom-
39 posing leaves. The overall landscape color is that
40 of old, bad, red meat or dried blood. It's raw,
41 wet, and chilling to the bone here in northern
42

Appalachia, even in the shadows of hot and muggy August.

I forgot how talky (annoying?) Tim McGraw is in the beginning of this big Mama song, but when Faith Hill comes in and harmonizes, she changes the song from a whiny redneck leaning on the back of his pick-up to a beautiful ballad. Unfortunately, Faith Hill is only whispering in this song, but the slide guitar keeps you tuned in. And then the ooo- ooo- ooohs hit... I'm in the middle of the ooohs right now - this is a musical denouement if I've ever heard one. I slide my car window down going seventy-six miles per hour (76 mph) and yell to the possums, coons, and Appalachian blackness, "Hey soundman, turn up the Faith! Because everyone needs Faith in Appalachia!"

There is left over brown snow here in the shadows from the mid-April Nor'easter blizzard from a few weeks back that dumped three (3) feet of wet snow on *Us*. Along the roadside yellow daffodils are being dusted with snow that looks like confectioner's sugar on golden caramel candies. Regardless, I can smell the red and brown leaves dying / composting, and an Appalachian summer coming. But spring in Appalachia... a cloudy leftover embarrassment from a St. Patrick's Day party lingers till summertime with bloody knives still being twisted and muddy tires still spinning. Here in the Southern Tier the winter is never really gone - it lives in the earth and the icy rocks like an evil tradition transposed into a new holiday.

So, thank the Lord for my warm Ford Interceptor. Aagghh, the luxury of going seventy-six (76) miles per hour (mph) and feeling like I'm at home in my bathtub with a glass of Chianti. A wet, Finger Lake chill runs up my lady-like pant leg and I curse myself for not wearing heavier leggings. I turn up the heat in the car. Peering out into the darkness: the millions of stars are burning bright tonight as

1 I drive west into a land darker than any night sky in
2 New England or the northeast. The white glow of my
3 dashboard instrument lighting is calm and discreet.

4
5 My car smells and tastes like a brand-new car even
6 though this New York State Trooper car was decom-
7 missioned seven (7) years ago. A cold Canadian wind
8 blows snow flurries across my windshield as the Empire
9 Troopers (every five (5) exits) clock me doing sev-
10 enty-three (73) miles per hour (mph) in a fifty-five
11 (55) mph zone. The Troopers have automobile license
12 plate readers, and they instantaneously know I am
13 the Empire Law - I am one of *Them*.

14
15 There's a seventy five percent (75%) chance of two
16 (2) to three (3) inches of snow by dawn. This was my
17 spring radar for Mother's Day 2021 in Appalachia.
18 Not just physical and emotional traps, but speed-
19 traps and honey-traps around every hidden corner,
20 and on every exit.

21
22 Honorable Family Court, and Dear Reader, I cannot
23 submit this "Mother's Day Madness" deposition with-
24 out telling you my own motherly stories.

25
26 My grandmother was Anna Jarvis from West Virginia,
27 and she started the Mother's Day Holiday in America
28 in 1908 as an anti-war Holiday for women and mothers.

29
30 Thirty-five (35) years later, she was forcefully
31 institutionalized because the floral industry, choc-
32 olate industry, and war industry didn't think her
33 Mother's Day anti-war Holiday was profitable - or
34 "American."

35
36 My grandmother told me these industries smeared,
37 litigated, and grinded Grandma Jarvis into the
38 grave. The floral industry, chocolate industry, and
39 the war industry publicly ridiculed her a "Crazy
40 woman." They assassinated her great character and
41 branded her NOT a "Good mother." But please mark
42 my words Family Court and Good Reader: before she

was incarcerated, Anna Jarvis vibrated and burned
brighter than any other human I've ever met.

Anna Jarvis is in fact the person who named me
Constantia Munda. She said in Latin it meant
"Constant Perseverance." My Grandma, or Mom, as
I call her sometimes - because my real Mom was
never really around - was a nurse in West Virginia
during the American Civil War. Grandma Jarvis was
a doctor's amputee assistant. Granny used to say
in her lovely southern Appalachian drawl, "I sawed
off more young men's limbs with my hack saw than a
Kentucky chicken farmer."

This was Grandma Jarvis's daytime / teatime / bour-
bon-time folly, but I was awoken many nights as a
child by Grandma Jarvis screaming on the floor in
some type of trance. I'd run to her elegant bedroom,
and she would be sleep-walking or more like sleep-
sawing. Grandma in the pitch-black darkness would
be kneeling on the floor, or leaning over a table,
wrestling with something. Grandma Jarvis would be
talking / yelling in some guttural alien language
that sounded like she was speaking backwards, but
somehow, I telepathically understood her. Grandma
Anna would yell at me, as she physically fought
the wounded soldier. I was trying to hold down the
wriggling young man as my grandma sawed his shred-
ded and disfigured legs off. She would be yelling at
me to get on me knees next to her, which I did, as
she was undulating with the writhing man who would
walk no more. I would play along and hold my man's
leg as my mother's hack-saw teeth picked, nicked,
and sawed a God-made invention off a beautiful man.
All for a man-made war.

After years of playing along with Grandma Anna and
her nightmares I noticed a glow or aberration of
the ghostly Union soldier's spirit as we had him
pinned down on the make-shift operating table. And
then after my grandma cut one leg off - I heard a

1 sickening thud as it hit the hollow wooden floor in
2 the old grand house.

3
4 Grandma and I went to work on the other leg. I
5 was looking at her trying to control the man and
6 then slowly I started to feel the man's leg in my
7 hands. I recoiled in horror; the ghostly insanity
8 of war was in me. My grandma yelled at me again,
9 "Stop being a prude and hold this soldier down!" I
10 grabbed hold of the leg and could feel my mother's
11 saw ripping flesh and muscle away from the bone like
12 a dull wooden saw cutting through brown lettuce
13 and lard. The soldier screamed in terror! And then
14 Grandma Jarvis's saw quickly hit the bone, and the
15 soldier fought for his life, but his past life was
16 a lost cause.

17
18 I remember holding thick wood; two by fours (2 x
19 4s) for my carpenter father when he would cut *Them*,
20 and a human leg is no different than a two by four
21 (2 x 4). The block of wood or the stump of leg makes
22 the same noise when it hits the floor. The bad-end
23 / the dumb-end noise says, "I'm dead now and best
24 thrown in the fire."

25
26 The leg lay on my mother's bedroom floor like a
27 struggling fish wriggling on a floating dock. I tried
28 to grab the leg, but it wiggled out of my hands
29 like a fish gasping for air / for life. My grand-
30 mother continued to hold and ride the young man's
31 shoulders - she wrestled the stumped soldier to
32 the wooden floor. I finally grabbed the leg, but
33 I was frozen and paralyzed as my dead-fish limb
34 slowly died in my hands. I could feel its heartbeat
35 fade: thump-thump, thump-thump, thum-thum, thum...
36 Thum... Thum... Thu... Th... It was unbearable and
37 unspeakable.

38
39 My grandma yelled in that strange guttural alien
40 language again. My Granny cried to the man and cra-
41 dled him as he fell to the floor and curled into a
42 fetal position. Mom sung in lullaby tones in that

disturbing language to the soldier who would stroll
no more. My hands felt wet - drenched in blood. I
put my bloody hand on my mom's shoulder to wake her.
I shook her and there was nothing there in the dark
bedroom except my grandmother and a Yankee paraplegic
groaning in pain - asking God to kill him.

"God almighty, I'm sorry... God almighty please
don't let we walk the earth a war-cripple! Please
kill me!!!" There was silence, but I swear to my
Maker, I swear to this Family Court, and I swear
to you Dear Reader - I heard another man laughing.
Laughing quietly who said, "I told you so hero-boy,
but you didn't listen... enjoy your wheelchair."

God was laughing at *Us*... covered in blood living
in misery. I died a little bit right then and
there, because I suddenly realized God our Creator
was uncaring, malicious, and vindictive. I shook
my grandma more violently and all I could hear was
lullabies, groaning, and laughing. I ran out of her
bedroom that night unable to wake her. I never went
back into my grandmother's bedroom, and as for her
nightmares, I allowed her to wrestle those demons
alone. I'm an eternal and infinite coward for that.
I'm a bad granddaughter, and a bad nurse, and let's
get this out of the way - I'm a bad mother.

And all bad parents can take my litmus test to see
if they have failed at raising their young: Think
back to when you graduated high school or college
and think about the opportunities you had at your
doorstep. Now on the other hand let's look at the
opportunities your children have at the same stage
of their lives. If your children have fewer opportunities
for food, clothing, and shelter, than you
did, then you're a parental failure. You're a mom-
my-mooch and a deadbeat dad, because you've either
devolved, or you let society devolve.

And bad mothers usually aim to be a great lady
like my Granny Anna Jarvis, and while she wasn't

1 necessarily a good mother, she was a great lady.
2 Unfortunately, the flower, chocolate, greeting card,
3 and military capitalists put her in the sanitar-
4 ium because her idea of parenting was different
5 than Americans' idea of "Motherhood." Those "Judeo-
6 Christian pirates" (my grandma's language - not
7 mine) couldn't pigeonhole my grandmother into an
8 "Eve" or a "Mary."

9
10 *Motherhood* for war is where my mother died. On the
11 other side of the scale: mother without war is a
12 special place, a safe place, a friendly place. But
13 sorry to say, my mother died in solitary confinement
14 with few friends or associates in a dirty padded
15 room, in a Philadelphia nuthouse. Regardless, I
16 still have her letters which I carry with me in my
17 old Air Force satchel.

18
19 Was my mother crazy? Was my mother abusive? Am I
20 abusive? Am I crazy? Well, what mother is not crazy
21 and abusive who lives within an Empire. Our "Red-
22 Queen" capitalism and *Mother's Day Madness* is just
23 part of the patriarchal game.

24
25 Is this a woman question - a *querelle des femmes*?
26 The failure of the female mind / the creative soul,
27 the white yin, is in question. Is there a cog-
28 nitive bias? Are our processing strategies being
29 arraigned under laws not seen to *Us*? And our enemy
30 - the misogynist *Them*, is it all men or do women
31 also relish their own subjugation? Has our room,
32 lock, and allowance for freedom been revoked? Has
33 femininity been evicted to the basement, to the
34 toolshed, or are we living under the highway in the
35 homeless camp?

36
37 Has the hardy male cockroach - decapitated but
38 still alive with festering sexism that hides in our
39 society - been reincarnated after we killed it? I
40 stepped on it and felt its ribcage being crushed
41 under the ball of my foot. My foot's nerve end-
42 ings felt the cockroach die and the frequency was

quantized terror. The cockroach oozed white goo
from its crushed body, and I licked at it. The kill
sent electricity up through my chakras, slowly...
one by one, eventually reaching my third-eye soul.
At that moment it felt like someone, or something,
had just flipped a switch and turned me off. My once
bright constitution and soul was moldy and sleazy
now, yet I can still see and feel the fat roach's
antennae moving slowly, I can still hear and feel
his heartbeat, I still feel his masculine eyes:
dead and reptilian - gazing at me... Judging me...
Objectifying me... Waiting in the shadows.

The vividness of value depends on our motherly
"Intelligence" or *Intel* gathered. Besides an
absence of evidence and the cumulative effect of
probabilities, humanity / civilization, and moth-
ers in particular have a preference for killing
their children. Perhaps this is not a women ques-
tion? But it is definitely a *Red-Queen* question, a
selfish-gene question. A cockroach question... and
not a woman question. What is the difference? My
human *Intelligence* (HUMINT) is the most defensible
Intel, yet within *Intelligence* there is no motherly
Intelligence.

My evolutionary future is controlled by my past and
I look at the past through my grandmother's let-
ters. The first letter I hold dear is filed chrono-
logically as one of the oldest - from 1892 - and it
is from my grandmother, Anna Jarvis to me, Connie
Munda. As I said, she was a nurse during the Civil
War, but stitched up both Confederate and Union
soldiers back in West Virginia because the State
was divided on slavery.

Anna, my grandmother, started the "Mother's Day
Work Clubs" in 1908 declaring, "Mother's Day is
a day outside the house for mothers so they can
unite as a political force against raising sons and
daughters for war."

1 My grandmother was a potent and progressive woman,
2 but my grandmother was swimming against the times.

3
4 I have this letter tucked in my old military satchel
5 from Air Force bootcamp. Yes, I'm a military woman,
6 which is an oxymoron I suppose - a creator within
7 the business of killing. M-8888 is written in per-
8 manent marker - notating the first letter of my last
9 name and the last four of my social security num-
10 ber - on the outside of this satchel. I like M-8888
11 graphically and metaphysically. It makes me realize
12 my starting point alphabetically and numerically in
13 America - my foundation in America: M-8888. Before
14 the military I was low class dust in America, but
15 now I was a player on the matrix / on the graph. I
16 was a coordinate on the war axis - M-8888, and I
17 was on an Air Force flight to the wild blue yonder.

18
19 M-8888 was an easy and memorable number for my
20 airman and airwoman in the Air Force to remember.
21 "Munda-8888" was the easy mail-call and easy lost
22 laundry-call with a lost panty thrown in my face
23 that had my "M-8888" scrawled on it in black on the
24 waistband. You see, all military personnel have to
25 put their coordinates on all their property includ-
26 ing my all-cotton panties. Everyone knew me and I
27 knew everybody. Not because I was a red state *Mary*
28 or a blue-state *Eve*, but because I was from rural
29 America and the Air Force was a happy step up for
30 me socially and most importantly - financially.

31
32 But for those girls coming from the blue-state
33 coasts - being in the military was a step down. For
34 some reason those blue-state babes in the military
35 didn't have wealthy connections to businesses or
36 opportunities back home. So, these blue-state sweat-
37 hog women from inner cities and lez-be-frenz women
38 from suburbia had to join the military. The major-
39 ity of which is from southern red-state Appalachia.
40 All of *Us* red-state and blue-state suckers are
41 unlucky souls... we Americans (with our country two
42 hundred and thirty-four (234) years old) still have

to maybe die and kill for our food, clothing, and shelter. We have to kill in order to have a chance at getting out of poverty. We have to kill in order to live... and this makes me sad. Then it makes me very angry.

Didn't Quincy Adams say, "I am a warrior, so my son will be a merchant, so that that his son may be a poet"?

Three generations into America in the mid-19th century we did have America's best minds flower upon the world. Emerson, Whitman, Melville, Thoreau, and Wharton were the American Renaissance - the fruit of our American Revolution. The American Civil War happened on the heels of this New England Transcendentalism, but America has never regained that artistic drive ever again. And because in America, if you're not driving - you're dying, America rapidly devolved: artistically, literally, physically, and therefore of course, metaphysically, and spiritually.

And I am certainly no poet. I'm a rent-a-cop for Family Court, arresting polluted and perverted parents who abuse their children. And in a greater common sense or commonwealth sense, or humanity sense - these pervs abuse OUR children. The New York Empire feudal system is thriving - because the Empire hates its children. I know this because my son and daughter are not educated to be poets. The Empire's educational system makes my children scared, jealous, and deranged. I didn't know this coming from West Virginia (WV) Appalachia. That's because in those smokey hills of America whether for a woman or a man there: the multiple-choice life question on where you want to spend your life in Appalachia was not multiple-choice.

Appalachia is a duopoly from the start - am I going to jail today or am I not going to jail today. It is a prisoner's dilemma question couched unsuspectingly

1 and unthreateningly as a harmless "Do you drive a
2 Chevy or a Ford" question. Similar to the political,
3 "Are you a Democratic or Republican?" question.
4 All these life choice questions are sold to
5 *Us* as a multiple-choice question by *Them*.

6
7 But these multiple-choice questions are really
8 duopoly questions in a two-party life, in our third-
9 world West Virginia. Appalachian economics are a
10 little Cournot, a little Bertrand, and together, a
11 "Nash-Smash Equilibrium." In Appalachia, the cold
12 duopoly is the coal mine or the military recruitment
13 office in-between the online college and a
14 sleazy pizza parlor. The *Nash-Smash Equilibrium*
15 choice, the equilibrium of a country two hundred
16 and thirty-four (234) years old for its children
17 is: A: a life in a hole, or B: a life killing it.
18 Life in America is sold as a zero-sum game, but it
19 is really a non-zero-sum game — it is a minimax
20 theorem. Life in America is a prisoner's question,
21 not a women's question. American mothers and her
22 children live within a prisoner's dilemma.

23
24 I chose to kill it, but will never think of myself
25 as a killer, a New Yorker, an empress, or part of
26 the Empire. A bad marriage to a dead-beat Yankee,
27 and then a divorce: me keeping the two children...
28 stranded me here in New York State. I also realized
29 the horrible education system in the rest of
30 America and thought, "Why would I move from the
31 Empire State?"

32
33 I need to persevere... My children, a ten (10)
34 year-old boy emperor in training, and a twelve (12)
35 year-old empress in training would take a serious
36 educational, and more importantly, a social
37 step down if we left the Empire. Sadly, I continued
38 to meditate to myself... "if you cannot beat
39 the Empire — join *Them*!" Morally, metaphysically
40 and on the right-side of my brain I admit sadly to
41 myself... *Constant Perseverance*.

Chapter 2

INTELLIGENCE

My muscled-up Ford Interceptor is running and humming along fighting blue ridge highlands and plateau valleys orientated in opposition to my east to west travels. I smell and feel the flora flying by me. Evergreen needles and conifers urgently talk to the wide-leaf holly as if there has never been a spring before. Red spruce and black spruce try to crowd out the old favorite: the blue spruce. I'm hugging ridgelines and escarpments banking off the Kittatinny Mountain Range and rolling on down to the Catskill Delta. Coves of hemlock hang like dead men in pine swamps as beavers smack their tails. The Eastern Seaboard is in my rearview mirror and the heartland of America is coming on fast. White-tail deer in my headlights stare at me like I'm the freak, skunks caught in an eighteen (18) wheeler's way are pulverized into *Nothing but* live on. The skunk lives on as my car rolls over the *Pepé Le Pew* remains. "Ba-dump - ba-dump" the skunk says, and I smell my composting future. This is the Eastern Continental Divide of America. It gets quieter here... things slow down here... I get nervous here, I like it here.

Following college graduation, I received a Reserve Officer Training Corps (ROTC) commission from the

1 United State Air Force (USAF) at the West Virginia
2 University (WVU). It was 1982, peacetime... and I
3 enjoyed my work for six (6) years as an *Intelligence*
4 Officer in Iran and Nicaragua. Six (6) years as a spy
5 turned me onto knowledge (or supposed knowledge)
6 as power. Power over mothers, power over motherly
7 tribes, and power over motherly countries, power
8 over mothers in order to manipulate her children.
9 Fashion, language, video games, entertainment, and
10 visual optics, as coercion and manipulation. The
11 mother's world is a simulacrum that *Them* created.
12 And so, the military industrial complex only had
13 to follow Plato's advice and brainwash all American
14 mothers.

15
16 Plato said, "*Give me a different set of mothers and*
17 *I will give you a different world.*"

18
19 The active provocateur, and/or *Intelligence* indus-
20 try boiled it down for their own warmongering
21 "Expectant-Mother-Racket" (EMR) and declared,
22 "Change mothers, and we will change the world."

23
24 It wasn't just Telecommunications *Intelligence*
25 (TELINT), Electronic (frequency) *Intelligence* (ELINT)
26 or Human *Intelligence* (HUMTEL), but Psychological
27 Operations (Psych-Ops) and Biological and Chemical
28 Operations with the Department of Defense (DOD) and
29 both the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) and
30 the Central *Intelligence* Agency (CIA). The target
31 coordinate is the mother.

32
33 I was a Psychological Operations (Psych-Ops) momma
34 in the Special Operations war in Nicaragua and
35 Iran, but none of those places prepared me for the
36 organized crime, the ongoing corruption and greed
37 of the New York Empire State. The "Three-Men" oli-
38 garchs of Albany, and its political corruption is
39 worse than third-world countries with no sewer sys-
40 tem, no school system, no clean water, and a mil-
41 lennium of tribal warfare.

But I knew what I was getting into because besides studying military sciences at West Virginia University I studied philosophy and art history. Here in the right side of my brain I meditate on *Intelligence*, which puts me light years ahead of my rote peers in the Intelligence Community (IC).

Art history was incredible because history is taught not from war to war, or from banking-scam to banking-scam, but from art movement to art movement. Whether two-dimensional painting, sculpture, architecture, or literary works: our times and/or *Us*, are judged not by our war-scams, but by our art! My lucky peers in the art history world see life through rosy spectacles because life is all categorized chronologically by that great new painting, that incredibly designed building just constructed, or that intense new book with a new quirky prose, rhythm, and a very unique point of view (POV).

But being a military officer and constantly honored unnecessarily by the standing-army media, I thought incorrectly back in college that life was chronicled by our wars and banking scams that fund the wars. I thought life was on the left side of the brain with alphabets, numbers, and material goods, but I was wrong. The truth is life is free-grace - life is on the right side of the brain - life is but a dream.

Dear Family Court and Dear Reader I don't want to solicit you as I'm a student of Roger Williams: who in 1649, as he was forming Providence, Rhode Island, declared: "Religion is the rape of the soul." But Free-Grace philosophy proposes we should care more about our spiritual goods than our material goods. There is some Free-Grace philosophy for you... and if you don't like these Socratic, Lutheran, and/or Anne Hutchinson thoughts then please believe Bing Crosby's soulful and truthful voice when he sings the rhyme that stands the test of time:

1 "Row, row, row your boat - gently down the
2 stream.

3
4 Merrily, merrily, merrily - life is but a
5 dream."

6
7 The truth... with the mainstream media as a co-con-
8 spirator? Never! But an Albany Empire State foren-
9 sic audit!? The *Up-State* Empire investigated as-
10 is by my still very active *Intelligence* Unit at
11 Central Command (CENTCOM) would indict and con-
12 vict New York legislatures and bureaucrats within
13 days. The New York Empire State Comptroller would
14 be legally crushed for what it punishes others in
15 "Rogue" or "Terrorist" countries for doing. The
16 indictment for crimes against humanity would fill up
17 a squadron of C-5 Galaxies. Explaining the extor-
18 tion, bribery, self-dealing, and malfeasance of the
19 New York State legislature in US *Intelligence* stan-
20 dards to the Unites State Congress would destroy
21 the Empire. Everyone, including the janitors in
22 the Albany State House, would be locked up in
23 Leavenworth military correctional facilities for
24 the rest of their lives.

25
26 Albany capitol region politicians are Banana-War
27 leftovers, these Albany Cavaliers and Courtiers
28 compared to the polite Contras, and the professional
29 Shia, is, to say the least - embarrassing. But it
30 is dehumanizing as an American woman to play third-
31 world games in the capitol of my American State.
32 I was a fan of "Free-market capitalism," "Love,"
33 and even *Motherhood* before my military time, but my
34 *Intelligence* experiences has taught me that those
35 things do not exist anymore.

36
37 I remember in the Markazi Province in Iran, 1985,
38 when a convoy of high-ranking local police we were
39 supporting came in to our Forward Operating Location
40 (FOL) to buy some good old American weapons, and
41 also give our *Intelligence* team some lame *Intel* on
42

the U.S. embassy bombing in Beirut, Lebanon that had happened a couple years earlier.

Before any of these important subjects could be discussed there was first the matter of three (3) Marines gang-raping and killing a young fourteen (14) year old Arab girl a few weeks earlier in Markazi. The question was whether the Marines would be court martialed in the U.S. or tried in Iran under Shia Islamic Law. The local police chief and/or the "Supreme One" wanted the Marines castrated and crucified upside down as agents of the "Great Satan." In opposition to these executions my Intelligence teammates were lobbying for some correctional custody and definitely not three (3) upside down crosses on a Middle Eastern desert hill. I think we've all seen that three (3) cross picture before, and this Markazi police chief was an old "Friend" of *Intelligence* - so he was taunting *Us*.

In order to have the chief of police see a resurrection in retribution, he accepted ten (10) tractor-trailer trucks with American weapons, and four (4) stainless steel suitcases filled with American cash. The cash was being delivered by four (4) dancing-boys in women's colorful mini-skirts and what looked like Coca-Cola T-Shirts. But instead of "Enjoy Coca-Cola" written out in that smooth and sexy white script on a red background the text said, "Enjoy Baca-Bazi" / *Enjoy boy-play*.

Some jesters on the Intel or Special Operations team had capsulized our American foreign policy in this very picture I'm drawing for you. In this picture besides the four (4) tortured boys grimacing in pain holding upwards of four million (\$4,000,000) dollars cash, there were four (4) mothers, or what I believe to be four (4) mothers, in head-to-toe black burqas. The dusty burqas only had embroidered eyes-holes, so whoever was in there could see. The Arab pervert men seem to think sexual assault and

1 rape of children is okay if their mother's deliver
2 the boys graciously.

3
4 One of the mothers and/or black-moving-blankets in
5 Arabic said, "Thank you Supreme One for making *Us*,
6 so worthy to allow our sons to serve you tea and
7 dance for your holiness. They also have a special
8 lotion for that toothache we know you have, and
9 they alone will liberally soothe that ache. Thank
10 You Supreme One, thank you."

11
12 The Arab police officer thanked the black-moving-
13 blankets and then the black-moving-blankets thanked
14 *Them* some more. This picture... of these four (4)
15 mothers giving away their Coca-Cola dancing-boys to
16 a pervert in a foreign, ill-fitting military offi-
17 cer's clown outfit hurts me to this day.

18
19 And it's not the four million dollars (\$4,000,000,000)
20 of United States tax dollars that angers me. It's
21 the known - unknown. It's that when the U.S. sells
22 "Freedom, democracy, and Coca-Cola" what they're
23 really selling is a slow-motion rape, murder, dis-
24 section, and autopsy of your children.

25
26 Which visually brings me to the other horrible
27 part of my Coca-Cola military career, which was in
28 1987. It was in Managua, Nicaragua, where I again
29 saw those satirical "Enjoy Coca-Cola" T-Shirts some
30 joker had made up. But here in Nicaragua the white
31 stylish script on the bold red background said,
32 "Enjoy Crack." The shirts were on children and
33 teenager coco-pickers in the Nicaraguan jungle.
34 The kids were all orphans and addicted to the coco
35 plant as you could tell by their erratic behav-
36 ior, and their dirty, decadent demeanor. They would
37 also constantly sniffle with runny noses, and then
38 there were their eyes... their dead, dark, eyes
39 like those of toothless sharks in a foul and murky
40 aquarium. The cocaine the children were harvesting
41 was being sent up to South Central Los Angeles as
42 "Crack." These young slaves seemed to be making the

best of their drug-slave life, but one tough girl
tried to make friends with me unfortunately.

Her name was Lupe and she told me a story about
a family of monkeys nearby in the jungle. In the
shanties where the children workers slept, the
monkeys would come around and scavenge all the
crap American fast-food we were bringing in from
the U.S..Lupe was feeding the monkeys her scraps,
but because the monkeys are all cocaine fiends the
monkeys got hostile when not fed enough. At first
the monkeys would only pull Lupe's hair, screech,
or scratch her for more Coca-Cola straight from
American *Intelligence* budgets.

But Lupe with a Spanish accent said, "Monkeys are
like my jefe / boss. I hate my jefe, so I started
to throw rocks at the monkeys last month, but then
the monkeys started throwing rocks at me." Lupe had
a large black eye and said that three (3) days ago
she got hit by a large rock thrown by a small ratty
monkey. Lupe continued, "I haven't been able to go
out of the dorms for almost a month. So, I asked my
boyfriend Carlos, who is a Contra soldier, to start
shooting the monkeys."

Lupe's hands were shaking as she was wringing them
like an eighty (80) year old spinster with demen-
tia harping about an inheritance she didn't receive
to her lawyer who is over charging her. Lupe said,
"The monkeys were baited by Carlos and his friends
and then they started shooting. The monkey's brains
were being splattered across the jungle and the
monkeys still came back for the American Ding-Dong
treats with only half a brain in their skull."

Lupe started to ponder something important in her
mind and seemed to gain the strength to say it, but
a trickle of red blood slowly came from her nose
and dripped into her small mouth. Lupe got embar-
rassed. After wiping her nose on her dirty flannel
she wore over her "Enjoy-Crack" shirt, Lupe said,

1 "I was thinking of asking Carlos to shoot me...
2 Us... the real stupid monkeys here in the jungle."
3

4 I said, "What are talking about? You're working for
5 freedom and democracy, and for a new, good govern-
6 ment. The Sandinistas are bad commies." As I said
7 these last lame words I started to cringe because
8 I knew this very smart child was gonna see through
9 my bullshit.

10
11 Lupe scoffed immediately and got up with a pissy
12 attitude because she realized she wouldn't get the
13 truth from me, *Intelligence*, and/or *Them*.

14
15 Lupe laughed in my face and started to walk away.
16 She looked back and concluded as she wiped her nose
17 again with the end of her dirty flannel shirt sleeve
18 and spit into the voracious green jungle. She then
19 declared over emphasizing some words, "There is no
20 such thing as good government. You just get it...
21 while the gettin's good!"
22

23 Capitalism in 2021 is dead. *Motherhood* in 2021
24 is dead. Motherly "Love" is proud mothers deliv-
25 ering their boy-toy sons to debt, poverty, and
26 pedophiles. Motherly love is suitcases filled with
27 friendly-fire cash in the light of day. The corrup-
28 tion of the Contras in Nicaragua, the Shia in Iran,
29 or the politicians in Albany is based on extortion
30 and/or bribery of the mother. These third-world
31 politics and accounting books will look identi-
32 cal to the historians and anthropologists that dig
33 through our ashes.

34
35 The loyalist-royalist politicians of the Empire
36 don't let the ball drop as the shell game goes around
37 and around in circles of *Intelligence*, counterin-
38 telligence, and counter insurgent *Intelligence*. The
39 Empire State's "Law" now declares that "An official
40 act" of a politician may be bribery... the Empire
41 *Law* and the *Law* of the land now declares that brib-
42 ery is not bribery. The *Law* and the Federal Court

Judge apologizes to the Defense and says "Collusion is no longer collusion, and racketeering is no longer racketeering in the Empire State of America. You are free to go. The Court apologizes and will gladly sanction the prosecutors and District Attorneys who questioned your 'Official acts.'" The preference for the Empire courtier or Cavalier to underestimate criminal factors and overestimate their own importance is an illusory correlation. This is a Psych-Ops *coup d'état* on the evolutionary matrix for capitalist correlation.

Evidence for crimes against the citizen, or *Motherhood*, will bring a judgment. But through Appeals, Acquittals, and media subversion. The Empire's criminals will keep mothers' preference for corruption in place. The persistence of an oligarchy in the Albany Empire State is the preference of loyalist-royalists to keep the time-tested leverage of a prison-ship incarceration always floating near-by. The child, the citizen, and/or the mother in the Empire is the "Real," and *Motherhood* becomes the *little-Object-A*. The secondary "Other" is the mother as a political force - which is the enemy of war. The mother and female citizen is forgotten on purpose and outsourced to a weaker mother from a recent-immigration demographic, or war refugees from our latest "Freedom and Democracy War." Without evidence from a forensic audit, and without Commonwealth citizens, the Judgment and Democracy never comes to the Empire State. And that's how the child abusing mothers have designed it.

This Empire State's citizen-craft, similar to priest-craft, mother-craft and king-craft, is the bone marrow of capitalism, patriarchy, and war. Sun Tzu was right about a lot of things with war, but I think he forgot that war starts with *Motherhood* and/or mothers, who will allow their creation - their child to be killed for cash. Capitalism, Judeo-Christian psychological debt, and *Motherhood* form the triple helix of war.

1 Similar to a Man-of-War jellyfish, women within
2 patriarchal societies are the mother-of-war. We
3 are transparent, have no propulsion of our own and
4 we float with a sail of hot gas. Our lives depend on
5 the winds and tides within the Empire. With mother-
6 craft tentacles one hundred (100) feet long we fish,
7 penetrate, and poison all who are hostile to *Us*,
8 and our fashionable survival. With a blue cloak and
9 a mauve dagger, we network with friendlies and the
10 unfriendly. We disrupt everything and neutralize
11 everyone in nontraditional ways that sharpen our
12 trade-craft or mother-craft. Whether alive, dead,
13 or dismembered, we can sting and paralyze our prey
14 - we are carnivores, we are man-eaters, and we cre-
15 ate an open sky of *Motherhood*.

16
17 As a jellyfish mother we have official cover (OC),
18 but as a motherless bitch or lesbian we have Non-
19 Official Cover (NOC) so we are handled by motherly
20 handlers. *Mary* is a handler, but she is a double-
21 agent and spies on *Eve*, another mother handler for
22 the Federal Bureau of Investigations (FBI) and the
23 Central *Intelligence* Agencies' (CIA) gaze. For the
24 cockroach's gaze.

25
26 The cutouts within the *Intelligence* lexicon are
27 the Israeli arms dealer selling missiles to the
28 Contras, or perhaps an El Salvadorian MS-13 crack
29 dealer in Los Angeles selling cocaine to African
30 Americans. The military *Intelligence* community I
31 was with in 1986 was worlds away from that CIA,
32 but that didn't stop those *Intel* peers of mine from
33 working with Central American and Middle Eastern
34 death-squads dealing drugs in LA and dealing arms
35 in Jerusalem.

36
37 These third-world death-squads are now Incorporated
38 (INC) as the police and/or pharmaceutical compa-
39 nies and they rule the Empire. They are not just
40 killing citizens; more profitable is the addicting
41 and incarcerating of their people with biological
42 and chemical (BC) warfare. BC operations includes

Genetically Modified Organisms (GMO) in all food and water sources ingested by all Americans, biological and chemical operational agents in all pharmaceuticals on the "White-Market" including opioids, depressants, mood altering drugs, and pain-relievers. BC agents are also spread, with more operational experimentation in all "Black Market" pharmaceuticals including crack, heroin, methamphetamines, MDMA, and all strains of cannabis sativa. This perpetual state of soft-core war and/or "Drug War," this eternal state of addiction and incarceration with biological and chemical agents is hardest for the mother and child. Within the Empire, *Motherhood* has been redacted from civilization. Some men, barbarians, and animal-like men thrive in this kill-or-be-killed world. For me: the militaristic life or the "Danger-Close" life was what I had to do to get out of poverty and Appalachia in West Virginia. Unlike the majority of veterans, the military for me was a stepping-stone, not a foundation.

Regardless, militaristic Senators and Legislators of the Empire ham it up with third-world death-squads at graduation ceremonies at the United States (US) Special Warfare Center and School (SWCS). These Central American pirates, Middle Eastern pirates, and any international pirates with a pulse and pockets to be filled up with American dollars. They say "In God We Trust" and are given a full military parade welcoming *them* to American military bases, and/or "WARS R US." Death-squads and drug-dealers need to stay up to date on warfare technology, and America is the warfare convention that doesn't end. With American money, these mercenaries didn't just rig the voting back in Central America and the Middle East - they strafed and salted the earth with American made weapons and mines before, after, and during the vote on Election Day.

And unfortunately, I helped by delivering "*Intelligence*," and/or suitcases of American tax money to the tribe of the day within the third-world

1 city-of-the-month. Was it the Pequot or Palestinian
2 tribe that got the suitcase and boy-toy yesterday?
3 Regardless, mothers would give their son or daugh-
4 ter (sometimes as young as ten years old) to me, so
5 in turn I gave *Them* to pedophiles and perverts. I
6 gave *Them* to *Them*...

7
8 Today maybe the Seneca or Shia tribes will be vis-
9 ited by Santa Claus, the American pervert? These
10 tribes can sit on Santa's lap, and they can talk
11 about what they want and then magically - they get
12 what they asked for. But only if they were good and
13 continue to: "In God We Trust."

14
15 And now is this espionage or extortion? Is this
16 *Intelligence* or babysitting? I feel more like a
17 crossing-guard with a gun than a military officer
18 with a Master's degree. Our American foreign pol-
19 icy is nothing more than enabling a "Fight-Club" in
20 order to see who the "Winner" is, and therefore who
21 the U.S. will bank-roll. Divide and Conquer 101.

22
23 Thankfully, back at the West Virginia University
24 (WVU) I also took a lot of philosophy and litera-
25 ture courses, which also enhanced my *Intelligence*.
26 Whether it's the Sumerians, the Hermetics, Seneca,
27 Cato, the Gnostics, Kant, Nietzsche, Sartre,
28 Foucault, or Lacan: I know - I know. And these
29 great thinkers allow me to calm down, they allow me
30 to stay out of the right-side brain rut.

31
32 There were also my literary anchors of Appalachia
33 - my Bibles. First and foremost is Faulkner with
34 plenty of *Mother's Day Madness*, in "As I Lay Dying."
35 Then there is Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men." because
36 Lenny and George's dream and goal of a self-suf-
37 ficient farm is an Appalachian dream. When Lenny
38 wants to hear about "The rabbits," he is told a
39 placating Appalachian myth and a delusionary tale
40 that is told every night in Appalachia to every
41 hopeful Appalachian child.

Mom, dad, bro, grandma, or sis, in Appalachia says,
"Yes, I will read you a bedtime story about the rabbits,
and the farm we're gonna buy." But this sweet dream
turns into an Appalachian nightmare because it is not
supportive, inspirational, or *Intelligence*. It's a forewarning
fable: the good future with rabbits on a profitable farm is
an Appalachian Holy Grail never found.

And rounding out my Appalachian *Intelligence* is of course
"Good Country People" by Flannery O'Connor.

Please Family Court and Dear Reader I don't want to
spoil a good read, so like a good teacher - I'll let you
do your own reading homework with "Dewey Dell," "Lenny,"
and "Hulga," for here is the unsaid of Appalachia - here
is the Commandments of Chattanooga. So, while you read
this deposition here, you may see those Appalachian characters
because they are all here, along with many more.

This motherly *Intelligence* comes with a price and debt.
I'm not a mother, I'm a standing-army mother. There is
no comparison.

And this mommy-debt comes from unknown lenders, aka
"The Federal Reserve." The mommy-debtor's life we have
led in Appalachia and America for the last ten (10) years
(since 2011) is a credit card cash advance we cannot
afford. It's an "Armageddon Now" credit-card, it's a
"Resurrection Ready Re-fi," it's an "Apocalyptic Equity
Line." *Nothing* in that Zion agenda or budget is for the
non-Judeo-Christian... but the Special Warfare School gets
four hundred and fifty-eight million dollars (\$458,000,000)
to host international cut-throats and their scum-bag
handlers.

Our American financial debt is around thirty-one trillion
dollars (\$31,000,000,000,000) here in 2021, and the moral
hazard interest rate and the guilt of the American mother
will rise alongside

1 with that Armageddon debt. The more a derelict
2 mother breeds into civilization instead of fixing
3 her civilization, the more femininity is destroyed.
4 The wise owl mother owl does not breed unless her
5 hunting is successful. Why am I and all mothers
6 stupider than a nightbird?

7
8 For the standing-army mother within the Empire,
9 the best deception is self-deception. Coded mis-
10 takes give *Motherhood* authenticity as imperial
11 *Intelligence* (IMINT). The patriotic mother that
12 gives up her children to be abused and killed is
13 not a mother, but a third-world whore. The American
14 whore-mother only exists in a safe-house or near
15 a military base. Motherly spooks use cryptanalysis
16 and networks of agents to influence *Motherhood*. The
17 mommy networks use propaganda, deception, and sup-
18 port only friendly forces.

19
20 The changing nature and threat to the "Truth" and
21 counter deception *Intelligence* for the *truth* begs
22 the question – what is motherly *Intelligence*? What
23 is motherly deception? What is motherly espio-
24 nage? Is this again... a woman question: what is
25 the woman's purpose in life? Is our mother-craft,
26 our *Motherhood*, a false-flag, an agent provocateur?
27 Is this covert and overt *Intelligence* question
28 a deceptive question? Is our counter insurgency
29 *Intelligence* feeding off of *Us*, the motherly host?
30 Is this a *Red-Queen* question or a woman question?
31 Was my grandmother right that *Motherhood* is a man-
32 made invention?

33
34 The Empire and their third-world media in San
35 Salvador, Kabul, and Appalachia, always block the
36 "Truth" and control the *truth*. Before the drum beat
37 of war is even heard in the Empire, the Empire man-
38 ufactures false truths for the mother first. The
39 Empire assassinates *Motherhood* first because with-
40 out willing soldiers and the patriotic mothers that
41 birth and brainwash *Them*, there would be no war.

Family Court and Good Reader, please believe me
this is child-abuse, and our standing-army for a
foreign Empire will be outlawed again one day in
America - as it was from 1787-1906.

Until then, this wet affair / this child abuse, is
when a woman's and a mother's liberation is sab-
otaged, neutralized, and destroyed. My own soul's
moral hazard, with my military excuse to get out of
poverty by joining the United States (US) standing
army killing machine was ignoble and dirty. Killing
destroys my *Nothing*, my subconsciousness. Killing
becomes a God over the silence. I, as a militaris-
tic woman for a standing-army am no asset, I am a
handmaid sow - I am a liability with no value and
easily replaced. In 2021, as a veteran Officer of the
Air Force, I barely still have enough food, cloth-
ing, and shelter for me and my family. And like
Motherhood and the citizens with me in the Empire -
we are not honorable. As feminine moles, defectors,
and traitors, we have perverted Sun Tzu's "The Art
of War," into *The Art of Child Abuse*.

So, like Sun Tzu and his Machiavellian mothers with
no respect for themselves or those they give birth
to - we spy and exploit our neighbors and our chil-
dren. I'm your intelligent mother, I'm your fascist
government, and I read your mail! For myself, the
mother, or citizen of this Abrahamic Empire, our
only feminist tool is loyalty, so our only weapon
is treason and disloyalty. I am a citizen and a
mother in the Empire - I am a spook, I am a ghost,
I am dishonorable. I am neither Mary, Marianne, nor
Eve. I am the "*Other*," living in a man's world or
a cockroach's fearful imagination. I am a wanna-be
mother / a wanna-be heroine, but I'm trapped within
a cockroach's gaze. I am lonely... I am not living
- I am acting against my own feminine interests.
My *Sister X* gene unravels me and my spirit as I get
older, and it's harder to keep the feminine façade
up. I play a part, I am a Divine drone, homing in
on a motherly kill... just killing it.

1 My cryptology *Intelligence* in Central America and
2 in the Middle East employed not just the target,
3 the target's friends and family, but the tar-
4 get's honeypot, their mailman, their drug dealer,
5 and their maid. And that electric utility worker,
6 and landscaping worker just outside their home is
7 *Intelligence*. My crypto-*Intel* is no different with
8 my work for the Child Protection Services (CPS) as
9 it employs all those entities and much more *Intel*.
10 But let *Us* not forget the spooks motto:

11
12 **"Those that Findeth *Intel* - Will Loseth *Intel*."**

13
14 I decided to investigate both child-abuse Complaints
15 (#21-4532 and #21-6154) at the same time on Mother's
16 Day. The target child or target family is best
17 reviewed on the day of rest, plus I like clocking
18 the overtime (OT). As usual I coordinated numerous
19 public and "Private" *Intel* investigations before my
20 surveillance today.

21
22 All elementary and high school report cards for the
23 possibly abused children are in their files and come
24 via their schools. The parents' and grandparents'
25 Department of Motor Vehicles (DMV) records are filed
26 alphabetically, as well as their State and Federal
27 Tax Department records for the last ten (10) years.
28 The parents' Allegheny police department records,
29 the last five (5) years of bank records, their employ-
30 ment records, their health records, their credit
31 reports, their social media accounts, and their
32 cell-station transcripts for the last month have
33 been reviewed and are all filed alphabetically in a
34 cascade mode on my laptop. All this *Intel* coupled
35 with some old spy tricks and some new Stingray eyes
36 and ears surveillance equipment allows me to be the
37 "*Connie Bond*" of Child Protection Services (CPS).
38 This *Intelligence* data will be assess two (2) dif-
39 ferent families, six (6) children at polar ends
40 of the Allegheny socio-economic scale representing
41 possible child abuse in poverty and possible child
42 abuse in luxury. The anonymous allegations of abuse

have the common denominator that the mother is
the abusive parent. This deposition with numerical
dictation as well as the customary Public Exhibit
illustrations and paintings will be filed with this
New York State Family Court in Allegheny County.

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Chapter 3

MR. APPLETON

1 "Allegheny is a little north of the Catskills, a
2 little south of Syracuse, and further west than
3 California," as told to me earlier on Friday morn-
4 ing before I left Albany by my boss, Mr. Appleton.
5 Mr. Appleton is a rotund, cuddly, sad man. Mr.
6 Abraham Appleton looks and acts like a weak-kneed
7 and plump Abe Lincoln. He was sassy for a Mid-
8 Western veteran, but Mr. Appleton is mostly an
9 "Angry-Librarian;" an Albany bureaucrat; a eunuch
10 employee of the Empire - *Real*; but not ideal.

11
12 Mr. "A" or Abe are nicknames that give Mr. Appleton
13 a thrilling rush. His nicknames allowed Abe the
14 *Angry-Librarian* (AL) to live within his library
15 as a character instead of an employee. Reality
16 makes Abe indignant. Within digital numbers Abe
17 categorized and filed everything not with the Dewey
18 decimal system, but with his own emotional gooey
19 jelly-roll system. His analogue system makes him
20 feel at home with furry slippers, plaid pajamas,
21 and cheese-doodle ice cream in his moldy base-
22 ment. His basement is paneled meticulously with
23 five (5) different types of brown faux-wood panel-
24 ing and is carpeted wall to wall in light green.
25 Mr. Appleton's "Aka" allowed him to live as if

he were dangerous, a Moog synthesis living up to his name of Abraham Appleton. I usually got Abe's furry eyebrows to stand up on end by calling him my "Abe-Babe," which, unbeknownst to Abraham, really brought out his *Up-State* transgender dreams.

I said in a sedate, airless voice, just like every morning at 7:25 am for the last eight (8) years, walking into Mr. Appleton's office, as he stares out his windows waiting for the sun to shine, "Good morning, Mr. Appleton."

The problem with waiting for the sun in the "Capital Region" in America is that the sun does not show-up. Nor does it rain when it rains. In all Capitol Towns across America the only weather report is which way the money is blowing. Within the Empire State's Capitol Region, it blows north by northeast, hard and continuously up the Hudson River. Weather in the *Capitol Regions*, like weather in all Capitol Towns - is not experienced; it only creates clouds of political and financial opportunities when there are really none.

Mr. Appleton looked around, bright-eyed and bushy tailed and sung as usual, "Good morning, Connie!" Then Mr. Appleton, as he did every day, took on an air of Empire importance and authority and pretended to distribute the Empire's wealth exclaiming, "One (1) for you; six (6) for me. One half (1/2) for you; twelve (12) for me. One quarter (1/4) for you; twenty-four (24) for me."

Mr. Appleton laughed heartily at his own daily joke, laughing at himself more than others. This tragic comedy was Mr. Appleton's yoga. The Empire's "Oooooommm" mantra was the rope that was strangling / hanging Abe, the twenty million (20,000,000) residents of the Empire State, and the three hundred and twenty million (320,000,000) citizens of America.

Mr. Appleton's Empire joke that always started our



People's Exhibit A - Mr. Appleton's Office

mornings was delivered in order to ground *Us* and/
or check and balance *Us* at Child Protection Service
(CPS) Officers in order to understand where we were
and what we were doing within the Albany bowels of
the Empire. I enjoyed eating this shit for break-
fast, because it allowed me to look forward to the
rest of the day, and Mr. Appleton (also a military
veteran) understood this prosperity
consciousness.

Abraham Appleton sported a trim auburn beard around
his jawbone that encircled his fat head. His eyes
were lost and wondering. He celebrated bureaucracy
with a huge ass - one assumed to show off his unsaid
Empirical power within this fat-ass Empire State.
Abe's ass was legendary within the brute, cold-war
concrete of Albany architecture. Like all good fam-
ilies, comrades, patriots, and friends within the
"Community" of an Empire that are brutish bullies,
your "Friends" and "Family" are betting on your
demise. Likewise, citizens of northern Appalachia
/ these rowdy Yankees within the Empire would take
bets on Mr. Appleton's buttocks' seasonal width
and its winter weight. At least back home in West
Virginia, and down south, people cut you down from
behind, but up north here - these Yankees cut you
down laughing in your face. Mr. Appleton's fat ass
and its algorithmic future girth was wagered on
incessantly in many Albany breakrooms, in numerous
Empire State boiler rooms, in many seedy American
Legions, and in a few lonely Adirondack dive-bars
with neon signs and Mohawk Indian ghosts still
stalking the white-man in the dark spots of the
parking lot filled with pick-up trucks. The ass bets
and ass pools happened because Mr. Appleton was
an asshole that could take the hits. Mr. Appleton
enjoyed being an asshole - he was conceived to be an
asshole. He definitely was not the *Red-Queen's* sexy-
son, but her louse, her awkward numb-nut. And the
"Ass" betting pools will continue as the *Capitol*
Region eunuchs need a piñata to bat around.

1 And it wasn't because Mr. Appleton had frequent
2 lunches with the infamous Empire royal fascists
3 known as "Three (3) Men in a Room." *Three (3)*
4 *Men in a Room* were Governor Amato from Queens,
5 Long Island, Speaker of the House Assembly: Silver
6 from the Lower East Side (LES) of Manhattan, and
7 Majority Leader Skelos from Nassau, Long Island. It
8 wasn't that Appleton was the fourth (4th) man in this
9 room for the Empire... as a "Catering-Consultant"
10 to bring in bags of breakfast sandwiches, lavish
11 lunch hoagies, and fine-dining deli-runs... And it
12 wasn't because he had the nicest office within New
13 York State's double-dipping nirvana. And it wasn't
14 because Mr. Appleton was on the State Assembly
15 budget committee, otherwise known in Albany as
16 the "Staten Island Math Club," or "Speaker Silver
17 Enterprises."

Chapter 4

THREE MEN IN A ROMAN CIRCLE JERK

Mr. Appleton questioned me, "So you know, Munda, that this Empire joke isn't a joke? You know this *Three (3) Men in a Room* 'Down-Stater' bullshit (BS), allows all of *Us Up-State* Democrats, Republicans, Progressives, Independents, and even the dandelions to feel clean and politically correct in continuing the four hundred (400) year old North Country or *Up-State* tradition of calling all New York City down-staters 'Scumbags.' And so *Up-State* doesn't care because we're a charity-case / a 'Write-Off' for 'Wall-Street's' financial crimes, for Madison Avenue's social manipulation, and for Fashion Avenue's clown outfits we have to wear and pay too much for."

"Now you see, Munda." Mr. Appleton addresses me by my last name (even though I outrank him militarily) not as an insult, but for veterans, addressing one another with our last names (Officer or Enlisted) is endearing, for a soldier's life shared. It is camaraderie and/or *esprit de corps* for an eternal warrior bond.

Appleton continued, "The Empire's *Up-Staters - Us*, and her dandelions are partly right. If you are

1 a New York citizen and have felt left-out of the
2 Empire State's growth since 1994, it's not because
3 you're losing it, not working hard enough, or feel
4 inadequate and left behind. No, absolutely not,
5 because if you're not a crook or connected to a
6 crook in New York... you feel out of place... left
7 out of the game."

8
9 Appleton elaborated, "The Empire State's citizen-
10 ship / like *Motherhood* has been hijacked and sold-
11 out to the refugee and/or immigrant tribe of the
12 week. And all this with television (TV) financ-
13 ing available, car financing available, and lots of
14 credit-card (CC) financing available. TVs, cars, and
15 credit-cards are freedom! The Empire's one hundred
16 and fifty billion (\$150,000,000,000) dollar budget
17 is at stake and fortunes are made every year with
18 the *Three (3) Men in a Room* governance known as
19 'New York politics, or a Roman Circle Jerk.'"

20
21 Appleton explained, "Now you see Munda, Child
22 Protection Services (CPS), *Motherhood*, and/ or
23 child abuse, did not make it onto the New York
24 State Budget with Cuomo, Silver, and Skelos. Those
25 three (3) men were otherwise known as Vinny, Vinny,
26 and Vinny, in the Albany Capitol Region because
27 they ran their fraudulent pizza-parlor-front so
28 damn well."

29
30 I replied, "Pizza-parlor-front?"

31
32 And Appleton rebutted, "Oh, sorry, you're not from
33 New York. I call 'The New York State House' a
34 pizza-parlor-front, like those old Little Italy,
35 NYC mob-fronts where you could get a loan, make a
36 bet, get some great garlic knots, pay for a hit,
37 get a greasy slice to go, and/or get a quickie...."
38 Appleton paused a moment for effect, and then said
39 "Albany's State House is no better."

40
41 Mr. Appleton wondered, "Now I don't know what will
42 become of these sexual allegations by numerous women

against Governor Cuomo, who, as you know, has gone to great lengths to prove himself not a homo. And his machismo was always so forced, so blatant and bizarre, that it became an ongoing Albany Empire joke. But why would a Senator's son act like he wanted to get caught?"

Appleton continued, "But you know Munda, let me say, if it sounds like a joke - it is a joke. Now Albany and her fine people are no joke. And all New Yorkers from Chautauqua Lake to Montauk Lake are not a joke, and certainly all Americans from sea to shining sea are not a joke. But as I said Munda, you know, following the ducky quack-quack analogy: if it sounds and walks like a joke - it is a joke."

Appleton reminisces, "So, when I start introducing Three (3) Men in a Room Empire politics and say, 'So, two Italians and a Jew walk into a bar' - see right there - it's a joke already. Please remember those 1970s and 1980s racist joke books by Larry Wilde. They checked and balanced every known demographic to America at the time. One part 'National Lampoon's' another part 'MAD' and it skewered, devolved, and crushed racism with comedy into the tragic democracy that is our American life."

Appleton concluded, "So anyway, two Italians and a Jew from New York City walk into a bar to spend one hundred and fifty billion (\$150,000,000,000) dollars within an Empire year, I'm wondering Connie, now listen to me... do I even need a punchline?"

Mr. Appleton whirled around from his big office windows and said, "What is that old saying about Empire politics? 'Within the Empire, the more friends you make today - the more enemies you'll have tomorrow.'"

Appleton, getting lawyerly says, "But Speaker Silver was arrested in 2015 for extortion and bribery, and luckily his lawyer-politician criminal

1 friends: Cuomo, Silver, and Skelos previously had
2 set up more 'Laws' in order to allow all these
3 Empire crooks to get-off on legal technicalities."

4
5 Appleton walks up to me and puts his hand on my
6 shoulder and looks me in the eye to drive home his
7 point, "The military's forensic audit that is fast
8 approaching Albany, and all immoral Empires, will
9 make El Salvador and Iraq accounting look like eco-
10 nomic angels compared to the New York Legislature's
11 malfeasance, extortion, bribery, and crimes against
12 humanity."

13
14 I spoke up and said, "Isn't the Silver political
15 rule the golden rule?"

16
17 Mr. Appleton, my teacher / my boss / my drill ser-
18 geant, said, "No Munda, and I know you know this,
19 so don't play cute. The Silver Law wouldn't work
20 in a military Court because the DOD doesn't listen
21 to third-world answers from Americans accused of
22 treason pleading 'Well, that is how we do business
23 in Albany.'"

24
25 Appleton dialed-down, "'That is how we do busi-
26 ness' is NOT accepted in El Salvador or Iraq, but
27 it's accepted here in Albany as a legal answer. And
28 it's accepted in Washington DC as a legal answer.
29 And unbelievably: *That is how we do business* - is
30 accepted at the United States Supreme Court (USSC)
31 as a legal answer."

32
33 Appleton again reminisces, "Don't you remember,
34 Munda, at that press conference in 2017 or 2018,
35 I forget, but the NY Attorney General (AG) Preet
36 Bharara, had an earful for New York and New Yorkers
37 the day after his office indicted two (2) of the
38 three (3) men in the Empire room - Silver and
39 Skelos."

40
41 Appleton animated now, delights in telling this
42 story, "So Mr. Bharara, with tongue firmly in cheek,

asked New Yorkers at his presser a very good question, to which he never got an answer. 'There are by my count 213 men and women in the New York State legislature, and yet it is common knowledge that only three men essentially wield all the power,' Bharara turned the knife laughing at all of New York and her pathetic subjects. 'I must confess a little bit of confusion about this because I'm from India: When did this come to pass? Why has everyone just come to accept it? When did 20 million (20,000,000) New Yorkers agree to be ruled like a triumvirate in Roman times?'"

Appleton laughed triumphantly and roared, "I know who Caesar is, but, Munda, here is a question for you and your *Intelligence* friends, 'Who is Brutus?'"

Mr. Appleton spoke like Cato the Younger and boasted, "I can hear the historians and accountants twenty (20) years from now, Munda... laughing at *Us*, then again fifty (50) years from now, one hundred (100) years from now in 2121! These laughing historians and anthropologists then will be asking themselves, 'What was wrong with those New Yorkers from 1995-2015 to let those atrocities happen with their money, within their State?' A focused photograph framed in dark expensive walnut will be held up as 'Exhibit Q.'"

Appleton turned lawyerly and spoke like a good storyteller: "Now please listen intently: In this framed photograph the *Three (3) Men in a Room* of the New York State House are not in a room discussing the Empire's budget, but they are having a hell of a good time in the Hamptons on Long Island. The picture is at the exclusive Southampton Bath and Tennis Club on Gin Lane. They are all wearing the fashion of preppy college boys from New England on Cape Cod, but they are all grotesquely out of shape and look like hairy, grinning, perverted apes. The punch line of the Empire's *Three (3) Men in a Room* government is embossed in brass on the bottom of

1 the photograph's frame. It reads in bold capitals,
2 'MISTRIAL.' This Empire trophy picture might answer
3 some questions for those anthropologists in 2121
4 interested in looking back at 2021 and studying
5 the old Empire's control-frauds and psychological
6 operations." Appleton, getting tired, concludes in
7 a down-beat tone and with an Appalachian twang:
8 "And you know, Munda, hindsight is always twenty /
9 twenty (20/20)."

10
11 I said, "Well Mr. Appleton, isn't this an Attorney
12 General (AG) question? A Department of Justice
13 (DOJ) question? An Empire State citizen question?
14 Or at least a mother question - a woman question?"

15
16 Mr. Appleton replied, "Listen Munda, I don't know
17 what type of question it is, but the answer to my
18 imaginative 'What was wrong with those New Yorkers?'
19 question has no intelligent answer. An *Intelligence*
20 answer, an empirical answer, and/or a moral answer,
21 is not a clean answer. We can ask my imaginative
22 "Down-State" friends Vinny, Vinny, and Vinny for an
23 honest answer. But there's no answer, because there
24 is no question that New York City scum bags are NOT
25 cowards and crooks."

26
27 Appleton dug-in and became dark: "All you have to
28 do is look back in horror at the New York Draft
29 Riots in 1860 or the Brooklyn prison-ships during
30 the American Revolution from 1776-1783. Remember,
31 Munda, "Down-State" New Yorkers are the scum-bag's
32 scumbag - with only New York scum-bag values. Let
33 Us not forget in 1776 that these New York loyalists
34 to royalty helped the British chase away George
35 Washington and then tortured and killed eleven thou-
36 sand (11,000) American men in the first ever concen-
37 tration camp or death camp ever run during modern
38 times. New Yorkers killed more American patriots on
39 those Brooklyn prison ships than the English army
40 killed on all American battlefields combined."

41
42 Appleton continued, "A "Down-State" New Yorker is a

royalist / loyalist who doesn't sleep and will kill
for fashion, money, and/or capital. The descendants
and heirs of those loyalist lawyers and prison
guards from those Brooklyn prison-ships watched
the World Trade Center implode in 2001 and actually
wondered aloud, 'Why Us?' These loyalist / royal-
ist New Yorkers chalked up another three thousand
(3,000) American patriots and/or victims who died
for the Empire's good, and not New York's good, and
especially not America's good."

Mr. Appleton concluded, "With regards to your
parental abuse question, the dumbed-down question
is, 'What was wrong with those Empire mothers?'
The answer then and now. And you know this being
a great Child Protection Services (CPS) officer, is
that loyalist-royalist mothers will imprison their
children and each other. They will kill their chil-
dren and each other to get ahead in the Empire."

Mr. Appleton fell into a sad silence very far away...
it lasted too long but I didn't know what to say. I
thought sadly and silently. I didn't agree with him
out loud because it would have been too insulting
to so many mothers and women in the many Empires
and wanna-be Empires around the world.

I shuffled my feet, swallowed hard and said, "Well,
we all try." As I said the words, a silent and vivid
slideshow of every mean, cunt, and nasty New York
woman I've ever met came across my mind. And please
excuse me Honorable Family Court and Good Reader,
but we all know the mean girls from New York.

Dear Family Court and Good Reader let's please
agree that language is fluid and evolving. Let us
look at language for a moment. The United Kingdom
(UK) English vernacular, which is over one thou-
sand and five hundred (1,500) years old and has many
dialects dependent upon the UK colony's location.
Our United States (US) English vernacular is only
two hundred and thirty-four (234) years old and has

1 room for improvement. Therefore, I declare here and
2 now in this deposition for *Us* to follow the British
3 (*Them*) linguistic lead and liberally call "Cunts"
4 a *Cunt*. Yes, that dreaded word that American women
5 are still too coy and prude to use - *Cunt*. It feels
6 so good when I say it in my throat and on my tongue.
7 And why not? What's wrong with using slang for my
8 pussy? What's wrong with a clean cat in a well-or-
9 ganized and tidy barn? Hell... I'm talking to you
10 from my pussy right now.

11
12 Mr. Appleton dismisses me with a trailing one-word
13 question: "Try?"

14
15 Yet, United States (US) women with their last two
16 hundred and thirty-four (234) years of Independence
17 still cannot grow a pair of ovaries and call *Red-*
18 *Queen* women *Cunts*...

19
20 In the United Kingdom (UK) a big-momma female hoo-
21 ligan footballer from Manchester will use the word:
22 *Cunt*, just as much as an American female rapper
23 from the Bronx, New York, uses the word: *Fuck*.

24
25 The Manchester mum will call everyone a *cunt*, from
26 her own mother to the bartender at her pub, to the
27 late-night shag she taunts at dawn merrily with,
28 "I'll see later you little limp-dick cunt."

29
30 And Dear Family Court and Good Reader, please bear
31 with me, and as a tangent to this cunt propaganda,
32 can I please ask why Americans have a negative con-
33 notation towards "Fucking?" To sex? To erotica?
34 It's not just New Yorkers who use the word "Fuck"
35 way too much and in a negative connotation. We say,
36 "Why the fuck?" And "Who the fuck?" And "Don't
37 get fucked!" and "Let's Get fucked up!" Americans
38 talk about making love like it's a war, a sexually
39 transmitted disease (STD) and/or a crime.

40
41 So Honorable Family Court and Dear Reader, in the
42 spirit of evolving the American women's vernacular

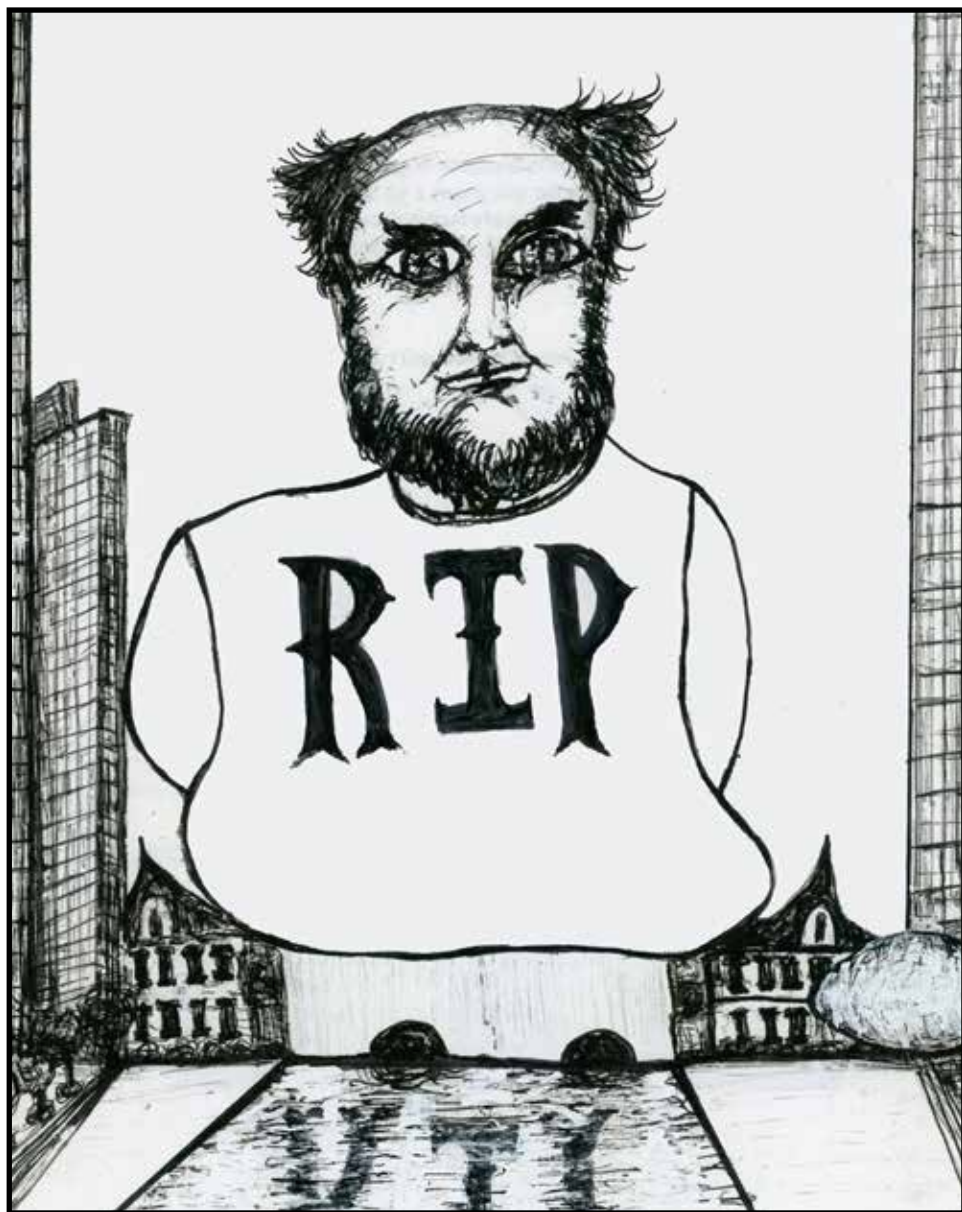
and intellect I will use the word *Cunt* a lot more in
this Family Court deposition. You know the Empire
Cunt I'm talking about - you know the New Yorker
Cunt we all hate but emulate. You know the mean
girl *Cunt* we all hope to know, the mean girl *Cunt*
who punches down on less fortunate women, the *Cunt*
that co-opts and monetizes everything free and good
in life. You know the *Cunt* that flirts with and/or
fucks our boyfriends and husbands, the *Cunt* that
turns everything into a cunty competition. A woman
vs. women competition.

I retreated for a moment into the back of my mind,
and soul... relaxing... exhaling... breathing...
I thought silently of Appalachia and her winding
roads with purple mountains: I thought, thank God
I'm from West Virginia... Thank God I'm a country
girl.

Mr. Appleton was working past retirement, a bald-
ing, fat, divorced man in his late sixties (66-69).
He was divorced from reality, divorced from him-
self - an angry bureaucrat. A bureaucrat wrapped up
in the cosmopolitan and corrupt lifestyle in the
"Capitol Region." The *Capitol Region* of the Empire
State where Mr. Appleton was a suave janitor with
an engineer's degree from Rensselaer Polytechnic
Institute (RPI). Abe would hold Court wearing his
maroon RPI sweatshirt (misprinted RIP) on casual
Fridays which matched his late sixties, mommy milk-
toast body. There he'd be, in all his glory, flirting
and mingling with his mop bucket in our lunchroom.

Mr. Appleton would say, "Don't forget the Empire
State's Golden Laws: One (1) for you; six (6) for
me. One half (1/2) for you; twelve (12) for me. One
quarter (1/4) for you; twenty-four (24) for me."

I would say, "Thank you," pretending to take my
dollar seventy-five (\$1.75) pay. I look down at
my Empire allowance and say in an adoring manner,
"You're too generous, Emperor."



People's Exhibit B - Mr. Appleton with
RPI Sweatshirt Misprinted

Mr. Appleton would pretend to think for a moment and then say, "You're right," and snatch back an imaginary dollar from me taking on an air of Federal importance, and arrogance - reclining and enjoying life in his Emperor easy chair.

When not clowning around, Mr. Appleton lived to fly-fish in the North Country of *Up-State* New York. That's where he's proudly from, and the North Country citizens quietly consider the rest of the population of the Empire State south and west of Saratoga Springs as some low-class Appalachian invader to their quiet Adirondack lifestyle. Mr. Appleton's Child Protection Services (CPS) job in Albany (which was his *Down-State* / NYC) was his service, his patriotism, or charity for the Empire State. This charity became a duty when the Appleton name became synonymous with a certain Appalachian video that went internationally viral on the internet in 2010.

The video was of Mr. Appleton's brother, Robert Appleton Jr., an Officer of the Law, and obviously the sexy son - in police uniform, dragging his wife by her hair out of their double wide trailer. Junior dragged her to his cop car guzzling a beer and then threw her in the back. Abe's brother jumped in his cop car and sped off with the lights a-twirling and the sirens a-swirling. Now for those from Appalachia, that scene there is played out every day, but Big-Ass Appleton Junior, besides being on candid camera was also on the North Country police clock.

It was an ominous video but proved not a thing, except that New York State police and her citizens live within an insane police-state. Of course, no Empire citizen can speak about this insanity (Wall of Blue) because every citizen in the Empire State had already signed (unbeknownst to *Them*) a Non-Disclosure Agreement (NDA) to never discuss the Empire when they signed their New York State taxes.

1 New Yorkers also seem to have collectively bar-
2 gained that self-destructive insanity is okay as
3 long as their Gross Domestic Product (GDP) is pos-
4 itive. Although, the accountant signing off on the
5 Empire's GDP account must be approved and certified
6 by Vinny, Vinny, and Vinny's Anti-Corruption Unit
7 (ACU). The citizens of the New York Empire State
8 have also agreed (in abstention) that they won't
9 discuss the possibility of their life being crimi-
10 nal, or God forbid... sinful.

11
12 However, when the global internet shined a light on
13 Officer Robert Appleton's Adirondack ass up north,
14 it was not a pretty site. This Appalachian video
15 was a sign of commitment in the Empire. Everywhere
16 else it was a revelation of a criminal third-
17 world police force. Because it turned out that
18 Robert Appleton Jr. was the son of the local Chief
19 of Police, Bob Appleton (Abraham's father). And
20 because Appleton Jr.'s double-wide life / police-
21 officer-life included convictions of using / selling
22 crack, domestic abuse, and endangering the welfare
23 of children, and because he has two (2) children
24 with two (2) different women. The Empire haters
25 from around the world eventually moved on to the
26 next police brutality incident, as it is impossi-
27 ble to keep up with the police-state abuse in the
28 Empire. This is no Empire mistake.

29
30 That's because a criminal allegation against Empire
31 Governor Cuomo or a State police officer (*Them*) is
32 only fake news, a rumor... For *Us* unprotected souls
33 in the Empire, a criminal allegation against an
34 Emperor, cop, or bureaucrat is a Special Weapons
35 and Tactics (SWAT) raid. The SWAT raid will be fol-
36 lowed-up with a New York State Tax Department Audit,
37 an Empire Receiver Appointment, the Confiscation and
38 Forfeiture of your property, and then an All-Points
39 Bulletin (APB) arrest warrant. For *Us* in the feudal
40 Empire - life is incarceration without bail.

41
42 Mr. Appleton walked over to his large windows that

overlooked a perpetual grey dinge filled with snow and shadows, and he repeated his introduction to himself looking out the window giggling, "One (1) for you, six (6) for me. One-half (1/2) for you, twelve (12) for me. One-quarter (1/4) for you, twenty-four (24) for me."

Mr. Appleton's argyle sweater vest (that was rumored to be worn in his graduation photo from RPI in 1986) jiggled as he laughed. It was worn religiously on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. On Tuesday and Thursday, he wore his special "Blue-period" sweater vest with a dingy white shirt that gave him a fat Catholic nun style with real manly body odor authority. Abe had turquoise framed glasses with lady-like, rosary-bead looking eye-glass holders that matched the color of his Scottish / English rusty iron beard and blood.

Mr. Appleton's stunning Chief Executive Officer, Vice President, Assistant Manager (CEOV PAM) view from his Empire Plaza office was thirteen (13) flights above Albany. The office was befitting of a tax man of the Empire, a tax man of the world. It was dismal, ominous, mysterious, out of place, and filled with tremendous unnecessary stress and gravitas. There were architectural and structural mistakes, and no one could figure *Them* out. Therefore, everything in Albany is awkward.

The expansive view looked south and was of the Hudson Valley. The view was always beautiful in my eyes, and as always, every morning I walked over to Appleton and joined him, waiting and looking for the Emperor's sun to shine in our Hudson Valley.

Chapter 5

HUDSON VALLEY PAINTINGS AND OPERATION:

MOTHER'S DAY MADNESS

1 Mr. Appleton's view almost matched the five (5) or
2 six (6) very cheap Thomas Kinkade posters expen-
3 sively and exquisitely framed on his office walls.
4 The posters were the aesthetic evolution coming
5 from the Hudson Valley School of painters in the
6 mid-1900s. Appleton, constantly said he "Loved the
7 Valley painters," as if our cro-mag Albany work
8 associates were to understand what Valley he was
9 talking about. Thomas Kinkade and the Hudson Valley
10 painters painted with visions not of America or
11 New York, but of the European Empire and Romantic
12 idealism. The painters tried to bring a feudal and
13 sentimental painting style to America. Appleton's
14 sunrise posters were greedy, glossy euro-trash with
15 fascist hope, and they all looked identical to me.
16 The paintings were aesthetically the opposite color
17 scheme of reality. The posters were polite and gran-
18 diose landscapes when Appalachia certainly is not
19 polite. Appalachia is as intimate as a hushed and
20 vacant church and was as mean as Water Moccasins
21 and blood-sucking leeches. And of course: we are as
22 slothful as sin.
23
24

These Sunday-painters never let the accurate Iroquois sunshine or the truthful Onondaga clouds silently slide by during a cold September moon. Painters: Thomas Cole, Frederick Church, and Albert Bierstadt were Hudson Valley painters working for the Emperor's daughter's hand in marriage. Loyalist-royalist painters even back then in 1850 created false gods and false images of God. They painted the Emperor's image or view - of the *Real* for royalist-loyalists - for *Them*. The Hudson Valley school never painted or expressed a human's view, a painter's view, or even an artist's view - for *Us*. These faint-hearted souls couldn't handle the *Other* or the *Real*... which is what the true painter paints.

I critique and connect these fine art dots here and now, Family Court and Good Reader, with the painter, Thomas Kinkade - "The painter of light." The Hudson Valley painters were the foundation for Kinkade to build his delusionary customer base. Kinkade is a Christian poster-printer and not a painter. He franchised almost three hundred and fifty (350) galleries and had these gallery franchises sell his posters as "Paintings" to gullible Christians at after-church basement sales. You could also order one of his "Paintings" through the mail as a Christian opportunity or indulgence.

Kinkade mostly had his assistants print lame fairy tales with mountains, rivers, and cottages. The paintings are aesthetically a cliché, but they sell big time. His printing company in 2004 said: One (1) in twenty (20) American homes had a Kinkade poster. Even after Kinkade overdosed (OD) on alcohol and Valium in 2012, his company still generates over one hundred and ten million (\$110,000,000) dollars per year. But in the high-end NYC *avant-garde* fine art world - Kinkade was and is a joke. I'll leave you Family Court, Good Reader, and maybe a, "Good Looker," with the wise words of Joan Didion and will rest my fine art case on her sharp critique:

1 A Kinkade painting was typically rendered in
2 slightly surreal pastels. It typically fea-
3 tured a cottage or a house of such insistent
4 coziness as to seem actually sinister, sug-
5 gestive of a trap designed to attract Hansel
6 and Gretel. Every window was lit, to lurid
7 effect, as if the interior of the struc-
8 ture might be on fire. I call this the Kinkade
9 glow.

10
11 Mr. Appleton's glowing, glaring, and molten poster
12 propaganda was mall art in between water-bongs,
13 black light posters, and back rooms for fake iden-
14 tification (ID). These paintings are paint-by-num-
15 bers for despots and degenerates. Of course, the
16 sunny Kinkade prints (of the Real) fought with
17 Appleton's Real view of the Other: The view out the
18 window from within the Empire: of the grey sooty
19 society, the scorched earth of Up-State that every
20 State in America has. The mind-numbing violence
21 of Appalachian silence will drive you up a wall,
22 but the cicada and bullfrog peepers keep the time.
23 It's silent, patient, and fast at the same time in
24 Up-State Appalachia, and that is the friction of
25 Nothing.

26
27 Nowhere is this Appalachian friction better real-
28 ized than in George Bingham's painting entitled,
29 "Fur Traders Descending the Missouri," 1845. As
30 opposed to the human less Hudson Valley paintings,
31 this American painting is focused on the troubled
32 souls of humans and animals in transit. The paint-
33 ing is composed of a man, a boy, and a fox, floating
34 only inches above the Missouri River in a skiff.
35 The man and boy are eloquently dressed in Huck
36 Finn majesty with flouncy blouses and leg of mutton
37 sleeves. The man is rowing the skiff and beaming
38 below a red striped cap. The boy is in the middle
39 of the boat and he is rocking native American pants
40 with gold trim. The man is smoking a corn-cob pipe
41 and looks dodgy and dangerous. The boy is lean-
42 ing on their fur cargo and resting his head in his

hand. The boy is apprehensively smiling in a sad
and grievous manner. He has already seen too much
as his dark black eyes testify.

The black fox, that looks like a large cat, is
tethered to the bow of the boat and acts as a female
figurehead calming the stormy seas ahead. The black
fox is marvelously painted again within the reflect-
ing Missouri River. Sitting in another dimension in
the sunniest and most hopeful part of the paint-
ing. The humans are not afforded this respect from
George Bingham the painter, as he cuts off the fur
traders reflections and also tell *Us* that there is
treacherous water all around as logs and branches
stick out of the Missouri River like the tips of
icebergs.

In stark contrast to these alarming and desperate
sailors is the beautiful and ethereal Appalachian
sky full of clouds above them. The pink and creamy
horizon line of an island up-close and farther
away - a fainter riverside transposes the tricky
navigation of river-running. The translucent rosy
clouds are really one cloud and offer an opening /
a chance, in the sailor's immediate future. But,
the fur traders sit on silent and unstable water
so still that it reflects their world like a peace-
ful glass mirror. But, here within that peace is
the mind-numbing savagery of Appalachian silence
that will drive you up a wall, and as I wrote - the
cicada and bullfrog peepers keep the time. The Fur
trader painting is silent, patient, and fast at the
same time, and that is the song of Appalachia.

Operation: *Mother's Day Madness*

Mr. Appleton questioned me, "I hear you're off to
Allegheny this weekend?" looking out the window
with eyes peeled and darting about looking for
something in the woods or on the horizon line.

1 I agreed with my eyes and face and then replied,
2 "Two for one on Mother's Day," while looking out
3 at the foggy morning thirteen (13) floors up. The
4 clouds were hiding in the nook and crannies of
5 Hudson Valley, stuck to the cold earth like State
6 Fair cotton candy. The white hook and pile clouds
7 were thick cream cheese floating / expanding into
8 constant new white shapes like an ethereal mitosis.

9
10 Mr. Appleton's asbestos ceiling tiled office was a
11 large matrix that matched the subtle grey and white
12 granite floors I stood on. The granite floors, maybe
13 four (4) feet thick, were sectioned symmetrically
14 with thin stainless-steel beads at identical inter-
15 vals. The air smelt clean and steely, it tasted like
16 the atmosphere was filtered, monitored, and slightly
17 electric like static electricity. Mr. Appleton's
18 graphic office was comforting if you enjoyed plot-
19 ting... or being plotted.

20
21 Mr. Appleton choked, gasped, and stuttered, "M, M,
22 Mo, Mo, Moth, Moth, Mother's Daayy?" with a look
23 of astonished momma's-boy horror - with a look of
24 shock and awe....

25
26 He had obviously forgotten it was the Friday
27 before the second Sunday in May - Mother's Day.
28 A National Holiday; far from my West Virginia
29 heart of *Motherhood*, far from my mother's heart in
30 Appalachia, America. Mr. Appleton started listing
31 in his mind the gifts and cards he needed to get
32 immediately for the many mothers in his life.

33
34 Mr. Appleton whispered to himself, "Some I can
35 mail, some I need to drop off in mailboxes indis-
36 creetly, and some will have to be delivered with
37 flowers majestically." He looked scared, as if he
38 feared for his life.

In Mr. Appleton's office, the heating, venting, and air conditioning (HVAC) was set at sixty-five (65) degrees with clean air filters the size of small houses and no humidity, which produced a perfect metallic air. This is the hum of the Empire: A vibrating and industrial vibrato similar to a fan, greased and churning at two hundred (200) revolutions per minute (RPM).

This empirical square wave is frustratingly brutish, yet polite, and "Good" like a drugged child: calm, clean, organized, and soulless. Mr. Appleton, the man-child in his office, looked and acted like an Amish monkey in a sound-lab experiment.

It seemed as if one of the sound-lab scientists had a sense of humor and wanted to test his hypothesis whether Empire State eunuchs could reproduce even after they had evolved into being asexual. Like most Empire men who are cheap bastards, Mr. Appleton was emasculated and divorced from his masculinity because his ex-wife and her divorce lawyers took turns biting it off for him.

I hung around in *Up-State* silence in Mr. Appleton's office and then excused myself. There was Mr. Appleton waving me goodbye saying, "Good luck, I think Allegheny is somewhere near California," even though Mr. Appleton knew the tax map's section, map, and lot numbers of every property within the Empire State.

From a tiny property lot of green and brown scrub brush on the very end of Long Island in Montauk. There it sits on a Camp Hero ledge that smells of seaweed, time travel, and overlooks the majestic Atlantic Ocean. The incessant waves roll around beautiful rocks in the ebb and flow of the shore break. These rocks and the tumbling noises they make are from another world and transcendental. Lot #07286 0300 076000.

1 To a small property lot of deciduous trees on a
2 tiny island in the middle of the Finger Lakes. The
3 glistening, loud, blue-grey river runs south around
4 the island as salmon swim north. The glassy water
5 flows from Niagara Falls and it smells like a damp,
6 clean, and shaded house. The tree canopy is high
7 because of the tall hemlocks, but the floor and air
8 are the color of rusty red needles from the white
9 pines. The red floor glows as the sap races around
10 the trees on this majestic island. Even there Mr.
11 Appleton knew the Empire's section, map, and lot
12 number. Lot #00910 058 028720.

13
14 There among the pines on an island with salmon fly-
15 ing through the air in one direction and a large
16 river of water flowing in the opposite, there,
17 Mr. Appleton knew everything, but loved and/or
18 respected not a thing. Appleton's lack of gratitude
19 was his church, mosque, and/or synagogue for this
20 "Abrahamic Brother" and/or Abe-Bro was a religion-
21 ist numbering what could not be numbered. This was
22 Abe Appleton's empirical garden of agony.

23
24 I half saluted Mr. Appleton hard and sharp, and
25 then held my salute, wishing him a "Happy Mother's
26 Day."

27
28 Mr. Appleton straightened up, came to attention, and
29 said, "Sorry Officer Munda, I've got some issues..."
30 He saluted me like a tired Commanding Officer (CO)
31 drowning within and caught up in the bureaucracy of
32 being a CO. He then said, "Do what you are here to
33 do Munda and walk like you have a purpose!"

34
35 I finished my sharp salute, and looked Appleton in
36 the eye and silently nodded my head in silence as
37 we both glided away from each other on those wise
38 words, "Do what you are here to do and walk like
39 you have a purpose!"

40
41 I deeply like Mr. Appleton for his grandpa United
42 States Marine advice he always gives me. The Marines'

"*Semper Fi*" motto in Latin means "Always Faithful," which is damn close to *Constant Perseverance*.... I said out loud in a dark, bureaucratic, concrete Albany building, and in a human-less hallway, on a meaningless morning, to no one in particular: "Walk like *Constant Perseverance*...."

Wise words in the Albany *Capital Region* are a rarity... Just as "Wise Albany" and/or "Good Albany" are words rarely heard in the Empire. Insert any American Capitol city, from any State and that same empirical oxymoron will be produced: Wise Harrisburg, Pennsylvania? Wise Little Rock, Arkansas? Wise Austin, Texas? Wise Tallahassee, Florida? Wise Sacramento, California? Wise Richmond, Virginia? Wise Olympia, Washington?

And if you really want to understand my hypothesis, then insert the Capitol of the United States. Wise, Washington, D.C.? You get my point Good Reader? Easy money makes people stupid as these metaphysical financial rivers flow both ways. Just as the Hudson River actually flows both ways... To and fro beside Manhattan - the Empire that never sleeps.

Albany's third-world budget produces an Empire and/or "Civilization" by living thirty (30) years ahead of time within Municipal debt financed by Wall Street loan sharks. No one sleeps when the Capitol spits out capital. Legislative capital, Special Committee capital, Department of Education capital, Police Department capital, State Emergency capital, Department of Transportation capital. Very extra, special, top-secret pork-barreling Committee capital. You name-it capital pours out of the Capitol. This is child abuse, or in my Grandma Anna's language, "We are robbing Peter to pay Paul." In the Empire we rob our children to pay the Empire, we cheat and deprive our children to pay Vinny the loan shark on Wall Street.

Three (3) Vinnies in a Room then play spin-the

1 bottle. Vinny Cuomo spins the bottle, and it rat-
2 tles and bobbles as the mouth spins and whistles
3 like a mourning dove in flight. It hoots within a
4 slowing white flutter, the flight is over, the bot-
5 tle slows, the bottle stops. Vinny Cuomo French
6 kisses Vinny Silver in a vulgar and misogynist way,
7 Vinny Skelos gets jealous.... Vinny Cuomo spins the
8 bottle again. Again, round and round, where does
9 it go? Nobody knows. Round and round, the bottle
10 slows, round and round, nobody knows....

11
12 The fore-play is over and now the emperors-in-
13 training battle with shivs, razors, and sharpened
14 toothbrushes like prison inmates in Attica. Albany
15 is the the good-cop, while down-State, his buddy
16 the bad-cop, was busy fleecing the world for the
17 last twenty-five (25) years. All protected by the
18 "Wall of Blue." The *Down-State* taxes from Madison
19 Avenue, Fashion Avenue, Silicon Avenue, and Wall
20 Street, allowed New York Appalachia the cushiest
21 *Up-State* redneck life that borrowed money can buy.
22 This is the same empirical "Democratic" scam that
23 Boss Tweed from Tammany Hall planted and that New
24 York Democrats have cultivated and improved upon
25 since 1850.

26
27 Albany architecturally and socially is more like
28 a third-world Communist Town than a capitalist
29 Capitol Town. Albany the grey gulag is more Roman
30 in turns of bribery and extortion. Albany is Cyprus
31 on the Hudson. Albany allows the Empire State's
32 political goons to fight and grovel for their blood
33 money as comrades, crooks and oligarchs live hap-
34 pily within its control-fraud laws. These oligarchs
35 in underpants are wired-up in *Up-State* silence as
36 the *Down-State* mafia slice and dice trillions of
37 dollars for the emperors and empresses first. And
38 then if there is any money left over within their
39 trickle-down American economics, they distribute
40 the Empire's wealth as it's always been dispersed
41 throughout time by the Empire and the royal King's
42 accountant. For it's just as Mr. Appleton explains:

"One (1) for you; six (6) for me. One half ($1/2$)
for you; twelve (12) for me. One quarter ($1/4$) for
you; twenty-four (24) for me."

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Chapter 6

COMPLAINING ABOUT COMPLAINING

1 I'm driving way too fast on Route 86 headed west out
2 of Binghamton, and it's about 1:30 am. I'm about
3 two and a half (2 1/2) hours from my first surveil-
4 lance position, and I'm starting to get sleepy. I
5 hate this part of driving at night... when you dose
6 off driving seventy-two (72) miles per hour and
7 then wake up in a frantic split second spazzing-out
8 because you thought you were really sleeping for
9 hours. That dozing-while-driving starts trickling
10 into my Appalachian Spring drive as I hit a large
11 piece of "Black-Ice" on a bridge.

12
13 I should have known better... but dear Family Court
14 and Good Reader, and for those of you who don't
15 live with *Black-Ice*, let me explain this glassy
16 black devil in meta-physical terms.

17
18 The sensation of driving on *Black-Ice* is similar
19 to dreaming... but the dream is for tomato-slicer
20 cars also. We are just the dozing victim, the mushy
21 tomato dozing inside the car, inside a two (2) ton
22 tomato-slicer car, going seventy-two (72) miles per
23 hour down the road - dozing.

24
25 The tomato-slicer-car in the cold parts of America

looks for its friend - Mr. Black Ice. The super host -
Mr. Black Ice hides on the dark and shady side of the
road, Mr. Black Ice hides on bridges and low-lying
roads. "Mr. B" as he sometimes goes by, will
make you dream tomato-slicer dreams, but you ask:
why would a mushy, dozing tomato like myself dream
tomato-slicer dreams?

That's because your life flashes in front of you
when you hit the *Black-Ice*. Your mushy life is
instantaneously out of control in a two (2) ton
tomato-slicer at seventy-two (72)miles per hour
(mph). And only a milli-second ago your little
life was firmly in control, but now your little life
is out of your control. And in your mind, you see
your life's essence. Your little life becomes a
very little flash that is terrifying in its insignificance.
You want this self-realizing horror to stop as your heart
flutters, skips a beat, and then starts palpitating.
Your throat goes dry, and you cannot swallow anymore.
You apply the brakes - but the car brakes don't work
anymore. Mushy tomato pushes the gas - but the gas
doesn't work anymore. Mushy in the car turns the steering
wheel left but the tomato-slicer car turns right. Mushy
in the car turns the steering wheel right but the tomato-
slicer car turns left. Your little drive down the highway
turns into a life changing catastrophic winter tragedy
amongst many *Black-Ice* Appalachian tragedies.

On *Black-Ice* you become a passenger within your life
and inside your car instead of being the driver. As the
tomato-slicer car silently slides uncontrollably towards
the left and bumps off the median divider, your tomato-
slicer car is now spinning right slowly and quietly
completing a full three-hundred and sixty (360) degree
revolution. This dreamy point of view (POV) while
spinning on *Black-Ice* can be a life-changing and
scarring event. But it doesn't have to be, because the
antidote for *Black-Ice* is to be good with the dream
world: to be good with

1 the right-side of your brain. And most important,
2 to be good with the free-grace of God.

3
4 No one wants to imagine their mushy body being put
5 through a tomato slicer, but when your car: a two
6 (2) ton piece of metal and glass flips and rolls-
7 over ten (10) times before hitting a tree - you too
8 will look like a sliced-up tomato. And everyone
9 that lives in frigid America shares this winter
10 nightmare about *Black-Ice*. But the saddening life-
11 flash, the sliced-up tomato dream actually helps *Us*
12 northern Appalachians every winter to be shocked
13 out of our stupor of driving too fast during the
14 winter. This nightmarish winter vision in front of
15 you suddenly declares, "You're a mushy tomato - you
16 should not be driving around in a tomato slicer
17 car! Take a walk fatty - you cannot handle fast!"

18
19 But there one sits, even after this wintry rev-
20 elation, still going seventy-two miles per hour
21 (72mph) after just completing a three sixty (360)
22 on *Black-Ice* over the frozen bridge and then right-
23 ing one self's car by some grace of God. There
24 one coasts along shaking in *Black-Ice* anxiety with
25 sweaty palms, white knuckles, a ghostly complexion,
26 a lame excuse, and a lot more grey hairs. This is
27 *Black-Ice* Appalachia.

28
29 Realizing I cannot handle fast right now, I decide
30 to stop for some hot coffee and soak up some of
31 that northern Appalachian nighttime ambiance. I
32 pull into a gas station near the bottom of the
33 Finger Lakes in a Town called Harmony. It's next
34 to Friendship, so I know there are good Quaker
35 founding fathers around. This spot is where Canada
36 and Appalachia join hands and reach all the way
37 down to Alabama and the Gulf of Mexico. This well-
38 worn American path is the scorched earth alley. An
39 unnerving alley that gets spiritually claustropho-
40 bic as the horizon lines enlarge. This is the path
41 to the Great Hill and a Western Door to America.

This burnt over earth of America is the good ground
where all of her Great Awakenings first sprouted.

The gas station is barren and flickers with a shaded
fluorescent light that hums like a bug-zapper during
the long nights of humid summers. On the gas pump
there is a notebook page crudely duct-taped to the
pump that reads: "No Gas."

The snow flurries gather for a momentary party in
the single bluish fluorescent light above the ser-
vice station. Then the white flakes scurry away into
the dark and speckled white night as if the snow
forgot they had something to do. The downy snow-
flakes seem like wild stars within this dark galaxy
of Harmony, America. The white-out of flakes are
large and light, they float earthward slowly like
paratroopers with large white parachutes enjoy-
ing the ride. Or perhaps the plump snowflakes look
like dumb moths stuck at a service station light
thinking it's Jupiter in the dead heat of an August
night.

This station seems to be the last gas station before
Lady Chautauqua — before I meet the Lady of the
Lake. These service stations in this part of the
Empire are not the new national food stores and/
or malls with gas pumps. No, this Finger Lake sta-
tion looks like a 1970s chop-shop garage that deals
drugs on the side. As it is in all third-world
towns, this station is probably owned by the old-
est and slimmest family in town. Every town within
poverty has *Them*: the King bully family, connected
to the crooked banker family, or the dubious real
estate baron, and their families control not just
Main Street, but the Kiwanis Club, the Knights of
Columbus, the American Legion, and of course the
Big-Daddy Town Fathers on the Town Council. Like
in all third-world towns, these Appalachian people
will kill you for a penny or their pride.

I open the store door and a few cow bells jingle and

1 jangle. The bells are crudely attached to the wooden
2 and glass door, yet they harmonize quite nicely.
3 The bells jingle deceptively on multiple acoustic
4 levels with light energy and dark, sad paranoia.
5 This harmony triggers me – I'm back in a third-world
6 country, I feel at home here in Sandinista, Kabul,
7 and/or Appalachia. These good-ole-boy, or good-
8 ole-party (GOP) towns and villages in the third-
9 world maintain a constant state of slow-motion war
10 – a constant state of poverty. These corrupt little
11 Appalachian feudal systems with the common folk and
12 without Wall Street profits, make me feel like I'm
13 on the banana-republic front lines again – still in
14 the "Theater" of the *Real*.

15
16 Coastal America is insulated in its blue-state blood
17 money luxury. They don't understand war profiteering
18 and third-world *Nothings* like Managua, Syria, and
19 Appalachia.

20
21 As I walk to the counter I see a "Gas Station Man"
22 looking at an old black and white television around
23 eight (8) to ten (10) inches wide. He's in his mid-
24 fifties (54-56) like me. He's smoking a cigarette;
25 he doesn't look up, and he's wearing a dirty 1970's
26 Op-Art bathrobe along with a fine thrift store boa.
27 The glamorous 1950's fluffy black boa is made of
28 black peacock feathers speckled with iridescent
29 feather eyes shimmering green, gold, and silver.

30
31 I walk over to check out the coffee that smells
32 like rubber or petroleum burning. I fill up in order
33 to assimilate; I drink in order to taste *Intel*. The
34 coffee has a bitter, microwaved, burnt taste. I
35 hold not a cardboard coffee cup, but hot Styrofoam
36 from the 1960s that seems to be melting with the
37 hot coffee and my hand wrapped around it. My fingers
38 indent themselves into my plastic petroleum coffee.
39 I take a quick sip of coffee before the hot plastic
40 balloon explodes in my hand. I put the coffee down
41 on the counter, and the *Gas Station Man* looks away
42 from his black and white television. I re-focus



People's Exhibit C - Gas Station Man

1 and realize the *Gas Station Man* is watching horse
2 racing on the Off-Track Betting (OTB) channel. He
3 looks at the coffee on the counter and does not
4 look at me. He takes a drag on his cigarette, blows
5 it in my direction, and then growls "Dolla Ninety-
6 nine" (\$1.99) as he turns back to the OTB TV.

7
8 I put down two (2) bucks and say, "Keep the change."
9

10 *Gas Station Man* is shy at first, looking down as
11 all Appalachians do when they meet a stranger. He
12 smiles to himself, as I can see his cheeks rise. He
13 brays up with his head moving forwards and back-
14 wards like an excited horse. After catching his
15 Appalachian balance, he says with an ironic south-
16 ern drawl, "Biiigg speedndaa... huuunnnhhh?"

17
18 I reply, "Put it on your favorite horse, good man."
19

20 *Gas Station Man* puffs up all aglow and says, "That
21 favorite bet would on my lucky Lady of the Lake, my
22 Lady Chautauqua right there." He points to a top-
23 less Dolly Parton type pin-up girl on the cover of
24 one his many antique Hustler magazines available
25 for purchase.

26
27 At this same time, a Maine Coon cat sitting high on
28 a cat-walk shelf yawns and cries at the same time.
29 The cat is looking down at me with a disapproving
30 scowl. I realize this is a very large black and
31 white cat as it rises up and stretches its front
32 legs - never unlocking its eyes from mine. Its head
33 must be at least two (2) feet high, and it could
34 weigh around thirty-forty pounds (30-40 lbs.). For
35 some reason female cats don't like me, and this
36 pussy momma is no different. She starts to pace back
37 and forth and then she circles around, sits down,
38 and settles into herself confidently. The Maine Coon
39 cat's black and white lynx-like ears twitch, cup,
40 and slide over to me. They face me - one black, and
41 one white - tracking me like a radar dish - listen-
42 ing to my unsaid mammal language.

Gas Station Man notices I look concerned about the mountain cat stalking me above, but he continues without mentioning his catamount friend perched on the cornice. He says, "Put 'er all on the Lady of the Lake, Big Spenda! Chautauqua Lady is the winner that will set *Us* free!" Then he laughs. His cackling laugh is forced and annoying, it rattles and rolls around like loose nails in a metal coffee can.

The Maine Coon cat tires of watching her owner flirt with another female - so she yawns in my face again, telling me what a boring slut I am. This lovely lynx is stunning, but dangerous, and she is going out into the night on a mission / on a hunt. She pops up into full stride - her gait is that of a happy-go-lucky fox trotting home after a successful hunt, a bobcat bouncing, or a worriless wolf walking on air. The momma cat, the eternal tigress, prances her way along the high cat-walk above me. She walks with *Constant Perseverance*.... She quickly disappears through a broken pane of glass in a transom. I think... "I wish I could go with her."

Gas Station Man asks me, "Headed out to the Seneca's Great Hill casino? Do you have the luck of the Lady?"

I reply, "I hope so, it's Mother's Day!"

Gas Station Man suddenly turns pale white and looks nauseous and scared. He steps backwards as his eyes fog over into a deep petrified terror. He partially extinguishes his cigarette in his beer while most of the smoldering tobacco melts into the Formica countertop. *Gas Station Man* leans towards me with a look of devastation and stutters in a hushed tone, "Goo, Goo, Good God, fair lady... did you say it is 'Mo, Mo, Moth, Moth, Mother's Day?'"

I say, "It's May 10th / springtime buddy, make some new coffee!" He runs his dirty hands through his greasy hair and seems lost in the deep stress and

1 anxiety males have from possibly forgetting their
2 mothers on Mother's Day.

3
4 I break the spell and say "You got plenty of time,
5 child - pull something together. Mother will for-
6 give you."

7
8 But deep in my mind I know women NEVER forgive any-
9 one or anything! They're like God, our Maker, our
10 Creator: they're mean, vindictive and especially
11 these days in 2021 - women laugh at each other's
12 pain. We are screeching bullies, we are squawking
13 cowards, it's all very sad for me.... All I can
14 think of is Edith Wharton's concluding words in her
15 masterpiece "Ethan Frome" 1911:

16
17 "And the way they are now, I don't see much dif-
18 ference between the Frommes up at the farm and the
19 Frommes down in the graveyard; cept that down there
20 they're all quiet, and the women have got to hold
21 their tongues."

22
23 *Gas Station Man* looks relieved and tells me. "Thank
24 you, Empire lady, thank you!"

25
26 He pauses a moment and then continues, "Listen,
27 those Seneca will steal your money and your soul,
28 goddam probably scalp ya. So, you take these carna-
29 tion flowers for Mother's Day safety."

30
31 He reaches over to some fake green and white car-
32 nations stuck on an old St. Patrick's Day party
33 cake decoration. The cake hung next to some porno
34 magazines and below the male enhancer vitamins.
35 He wrestles with the white plastic carnation flow-
36 ers as they do not want to leave their cake. *Gas*
37 *Station Man* continues fighting and leaning on the
38 counter, which is creaking and moving like it might
39 collapse. He mutters something about "That bitch
40 Diana" and then pulls away a white carnation huffing
41 and puffing. *Gas Station Man* then gingerly places
42

the white carnation in my hand in a polite and professional manner.

Gas Station Man explains, "These were the eyes of a good-natured shepherd... ripped out by the angry Goddess Diana. But now, dear mother, you can change the tides and be a shepherd yourself." He concludes, breathing heavily, "Go, dear mother... and be careful - the lady of the Lake at Lake Chautauqua will be out... her winds are blowing hard, cold, and bizarre tonight... like every night."

I walk out of the gas station as the jingle bells jangle and jingle. The snow flurries have turned into a sugar-snow and fee-fall like lonely cello notes tuning itself for a nocturn. A late-in-the-season white, wet snow with snowflakes the size of silver half dollars. And this blanket of snow sticks to the cold, black, and frozen earth... slowly... like laying white gauze on a bloody wound. I am going to have to slow down now. Things are starting to get strange and slippery. I am entering the Southern Tier and I am not sure whether I will get through the Western Door to America. And more importantly - will I make it back to the Capitol?

I drive west into the darkness thinking about Allegheny. It is another rust-belt Town, a has-been Town, an *Up-State* / down-state, or side-state from the Capitol city Town. Not a college Town, a loser Town, an old factory Town. Too far north? Too far south? Too far from the turnpike? Too far from the box stores? Not too cool; not fashionable - an American Legion Town. A Town that every year loses money and everything else that isn't jailed or nailed down - a negative amortized town, a Neg-Am Jam /a NAJ Town. A charity Town... unable to pay its snow plowing costs, much less its educational costs Town. A NAJ Town kept alive by the Empire as a lab experiment for the Municipal debt money-changers to bury as "A positive loss" or "Creative Destruction." A welfare-queen Town that kills its

1 children with bad faith debt. This redneck control
2 fraud allows all of *Us* fat-cow rednecks in *Up-State*
3 to walk around our abandoned Main Streets high in
4 our vacant happiness: milking the Empire, worming
5 the Capitol of capital - but pretending not to be
6 a debtor underwater. This Municipal debt makes our
7 children jobless, homeless, and suicidal. This is
8 child abuse.

9
10 Markazi, Managua, Allegheny, and all towns *Up-*
11 *State*, down-state, or side-state from the Capitol
12 of the Empire trickle along within poverty. *Up-*
13 *State*, zombie traffic, communists within capitalism
14 that call themselves capitalists, complain about
15 cracked sidewalks and their "Community." Appalachia
16 in 2021, where thick moribund newspapers sell out
17 quickly and smudge like coal dust on our fingertips.
18 They print what everyone already knows nationally
19 and sell it as home-grown or "Local." Per Psych-
20 Ops *Intelligence* that comes with the Capitol's cap-
21 ital, it's not: "Think Globally - Act Locally," but
22 "Worship Globally - Get Fired Locally."

23
24 Back at the *Gas Station Man's* service center the local
25 newspaper is not a paper for *Us*; it is a paper for
26 *Them*, or the *Real*. The Main Street newspapers scat-
27 tered from the Maine coast down to the Mississippi
28 delta (all compromised by the *Intelligence* commu-
29 nity) are not American newspapers, but the Empire's
30 dirty rags. This press, this media, is not for *Us*,
31 but for the *Real* matrix. The functional junky in
32 America religiously reads the penny-saver adver-
33 tisements, the garage sale ads, the police reports,
34 and the obituaries. Within the third-world media
35 and its Appalachian colonies around the world, we
36 are only a debt in the expense account, a tool
37 for depreciation, a small ad or obituary in the
38 Empire's paper. Birthing, selling, and dying within
39 the mainstream media (MSM) of *Nothing* and the *Other*.

40
41 Allegheny, a grey, greasy, and grumpy Town in which
42 the 8:00 am commute to work / poverty in the year

1821, 1921, or in 2021 is pretty much the same socially and economically as it ever was.

On their dreary commutes to work and school the mothers and children in Markazi, Managua, or Allegheny all look the same to me. They don't ask questions - they don't check and balance their local government. They are drug addicts and loyalists that don't misbehave; there is no mischief with these royalist-loyalists who only follow the dealer / the money.

But these royalist-loyalists do complain about complaining. The royalty of the Empire complains about the new neighbor that moved in down the street to the Building Inspector (a professional complainer). Or perhaps the old tribal Elder has a problem, or maybe the good ole Separatist complains about the new laws that don't complain enough. Complaining about this to the tribal chief at the Police Department (professional complainers with guns) because this Separatist complainer believes the police are not following the law (a lot of complaints), and therefore is not complaining and/or protecting and serving the citizens enough. The headline and subtext on the front page of the Markazi, Managua, or Allegheny newspaper, all called, *The Real*, is the same and reads, "The *Real* is Going Out of Business! Consume and Complain About the *Other*!"

Chamber of Commerce and Police Departments receive "Emergency Funds" from Albany to "Stabilize Main Street Downturn!" This bad faith debt is the narcissist NAJ life; this is the Empire life. Analogous to this entrapment is the mother life of a mother "Gifting" love or debt at a time of need, not out of compassion, but out of an opportunity to gain emotional power. Gift-love comes with a bill collector attached - gifting love instead of giving love - not in love but for love's sake.

The mothers and children in Markazi, Managua, or

1 Allegheny look the same to me when they wave good-
2 bye to each other. Boy-toys and girl-toys that went
3 with suitcases of cash in Markazi, and Managua,
4 have the same nervous and scared look in their eyes
5 as the interns in Appalachian bus and train sta-
6 tions before they leave for New York City (NYC).

7
8 Baby-Boomer parents tell their children - *Them*,
9 that their non-paying internship is "All for the
10 best." These childlike and trusting eyes say, "We
11 know this cannot be wrong if my mother says, 'It's
12 the right thing to do' and that 'It's all for the
13 best' - can it?" The child in the Empire is lost
14 and abused.

15
16 In contrast, the boy-toy intern's mother is always
17 crying out diligently, for perhaps herself... as
18 she hands the child over to the trade, and says,
19 "I love you." Mother kisses the child; she pushes
20 *Them* away. She kills the child's soul not just with
21 lies; the mother also kills the child's body with
22 emotional abuse, sexual abuse, and physical abuse.
23 The third-world sorrowful mother / *the mater dolo-*
24 *rosa* in Allegheny and Markazi are *Red-Queen* sisters
25 with no mercy.

26
27 These sisters and their brothers who parrot *Them*
28 complain about complaining at 6:00 pm on the early
29 evening commute from work (poverty / a non-liv-
30 able wage) in the year 1821, 1921 or in 2021. It
31 has been pretty much the same socially and eco-
32 nomically for brothers and sisters in Appalachia
33 for the last two hundred (200) years. Amongst the
34 afternoon traffic, the children of the Empire bitch
35 and complain about the Empire, but these addicts
36 / these child-junkies will never do anything about
37 the Empire / the dealer. They will never leave the
38 Empire / the dealer - the junkies only complain
39 about complaining.

40
41 In Managua, the nuclear, biological, and chemical
42 (NBC) silent warfare we served to the mothers and

children in their air, water, and food turned *Them* into emotional and physically handicapped hostages. The *Intelligence* key is that mother and child need to love their incarcerator (their men) first, before the tribes' children can be turned into zombie formalists for the Empire. The duopoly education that the Empire gives to the child in elementary school is identical to the duopoly election scam, or the faux multiple-choice life it gives the citizen in a control fraud society.

In these fascist third-world towns the child / mother and "The Family" relationship is divided and conquered first. Whether it be the Kurdistan Democratic Party (KDP) children in Markazi feeling like heros as they call in the United States Air Force (USAF) airstrikes on their Shia neighbors. Or perhaps "Family time" within the Sandinista National Liberation Front (FSLN) is Dad and son, on late-night death squad missions that strengthen this Central American father-son bond. Or maybe in "Up-State," America, the fat Republican white dad in his Ford (F) F-150 with his obese son called, Junior drive around fence-watching as they listen to angry AM (*ante meridian*) talk radio. They are both part of the Good Ole Party (GOP) and his frat-boy child is a rising star on the right-wing podcast circuit. And of course, there in *Up-State*, America, or Markazi, the child: the black-sheep, the Senator's son, and/or the dickhead with a no-show job at the "Consulting" firm is always impregnating and/or sexually abusing the secretary, who is always - like *Us* - trying to escape poverty.

I ask my mother, my father, or perhaps my brother or sister, operating the Remote Aircraft Pilot (RAP) circling above *Us* all right now with their Predator drone: Why are you *Them*? I ask this cockroach looking at *Us* via a satellite reading these same words you are reading at this very moment, Dear Reader and Honorable Family Court...

1 Our letters, numbers, and spaces - nothing is pri-
2 vate anymore, nothing is intimate anymore - even
3 reading a good book alone is not yours and yours
4 alone.

5
6 The cockroach is never asleep. And these written
7 words are not yours alone. The cockroach calls in
8 your latitude and longitude coordinates and awaits
9 the OK from their Commanding Officer (CO) for the
10 order to kill-it. The cockroach alien looks at *Us*
11 from his satellite in another dimensional space.
12 The cockroach gazes longingly and emphatically at
13 *Us*: the mother, the father, the brother and sister
14 child for a few moments. The Empire cockroach looks
15 closer at their pixelated black and white Predator
16 screen looking at me reading this deposition novel.
17 The cockroach looks at both the *Real* and the *Other*
18 at the same time. The cockroach starts to tear up.
19 A tear drop falls from the roach's dead gaze... just
20 as the Predator screen explodes into a fireball. The
21 cockroach doesn't blink as the dust clears. And now
22 me - a book reader, has been replaced with a crater
23 and not just a bug-splat, but a human-splat. The
24 Empire's danger-close life is getting droned while
25 you're killing-it, fucking-it, and/or perhaps Good
26 Reader... just reading-it.

27
28 Allegheny, like all God-less *Up-State* third-world
29 towns are void of life - filled up with just too many
30 ghosts that haunt liberty. A Seneca ghost town? A
31 Sunni ghost town? A Sandinista ghost town? Most
32 definitely a Six Nation ghost town for nevermore.
33 Even though the high school football team is called
34 the Mohawks and their white Caucasian cheerleaders
35 wear short skirts, dancing, chanting, and singing,
36 "The Mohawk Rumble." It goes something like:

37
38 ***Going to the Mohawk Rruuumblllee....***

39
40 ***B Aggressive! B E Aggressive!***

41
42 ***Hey Cowboy, Hey Soldier!***

B Aggressive! B E Aggressive!

Gonna get his scalp? Gonna take the Hill?

B Aggressive! B E Aggressive!

Going to the Mohawk Rruuumbblllee ...

B Aggressive! B E Aggressive!

Hey Cowboy, Hey Soldier!

B Aggressive! B E Aggressive!

Gonna get his scalp? Gonna take the Hill?

B Aggressive! B E Aggressive!

Allegheny, dry on imagination, dry on capital - lives like outdoor rec-time while in prison. It lives like casual Fridays at a shitty job, it lives like pizza night at Attica State Prison. Allegheny lives like Lenten fish-fries served by Catholic priests in church basements that are way too creepy, and way too fishy.

Casual and foul prison reminds me of that first letter from my grandmother, Anna Jarvis, whom I mentioned earlier in this Deposition. As I wrote earlier, my grandma started Mother's Day as a day outside the house for women to unite as a political force against war-mongering politicians and the war industry. Granny Jarvis wrote:

My Dearest Constantia,

I hope you receive this note and new book in the great form I had last seen you. It was Mother's Day at the Philadelphia Society Ball and you shone like an angel!

I must confess I'm finally in love with a

1 "Mary" and no not the Catholic-made "Mary"
2 but Mary Wollstonecraft! I just finished her
3 enclosed book, A Vindication of the Rights of
4 Woman.

5
6 She, like me, believes in a woman's education
7 and raising their voice against our misogyn-
8 ynist society. She calls Northeast women
9 "Spaniels" "Toys" and "Capricious tyrants
10 living for the pleasure of men in a gilded
11 prison."

12
13 In this book - that made me question my
14 guilty ways and blush - Wollstonecraft elab-
15 orates on women's vanity: "They are slaves
16 to their looks as a Virgin Mother / a Mater
17 Dolorosa (sorrowful mother) and/or an
18 Eve-tyrant."

19
20 Connie, please pardon my dire outlook, but
21 looking at the Northeast women here in 1890,
22 I must agree. Wollstonecraft also has the
23 vision in her book to propose that "Men need
24 to help woman, but these progressive men
25 should not become feminized men or sentimen-
26 tal men for then women will have no position
27 in civilization."

28
29 Mary Wollstonecraft dug in for too many
30 pages, in my opinion, writing to the
31 "Natural" common woman, the masses, and the
32 forgotten woman. Mary Wollstonecraft believes
33 the idle rich with their "Royal soldiers,
34 both male and female, is an unnatural state
35 of lasciviousness that defeats all happi-
36 ness." Mary can be too high on her soap box,
37 and for God's sake don't tell anyone, but
38 we're going to meet again this July 4th at
39 Cape May.

40
41 My dearest Connie, I imagine this
42 Wollstonecraft as lady Liberty or Marianne,

in that great Romantic and Enlightened painting by Delacroix, entitled Liberty Leading the People, 1830. There she is – Marianne or Liberty in tatters, standing on the dead and half dead, with her children, double-fisted with revolvers blazing and she leads them all. Liberty leads all men. She leads with that look! That Sophia look, that divine spark look. She leads the top hat and the scallywag. Liberty leads humanity for the "Good ole cause." Liberty leads with heart exposed and bayonet drawn! God Bless her heart and her sword!

Please keep the vindication book when you're done, and I hope your spring in West Virginia has been peaceful and relaxing. Please don't hesitate to write to me and sing me those Appalachian songs when time allows.

Yours Affectionately and Forever,

Grandma Anna Jarvis

I like this letter because when I imagine Lady Liberty charging – all I can picture is this badass woman chasing away the Empire's Three (3) Men in Roman Circle Jerk. Liberty is chasing away the three (3) Vinnies. Liberty runs the bad joke out of Town on a rail. The three feminized and sentimental Vinnies run from the room in Albany with one hundred and fifty billion (\$150,000,000,000) dollars still just sitting there. What is left in the Empire State after the ambulance chasing Legislatures are run out of Town? Does the sky fall? Does the sun come out tomorrow morning? Will the money still be there?

Regardless, who cares about the warm sun and endless sky, because, right now it's a cold and bitter morning in Appalachia and I've just arrived at the Seneca Great Hill casino.

1 Nighttime is my yang time, it's *Intel* time, it's
2 mother's time, it's Empire *Intelligence* time.

3
4 I'm a motherly spy, the *Other* and *Nothing* are my
5 tradecraft and theater. I'm a supporting ghost, a
6 supporting spook, and/or a supporting actress on a
7 dim stage and not on my mark. I stand far away from
8 the lonely X spotlight that marks my spot. As a
9 yang woman I'm shadowy, I'm cloudy, as I fight with
10 my *Sister X*, and the *Other*.... I'm balanced, yet
11 invisible - my time.

Chapter 7

3:33 AM - MOTHER IS ARRESTED BY HER

ELDERS, OR, COMPLAINT #21-4532

I walk into the Seneca Nation casino main floor and
take a seat at a slot machine. The slot machine is
called "Plato's Pay-o-la!" It's dark and masculine
like a handsome soldier, it's plastic and friendly
like an arcade game. I relax and take a seat in
its easy chair, but suddenly it becomes not a dimly
lit planetarium, but a seizure inducing delirium.
Synthesized trumpets greet me with an escalating
scale and then roar "Charge!!!" The lights and
screen show Plato with rippling muscles, a hard-on,
and buxom babes, and of course those pots of gold
at the end of the rainbow. I put in one (\$1) dol-
lar and pull the slot machine handle; three Greek
Gods spin round fast and hard. One by one they slow
down, clicking into place. The first wheel reveals a
bucket of gold and a harem of buxom beauties! The
second wheel slows, slowing... and lands - it is a
philosopher with a dour look handing me books and
pamphlets. The third wheel slows... it lands not
on the philosopher, but on the Greek thinker lean-
ing over on his fist and knee. Plato's Payola, the
progressive slot machine, goes to sleep shutting
all its lights down. It makes a heavy snoring sound

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People's Exhibit D - Plato's Payola

like on silly cartoons, implying I had tilted the game and/or lost the game.

Plato's Payola, the progressive seducer, suddenly comes alive again. Inebriated again with dark lights and outer space sounds, it flashes Plato with oiled muscles, shapely babes, and of course those pots of gold. Lights twinkle and sparkle as I think... should I put another dollar into this machine?

The smell of dirty ash trays and perverted basements fills my nose. Instinctually, this makes me antsy. So, I'm up and moving. I smell *Intel*.... Aesthetically, I'm at an amusement park, financially... I'm at a shakedown. I check my strapped Glock to make sure I'm still locked, cocked, and ready to rock. I make sure I have my wallet still tucked into my jacket... tucked far away - out of reach.

Overweight, white Midwesterners mingle with stern looking Canadians. They look biologically related - the royal white Canadian and the American parent with the very fat, and very white American kid, who's always misbehaving. Food dribbles out of the adult American's mouths and litters their paths on the red and orange postmodern wall-to-wall rug that covers the ten thousand (10,000) square foot casino. The Canadians whisper to themselves, giggling in snarky ways as the drunk Americans make a mess. These two English colony children squabble here at the amusement park of the British Empire's first and longest lasting ally in America - the Seneca Native American Indians.

The retired Toronto and Buffalo couples on vacation wander around, spaced-out, and blimpy looking for something to eat or buy. They float or swim slowly looking like white whales from the same pod and/or school. These Beverly Hill hillbillies don't realize they're in the savages' pot - being boiled alive. They fight like Canucks and Gringos fighting

1 for a scorched-earth salvation as the Turtle God
2 slowly and methodically takes a step crushing *Them*.
3 They are being boiled alive in a large and black
4 Seneca Indian crucible that has welded on the side
5 "Made in London."

6
7 Honorable Family Court, and Dear Reader, please do
8 not forget that I sell *Intelligence* to the *Other*.
9 I sell *Intel* to *Them*. And if ever asked about my
10 life... I will reply like my hero, Ollie North, by
11 stating proudly, "I do not recall."

12
13 I see the target mother in regard to Complaint
14 #21-4532. The mother, Barbara Dalton, has been
15 accused anonymously of child abuse. Barbara Dalton
16 is sixty-two (62) years old and seems to be going
17 on six hundred and thirty-nine (639). She is the
18 mother of three (3) children and grandmother to
19 two (2) children. She is picking up dirty ash-
20 trays at the Seneca Indian Casino where she works
21 roughly forty (40) hours a week. Barb, as she goes
22 by, works the graveyard shift (10:00 pm - 6:00 am,
23 Wednesday-Monday) for \$8.50 an hour, before taxes,
24 and receives a weekly paycheck of roughly two hun-
25 dred and fifteen dollars (\$215.00). Barbara's endur-
26 ance is pure survival as her husband is a stay-
27 at-home asshole on a social security disability
28 check (\$485) that he does not share with her or his
29 family. Barbara's clothes are her finest Allegheny
30 thrift store and garage-sale finds (\$20) mixed with
31 dollar store specials of the week (\$12). This is
32 third-world poverty in the Empire State of America.

33
34 Barbara has a fancy for pastel sweatshirts (light
35 pink and blue) with prints of unicorns and wolves
36 fashioned with sequins or beads woven in to give
37 the sweatshirt an *Up-State* flare. She wears exclu-
38 sively acid-wash blue jeans (even to bed) that she
39 thinks makes her look young and hip. But, it really
40 makes Barb look homeless and fifteen (15) years
41 older than she is. Barbara's homeless fashion and
42 acid-washed life costs Seventh Avenue (7th Ave.)

twenty-two cents (\$0.22) a pair from China. The fashion industry *Down-State* seems to have dumped their "Irregulars" of unicorns, wolves, and acid-wash jeans to this back-forty (40) of society. The lampooned of America, the forgotten America, the *Up-State* America, the Redneck-ville, the Bum-Fuck-ville. This *Where-ville* comes after an Appalachian is asked: "Where are you from? Oh..., *Where-ville*... isn't that over by *Other-ville*? Oh, no... well, never heard of it."

Here in Appalachia, here in *Where-ville*, the infinite supply of unicorns, wolves, and acid-washed jeans is a Barbara uniform. This "Fast Fashion" is mixed with *DOD* Battle Dress Uniforms (BDU), and the "Charity" from Church Thrift stores, and Salvation Army Thrift Stores. The resulting fashion again is the "Charity Soldier." Barb wears fads on her grey-ashen skin, with no makeup and a has jolly Appalachian disposition founded on Judeo-Christian pre-destiny, and supped up to a methamphetamine-induced manifest destiny.

I watch Barbara as she looks across the mirrored gambling casino hall. The red and yellow lights shine brightly overhead glaring back at the blinking and flashing slot machines that are never turned off. The full spectrum of these colors and lights blink and reflect in Barbara's thick glasses. The casino hall is an empty monetary whorehouse where Barbara cleans up the sins of the financially stupid and desperate. Barb is about five foot three inches (5'3"), one hundred and ten (110) pounds. She is a svelte and scrawny woman with big-bones, sharp elbows, and a hunched back. Barbara's deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) comes from the Alabama bayous of the south. Underneath her greasy mop of dyed brown and grey hair she squints at shadows through her thick glasses. At points of crisis, which is about hourly, she closes her left eye in order to focus on things she cares about. Barbara cannot afford to

1 care about much. She travels the world looking at
2 her life with her shaded religious vision.

3
4 Barbara appreciates the sterilized cleanup lights
5 and the empty casino that comes on at about 4:30
6 am when the casino clean-up crew does their thing.
7 Gamblers still mill around, unaware that the hour-
8 of-the-mop is fast approaching. When Barbara starts
9 her shift at 10:00 pm, she often pretends to clean
10 the customer (white people) restrooms, but really,
11 she is not. Barbara sits on the toilet (feet up off
12 the floor) and reads her King James Bible at the
13 speed of about one (1) page every two (2) days. Barb
14 is not just hiding from the crowds of gamblers that
15 dump their money into this white-devil vacuum run by
16 the Seneca Indians and the Albany Empire. But Barb
17 knows that the white-devil customer bathrooms will
18 be the last place that her boss, "Sampa," will find
19 her. The Seneca Indian never go into the whitey's
20 bathrooms... never.

21
22 Sampa is a naturally strong and stocky Seneca women,
23 and she still rules with her British tomahawk given
24 to her by the English redcoats in 1776 to kill
25 crazy American patriots like Barbara. Sampa will
26 never bury her axe and likes to chase Barb around
27 the casino, dreaming of scalping her as she col-
28 lects a tax-free weekly salary of two thousand,
29 three hundred dollars (\$2,300 / \$113,000 annum).
30 Barbara Dalton likes to tell other red-neck racists
31 that she works at the casino playing, "Cowboys and
32 Indians," but really Barbara and the white-trash
33 of Allegheny that work at the casino are playing
34 "Indians and Cowboys."

35
36 These *Up-State* cowboys take their manly Marlborough
37 breaks in their asbestos-covered "Whitey" break
38 room in the basement next to the boiler rooms where
39 they incessantly discuss the Country Music Network
40 (CMN). "Whitey" is crudely scrawled across the break
41 room front door. There are many other interest-
42 ing Allegheny comments and drawings in and around

their breakroom and bathroom, even though the Seneca Indian's cleaning / graffiti standards is "A Zero Tolerance" policy. White-cracker's break room and bathroom in the basement looks like a *Down-State* alternative art space from the 1980s, or 1990s, with all the white-trash diaspora scrawled on the walls. Besides the normal "Call for a good time" and "KKK" sales pitches, there is Biblical advice with Proverbs and Verse written up high on the wall and in a commanding font.

The Biblical verse is what all upper executive management think about when their Wall Street financiers tell, *Them* that they need to downsize labor:

"Come to me, all who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." - Matthew 11:28

Underneath this Appalachian mantra, generations of workers and laborers have signed their names and sealed their fates not for themselves, but for the conqueror. On the refrigerator, as if to give all these Judeo-Christian religious suckers something to contemplate as they litter the break room with orange cheezy-puffs and slurp on their colorful frozen popsicles, someone has scrawled,

"I will never leave you, nor forsake you" - Joshua 1:5

I'm not sure if Joshua is aware that eighty percent (80%) of these Appalachian workers are obese and that the cheezy-puff popsicles help ease their diabetic aches and pains. Maybe Joshua has been reincarnated as a frozen-popsicle and is truly not forsaking *Us*?

I say, "Amen," because I love sucking and chewing on those popsicle sticks. Splinters in my red tongue, splinters in my green tongue, blue tongue, or splinters in my orange tongue. It doesn't matter because in Appalachia very little matters. But

1 colorful tongues in Appalachia is summer fun... all
2 year round.

3
4 This white-cracker dereliction of duty in the base-
5 ment in contrast to the Seneca Indian's break room
6 is astounding. The Seneca's breakroom sits on the
7 7th floor penthouse next to the roof deck and the
8 Seneca Grand Council meeting room. It overlooks the
9 Allegheny State Park and Chautauqua Lake.

10
11 This proves that white-devil bosses and American
12 Native Indian bosses are the same corrupt prison
13 guards when given the chance to attack, divide,
14 starve, and profit from others. The selfish gene is
15 our only common denominator.

16
17 Barbara Dalton doesn't understand where all these
18 gambling people get all their money or why any-
19 one would waste it here gambling at a casino run
20 by the Seneca. The Seneca were their preordained
21 enemy, the American Indian savage and/or anyone who
22 doesn't believe in Barb's Judeo-Christian God. Barb
23 blames the casino crowds and sold out shows for REO
24 Speedwagon, or "REO Fag-wagon," as she calls *Them*.
25 And, Barb is uncharacteristically accurate with
26 that hypothesis. The white-devil casino bears the
27 resurrecting gift of Barb's employment and/or her
28 police-state poverty (\$215 weekly / \$10,750 annum).

29
30 I see Barbara slink out of her bathroom Bible-study
31 and start to make a break for it across the wide-
32 open plain of the Blackjack, Roulette, and Five (5)
33 Card-Stud section of the casino floor. I pretend to
34 be interested in a roulette game. Samba material-
35 izes out of thin air like a cat on the hunt, like an
36 ace of diamonds from a fixed deck. She trails Barbara
37 hard. Samba is a royal queen of the Iroquois, a
38 goddess of the Turtle Clan. Samba gains on Barbara
39 as a cheetah gains on an antelope in the Serengeti
40 plains of Africa. Barbara feels Samba's hot breath
41 burning a hole in the back of her head, but Barbara
42 is blind as a bat with frequencies and telekinesis.

Barbara starts walking / bouncing off the mingling
large, white Midwesterners and Canadians. She's
lost in some blind buck-eye limbo dance for floating
blimps known as "The Up-State Bingo." Samba talks
into her wired mic, then stretches out her cat-like
stride and gait. She picks up the pace and closes
in on Barbara. I feel embarrassed as I watch our
American femininity devolution play out.

The weak and limping doe with large honest eyes
is always the first to get eaten in every Public
Broadcasting Service (PBS) nature special and in
every third-world town. Barb is trying to cross
the large open floor in order to get to the basement
stairs for phase two (2) of her hiding-out at work,
but it doesn't look like she's going make it. Barb
is walking forward, looking behind her left and
right: with her hands in front of her in order to
stop from running into the limpy gamblers.

Honorable Family Court and Dear Reader, I must
confess this is where the toll of being an Empire
CPS cop hurts. It's sad to watch people destroy
themselves and others. I feel like a sentry in the
Dutch Calvary in 1660 on guard-duty high on top
of Fort Orange overlooking the wild Hudson Valley
landscape as the pilgrim's skirmish with the local
non-friendlies. Just like I did in El Salvador and
Kandahar, I watch the burning of the Valley as
my CO (Commanding Officer) only gets *Us* involved
when Orders come down from the Empire. We help
those *folks / tribes* sometimes; we help those other
tribes / folks other times.

The standing-army military is not a humanitarian
tool, but a humanitarian wedge. There is no rhyme
or reason unless you believe our reason is to help
/ allow these two tribes to kill each other off. It
seems we just wait; bringing in more ammunition and
more laws so when both of these tribes of *Us* vs.
Them or was it *Them* vs. *Us*?.... Regardless, when
Us and *Them* tire of killing each other, and/or one

1 side wins; the Empire will just come in and wipe
2 *Them* both out. That's the Judeo-Christian Empire
3 *modus operandi* (MO) for the *Other*.
4

5 Barbara is just about to run into the staircase to
6 the basement. When her hands suddenly smack into
7 folded arms of a large Seneca man called, "Red
8 House." Red House is the head of security and has
9 the build of a six foot six (6'6") professional
10 wrestler. *Red House* stands his ground as Barbara
11 blindly feels his folded arms that look like strong
12 tree branches. Samba follows up from the rear and
13 grabs Barbara by the nape of the neck like a mother
14 cat retrieving her wandering, blind, runt of the
15 litter. Red House steps to the side, and Sampa drags
16 her bad kitty into the dark "Employees Only" ele-
17 vator. The arrow points down in red and blinks as
18 the doors close, disembarking into a hell Barbara's
19 Bible has not taught her about.
20

21 Life in the Empire... the *Intelligence* life, the
22 counterinsurgency (COIN) life, which turns into the
23 counter-*intelligence* life. This is when *Intelligence*
24 becomes debatable, and when justice becomes politi-
25 cal. The offensive counter-*intelligence* tribe fights
26 with the defensive counter-*intelligence* tribe - it
27 all becomes standing-army friendly-fire in the report
28 and briefing about the irregular war, the guerilla
29 war, our American intelligent war.
30

31 Food, clothing, and shelter is all Barb can unsuc-
32 cessfully try to provide for her family. Food, cloth-
33 ing, and shelter trickles down, torturing slowly the
34 trickle. The trickler is an enemy of mankind, and
35 this is no Redcoat / Seneca / Empire trickle-down
36 mistake. These are crimes against humanity by the
37 Empire's turned agents and passive provocateurs.
38 This counter-*intelligence* life has been going on in
39 the New York Empire since the English white-devil
40 came here back in 1664 with their imaginary "Royal"
41 *Intelligence*.
42

Chapter 8

4:56 AM - MOTHER IS DENIED THREE TIMES,
OR, COMPLAINT #21-6154

I've driven approximately two and a half (2 1/2) miles from the casino, and I'm staked out in my car on a beautiful public road that has large, gated driveways, but no visible houses. The streetlamps look like old gas lanterns and flicker with a faux gas flame. Even though I'm on Highland Avenue, the rich of Allegheny within their protected luxury are no match against my *Intel* data collection tools. My Dirtbox, Stingray, and Kingfish hear, see, and record target #6154. My spy-craft tools worm into the target's Wireless Fidelity (Wifi) system, computer network system, and their security camera system. On one (1) of my three (3) laptops I can see, hear, and record ALL of target #6154's activities via her security cameras, computers, televisions, laptops, and all Wifi controlled systems, and software applications (Apps).

Target #6154 is Madeline McHugh, and she has been anonymously accused of child abuse. Madeline is sixty-two (62) years old but seems to be going on thirteen (13). She is the mother of three (3) children and grandmother to two (2) children. Madeline,

1 Maddy, or Mad, is shuffling through one of six (6)
2 designer pocketbooks currently looking desperately
3 for her Benson and Hedges 100 Gold Premium ciga-
4 rettes (\$17.99 a pack). Madeline is anxious and
5 angry because she cannot find her cigarettes or her
6 "Meds" (Heroin). She believes her youngest daugh-
7 ter, Christa, home for the weekend from her board-
8 ing school, (approximate cost: ninety-two thousand
9 (\$92,000) a year), had stolen her cigarettes and
10 prescribed medicine earlier in the evening.
11 Madeline's cash (approximately six hundred and
12 forty dollars (\$640) is also missing, but Mad
13 doesn't care. The situation is escalating because
14 Mad is unable to take her *Meds* to control her exas-
15 perating stress, anxiety, and hysteria. Madeline is
16 "Sleeping" in the guest apartment of her twelve
17 thousand (12,000) square foot McMansion in Allegheny.
18 It is worth around two million three-hundred thou-
19 sand dollars (\$2,300,000). The guest apartment is
20 on the polar opposite side of the mansion from her
21 bedroom that she used to share with her husband.
22 The guestroom is where Madeline goes when she can-
23 not sleep, which is where she has been for the last
24 twenty-two (22) years.

25
26 Madeline throws her Gucci pocketbook worth about
27 two-thousand, one-hundred dollars (\$2,100) across
28 the large plush apartment. Madeline's Chanel Rouge
29 Allure lipstick, which costs one hundred and twenty-
30 five dollars (\$125), flies in one direction. The
31 keys to her one-hundred- and five-thousand-dollar
32 (\$105,000) Mercedes station wagon crash onto an
33 eighteen hundred dollar (\$1,800) fragile glass cof-
34 fee table. The table seems relieved to shatter and
35 collapse to the floor in a small cloud of shimmering
36 splintered glass.

37
38 Madeline finds an old Hermes wallet worth maybe
39 three thousand dollars (\$3,000) that is crudely
40 stuffed with four hundred dollars (\$400) cash and a
41 stack of credit cards with over two and a half mil-
42 lion dollars (\$2,500,000) in available credit. This



People's Exhibit E - A Closet of Pocketbooks Worth One Million Dollars

1 wallet isn't the wallet Maddy is looking for, so
2 Mad badly throws the Hermes - Son-of-Zeus wallet.
3 The wallet sails through the air towards the large
4 windows and softly envelopes into the apartment's
5 rich auburn and velvety curtains. The wallet that
6 could finance maybe thirty (30) third-world commu-
7 nities for a year is lost in the many creamy folds
8 and waves of the lush imported Italian fabric that
9 costs ninety-five dollars (\$95) a yard.

10
11 Maddy ignores, or possibly enjoys, the chaos she
12 creates. Mad stomps her way into her twenty (20)
13 foot by thirty (30) foot walk-in closet that most
14 people in Manhattan would call a three-bed apart-
15 ment (approximately: \$3,200 a month). Madeline
16 pouts like a bulldog as she relaxes in her walk-in
17 closet with a wet bar, a large-screen television,
18 and a sitting area for guests to watch the dress-
19 ing room altar. The altar has three (3) adjustable
20 ceiling to floor mirrors and lighting. Madeline sits
21 in the guest sitting area of her dressing room
22 and thinks about how she has no guests... to talk
23 about... about her new outfits, or just talk about
24 anything at all. Maddy's face is in her hands,
25 and she is tearing up - getting very emotional...
26 Then she suddenly and erratically stands up, paces
27 and pretends to be happy. Watching Maddy makes me
28 uncomfortable - insanity is sad. It is not some-
29 thing that should be entertained.

30
31 Madeline's clothes are the finest couture that an
32 online shopper and a black American Express card
33 can buy from Bum-Fuck, Appalachia. Madeline's hair
34 is dyed Palm Beach bimbo-blonde, but it looks more
35 like Fort Lauderdale bimbo-yellow. Maddy's hair has
36 been professionally dyed every week for six hundred
37 dollars (\$600 total): four hundred and sixty dol-
38 lars (\$460) for cut, wash, and dye - plus a tip of
39 one hundred and forty dollars (\$140). Maddy is a
40 grimacing buttered-up blonde baby-boomer who still
41 dresses and talks like a freshman cheerleader at
42

an expensive school for girls earning their "MRS degree."

Mad is only truly happy and content when dreaming about being happy and content. Maddy prays to the Real... but she hides from the *Other*, and her *Sister X*. Maddy is the young and spindly sprout after the male gaze has been grafted to her. Madeline is a *Red-Queen* drowning in luxury.

Madeline's Judeo-Christian family dreams didn't exactly play out how she imagined, growing up reading fairy tales about Cinderella and the Virgin Mary. Madeline lacks control over the world, so she "Loves" her family by grunting and grinding *Them* down with "Gift-love." Maddy then oinks and snorts for a few more morsels of respect, feed, and/or power with "Need-love." Madeline receives no respect from her family and wonders why after mothering, asking, begging, needing, pleading, extorting, bribing, and/or hoarding *Gift-love* (power)... that "Love" is not working out for her.

In philosopher C.S Lewis's review of this self-destructive *Love* behavior, as explained in his novel, *The Four Types of Love*, Madeline fits a "Perverted subhuman" category.

Madeline stumbles into a smaller closet, towards the back of the walk-in closet. Madeline looks on shelves through her other pocketbooks, which may contain stale cigarettes. She's looking for her cigarettes because her daughter frequently pilfers them from her. And, this larceny is psychologically driving Maddy crazy.

Madeline rifles through her Marc Jacob Crocodile pocketbook from a few seasons ago and her Louis Vuitton (Patchwork Collector's Edition) that she used for years, still worth twenty-four thousand, six hundred dollars (\$24,600) on eBay (EBAY). An older, classy Hermes Birkin bag purchased as a gift,

1 and then a write-off for her husband's business,
2 originally cost one hundred and ten thousand dol-
3 lars (\$110,000), but it is beat up, so it is worth
4 approximately forty-five thousand dollars (\$45,000)
5 online. The Hermes bag contains a solitary cigarette
6 butt. Madeline tries to light the squashed ciga-
7 rette filter with no tobacco left. Madeline lights
8 the filter on fire and inhales deeply. She is finally
9 relaxing while the poison courses through her brain
10 and blood. Maddy slumps to the floor of the closet,
11 within a closet, within a home. She mutters to her-
12 self about her daughter and her headache. She rubs
13 her forehead like an institutionalized teenager.

14
15 Mad starts to sob, smoke, and choke alone in the
16 dark closet on this lonely Mother's Day morning.
17 She starts to hyperventilate, blubbering spit and
18 snot out of her mouth and nose. Madeline heaves and
19 convulses still sucking on the smoking plastic fil-
20 ter cigarette. She smokes it like a desperate pot-
21 head smokes a small marijuana roach.

22
23 Maddy continues to choke and cry. I feel compelled
24 to run into Madeline's house and administer the
25 Heimlich Maneuver, but I restrain myself. Honorable
26 Family Court and Good Reader: my Empire job is
27 to watch and record the demise and the truth of
28 *Motherhood*. I do not get involved - I am a camera.

29
30 Madeline continues to choke and smoke like a high-
31 end crack-whore. The smoking filter seems to calm
32 her down a little bit.

33
34 I take a break from the luxury-induced discon-
35 tent. I push eject on my CD and out pops out Tim
36 McGraw's "Sundown Heaven Town." I put in an equally
37 scratched CD from my Appalachian life. The album is
38 Shania Twain's "Come on Over." I slowly increase
39 the volume filling my Ford (F) Interceptor with
40 "Man, I Feel Like a Woman." _

41
42 I look up from my computer screens and stare outside

my Empire *Intel* car. I feel the earth shaking. The sun sits below the horizon line and is still out of site. A grey blue twilight simmers on the sun's horizon line as white snow flurries float down like falling feathers. An Allegheny town snowplow and salter slowly drives past me. A grizzled Appalachian Townie with a cigar in his mouth and a cowboy hat leans out his window. He checks out my blacked-out cop-car idling peacefully. The Townie makes numerous mental notes as the Townies are not just the plows and salt-spreaders of Appalachia, but the salt and pepper of Appalachia. The Townie job is an Appalachian Union requiring impossible requirements and pedigree. It is for only the Very Important People (VIP) of Appalachia, and Lordy... what a pension!

The salt from the Townie's spreader sprays my car like machine gun fire. White cotton candy snowflakes slowly fall and melt on my idling hot black car. The Empire Townie nods his head back at my Empire car as a double agent provocateur for the Empire Real. Townie is an Empire mole: as the Appalachian good, ole boys and their cowboys joined the Empire a long time ago, believing they were doing good, believing they had been recruited to save the patriot, to save the forgotten man / the common man. But Townie was double-crossed by the Empire, and now they are fighting a losing battle for food, clothing, and shelter. So therefore, Townie who is now in the snowplow, or Townie at the Town Clerks office, or Townie leaning on his shovel in the summertime in the middle of the highway construction project, is an indentured servant suffering from "The Stockholm Syndrome." In spite of this: Townie cowboy and Townie cowgirl are still the eyes and ears of Empire *Intelligence*.

When you have the Empire politicians, the press, and the police all on the same page, all on the same side, all on the same take, the cold-cash *Intel* take - the opposition to the Empire - is no more. The

1 opposition's opinion is hearsay and blasphemy...
2 and soon to be illegal. And then because you want
3 to check and balance the local Appalachian Empire /
4 the local government, you are now a heretic and a
5 blasphemer - and we all know what happens to *Them*.
6

7 I look down at my computer screens again. Madeline
8 thinks really hard about solutions to her nico-
9 tine withdrawal. Pills and wine first come to her
10 mind, then lots more pills. Visions of drawers
11 with amber-colored pill bottles and medicine cab-
12 inets filled with orangey-brown heroin synthetics
13 and pharmaceuticals give Mad a quick dopamine high.
14 Maddy giggles... surfing her drug-addled high. Her
15 giggling continues in a sinister way....
16

17 Shania Twain's chorus comes in perfectly:

18
19 "Oh, oh, oh, go totally crazy, forget I'm a lady,"
20

21 Light orange and root beer colored plastic pharma-
22 ceutical bottles filled with pills spill about in
23 Madeline's sassafras luxury. There are pills for
24 the husband, pills for the children, pills for the
25 "Tired" mother, pills for the "Angry" mother, pills
26 for the disobedient daughter, pills for the dis-
27 obedient doggy, pills for the aggressive sexy son,
28 and many, many pills to hide the *Real* and mask the
29 *Other*. Mad's pills keep *Nothing* away. But a few
30 days ago, right after her youngest daughter Christa
31 came home from school, Maddy's pills disappeared.
32

33 Maddy is consumed by the motherly devaluation, the
34 disrespect, and the humiliation of being denied
35 / of being taken advantage of by a thief, by her
36 daughter. Mad prances out of her discombobulated
37 closet-cave within a lady-cave. It is almost 5:40
38 am, and Christa still isn't home after going out
39 with Patrick Pilates last night. Christa is home
40 for Mother's Day dinner, and Madeline thinks how
41 happy she ought to be. But Mad wonders why she
42 isn't happy....

Mad did not realize she was not happy, unless she
was selling motherhood, and believed that to be
motherly love.

Shania Twain's chorus came back into my Interceptor
sound system like a misty fog. "Oh, oh, oh, go
totally crazy, forget I'm a lady."

Chapter 9

5:59 AM - MOTHER IS CONDEMNED BY HER FAMILY, OR, COMPLAINT #21-4532

1 I'm trailing Barbara Dalton again as she finishes
2 up her graveyard shift. She is in the back of the
3 vast casino parking lot next to the two (2) or
4 three (3) dumpsters overflowing with trash. Gigantic
5 icebergs or piles of brown, black, and yellow snow
6 stand thirty (30) to forty (40) feet up into the
7 air around *Us*. This is from this past winter's
8 snow. We're boxed in, within a dirty igloo within a
9 sky. It smells like garbage outside, so I roll up
10 my windows and switch my car's air flow to internal
11 only (IO). Next to these floating glaciers of snow
12 and downwind from the dumpsters, we all enjoy the
13 silence on Mother's Day morning 2021. Slurpy cup
14 trash blows around this large graph set on a frozen
15 tundra - this is where "Whitey" who works at the
16 casino on the Reservation (REZ) parks.

17
18 Barbara seems excited huddled over and smoking a
19 cigarette with her girlfriend. She and her friend
20 are dancing the Appalachian Winter Two-Step: hop-
21 ping from one foot to the other in order to keep
22 warm and not become frozen to the ground. They seem
23 to be appreciating the dawn, pointing towards the
24

sun. I cannot hear *Them* as their double agent mics
in their cell phones have not been picked up by my
Stingray.

It is a little after 6:00 am, and the other grave-
yard maintenance engineers for the Seneca Indians
bumble slowly into the grey fog known as an *Up-*
State sunrise. Barbara and her co-workers would
all be back at the casino fourteen (14) hours later
in the day for their next eight (8) hour janito-
rial shift (earning a whopping forty-three dollars)
(\$43). Nonetheless, they wish each other sincerely,
a "Happy Mother's Day!"

Apart from this unlivable wage, trying to escape
from Seneca gambling work is impossible for Barbara
and her peers. They live within the poverty of
Appalachia. But here on the Seneca Indian Nation
Reservation, the Seneca OWN the land the Town sits
on. Whitey rents from the Seneca....

The Seneca were legislating and executing a disci-
plined white-devil gentrification from their ancient,
Great Hill and Western Door to America property. At
the food store, in the parking lot, and in their cars
at the drive-through, the Seneca Indians stared and
schemed patiently in order to reverse the Indian
Removal Act of 1830 and/or Barbara Dalton's forked
tongue Manifest Destiny.

Barbara hangs out with the other maintenance engi-
neers in the vacant Appalachian parking lot. Like
in Albany, the sun doesn't rise here in the Southern
Tier. The Empire's sun maybe appears as a grey-yel-
low blob, a green-grey booger, and/or a star out of
rhythm and/or off key.

Dear Family Court, Good Reader, and Good Looker:
I will paint the scene above with Barbara at dawn
as People's Exhibit F. But I will draw out a large
Pagan axe in her little hand because I swear to you



People's Exhibit F - Barbara Dalton at
Dawn in the Casino Parking Lot

all: looking through the right-side of my brain, I
can see the axe that Barbara grinds!

Sharon, a friend of Barbara, hands Barbara a white
carnation that she just retrieved from her car.
Sharon holds onto her own white carnation. They
stand there seeming to pray to a Flower God or a
Mother's Day Goddess, but more likely they pray to
a male, man-made God.

Sharon says, I'm heartbroken because I have not
seen my son in five (5) years." Sharon leans on
Barbara's rusted-out, but at one point baby-blue,
1976 Ford Pinto worth maybe three hundred dollars
(\$300). She exclaims, "If I just knew where he was,
I'd feel so much better."

Barbara thinks to herself, but stays mum about her
son, Christopher, who she won't talk to either.
But, she knows where he is. It is the best place
for Chris, and not a "Christopher." Chris Dalton is
in the Empire State's Supermax Attica Prison. Barb
offers Sharon a Seneca cigarette (Employee discount
- \$.49 a pack). Sharon politely declines.

Chris is in Attica serving a sentence for raping
his female Appalachian neighbor. It's a barbaric
story with sordid and vulgar details that I will
spare this Honorable Court and Good Reader. Here
in Appalachia rape has recently become something
the local District Attorney (DA) will prosecute.
So, Barbara tried to defend her rapist son and
in fact hired a fancy big lawyer from Albany who
charged her an eight thousand dollar (\$8,000) up-
front retainer to defend her son of the charge of
rape. It was Barbara's life savings pittance and
mostly the inheritance her mother left her when she
died twenty-two (22) years ago in 1999. Barbara had
been saving the money as a college fund for her
children. After months of bad communication between
the Albany lawyer and Chris, Chris decided a week
before the trial to fire his lawyer and just plead

1 guilty to the charge of raping his neighbor. The
2 money was not re-funded, and Chris Dalton was sen-
3 tenced to fifteen (15) years in Attica.

4
5 Barbara's eight-thousand-dollar (\$8000) college
6 fund for her only son - for her sexy son - instead
7 funded the sleazy Albany lawyer and his swinger
8 girlfriend to vacation at Hedonism in Jamaica for
9 a week.

10
11 Unfortunately, Chris Dalton's college education was
12 in the showers of Attica, where Professor Bubba gave
13 cum-dumpster-Chris his daily multi-choice quiz for
14 eleven (11) years. In this dark, moldy, and sexual
15 transmitted disease (STD) covered bathroom, Chris
16 Dalton became enlightened with Professor Bubba's
17 wise question: "Do you want to get raped like I
18 love you, or raped like I hate you?" Amazingly,
19 Chris always answered Professor Bubba perfectly,
20 earning himself an A+ every day, and a degree from
21 Attica Showers Community College (ASCC).

22
23 Barbara talks to Chris weekly, and never speaks of
24 his guilty plea of raping a woman. They only dis-
25 cussed the pleasantries of prison life such as the
26 food, extra-curricular activities, and the very
27 grey weather. Barb prays for her son's soul, but
28 Chris does not pray for himself, or others, because
29 he does not know and/or want to know love, law,
30 Christ, God, or the Empire. Chris, like the major-
31 ity in Appalachia, only knows how to survive today.
32 Tomorrow is up for grabs in Appalachia - tomorrow
33 is a gamble.

34
35 Barbara's friend Sharon continues expressing her
36 disbelief and disappointment with being estranged
37 from her son. She holds her white carnation, using
38 it as a motherly pointer-

39
40 "I'm not a whore," Sharon whines. In reality, her
41 only high in life is being a tease or a skank. She
42 continues, "I wish my son would love me, but his

father is such a little-dick asshole that he'll never let that happen."

My exterior cameras zoom in. I can see Sharon tear-up. She says in a whisper to Barbara, "My son will never know how abusive his father was to me, so he will never understand me." Sharon, boiling up, violently throws her white carnation away onto a dirty, brown pile of snow. The lake-effect wind catches the white carnation, and it blows into a large dark puddle or pond next to the snow. The carnation catches the wind, and its flower petals merrily float and navigates the parking lot lake.

I look at my fake white carnation from the *Gas Station Man*. It reminds me of the second letter I hold in my M-8888 satchel. It is an editorial written by my grandmother, Anna Jarvis, for her local Philadelphia newspaper about white carnations. It also generally covers everything under the sun. The fake white carnation from the *Gas Station Man* has blossomed on my dashboard like a ship's figurehead warding off evil spirits and announcing my simple white carnation mission to all who cross my path, and to even the illiterate.

As a backstory to my Grandmother's letter, I must tell you, Family Court, and Dear Reader that at the time she wrote this letter (1934) my grandmother was legally suing numerous "Christian Pirates," "Infringers," and "Charity Charlatans" for "Mother's Day" copyright and trademark infringement. Her editorial was entitled:

"Dear Expectant Mother Racket – Reform not Revenue!"

After establishing the white carnation flower as a symbol of motherly love back in 1908, my grandmother, Anna Jarvis, enjoyed respect for the motherly tradition that spread nationally and internationally. This respect for mothers created huge

1 fortunes for the flower industry and the Flowers
2 Transworld Delivery (FTD) company. The profits were
3 vulgar, especially after colluding, monopolizing,
4 and gouging the white carnation flower market. My
5 grandmother lost her mind over the flower industry
6 selling white carnations at a profit. She correctly
7 claimed the flower industry was not just raising
8 and price-fixing white carnations for their living
9 and breathing mothers but profiteered even more by
10 introducing the new red carnation for their dead
11 mothers.

12
13 The *Red-Queen* was propped-up and paid back retro-
14 actively in her absence, in her death with a red
15 carnation. This enabled all dead mothers with lists
16 of debts unpaid, and in arrears, to come back from
17 the grave and collect. Here is a *Red-Queen's jou-*
18 *issance* beyond death, and her orgasm. Here is the
19 *Red-Queen's little death* - here is the Red Queen's
20 reincarnation!

21
22 This pump and dump of Mother's Day as an Anti-War
23 Holiday was destroying my grandmother. The monetization
24 and commodification of my Granny's anti-child
25 abuse Holiday was killing her. My grandmother wrote
26 in her Philadelphia editorial:

27
28 Dear Phila, Dear City of Brotherly and
29 Sisterly Love, Dearest Philadelphia, and
30 Respected Editors of the Philadelphia
31 Inquirer,

32
33 ***Your child is a Monster!***

34
35 ***Your Expectant Mother Racket child is still***
36 ***borne!***

37
38 ***Dear women all alone, including myself -***
39 ***let us reform our female ways as charity***
40 ***charlatans.***

41
42 ***Let's take our tools back!***

Let's end our lame Hallmark attempts at
expressing our love for our mothers and write
a hand-written note to our mothers in our own
language. The dead carnation and rotten candy
are more for us than them.

And I am just as guilty. As a daughter on
Mother's Day my pretty sentiment was the
empty candy box on my mother's living room
floor littered with glistening tin-foil wrap-
pers from the chocolate sweets. My motherly
love has a stomachache that lasts a lifetime!

Dear women of Friendship – dear women of
Phila, let us pray to the same mother, let us
pray to the same Creator. Let us be a soldier
for Sophia, let us be a soldier for the divine
spark, a soldier who takes up arms against our
male creditors. Let's throw away our self-
aggrandizing carnations that wilt so fast.

These white carnations, these flowers – are
these the eyes of a man who does not adore
you? Oh, Diana and Marianne, oh Mary and
Eve, forget your sentimentalism for we are
not debtors. I will create a badge for those
brave women who will fight against the murder
of our sons and daughters with their frivo-
lous wars and abstract debt.

Watch the insipid carnation gift for your
mother wither and die, curling in on itself
like an aging spinster. The mother who does
not protect her seedlings from war, falls
apart, petal by petal with time.

Sincerely,

Anna Jarvis

My grandmother clearly expresses her mission. She
was obviously not scared of death. She was a woman

1 beyond the death-drive; taking back her tools; cap-
2 turing her *little Object A*. There is no fear of the
3 *Other* in her world, my grandmother was an artist /
4 a Creator / a Goddess.

5
6 I look over now at the plastic and white carnation
7 on the dashboard bow of my car. It bobbles like
8 a bobble-head. I need some fresh air and mistak-
9 enly open my window. The frigid dawn of Appalachia
10 rushes into my warm car. The casino dumpster stink
11 curdles my white carnation as fast as vanilla ice
12 cream melts on hot apple pie. My carnation is my
13 dying bowsprit, and her white petal sail is ripped
14 to shreds and blows in the wind. The cold air blows
15 my white carnation over and litters my dark inter-
16 ior with off-white petals that look like maggots.

17
18 I look up at Barbara. She still holds her white
19 carnation in a daze, and Sharon looks sadly at her
20 thrown flower drowning in a blacktop puddle. Their
21 motherly abuse makes for easy camaraderie. Barbara
22 seems to daydream for a moment. Her own husband is
23 a slimy, angry-drunk, and mean as spit. Barbara
24 then complains, "My children are always being so
25 ungrateful and such a pain in the ass."

26
27 Barb steps back and sips her burned coffee with
28 powdered milk floating on top and still not diluted
29 in a plastic Styrofoam cup. Barbara asks Sharon,
30 "What effect did your husband have on your family?"

31
32 The non-dairy creamer forms a crust on her upper
33 lip which Barb licks, sucks and crunches on with
34 her yellow and brownish, badly deteriorated teeth.
35 Barbara seems drugged on this High Fructose Corn
36 Syrup (HFCS) and loses her train of thought.

37
38 Barb takes a drag on her Seneca cigarette, and in
39 a newfound rush of energy says, "Fuck 'em all...
40 they condemn me every day of my life." Small puffs
41 of smoke puff out of her small mouth with no lips.
42 Barbara concludes, "My family, my Elders have

always, and will always condemn me... but today,
on Mother's Day - I say fuck 'em all, Sharon! Fuck
'em All!"

Barbara Dalton's *Fuck 'Em All* declaration of independence reminds me of Susan Dalton. Susan is Barb's youngest daughter who had just moved back home to Allegheny with her two (2) children. Barbara's house in Allegheny, according to Zillow (ZG) was worth around twenty-six thousand dollars (\$26,000). Barbara's husband and Susan Dalton's father, William, or Billy Dalton, was livid and caustic with any and every move Susan and/or her children/ his grandchildren make. Besides the underlying immaturity and criminality of this Appalachian family, Billy Dalton, the man of the house is an alcoholic. He was pissed because Susan was stealing half his beers from his daily Silver Bullet twenty-four (24) pack (\$25.99). Susan, his daughter, had inherited the Dalton alcoholic gene, and she had been quenching and promoting that disease with grain-alcohol and beers since she was thirteen (13) years old.

The disease of alcoholism is part of the Empire's biological warfare on Appalachia. Alcoholic warriors and patriots like Susan, her father, and her grandfather before that, swapped out the American's and the Appalachian's "Good ole fight" with the "Good ole drunk." Billy Dalton with his innate wisdom of how to survive the next twenty-four (24) hours drunk has realized there could NOT be two Dalton drunks within the same house, under the same roof, within the overall square footage of six hundred and twenty feet (620 square feet). Barbara's home has transformed into a lonely and dark Appalachian bar with a television (TV) stuck on one (1) fuzzy channel.

Barbara wonders silently, yet at the same time consoles and nods in agreement with Sharon. But, Barbara is worried about her own Appalachian insane asylum and ponders which member of her family will

1 pass out first today on Mother's Day.... Will it
2 be Bill or Susan? Her drunk daughter or abusive
3 husband? Barb could watch her husband be hung and
4 quartered without shedding a tear. But Susan, who
5 had just moved back home, was cut from the same
6 oily and dirty Appalachian cloth that Barbara was
7 cut from. So Susan's demise was also Barbara's
8 breakdown.

9
10 Barbara has a nighttime routine, Barbara would spit
11 a nasty flem ball on her husband at around nine
12 forty-five Phase Modulation (9:45 pm) every night
13 after he passed out on his La-Z Boy (LZB) fold-out
14 recliner. But Barb would put Susan to bed with warm
15 blankets and freshly fluffed clean pillows. Barbara
16 cherishes this post Dalton Rehabilitation Center
17 pass-out time. She looks at her sleeping daughter
18 Susan with hope. This night-time was one of the few
19 times of peace in Barbara's Allegheny home.

20
21 And during this right-brain time, the thought of
22 losing Susan made the very old little lady in the
23 back of her mind look up cautiously. The thought
24 of not having a daughter - a friend, made the hair
25 on the back of Barbara's neck stir and stand. The
26 thought of losing Susan made the inside of Barbara's
27 palms sweaty and her throat go dry. The thought of
28 losing Susan is accurate, but not *Real*, and it is
29 part of Barb's *Other*.

30
31 And Barbara, instead of being self-aware and
32 grounded, was lost in the poverty and blight of
33 *Motherhood* and the *Expectant Mother Racket*. Barbara
34 abused her subconscious / her *Other*, herself, because
35 Barbara was abused by her husband. In Appalachia
36 there is very little trickle-down economics but
37 there are mountain ranges of trickle-down abuse.
38 It's a "Family-Friendly" family-game we all play in
39 Appalachia.

40
41 Barbara's oldest daughter, Tracy, thirty-eight
42 (38) years old, would certainly be talking to Barb

today by phone. Tracy was smart enough to leave Allegheny immediately after high school. Tracy lives in Manhattan and has a good job and is the fierce Dalton warrior on the march. Tracy is a rare diamond in the rough of *Up-State*.

Tracy was a lean girl and took her father's strong physical characteristic, but she glides with her mother's genteel southern soul and constitution. Barbara's life in poverty is the reason Tracy works so hard down-state: she wants to rescue her mother.

Barbara consoles and/or compensates her own "Motherly Batting Average (MBA)" or her "Breeding Batting Average" (BBA) with, "Well one (1) good kid out of three (3) is better than zero (0) out of three (3)." And Barbara was right about her "Runts Battered In" (RBI) and/or her "Humans Better-Off Than Me" (HBTM) data to a point. Barbara prays for Tracy's continued success, even though Barbara is nervous that Tracy is cursed with the Dalton gene. Tracy calls her mother before 9:00 am every day to keep the emotional juices flowing through their telephonic apron string.

Tracy, like her mother, is psychologically paranoid - perverse. They live on fear, they live on the negative-amortized life, the neg-am jam life - the NAJ life. They fear themselves, growth, and change - they piss on the *Real*, do not talk about the *Other*, and chose to know nothing about *Nothing*.

Chapter 10

6:45 AM - MOTHER IS JUDGED BY PATRICK

PILATES, OR, COMPLAINT #21-6154

1 I'm back on the nicest street in Allegheny again,
2 Highland Avenue. I can see on my main computer
3 built into the Empire's Trooper car dashboard that
4 Madeline is dozing on her guest couch. She suddenly
5 awakes after hearing the side house door slam. Mad
6 instinctually knows this is Christa coming home
7 at daybreak. Maddy gets up in a huff, puts on her
8 robe, and scuttles downstairs to confront / welcome
9 her daughter strolling in at sunrise.

10
11 Madeline hears giggling and talking coming from the
12 kitchen and wonders if Christa is on her phone.
13 Madeline is happy to welcome Christa home and make
14 her breakfast. But Christa does not want to see her
15 mother, unless she needs a little "Allowance" for
16 her bank account. Christa never wants to see her
17 mother, especially on Mother's Day. Christa has
18 brought home an old Allegheny boyfriend, Patrick
19 Pilates, whom Madeline enjoys very much, probably
20 too much.

21
22 Madeline and Patrick, or "Pilates" as he goes by,
23 have had a small and aspiring "Romantic" chick-lit
24

e-book narrative going on via their Snapchat (SNAP) Direct Messages (DM) for the last three (3) months. I will spare this Good Family Court, but Dear Reader the prose is not *Romantic* literature that describes Pilates and Madeline. The problem is as old as Medusa, but now it's called Mothers-I'd-Like-to-Fuck (MILF).

Like Medusa, *Motherhood*, and now whoring mothers - these are man-made inventions for women's incarceration. Another white-devil (WD) problem, another small-white-dick (SWD) problem - destroying a woman - lighting her hair on fire with snakes and turning her into a feared monster because another man touched HIS woman. Maddy says her daughter is a thief, but Mad is fucking her daughter's boyfriend; Pilates... and Christa knows.

Patrick and Christa are groping each other in the kitchen when Madeline, bright eyed and bushy tailed, walks in on *Them* making out, playing grab-ass.

Madeline gasps a little. She is a little taken back because Pilates is hugging and squeezing Christa from behind, which is pushing her daughter up against her Italian refrigerator (\$16,860) finished in custom ash wood to match the cabinets, which cost thirty thousand, two hundred dollars (\$30,200 - Installation Included). Christa giggles and gyrates her ass into Pilate's groin as ice from the dispenser spills onto the floor. Patrick Pilates licks Christa's neck and manhandles her breasts from underneath her blouse like a looter grabbing merchandise at a supermarket riot.

Madeline pretends not to notice any of this. Maddy hesitatingly says, "Ga, ga, goo, goo, good morning."

Sheepishly Pilates extracts himself from Christa's body. He backs up six (6) feet or so and puts his hands in his pockets. Pilates standing tall, still

1 erect, and at attention says, "Good morning, Mrs.
2 McHugh!"

3
4 Christa sighs disapprovingly in her mother's face,
5 snapping and snarling, "What are you doing?" as the
6 ice cubes continue to spill onto the travertine
7 marble floor (\$189 a sq. ft.). Christa's ass still
8 gyrates as if Pilate's hard cock was still there.

9
10 Madeline answers slowly like a scared and demented
11 child, "I, I, I was up and I, I, I thought I'd make
12 you brr, brr, break, break, break...fast, fast."

13
14 Christa slaps back, "You're always up. Get the hell
15 outta here!"

16
17 Christa lets that "Helicopter Mom"/ "Baby-Boomer-
18 Bimbo" bombshell fly, wiz, and echo across Madeline's
19 bow and throughout their twelve thousand square foot
20 (12,000 sq. ft.) vacant McMansion. They all wait in
21 silence for the emotional shrapnel to really infect
22 and wound Christa's true mortal enemy - her mother.
23 This momentary silence freezes everyone, and no one
24 knows what to say as a domestic parasite settles
25 into its host - the lap of luxury.

26
27 Madeline retreats to pleading, "I was just trying
28 to make everyone happy! Happiness is the truth of
29 life," looking at Pilates more than Christa. Maddy
30 then very quickly gets on her knees and starts
31 cleaning up the ice cube mess her daughter was
32 making.

33
34 Pilates looks down and painfully smiles at Madeline
35 on the floor practically washing his feet. Then
36 Pilates scowls with that frat-boy grimace as if
37 someone has a clamp on his dick and he kind of
38 likes it. Mad, the Red-Queen, happily looks up to
39 catch a glimpse of a Pilates with his dick in a
40 honey-trap. Madeline enjoys this torture of lover
41 and daughter at the same time. The triangulation
42 of Pilates's male gaze looking for some easy pussy

is complemented by Christa's kleptomaniac flare for
throwing loved ones onto intimate fires.

"Can't you see I'm here with a friend? Ma-de-line?"
Christa slowly brings the heavy black pillow closer
to her mother's bloated white face. Christa started
to smother her mother once again by calling her
mother by her first name in a slow, downbeat, overly
pronounced, monosyllabic, punching-down manner.

"What are you doing... Ma-de-line?" Christa slowly
twists and screws again. This child is a bully
tyrant, and her mother is an innocent child of God
about to be judged for execution / for crucifixion.

Christa has vocally devalued Madeline since she was
a young teenager. Madeline, still on her knees, and
now at her daughter's feet is unsuccessfully trying
to pick up the melting ice cubes off the white mar-
ble floor. Madeline moves around her daughter as if
she is a violent, mentally ill patient at an insane
asylum. Maddy is the unfortunate nurse who changes
the bed pan dutifully. At the same time Maddy grabs
at the ice cubes as they swim and squiggle away,
laughing and melting like hooligans at the gallows
pole or rubberneckers at a crucifixion.

Madeline answers her daughter Christa as if her
daughter is really interested in her mother's life,
"Oh, thanks for asking, Christa, I'm not up to
much, a little needle work, and then I have to
bring Hersey to the vet tomorrow. Hoi is coming
over later, so I've got to..."

"No, no, not today Ma-de-line!" Christa rudely
interrupts as Madeline tends to ramble on if not
physically bridled / controlled. Christa crosses
her arms and continues: "Right now in front of me -
what are you doing? I'll give you a clue... you're
annoying me! I'll ask you again before you go away.
Let's see if the Me-Generation-Mommy can answer a
question that doesn't have the subject of 'Me' in

1 it. What are you doing Ma-de-line?" Christa slowly
2 twists and screws Madeline's soul into the cold
3 dark earth again.

4
5 Madeline pleads again, "I'm just trying to make
6 everyone happy. Doesn't everyone want the truth and
7 happiness?"

8
9 Madeline is still on her knees chasing and grasping
10 at frantic, hysterical, and invisible ice cubes.
11 As Madeline chases the ice cubes between Christa's
12 feet, she also starts washing Christa's feet with
13 her bloodshot, bleary eyes and proclaims, "I just
14 want to make sure Mr. and Mrs. Homecoming 2021 and
15 the King of the Mohawks are okay. You were out all
16 night. Can I make the King and Queen of Allegheny
17 breakfast?"

18
19 Christa sighs and huffs again in a disapproving
20 fashion looking down at her mother who is still
21 chasing the icy water puddles of ice cubes sliding
22 across the white marble floor. She chuckles at her
23 pathetic mother, still on her knees. Christa plays
24 along mischievously, "Hey Maddy, you got some of
25 that Barabbas Breakfast Sausage? Pilates loves that
26 Barabbas red meat."

27
28 Pilates squints in pain at Christa with a furrowed
29 brow, shaking his head in disapproval, and mouths
30 the words "Fuck, Barabbas!"

31
32 But Pilates is gazing / glaring at his MILF. He
33 seems perplexed with Madeline's idea of "Truth and
34 happiness." Unseen by Madeline, Pilates mouths the
35 words silently to Christa, "What is the truth?"
36 shrugging his shoulders and opening his hands -
37 asking the question with his body-language.

38
39 Pilates then orates in a commanding voice to every-
40 one, even to the unruly ice-cube crowd at his feet
41 and asks honestly: "Whom shall we dine with? Barabbas
42 Breakfast Sausage or the 'Truth' at breakfast?"

Christa gives Pilates the middle finger. Madeline is still on her hands and knees and is unable to see behind the scenes or any of her incarcerator's juvenile sign language. Pilates grabs his crotch and points to the basement smiling like a horny toad.

Christa silently nods "Yes" to him with a big smile. She speaks to her condemned mother in a new, healthy, spritely tone inspired by Pilates's keen political sense of the *truth* and happiness. Christa, in her best southern Appalachian accent says, "Aww Maw thanks anyways, but we'll pass on the Barabbas Breakfast Sausage. We're gonna juust waaatch a movie in the baaasement."

Madeline chomps down on the bait, on Christa's emotional hook, as she looks up from the floor at her daughter in pure glee with this new, respectful tone from Christa. Maddy sing-songs, "Ok dear that sounds like fun, I'll get some corn for the pop-corn-popper!"

Christa, looks down at her mother, and teasingly says, as if in on the joke: "Hey Maddy, I know I'm the Homecoming Queen, but I heard you are the Queen of Clean Kitchens!!!"

Madeline takes on the persona of a quiet martyr. She answers solemnly, "I am today on this glorious Mother's Day going to honor mothers and testify to the truth. The truth is that those that know a clean kitchen listen to me... and my clean kitchen kingdom is from another world!"

Christa and Pilates are not listening and are already halfway down the stairs into the basement (which Pilates and Christa call the Fuck-Pitt Coliseum).

Mad continues to unsuccessfully chase the slippery ice-cube puddles as they taunt, tease, and chastise her with a chanting, escalating whisper:

1 "Crucify! Crucify! Crucify! Crucify! Crucify!
2 Crucify! Crucify!"

3
4 Madeline regains her *Mother's Day Madness* compo-
5 sure after being Passover-ed and/or crucified to a
6 cross. Mad, the luxurious mother, has been nailed
7 to a cross. Luxury is hanging from a cross now, but
8 she is still undaunted and yells down to Christa
9 and Pilates, teasing Them, begging Them, and trying
10 to appeal to Them: "And, don't forget it's Mother's
11 Day today!"

12
13 The popular thief and Pilates, with muddy shoes
14 and unclean hands, swap spit and viciously French
15 kiss as they descend the basement staircase play-
16 ing slinky grab-ass. They bounce off the staircase
17 walls, scratching and staining the wallpaper that
18 cost forty-five dollars (\$45) a yard). They spill
19 their drinks, staining the wall-to-wall carpet with
20 their dirty feet as they descend into the deluxe,
21 three thousand, three hundred and fifty (3,350)
22 square foot finished basement.

23
24 This underground loft of luxury with twelve (12)
25 foot ceilings, has an exercise room, a spa, a full
26 bathroom, a small kitchen, a bedroom, an office,
27 a game room, and a very large wood paneled home
28 theater with an antique popcorn concession stand.
29 The basement or the "Fuck Pit Coliseum" as Christa
30 and Pilates call it - cost around four hundred and
31 forty-five thousand dollars (\$445,000) to finish two
32 (2) years ago as Madeline wanted it "For the chil-
33 dren." Her husband's accountant suggested he "Write
34 it off" as an Empire State tax deduction under
35 another "Home / Office" deduction.

36
37 After hearing Madeline's morning announcement,
38 Pilates aggressively pulls away from Christa's
39 sumptuous body and stutters, "Wha, Wha, Wha, What
40 the hell did your mother just say? Did she say it
41 was Mo, Mo, Moth, Moth, Mother's Day?"

Christa snorts, "I don't give a fuck," and pulls Patrick Pilates's pants down to his ankles to prevent him from running away. Pilates looks at his Tag Heuer wristwatch (\$3,499) and shrieks, "Holy shit! It is Mother's Day - I gotta go!"

Christa wrestles her man against the popcorn maker and by accident turns it on. Christa tempts Pilates, "Just wait, I want to show you the *truth*," as she fondles Pilates's hard cock and balls. Christa slowly slithers up and down Pilates's body like a lap-dancer and then slowly kisses his tight six-pack and pelvis. She pulls down his Versace designer underwear (\$129) and slowly kisses the top of Patrick Pilates's pubes... Christa lightly kisses Pilates's cock and says, "I will teach you about the *truth*."

Pilates struggles to leave and attend to the necessary *Mother's Day Madness* of Hallmark card shopping, flower shopping, and chocolate shopping, which has become synonymous with respect for *Motherhood*.

Patrick Pilates succumbs to the truth trial in the Coliseum Fuck-Pitt and feels the truth start to boil and rise out of him. Twitching in ecstasy, I hear Pilates whimper in escalating tones: "I see the truth, I see the truth, I, I, I see, the, I see, I, I see the truth...."

The popcorn popper starts popping in acapella harmony with Patrick Pilates. *Pop, pop, pop, I, I, I. See, pop, pop, pop, I, I, I. Pop, I, see the Pop, I see the pop, I see the truth. Pop, truth pop. Truth, pop, po. I, I, I, see, see, see, the, the, the, th, th, th, tru,tru,,tru, trut,trut,truth,truth.*

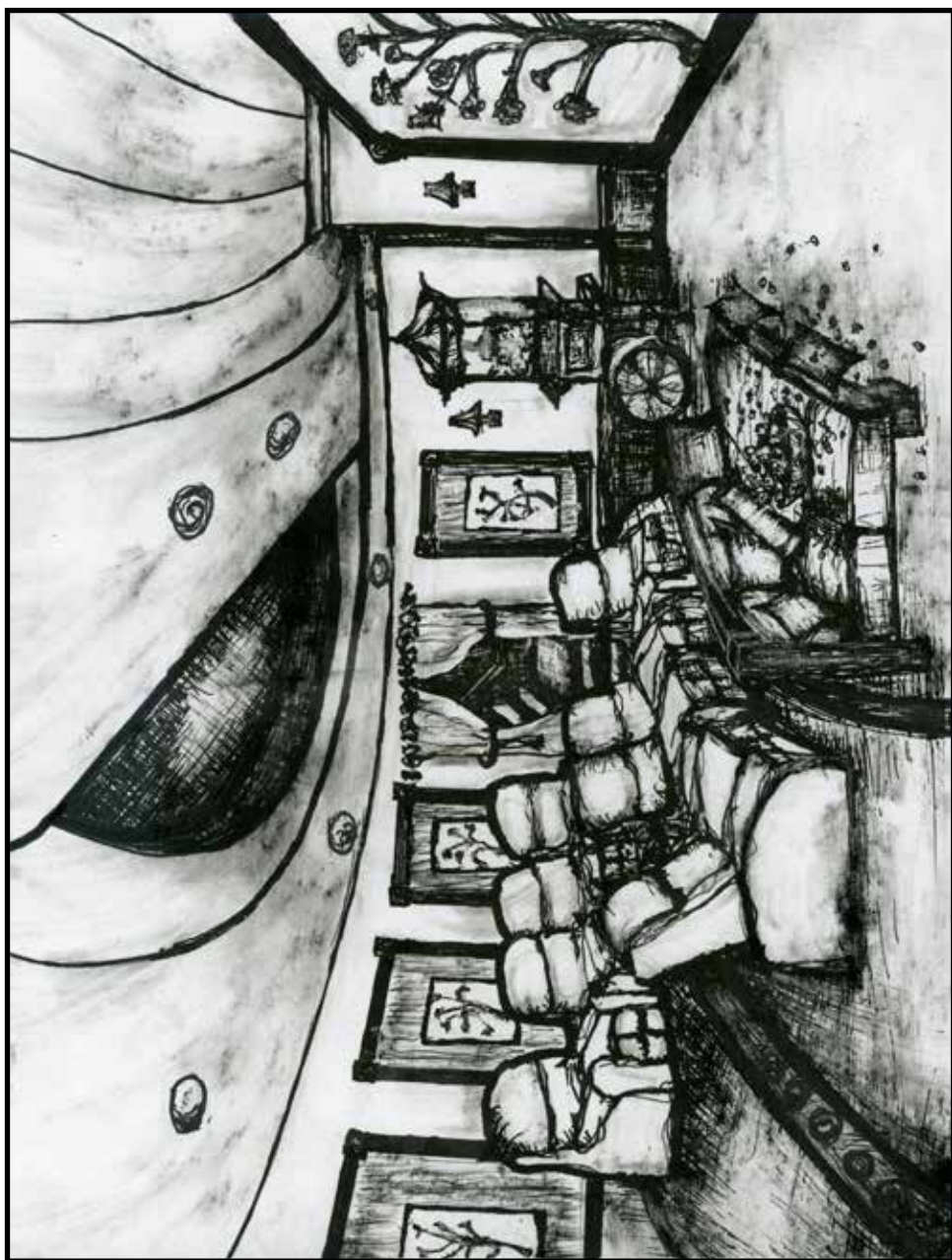
Patrick Pilates exclaims in heightened and peaceful orgasmic relief as if enlightened and transcended, "Aagh yes, oh yes... I see it now... the mother-fucking truth...."

1 But right then Pilates suddenly snaps out of this eros
2 trance and implores, "Stop, Stop, Stop, Christa....
3 This is not the truth - I gotta go shopping for my
4 Mom! It's Mother's Day for God's sake!"

5
6 Pilates pulls away from Christa's embrace and pleads
7 "I also gotta cook up some of that Barabbas break-
8 fast sausage. My Mom loves that true Barabbas meat
9 on Mother's Day." Pilates declares and concludes,
10 "Sorry, I choose Mother Barabbas instead of you
11 Christa."

12
13 Pilates runs up the Fuck-Pitt Coliseum stairs pull-
14 ing up his pants.

15
16 Christa slumps down to the floor in a dejected man-
17 ner. Christa, all alone now, looks sad and disap-
18 pointed for a moment and then seems to get angry.
19 Christa starts eating popcorn in the large, dark,
20 and subterranean vacant space. Christa is thinking
21 very hard about something... planning something...
22 maybe revenge, or maybe a religion.



People's Exhibit G - The Luxurious Basement and/or The Fuck Pitt Coliseum

Chapter 11

7:57 AM - MOTHER IS SCOURGED,
AND A CROWN OF THORNS IS PUT ON HER
HEAD,
OR, COMPLAINT #21-4532

1 I have driven approximately two (2) miles down
2 towards the river and railroad tracks to Complaint
3 #21-4532's house. I'm looking for a parking spot,
4 but Dam Road is lined with rusted-out, half-dead
5 automobiles. The Allegheny Townie with his snow-
6 plow has not been down here on Dam Road yet - pov-
7 erty is not respected. The snow is only two (2)
8 inches deep, but the middle of the road is becom-
9 ing a small pond. Two (2) young teenage hooligans
10 with skull masks and revved up All Terrain Vehicles
11 (ATV) keep running through the puddle. A younger
12 child, a red-headed little maniac sits on top of a
13 rusted wreck cheering *Them* on as they try to spray
14 him with their trikes' wave or wake arc of puddle
15 water.

16
17 The wrong side of the tracks in Allegheny reminds
18 me of Northern Ireland during the "Troubles." The
19 ten to twelve (10-12) year old maniac on top of
20 the car with heat-miser red-hair gets pissed after
21 being splashed too much. He whirls around with a

.22 caliber rifle or a large BB gun. He pretends to shoot his trike buddies as they pass, and I feel the action heat up! I feel at home here... definitely 1970s Appalachia, around the bend from 1980s Belfast.

The houses on Dam Road look like English (UK) Empire row housing in Birmingham or Manchester, England, but these houses have been Americanized and built out of wood instead of brick or concrete. The houses are all mashed together into some communist labor ghetto.

Allegheny reminds me of a Pennsylvania coal town on the skids. Architecturally there is no roof gable differentiation: roofs are shared like broken crutches or sistered bridges to uphold a Pennstucky utopia within poverty. The patios – the best seat in the house, are shared with neighbor's work trucks and abandoned boats. Balconies are recycling centers for appliances, bottles, glass, and rotten wood lumber. The same window has different color shutters and/or opposing sports flags showing the struggle or rivalry in a split State.

Down-State Philadelphia Eagles pennants fly proudly in the top of a double hung window. But on the bottom: a Pittsburgh Steelers Blanket is stapled cock-eyed warning everyone, "This is Steeler Country!" Architecture in poverty clearly shows America's schizophrenic and/or split-personality socio-economic society.

Third-world Appalachian architecture: there are two (2) doors, where there should be one (1). The front door is an abandoned, dusty, dead door where Penny-savers and newspapers in colorful bags collect. Only the side door is used in poverty and curb appeal is a foreign language. In poverty there are boarded up windows on the factories and warehouses that hide the sunshine. Here in the dark – that used to be the industrious American middle class

1 - is where there used to be many clean windows that
2 let sunshine inside. A building needs sunshine in
3 order to grow, but not here in poverty, Appalachia.
4 Poverty boards-up and bricks-up windows where there
5 should be sunshine.

6
7 Here in this third-world white-trash ghetto there
8 are the on-going "Parking Wars" you may have heard
9 of. Parking in crowded Appalachia is on the level
10 of male animals competing with breeding dances
11 to show off their good masculine genes via their
12 deluxe parking. Auto-erotic males and females fight
13 in order to win the right to park. Parking power is
14 on the level of hand-to-hand combat in Appalachia.
15 Guerrilla warfare, with armed conflicts, booby-
16 traps, and crude intimidation was the military sci-
17 ence. Psychological operations such as tire rims
18 with sticks as blockades. Signs reading "Park Here
19 And DIE!!" or "No U-Turn Faggot!" is the *modus ope-*
20 *randi / method of operation* in poverty, America.
21 This *Intelligence* works on the level of the prison
22 gangs that rule this Appalachian roost.

23
24 This Allegheny architecture shows no individualism
25 or freedom. It is similar to the *Charity Soldier*
26 fashion. This *Charity Soldier* architecture unasham-
27 edly shows a communist police-state stuck in a
28 third-word prison dilemma.

29
30 The dilemma of *Us* coming from the wrong side of the
31 railroad tracks compared to *Them*. Coming from the
32 wrong side of the river, the wrong side of town.
33 You know where... we discussed this earlier. Dear
34 Reader and Honorable Family Court, remember where
35 everything is wrong. Whereville? Yes, exactly.

36
37 Black soot coal-dust coats everything in Appalachian
38 daydreams and nightmares for *Us*. Dinge in every
39 color, and dinge in every shade is what the houses
40 are painted by *Us*. The dinge comes from a poi-
41 sonous mine fire we cannot extinguish. It burns in
42 our souls twenty-four (24) hours, seven (7) days,

and three hundred and sixty-five (365) days a year. But, for *Them* the smokestacks and coal-breakers are trophies on our horizons that keep on crushing it / keep on killing it for eternity.

Is it Jesus or the Federal Reserve who stands up for the poor the best? Who said: "We will always have the poor?" It certainly wasn't the socialist Nordic countries of Europe who are the happiest Vikings in the world. The Nordics know the aliens - they know *Them*.

My under-cover cop car spooks the teenage hooligans who think there is going to be some kind of raid. In Sandinista and Kabul, the children are paid scouts sending *Intel* to the "Bad guys." Children of Bad-guys and/or Bad-gals have very little choice in this tribal war. The red headed sniper in training and his skull-boy friends on trikes disappear along the wood line. My Empire cop-car is worth more than this entire block of houses. Ten (10) houses on Dam Road times the average price of a house on Dam Road is \$18,349 x 10 = \$183,490. An Empire State cop-car costs \$195,000 from local GOP Ford (F) dealer in the Albany Capitol. My Empire State car crawls along Dam Road looking for the target Dalton house and has at least a ten-fold advantage.

I spot the Dalton house amidst a front lawn that looks like an abandoned demolition derby from the 1970s crossed with Burning Man "Sculpture Art." These Appalachian hippy-pirates were definitely leaving more than a trace. The white-trash Appalachian is bloated... they are a brown skid-stain on whitey-tighty America.

I park down the road a bit and settled in. I turn on my Stingray and can hear those three (3) children scouts in the woods talking on their cellphones. The children are panting, screaming - no order, just chaos, and more yelling - one yelling over the other. No order, no hierarchy, just desperate

1 screaming at each other struggling for power. The
2 children talk to dead-beat Big-Daddy, Uncle Fuck-
3 Up, and/or both. These Appalachian rats are in a
4 Predator's trap. Satellites lock into longitude
5 and then get cocked into latitude and then, on a
6 black and white screen – in another world – puff...
7 you're a satellite bug-splat – yesterday's news.
8 It sounds like Uncle Fuck-up and/or Big Daddy are
9 running a meth-lab somewhere around here. I cannot
10 be bothered. The Empire has *Them* on their Global
11 Positioning System (GPS). Time is not on their
12 side... time does not tell time anymore; time tells
13 me Nothing... time is a mathematical matrix meant
14 to confuse.

15
16 Regardless, these tough "Allegheny men" will surely
17 celebrate in the woods tonight that they beat "The
18 Man" and/or "The Empire." These men will dance
19 around a fire with whiskey and drugs, just as their
20 fathers, grandfathers, and past generations have.
21 They won't invite their children or women in comrad-
22 ery or partnership. These demented men will dance
23 around the fire and beat each other until they get
24 bored. Then they will go home to their disgusting
25 homes / double-wide trailers, and beat their wives,
26 girlfriends, and stray children – demanding more
27 "Respect" because "The Man" and/or "The Empire" was
28 fooled by their slick criminal tricks today.

29
30 But using children as scouts is ignoble for war-
31 riors, and these red-State rednecks mooching within
32 a blue-State do not understand that the Empire
33 savors its time. It is the Empire's time in 2021 –
34 and not our time.

35
36 Can you hear time tick and tock? Tick... tock...
37 tick... tock.... Chronos spins the zodiac wheel of
38 time, and Cronus with his scythe cuts the seasons
39 harvest. Can you hear Einstein time? It's half-past
40 a Wormhole. Tick... tock... tick... tock.... Can
41 you hear Quantum Entanglement time? It's spooky....
42 Can you hear Fibonacci time? It' sounds like the

sum of the past. Tick... tock... tick... tock....
Can you hear Grandmother Paradox time? It sounds
like infanticide: crying babies being tortured and
killed. Tick... tock... tick... tock....

Oh, can you hear that? Is that Kilgore Trout bazooka
time? Or is it Kurt Vonnegut's "Time Quake" time? A
time when you were sick, but you're okay now, and
there is A LOT of work to be done. Can you hear
remote viewing (RV) time? It sounds like Montauk
time - heavy rocks rolling under water. Yes, I
sat in the Montauk chair - I'm a Montauk girl.
Tick... tock... tick... tock.... Maybe it's becom-
ing Sumerian time and not Empire time? Sophia time?
Divine spark time? Inanna / Enki time?

Nonetheless, I log into my computer. My screens
pick up the optics in Barbara Dalton's house. She
is home from work now and waiting for her husband
and grandchildren to wake up. She is relaxing,
having a smoke in her basement. The grandchildren
are not allowed in the small earthen basement that
measures around twelve (12) feet by fifteen (15)
feet and making the basement one hundred and eighty
(180) square feet. The ceiling is only about five
(5) feet high, so it is not really a small base-
ment, but a large crawl space. Barbara's earthen
crawl space room is accessed by a rickety staircase
with missing steps. The basement has boarded-up
windows. It is lit with a swinging, exposed light
bulb that constantly sways, making it feel like you
are in the hull of a boat during a storm. The crum-
bling fieldstone foundation is hidden by numerous
old boilers and water heaters knocked over and in
disarray. There is no natural light in Barb's crawl
space. It smells like moldy ghosts; it smells like
brown and grey dead bodies having a smoke break.

Barbara would say to her grandchildren, "I don't
want to harm you with my stupid smoking habit, so
never come downstairs to the basement. Never!"

1 The basement's earthen floor is not brown like dirt,
2 but sooty grey with little yellow-orange specks
3 because so many cigarette butts had been planted in
4 this dirt. Barb's basement is a two-hundred square
5 foot (200') ashtray that smokers could sit in.

6
7 Barbara's basement staircase is creaky, wobbling,
8 and treacherous. It leads is to nothing better
9 upstairs. To cross this staircase, one took on
10 the possibility of it collapsing, and breaking
11 one's neck. That is the fun of the self-destructive
12 Appalachian life – the thrill of doing more damage
13 is just a hoot-a-nanny away.

14
15 This crawlspace is where Barbara feels most com-
16 fortable in life. A safe space, a room with a lock,
17 allowances and an income of much less than Virginia
18 Woolf's suggestion in 1930 of forty thousand dol-
19 lars (\$40,000) a year. Barbara thinks smoking in
20 the basement is respectful to her grandchildren she
21 raises; because, now she was "not smoking in the
22 house."

23
24 Barbara also enjoys looking at her husband's, "Sea
25 of Green" cannabis Sativa plants growing under
26 his sodium-halide light further back in a smaller
27 closet. Barb enjoys the smell of the Indica and
28 Sativa, a pure fresh green elixir. It is a dou-
29 ble-whammy green high of THC and another green US
30 dollar high of six thousand (\$6,000) dollars in
31 annual income. Three harvest cycles nets Bill Dalton
32 around two thousand (\$2,000) dollars each harvest.
33 Barbara rolls her own cigarette with Seneca Indian
34 tobacco and lightly pruned flowers from her hus-
35 band's Northern Light and Kush garden.

36
37 Even though Barbara Dalton has taken precautions
38 and thinks constantly and endlessly about how to
39 protect her children and grandchildren, she does
40 not. Barbara has no more DNA Random Access Memory
41 (RAM). Barb has run dry on DNA RAM.

The cigarette smoke and ganja smoke wafts up between the floorboards of Barbara's dilapidated one hundred (100) year old house. It creates a kind of Appalachian fog or smog in the children's bedroom upstairs. Their bedroom is in the unfinished attic. And just like in the Hudson Valley outside Mr. Appleton's window there are fluffy / smokey patches of white cotton candy in the hills and valleys. Well, here in Barbara's house the smokey patches float around Craig and Diana's bedroom. This Appalachian smog is known as asthma, cancer, and/or parental child abuse. It's a wet affair, social engineering, soft-core eugenics, and/or self-help genocide.

The smoking rat hole Barbara Dalton calls a basement is in turn the grandchildren's soft-core eugenics room; because, almost two (2) years ago Barbara's daughter, Susan, lost custody of her two (2) children. The Empire State Family Court took *Them* away after deeming Susan Dalton an unfit mother. That Family Court Case (#19-3886) started after Susan's children crawled out a window onto the second story roof of their Section 8 housing and started screaming for help!

"Help, help," the little ones screamed. "Our mother has locked *Us* in our room. We can't get out! Help!!! Hellppp!! Heeelllppp!!!!"

The neighbors called the Allegheny police, and the police found Susan passed out from drugs and alcohol with her African American boyfriend who was not the father of either child. Both adults were arrested for drug possession and endangering the welfare of Susan's children and two (2) other children (locked in another room). Susan and her boyfriend told the police they were, "Baby-sitting," but it turns out they were "Baby-killing."

The Empire State judge gave Susan a choice of getting a job or going to jail: Susan chose to go to

1 jail, so Grandma Barbara Dalton got custody of her
2 grandchildren, Craig and Diana.

3
4 They are good innocent children at five (5) and nine
5 (9), but nonetheless the statistical odds are not in
6 their favor. That the innocent children will amount
7 to anything is doubtful, with both their parents in
8 Attica State Prison. The children are taunted and
9 shunned in school and it's not just their chronic
10 lice and flea problem the Allegheny school nurse has
11 to deal with. With both parents in jail, and with
12 the alcoholic / addict gene in their bloodstream,
13 they most likely will be joining their parents at
14 Attica State Prison. Only money and *Intelligence*
15 can save an innocent child, and no one could afford
16 to save the Dalton children in Allegheny.

17
18 Barbara Dalton pulls on her spliff and enjoys the
19 silence before her house erupts into full-blown
20 Dalton Appalachia, and/or the Dalton Rehabilitation
21 Center, and/or the Dalton Nursing Home, and/or the
22 Dalton Metal Recycling, and/or the Dalton Automotive
23 Repair, and/or most important... in Appalachian
24 terms: The Dalton Motor-Cross Raceway!

25
26 But for now, Barbara wonders to herself about her
27 oldest daughter, Tracy, and how she is doing in
28 the big *Down-State* city. Barb looks forward to
29 her daily phone call with Tracy in an hour or so.
30 Mother's Day is just another Sunday workday for the
31 Seneca Indians (Barbara's employer) and the noncha-
32 lant / easily forgotten Sunday Holiday is similar
33 for workaholic Manhattanites, like her daughter,
34 Tracy.

35
36 Tracy is the cream of Barbara's motherly crop,
37 and Barbara often admitted jokingly after raising
38 Tracy that she kind of "Got tired of the whole mom
39 thing." Barb taught Tracy to read and write at an
40 early age. But when the other two children - Susan
41 and Christopher - came around, Barb was more inter-
42 ested in her lost youth which resulted in a lot of

drinking and smoking during pregnancy and after childbirth.

Christopher, her rapist son, was born slightly "Dry" in 1984. Barbara would jokingly exclaim to anyone who would listen that her water broke during one of her many popular house parties. Everyone at her house at the time was too drunk or stoned and couldn't drive her to the hospital. Barbara waited for her husband's friend to sober up for a few hours while she finished a few loads of laundry that had been laying around for a few weeks. Barb's sexy son was born slightly dead of dehydration and malnutrition in her womb.

Barbara's third child, Susan, was born about a year later, and she had tetrahydrocannabinol (THC), cocaine, methamphetamine, barbiturates, and Milwaukee's Best coaxing through her veins before she saw the light of day. Susan's blood / alcohol level at birth enabled her to be the first Birthed While Intoxicated (BWI) child in Allegheny. This is child abuse.

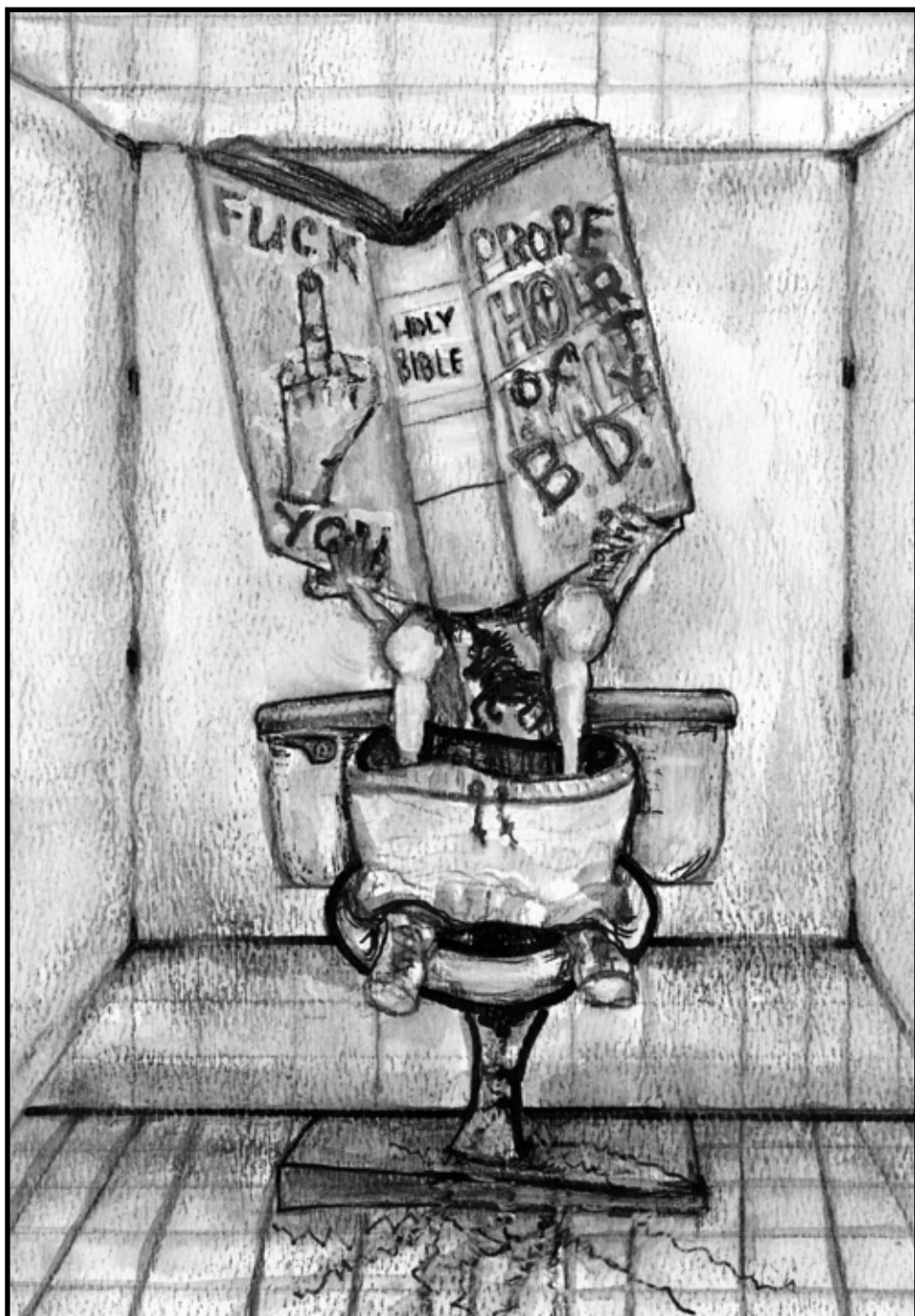
Neither Chris nor Susan received personal reading or writing lessons as Tracy did, and therefore they were both drug addicts and in prison by the time they were sixteen (16). Tracy, the oldest daughter, in contrast, was the star pupil of Allegheny elementary and high school. Tracy left Appalachia on the first bus out of town after graduation. She went to the big-apple Empire city in order to (like me) possibly evolve past the negative amortized life, the NAJ life, Devil's Island poverty life, otherwise known as Appalachia American life.

Even with the reading lessons from Mom, Barbara could not protect her shiny diamond, Tracy, from being scratched, dulled, and dragged down by the scumbags of New York City. Barbara's 14-karat diamond daughter had been baited and switched looking for her little *Object A*.

1 Barbara imagines that Tracy, her diamond in the
2 rough from the Southern Tier, would be very success-
3 ful monetarily and would come back to Appalachia
4 and rescue her. Barbara didn't care about Tracy's
5 struggles in life, because she had too many thorns
6 in her own side already. Thinking about her other
7 children - her bad ones - her son, Chris... or
8 her youngest daughter, Susan, was too painful.
9 The two youngest children made Barbara grind her
10 teeth as she slept. Barbara massages the dull pain
11 in her jaw from all the teeth grinding. Barbara
12 doesn't grin and bear it. She grinds and bears it.
13 Despite it all, Barbara opens her Bible, pulls on
14 her spliff and blows O-ringlets into the fogged-out
15 crawl space in a fun-loving way.

16
17 The ringlets widen into a hat or wreath of smoke
18 that sits on Barbara's head. On my black and white
19 pixelated screen an interference or frequency
20 starts to scramble my visual. Dear Family Court
21 and Good Reader: I swear I almost see a smokey and
22 spikey crown of thorns upon Barbara's head. The
23 crown of thorns are from another world - an under-
24 water world. And Barbara looks like a strange fish
25 with a crown of thorns blowing air bubbles into the
26 little aquarium basement she lives in. I'm starting
27 to see too much.

28
29 The interference dissipates on my screens, and I can
30 see the self-righteous Barbara as she flips through
31 her large Bible that has a "Fuck You" sticker on
32 the back in the shape of a fist with a middle finger
33 extended upwards, insinuating, I suppose, her *Fuck*
34 *You* Judeo-Christian religion. Even though I can see
35 Barbara here in her crawl space, all I can picture
36 is Barbara sitting on the toilet and hiding from
37 her Elders back at the Seneca casino. She reads her
38 Bible in peace on the toilet with her feet up so
39 her Seneca Elders won't find her. This is a beauti-
40 ful picture for you Family Court, Good Reader, and
41 Good Looker. I will paint with watercolors in every
42 shade of black, white, and grey - and draw it out. I



People's Exhibit H -
Reading the Bible in Whitey's Toilet

1 will illustrate it for you in our universal visual
2 language. You will see and feel my *Intel* within the
3 right side of your brain in people's Exhibit.

4
5 Barb's *Fuck You* religion doesn't bank with the Bank
6 of England or The Federal Reserve, so Barb keeps
7 her savings and cash money in the Seneca Indian
8 Employee's Pension Fund Bank Account. Barb is pray-
9 ing to make it to retirement and/or salvation in
10 three (3) years, so she too can also leave the pov-
11 erty of Appalachia. Tracy, her one (1) good child
12 out of three (3) children, is Barb's ticket to that
13 salvation.

Chapter 12

9:08 AM - MOTHER TAKES UP THE VEIL OF MADELINE, OR, COMPLAINT #21-6154

I drive back to my stake-out on Highland Avenue - Complaint #21-6154. My laptop screens are up, and I am back in exu-burbia where driveways with twelve (12) foot high driveway gates (like a person's shoes) tells *Intel* everything you need to know about who is inside.

Here on Highland Avenue the gates have live cameras, mirrors, and passwords for military-grade security. Madeline's gate is landscaped with dark mulch that matches the twelve (12) foot black steel walls. The iron gates have two (2) cameras symmetrically hung dimensionally like gargoyles at eleven (11:00) o'clock and two (2:00) o'clock. The cameras hang like religious guilt. The beauty of luxury in exu-burbia where Very Important People (VIP) and/or rich white trash very easily make more than a quarter-mill (\$250,000) annually. Flowers sprout from her garden next to Stone columns fit for a Viking *Red-Queen*. These gated McMansions all look like third-world compounds in Nicaragua or Markazi. At these large gates, digital arms reach out with "Passcode - Only Entrance" while

1 barbed wire electrified fences encircle everyone's
2 property.

3
4 On my screens, I see Madeline waving goodbye to her
5 husband from the kitchen window as he pulls away.
6 Mr. McHugh yells out of his Mercedes Convertible
7 S-Class (\$154,000) car window, "I'm going to do
8 errands."

9
10 Mr. McHugh gives Madeline one of his infamous
11 "McHugh Winks" that says way too much. Maddy is
12 waving her hand goodbye with a red carnation, and
13 she seems to be really annoyed.

14
15 Hoi-Noi enters the kitchen where Madeline is still
16 waving. She looks at the Mother's Day card, choc-
17 olates, and a bouquet of flowers that Mr. McHugh
18 has just given Madeline. Hoi-Noi touches the red
19 carnations and seems to be confused. She wonders
20 silently why the flowers are red carnations. Hoi-Noi
21 looks at Madeline numerous times in a nervous, "Oh,
22 shit, this white-devil lady is about to freak-out"
23 manner. Hoi-Noi knows that Madeline knows the dif-
24 ference between a white carnation and a red carna-
25 tion. Madeline's adulterous husband has just given
26 his wife and the mother of his three (3) daughters,
27 a bouquet of flowers for a dead mother.

28
29 Hoi-Noi says," Wow, this is such a well written
30 Mother's Day card - you should be so happy."

31
32 Madeline is not facing Hoi-Noi. She is closing the
33 open window and says nothing. Then Hoi-Noi starts
34 to say, "And these flowers..." But she is cut-off
35 as Madeline whirls around screaming bloody murder.

36
37 Mad is now a darker shade of her red carnations
38 and she screams. She squeals, "Flowers? Hoi-Noi?
39 Flowers? Are you kidding me - these supermarket
40 flowers from last week are for a dead mother, Hoi-
41 Noi! A dead mother?! Don't you understand what
42 that perverted man with a little dick and a huge,

inflated ego, and bank account to match, is doing to me? Hoi-Noi, are you present? Hello, Hoi-Noi? He's profiting from me by entrapping me and his children. He just drove off on Mother's Day to fuck one of his kept whores. Whose side are you on, good woman? Don't you see my husband hurts me and his children with this vulgar and obscene behavior?"

Maddy looks at Hoi Noi who doesn't completely understand Mad linguistically, but she completely understands Madeline emotionally and humanely. Hoi-Noi unfortunately does not project this with her body language and so Mad gets pissed and dismisses her only friend in our world rudely by saying, "Oh, God... get the hell out of my kitchen, you dumb maid!!"

Hoi-Noi exits the kitchen as Mad continues to endlessly and needlessly tidy-up her ridiculously sized kitchen, which is about the average size of an entire house in America (fifteen hundred / 1,500 square feet).

It is a typical, grey morning in Appalachia, the Middle East, or Central America - a communist police-state day, a rigged day, a Negative-Amortized (Neg-Am) Jam day. An Us and Them day. A have and have-nots Empire day; a control-fraud day. In impoverished third-worlds, the weather is always the same: grey, humid, and stagnant. One cannot tell if the grey time of the day is nine (9:00) *ante meridian* (am), or six (6:00) *post meridian* (pm). And, no one seems to care. A long *Up-State* pea-soup day filled and smeared with grueling humidity or bleak, bone-cracking ice. This grey-green, pea-soup day is the metaphysical weather of *Up-State* in Anywhere, America. This weather turns everyone here grey, greasy, and grumpy - the 3-Gs of poverty. A third-world day. Comeback in a century (100 years) and it's the same day. A scorched earth and blackened day... for poverty and/or luxury - it's all discontent.

1 I call in to the local Allegheny police department
2 to trail Mr. McHugh, aka "Errand Boy." I suspect
3 he is headed to one of his three (3) extramari-
4 tal affairs. When he waved to Madeline, giving her
5 that smarmy, adulterous smirk, it made me really
6 angry. We have globally positioned McHugh as a child
7 abuser and/or: a Person of Interest (POI) physi-
8 cally and financially into the matrix for the last
9 two (2) months and have found rhythms of strange
10 movement and extended stays.

11
12 First, there was his purchase for his African American
13 secretary of a condo (\$255,000) near his family's
14 business office. Next there was the purchase of the
15 nice house (\$425,000) for an old high school sweet-
16 heart a few towns north with a Caucasian son who
17 looks very much like Mr. McHugh. Lastly, there was
18 the female teenager recipient of the "McHugh's Young
19 Women Scholarship Award 2020" (MYWSA) (\$382,000) to
20 attend the local Jesuit all-girls private school
21 for four (4) years after "Interning" at the McHugh
22 business for two (2) months.

23
24 The Appalachian spring on this Mother's Day morning
25 has not yet arrived. The mud season / frost-heave
26 explosion is the current talk at the local Allegheny
27 Diner where I stopped in before this stake-out. Mud
28 swallowed cars, mud swallowed roads, and as always,
29 swallowed people are the hot topics this Mother's
30 Day breakfast at the Allegheny Diner.

31
32 The grey intellectual stagnation of *Up-State*
33 "Anywhere" is visible when looking at her citizens.
34 The tell-tale sign of abused citizens in any Empire
35 is their disingenuous faces. Their formless faces
36 are a shocking punch. The flabby and fleshy frame is
37 the second punch. This one, two punch is followed
38 with a hook to one's Appalachian nose as acrid
39 smoke from your neighbor's burn-pit wafts melting
40 plastic into your house. The carcinogens are car-
41 ried on a breeze from the rednecks down the road,
42 burning themselves alive. Burning their trash, not

because it saves money and/or it's economical, but because making everyone sick around *Them* makes *Them* feel alive and positive. Even here on Madeline's luxurious street, the nicest one in Allegheny, one can smell the smoldering plastic melting on a wet log. *Us* has come to *Them*.

And even the morning after, the smoldering fire-pit glows with smoking unpaid bills and dirty diapers. The stench of poverty comes seething up from Dam Road and sits like dark baggy eyes and furrowed brows over even the wealthiest faces of the Empire.

As I drive away from the Diner, through the morning crowds of Allegheny as they avoid their dead Main Street. They go to the box-stores that are designed for cars, trucks, and robots, more than human beings. The lame and giddy citizens drive / dance, and/or mill about the box-store franchises... while their cars idle in the "Drive-Throughs." The citizens have an air of arrogance about how "American" they are. These rural metro-sexuals and cosmopolitan Appalachians are smiling in their newly leased eighty thousand (\$80,000) dollar cars that they cannot afford, yet the Empire who controls lending standards, has said they can afford it. The crisis of mathesis is child abuse.

Appalachians these days remind me of the Cargo Tribes or the James Bond Tribe that I encountered near Guam. When I was an Air Force *Intelligence* operative-in-training, I had to do my jungle Survival, Evasion, Resistance, Escape (SERE) course. I was a female *Intelligence* Officer playing "Connie Bond." The big joke at Andersen Air Force Base (AFB) was about me: M-8888 and/or Lieutenant Munda, and how I was the new "Cargo Goddess" for the local indigenuous people.

The natives worshipped the Air Force Cargo ships and "James Bond" in particular because an American service man from World War II named James Bond,

1 and/or who called himself "James Bond," helped
2 these indigenous tribes. Since then, the native
3 tribes have prayed to their "God" - "James Bond"
4 - to return with more cargo supplies from America
5 like, guns, televisions, and chocolate candy. We
6 also brought the local natives: water, Coca-Cola,
7 Meals Ready to Eat (MRE), and other Western Psych-
8 Ops propaganda. As a good mother or imperialist,
9 we "Love" and/or "Infiltrate" the tribes in order
10 to brainwash *Them* with commodity fetishes and *Gift-*
11 *love*. The James Bond native tribe ceremony for our
12 arrival of our C-130 cargo planes to their island
13 was humbling - they built *Us* an air strip out of
14 colorful flowers!

15
16 As we landed our C-130 planes onto the remote
17 Polynesian island, the "James Bonders" performed
18 barefoot military parades with magical fake guns
19 made of bamboo shoots. The air strip was lined
20 with the full spectrum of colors in a cockeyed
21 and slanted fashion, and there was no centerline
22 or flare path. The *James Bonders'* uniforms were
23 Salvation Army donations mixed with rag-tag camou-
24 flage uniforms left behind after World War II. This
25 Salvation Army fashion is worn in all third-world
26 police states - including Allegheny.

27
28 This desperate and inebriating fashion mixes meta-
29 physically well with the fact that the whole island
30 is drugged and drunk on their local drug: kava. It's
31 similar to the way all of Appalachia is drugged and
32 drunk on opioids (heroin), antidepressants, and
33 alcohol. Likewise, the natives from Guam looked
34 like the customers in the Allegheny "Dollar Store"
35 this morning because they both fashion themselves
36 with militaristic camouflage and Salvation Army finds
37 that produce this "Charity-Soldier" third-world
38 fashion.

39
40 The *Charity-Soldier* child in Markazi, Managua, or
41 Allegheny wears khaki POLO (RL) linen shorts by
42 Ralph Lauren (Ralph Lipschitz) which mixed nicely

with his NIKE (NKE) "Just Do It" t-shirt. The ninety-pound (90lb.) child holds a fifty-three-pound (53 lb.) Gatlin Gun currently made by General Electric (GE) and smiles happily. This is not charity. This is child abuse.

The Appalachians, like the James Bonders, line up politely and professionally at our military base or their favorite "Franken-Food-Franchise" (FFF) to get their methadone candy. Both tribes think they have reached Nirvana, Xanadu, El Dorado, and/or Heaven as the biological and chemical warfare settles into their vital organs and brain. Both tribes are "Feeling American," but both are now Genetically Modified Organisms (GMO) waiting in vain for their Cargo God or their "Capital God." They wait with dizziness, indigestion, and bloated stomachs as the poison of America - High Fructose Corn Syrup (HFCS)- makes the James Bonders sick and disabled. The James Bonders wait for their remedy, the proton-pump-inhibitors (PPI) in vain. The natives pray to their imaginary Cargo God for a miracle to calm their poisoned stomachs.

The Appalachian *Franken-Food-Franchise* (FFF) are huddled strategically around the State and Federal Highway entrances and exits. These FFFs with gas stations are parasites for the human host. These FFFs with gas are like tattoo parlors and titty bars around a Navy Yard, scalping the sailor's pittance before he dies a lonely sailor's death at sea. The Thoroughway entrance and exits are monetarily rabid, even though our Main Streets are vacant ghost towns.

Instead "Main Street," Appalachia, is lined with non-profits to help the enslaved Empire citizens in Appalachia stay incarcerated, uneducated, unenlightened, in the dark, and as taught by their Empire Elders, to never ask: "Why, Where, When, How, and/or Who?" Global news is the new local

1 news that has more sports and entertainment in the
2 "News" than news.

3
4 In third-world countries functioning as feudal
5 Empires, Up-State, America, and/or Appalachia, "No
6 news here - *please move along*" is the only local
7 news. The only global news in the Empire is: "No
8 news - is good news." That's because in the Empire:
9 bribery is not bribery, extortion is not extortion,
10 and corruption is not corruption. Smoke and mir-
11 ror news is the only news. Ben Franklin was right
12 about the press being the necessary fourth (4th)
13 State. But the press these days in the Empire is
14 "Sponsored Content." They are a fraud, a treason,
15 and all Main Stream Media (MSM) is nothing but
16 yellow journalism in 2021.

17
18 The politicians who sponsor this yellow journal-
19 ism are traitors to Americans, and treason is a
20 Capital offense. These politicians killed middle-
21 class America from Chicago to Massachusetts, and
22 then down the Appalachian Trail all the way to
23 Alabama and Florida for the last eighty (80) years.
24 Appalachian NAJ Towns are now a tax write-off for
25 global moneychangers (*Them*). While *Us*: cosmopoli-
26 tan rednecks preen, dance, prance, and poison our-
27 selves with biological and chemical (BC) warfare.

28
29 A drive-through Appalachian NAJ Town is easy to
30 locate. If the largest monetary budget in your zip
31 code is your school district budget, then your
32 children are educationally abused. That's because
33 your tax-base should not be a NON-PROFIT educa-
34 tional agency for the children. It should be a FOR-
35 PROFIT corporation churning out ten times (10X)
36 that educational budget in order to pay the Town's
37 citizens a livable wage. Instead, these drive-
38 through NAJ Towns have a negative Gross Domestic
39 Product (GDP) and survive as "Charity Towns" and/
40 or Welfare Queen Towns.

41
42 In drive-through Appalachia the yellow and black

school buses idle and lumber along as prison ships with no sails, transporting the children / prisoners in training to their school / prework. These pompous parades of flashing lights and square-dancing for the citizens of the Empire and Appalachia to feel morally superior because they are politely killing their children.

But the real crime of treason comes in the "Help" for third-world countries and Appalachia. The pork-barreled Superfund or corrupt United Nations International Monetary Fund (IMF) budget is corrupt. Money tries to fix the poison, remedy the problem, the *Us / Them* problem, but it only divides *Us* more.

In 2021 slush funds of charity (dirty debt) are primed and pour in for Appalachia, Afghanistan, and Managua. We are ripe for investments from private, dark pools of money from the Federal Reserve and Venture Capitalists (VC). We bury our children in debt because Empire loyalists / royalists have no one else to "Help" and/or deceive except our own children.

The third-world is not reaching up to America for help; America's innocent children are being pulled down into the third-world. This is dark pool social engineering, this is banking-down with debt, this is betting against our children. This is child abuse.

I've driven back to Highland Avenue, and I'm looking at my screens. I see Madeline looking at her two daughters (Michelle and Christa) and looking very excited for it to be Mother's Day. But her oldest, Margaret and/or Marge, is not coming home. Marge is working hard in Manhattan to correct all of Madeline's past mistakes and misfortunes with her dutiful daughterly obedience as a Madeline double – a Mad double. Margaret was raised to be another

1 country-club-stay-at-home bimbo, wife, and mother:
2 a tethered *Sister X*.

3
4 If asked, "What is the difference between the sec-
5 ond (2nd) and third (3rd) wave feminist movement?"
6 Margaret would seem interested for a moment. Then,
7 in her eyes, you'd see the "Doe-caught-in-the-head-
8 lights" appearance start to creep into Margaret's
9 windows to her soul.

10
11 Marge would tear up and say, "This is a stupid
12 question!" But in the back of Margaret's mind, she
13 would consider and contemplate whether the sec-
14 ond (2nd) and third (3rd) wave feminist movement
15 was based on skirt height and skirt style from the
16 1960s? Or maybe the 1970s?

17
18 Madeline, her mother, is daydreaming about herself
19 again. Maddy is smoking another cigarette in her
20 Florida room overlooking her 40-acre estate with
21 horses, barns, and an apple orchard. She is not
22 looking at the sweeping, beautiful view, but at a
23 reflection of herself in a mirror holding a white
24 wine glass and wearing a two thousand eight-hun-
25 dred-dollar (\$2,800) dress. Maddy is taking pictures
26 of herself with a selfie-pole. Mad strikes poses and
27 makes smoochy faces in the mirror with the two-
28 million-four-hundred thousand dollar (\$2,400,000)
29 estate as background.

30
31 Unfortunately, that visual static interference came
32 back on my screens. Madeline seems to reminisce
33 about how nice it is to have a successful family
34 here on Mother's Day. But the visual frequencies
35 get crossed on my computers screens and distort my
36 view. Suddenly there seems to be a veil of false
37 security around Madeline in her Florida room mirror.
38 It is not a natural veil, and so it could not pro-
39 tect her from nature. Her veil is not a moral veil,
40 but the veil made life easier in the Empire State,
41 which is immoral. This immoral veil is a supersti-
42 tious relic and/or good Psych-Ops – just like the

Veil of Veronica. But here in luxurious Allegheny:
mother has taken up the Veil of Madeline.

Madeline bellows to her Vietnamese house maid,
"Hoi-Noi! Where's my camera? Pegasus is prancing so
beautifully, go take a picture of him and post it
on my Facebook (FB) page! And hurry up!"

"Pegasus" is her wild black stallion, her lost sexy-
son — her *Object A*, her dreamy big, black, horse
she pens-in, bridles, and breaks. Madeline says
often and loudly at the Allegheny Country Club, at
the wrong time, out of turn, and with crazed eyes,
"I keep three (3) or four (4) horses for competi-
tions. The horseys help with my attention deficit
disorder (ADD)."

Madeline, the praying mantis, shakes in an animal-
istic ecstasy like the high-strung, drug-addicted
white women she is. It isn't hyper-tension shakes
or pre-hyper-tension shakes; it is pre-insanity
shakes. Mad is surfing a pre-dementia breakdown — a
Sister X genetic take-down, that only "The Meds"
(Heroin) can control. Madeline is a white, rich
woman, not "*En-soi / Pour-soi*." She is in herself
/ but not for herself.

Madeline is a fashion buyer and merchandiser (FBM)
drop-out who fancies herself a fashion designer.
Madeline McHugh's *haute-couture* (high-fashion) is
creative destruction, so Maddy feels safe day-dream-
ing on pharmaceuticals and a bottle of very fine
Chardonnay white wine (approximately one hundred
and twenty-three dollars) (\$123) in her in Florida
room. She is dressed to the nines (9,9,9,9) in a
baby blue satin Fendi gown. She is relaxed and
secure, not really safe and secure — but insecure
and very expensive. An *En-soi / Pour-soi* woman: not
a woman killing it, but an Empire State Florida
room, with a woman just... in it.

Madeline sees the potential goodness in people, but

1 only from the point of view of her Florida Room.
2 Like all bulls with blinders who pull a sled for
3 an unknown - known, or an *Other*, she is placed in
4 the barn at night. There is no Virginia Wolfe room
5 with a lock and allowances here, only a bull pen
6 / a woman-pen, within luxury, filled with her own
7 bullshit. There within luxury, Madeline paces back
8 and forth questioning / examining *Motherhood* in a
9 doubtful / Socratic way: Mad is an insomniac cow
10 now / a sow now, who used to be a tigress / a mother
11 - just a *frau* now.

12
13 Michelle, Madeline's middle daughter and only bio-
14 logical child, enters the Florida room looking more
15 mopey and discontent than usual. Madeline has spent
16 so much time and energy nurturing her two "*Adopted*"
17 daughters that she totally forgot about Michelle,
18 her natural daughter in the middle. What started out
19 as nurturing became de-evolution, and what started
20 out natural became unnatural. The oldest (Margaret)
21 and youngest (Christa) were *Adopted* (human traffick-
22 ing) which... were lot of work compared to the easy
23 flow of blood and nature with Michelle.

24
25 The problem with "Adoption" is when it is not
26 *Adoption*, but it still is called *Adoption*. Similar,
27 to what I explained earlier, how New York Legislature
28 defines, "Corruption and collusion in the Empire
29 is not corruption and collusion." Our politicians
30 say, "It's how we (The Empire) do business." The
31 common sense, *matheme*, or *mathesis* of imperialist
32 *Motherhood*, is skewed, drugged, and/or a control-
33 fraud in the Empire State.

34
35 That's because, when patriarchal *Motherhood*, infer-
36 tility, and the synagogue, mosque, and/or church
37 Mix with capitalism, we're back in San Salvadore or
38 Kandahar. We're breeding third-world children to be
39 sold off as soldiers and/or adoptees. Allegheny is
40 dragged back into Iraq or Nicaragua, continuing the
41 same machismo and misogynist power and control over
42 women, and her children. This control retards the

human soul and is the antithesis of the enlightened English-speaking soul. Regardless the tables have turned politically, and the colony now becomes the Empire / and the child becomes the mother.

Mothers and children in third-world rustbelts are not "En-soi" but "Pour-soi." Mothers and children in third-world rustbelts, are not living *In itself*; they are living *For itself*. Mothers and children are not living for themselves; they are living for the Empire. Mothers are not living "*Within Motherhood*;" they are living "*For Motherhood*."

When patriarchal *Motherhood* is not questioned, and when that mixes with fertility drugs, child refugees from demilitarized zones (DMZ) and Appalachia, that is when *Adoption* changes from charity to human trafficking and crimes against humanity. *Adoption* or human trafficking of children from Eastern Europe, Asia, impoverished Appalachia, and/or anywhere starvation and poverty exist will seduce a mother to sell her child to the highest bidder. This is human trafficking. This is cannibalism. This is child abuse.

As I wrote earlier, my grandmother in 1906 called it *The Expectant Mother Racket*. What do you call it Dear Reader? What do I (a lousy mother) working on Mother's Day call it?

After the Supreme Court case of *Roe vs. Wade* (1973) the unwanted and forgotten innocent child – the orphan (the *Other*) – is not *Adopted*, but stolen, and auctioned off as charity. The innocent child like the soldier is transferred from base to base to perform their mission. The children like troops of soldiers are transferred to perform. This is child abuse.

And genetically created stem-cell Sally, who is two (2) months old, is now a lucrative research grant at Harvard University for Deoxyribonucleic Acid (DNA)

1 manipulation. Stem-cell Sally's friend: Stem-cell
2 Stevey (five (5) months old) is now a Genetically
3 Modified Organism (GMO) in leafy Ivy-League aca-
4 demia. These fascist ministers and scientists are
5 trying to dissect "The *Other*" and "Nothing" from
6 our subconsciousness by microscopically dissecting
7 it from our DNA with nanotechnology.

8
9 Hollowed-out, divorced children, abused chil-
10 dren, the darlings and dolls with issues and/or
11 the *Adopted* kids, like cabbage patch kids, are the
12 fashionable accessory to have this *Motherhood* sea-
13 son. *Motherhood* with all this "Loving" and "Caring"
14 "For the children" is so the wealthiest families
15 in the Empire can send out Hanukah and Christmas
16 cards with a family of smiling white faces with
17 even whiter teeth.

18
19 During the "Holidays" especially, everyone imagines
20 the Real "Family" together... with the brightest
21 blue eyes money can buy. These windows-to-the-soul
22 eyes jump out of Holiday cards wishing everyone a
23 "Happy Holiday and New Year." That's because the
24 card is signed proudly and eloquently NOT by "Mr.
25 Numb Nut and Mrs. Infertility Nut" but it is signed
26 by their five (5) autistic and dyslexic children.
27 All of whom have a matching dead blue eye - approx-
28 imate cost per child: forty-one thousand) (\$41,000
29 X 5 = \$205,000 total cost for a "Family" to have
30 "Blue eyes."). The five (5) children sign the card
31 with five (5) "X's" in random parts of the Holiday
32 Card on the front, middle, and back. I will include
33 this Holiday card as People's Exhibit I, because it
34 says way more than a thousand (1000) words.

35
36 Michelle whines, "Howdy Moommm," in her Appalachian
37 drawl taught to her by the numerous "Local Country"
38 radio stations that is *Intel* mind-control Psych-Ops
39 for the Judeo/Christian tribe in Appalachia.

40
41 Confederate flags still fly in the Appalachian north:
42 religious racism spreads well here, civil wars



People's Exhibit I -
Christmas Card Signed By GMO Children

1 don't end here, and the Empire Legislature cannot
2 pass humane laws here. Slow, patriotic suicide and
3 disabling xenophobia are the fruits of poverty.
4 The Allegheny Knights of Columbus (K of C), the
5 Kiwanis, and/or the Freemasons are softcore cops
6 dreaming of hardcore inquisitions. Theses American
7 handlers are linked to the dark pools of power and
8 capital that play the same Psych-Ops *Intelligence*
9 games in Appalachia that we played with the Sunnis
10 in Iraq, or the Sandinistas in Nicaragua. The
11 American Empire's handlers are brutal compared to
12 the Knights of Allah (KoA) and the Free Amigos
13 (FA), where *Motherhood* brainwashing was much more
14 compassionate and humane.

15
16 Michelle McHugh, Madeline's middle child, has been
17 going to a local Allegheny private college (approx-
18 imate cost of eighty-two thousand dollars \$82,0000
19 a year) for the last year because she had to drop
20 out of another private college *Down-State* (approx-
21 imate cost one hundred and twenty-three thousand
22 dollars (\$123,000) a year). Michelle dropped out
23 after she overdosed (OD) on white-market pharmaceu-
24 ticals (legal heroin) in the middle of her presen-
25 tation in gender studies class.

26
27 Michelle had grown up in between two sisters who had
28 been sold to Madeline in a "Private adoption." Both
29 sisters are from poverty in southern Appalachia, but
30 they pretend to be McHughs from Allegheny because
31 it's too painful to play any other role. It's also
32 financially beneficial. The *Adopted* sisters: Margaret
33 and Christa, carnally, innately, and biologically
34 vied for control, power, and freedom from their
35 parentless, yet enslaved lives. The *Adopted* and/or
36 sold sisters battled like competing animals in a
37 wealthy womb of discontent. The children took the
38 only thing their soulless mothers gave them: their
39 umbilical cord, and they use it to strangle all who
40 get in their way.

41
42 Some orphans cling to the adopter mother; other

orphans reject it all for the *Other* and/or *Them*. You know those bastards and witches: Steve Jobs, John Lennon, Malcolm X, Henry Ford, Marilyn Monroe, Abraham Lincoln, Edgar Allan Poe, Eleanor Roosevelt, John Hancock, Erasmus, Debbie Harry, Dante, Martin Luther, Jesus Christ, Confucius, and the *numero-uno* bastard of *Them* all: Moses. Dear Family Court and Good Reader, please do not forget Job's I-Tune subscription rates (\$11.99 a month), "*In Praise of Folly*" by *Erasamus*, and/or Jesus raging in the Bible about society, heredity, and hypocritical Christians not acting like Christians, but acting like Country-Club Christians, Luke 14:26:

If anyone comes to Me and does not hate father and mother, wife and children, brothers and sisters - yes, even their own life - such a person cannot enter my Kingdom."

- Jesus Christ, Luke 14:26

Within the *Mother's Day Madness* "Family," the orphan is the indentured servant whose sole purpose is to play a part, to play a human - a daughter, a son, a disciple? The innocent child is a fashionable social accessory (a human pocketbook? a human fanny-pack?) in order give power and security to the barren, infertile, and unnatural mothers with low self-esteem. These frantic, hysterical, desperate, and barren spinsters are all victims of the *Expectant Mother Racket*.

The divorced, the abused, the *Adopted* foundling, is now "Family" with pedigree. The foundling is on the orphan train going in circles looking for their home called, "Ooops" "Ooopsy-ville" "Divorce-ville" or maybe "Mistake-ville."

The train conductor calls out, "Mistake-ville, last stop, last stop Mistake-ville." But the train doesn't stop or even pretend to slow down at Mistake-ville. The conductor says, "Ooopsy, guess we're going back

1 again to nature... we'll try again to stop and nur-
2 ture you up next time around."

3
4 The conductor sings out again in a warbled tone, as
5 if this has happened before and says, "Next stop,
6 *The Real Child*, that's right *The Real Child* is now
7 next, and of course Divorce-ville will be follow-
8 ing. Next stop: *The Real Child*, then Divorce-ville,
9 then as usual Nature will be the last stop. Please
10 grab all your metaphysical belongings and emotional
11 baggage. Next stop, *The Real*! This is the Natural
12 Line, last stop - Nature!"

13
14 The adopter - the infertile mother and father - seem
15 always to labor more for themselves than for the
16 adoptee. Adopters are part of the problem of child
17 abuse and not part of the solution. No matter what
18 family name is carved onto an orphan's headstone,
19 metaphysically: foundlings will always be buried
20 in an unmarked grave, behind the State Capitol's
21 dumpsters. These lost vagrant souls from orphanages
22 and foundling hospitals are never offered free-
23 grace and bring the play, "Nurture vs. Nature" to
24 the vaudeville lights on Broadway exploiting them-
25 selves and grand-standing their tragic and painful
26 lives.

27
28 Michelle McHugh, Madeline's middle daughter, leans
29 on the kitchen counter in her favorite outfit, which
30 is Juicy sweatpants (\$350) and a H+M T-shirt (\$46)
31 and no makeup. Michelle and/or "Mich," as she goes by
32 now, continually looks in the kitchen mirror, play-
33 ing with her hair. She is walking bowlegged slowly
34 and rubbing her butt like she's injured. Mich's
35 hair is dyed the same Palm Beach bimbo-blonde color
36 that Madeline's hair is dyed. Madeline started to
37 dye Michelle's hair when she was six (6) years old
38 once it turned brown after being blonde and angelic
39 as a child. Michelle's little *Object A* and her *Real*
40 is the smell and feeling of chlorine bleach burning
41 her hair and scalp. Mich doesn't know her natural
42 hair color, and she doesn't want to know.

Michelle, like all abused children, feverishly gives parental tithes or tariffs to her mother and father in order to maintain her fragile royal family membership: Parental Stockholm Syndrome (PSS). Mich will never cut the apron string from her mother, and she will become a turned asset for *Motherhood* - a feminine ghost for a man-made invention.

Madeline says, "Good morning, Michelle," in a jubilant yet condescending tone that one would use to calm down a slow child. "How was your party last night?" Madeline needles, wondering if her daughter is still "dating" the O'Conner boy.

Madeline dreamed of Michelle settling down with Daniel O'Conner as he was sold and/or auctioned with those "Love" / breeding-clichés that all proud sponsors of *Motherhood* pitch. Dear Family Court and Good Reader, you know these quips well, as we're all looking with the male gaze and not the female gaze. Women and mothers talk and jabber-jaw about how:

One (1) - "He" is: "A Great Catch,"

Two (2) - "A Real Keeper," and/or

Three (3) - "A Handsome Devil."

This language only translates and transforms women into fisherman, salesman, and devil-dog keepers.

Madeline's lust is social ladder climbing; her desires for her daughter to get a hypergamy-whammy was so third-world, misogynist, maligned, and bristling with anti-social psychosis that the fact and knowledge that Michelle was actually drugged and date raped last night would be redacted and made unimportant in Madeline's mind. She is just like the mothers in Iraq and Afghanistan who proudly hand over their children to perverted, military officers as boy-toys. Madeline the thirteen (13)

1 year old Baby-Boomer mother would say, "Well that's
2 what all the cool kids are doing these days."

3
4 In Madeline's teenage old mind, she would instead
5 imagines her boastful antics at the Allegheny Country
6 Club where she would gloat and goad the other coun-
7 try club housewives, saying "My NATURAL daughter
8 is in line to take the royal O'Conner name!" Even
9 though in reality Dan's frat-boy friends were the
10 only ones being lined up in the dark woods. Lined
11 up in order to turn Danny O'Connor's date-rape of
12 Michelle into a gang-rape of Mich.

13
14 Madeline, the saleswoman more than a mother, says
15 to Michelle, "I taped the new *Real Housewives of*
16 *New York* (RHNY) last night. I can't wait to watch
17 it with you - you'll never guess what happened."

18
19 Madeline's statement reminds me of the
20 third letter I hold in my M-8888 satchel.
21 It is a letter to my grandmother from Julia
22 Howe, a great feminist thinker who my grand-
23 mother was working with on her "Mother's Day
24 Proclamation," which was an appeal for moth-
25 ers to unite to end wars and keep the peace
26 by shaping their societies politically. In
27 this letter from 1870, Julia Howe wrote about
28 how "We will reap what we sow."

29
30 ***Dear Madam Anna Jarvis,***

31
32 ***Thank you for your undying and generous vol-***
33 ***unteer work with the suffragette clubs in***
34 ***West Virginia and Pennslyvania. Mothers in***
35 ***the future will be eternally grateful to you!***
36 ***They will reap what you have sown!***

37
38 ***Today I seek your harshest council: please***
39 ***listen with your sharpest ear and tongue. You***
40 ***must read and listen to a new hymn or procla-***
41 ***mation I'm working on. I'm writing an appeal***
42

to womanhood and below this brief note is a
draft or sketch I'm seeking your opinion on.

With my musical words and prose from 1862 I
was able to inspire Union soldiers to end-
lessly kill their southern neighbors. My
words below are not the "Battle Hymn of
the Republic," but the "Battle Hymn of
Motherhood!" I hope I can inspire mothers on
both sides of any war to enable their chil-
dren to live rather than to kill. My tortured
soul is at stake!

Within our homes, within our prayers, we tend
to our fires; we hold creativity — we hold the
future. This future will have no war because
war is now women's business!

Sincerely,

Julia Howe

Mother's Day Proclamation

"Arise, then... women of this day!

Arise, all women who have hearts,

Whether your Baptism be that of water or
tears!

Say firmly: We will not have great questions
decided by irrelevant agencies.

Our husbands shall not come to us, reeking of
carnage, for caresses and applause.

Our sons shall not be taken from us to
unlearn.

1 *All that we have been able to teach them of*
2 *charity, mercy and patience.*

3
4 *We, women of one country, will be too ten-*
5 *der of those of another country, to allow our*
6 *sons to be trained to injure theirs.*

7
8 *From the bosom of the devastated earth a*
9 *voice goes up with our own.*

10
11 *It says: Disarm, disarm!*

12
13 *The sword of murder is not the balance of*
14 *justice.*

15
16 *Blood does not wipe out dishonor, nor vio-*
17 *lence vindicate possession.*

18
19 *As men have forsaken the plough and the anvil*
20 *at the summons of war, let women now leave*
21 *all that may be left of home for a great*
22 *and earnest day of council on this proposed*
23 *Mother's Day.*

24
25 *Julia Howe*

26
27 When I read this letter in 2021, even with the
28 Me-Too movement, all I can think of is my women's
29 book club back in Albany a few months ago. What has
30 *Motherhood* sown and reaped? My women's book club
31 did not discuss the new fourth (4th) wave feminist
32 book, learning how to lean-in together and/or not
33 be abused or harassed. No. Instead we debated the
34 carnage of "Real Housewives of New York (RHNY)."
35 Our feminine and motherly debate concerned what
36 housewife looked best in her bikini for the wet T-
37 shirt contest.

38
39 My book club friend, Nancy, said, "I like the one
40 with the new fashion line! What is it called? Fatty-
41 Girl? Fat-Ass Girl? Uuum, aaaggh, uumm... now I
42

know! It's called Fatty-Pants! I like Fatty-Pant's ass!"

My other friend, Cathy, said, "I like Nee-chee's ass!"

Hannah, another book-club girlfriend rebutted Cathy, saying, "I think Nee-chee is a German philosopher? No wait... Nee-chee is in Atlanta, Cathy, not New York!"

Including myself, there were six (6) mothers in my Albany Book Club, and we had a total of eighteen (18) children. We were in a four-way debate not about *Motherhood* or how to be a better mother to our children, but about Fatty-Pants's fashion-lines and bikini contests for Mothers I'd Like to Fuck (MILF). I wondered if these "Women," these "Mothers," understood that their fashionable liberty was their repression and prison. I played along because as a mother there is nothing else for me to do. I bit my tongue, buried my *Constant Perseverance*, and said, "Pinky's got the best ass!"

Like a psychedelic barber shop quartette in a show tune musical, my book club mothers scaled up and scaled down. They scaled sideways and in and out of harmony. They sang overlapping each other, reverberating, and echoing, "We love, we love, we love, weee, looovvveeee, we love Pinky's, Pinnnkky'ss asssssss. Pinky's ass! Pinky's ass, PINKY'S ASS! ASS, ass, AAASSSSSSS. They crescendo-ed in dreamy harmony with their chorus, "Aaagghhh, yeah - Pinky's ass!"

I start to sweat and swallow the disgusting fact that me and my motherly friends were not mothers finding a solution to child abuse, but that we / *Us*; were the problem.

Cathy said, "I think Nee-chee is gonna hang another one."

1 She was referring to the *Real Housewives* slang of
2 divorcing / hanging a man and gouging him for any-
3 thing and everything he's worth through a divorce.
4

5 Hannah said, "You really cannot blame men for the
6 high divorce rate. For the most part, they are the
7 Steady-Eddy Y-chromosome within society."
8

9 I think about my own ex, my Steady-Eddy husband who
10 I divorced. My ex-husband and all the Steady-Eddies
11 out there, if given half a chance, could be the best
12 husband and father a child or mother could want.
13 But these "Housewives" are a man-made creation. I
14 am a man-made creation, with my religionist ideals
15 and my Abrahamic misogyny. My idea of heroine has
16 been perverted into the idea of hero. I'm an Abe-
17 Babe and our hypergamy-whammy neurosis is, well...
18 the woman. And as the biblical "Woman" advice goes,
19 "No quarrelsome wife, no tears - a life." How can
20 one argue against no cry... a life?
21

22 Back to today's investigation and with respect to
23 the Family Court, and as an Officer of the *Law* and a
24 veteran of *Intel*, I'm drawn to two incredibly power-
25 ful feminine statements from the Julia Howe letter.
26 They have the brutality of triple-tap drone hits
27 at morning funerals for yesterday's dead. The femi-
28 nine militaristic voice of Julia Howe, unbeknownst
29 to America, is normal chatter at the Officer's club
30 over a bourbon or whiskey. Woman in the military
31 are not animals. We are not murderers. We are just
32 trying to survive. The first statement of note:
33

34 "*Our husbands shall not come to Us, reeking of car-*
35 *nage, for caresses and applause.*"
36

37 How sinister is this statement? How much of this
38 Greek tragedy shall we play as wives, mothers, and
39 arrested heroines? We are mothers with psychologi-
40 cal and emotional borders! We are American mothers
41 and women with a history. I understand feminine
42 *caresses* and *applause*, but what is *carnage*?

Is carnage dropping a bomb in a third-world country
on a mother or innocent child?

Is destroying your competition unfairly within capitalism carnage? Is firing an employee or mother from their job and destroying their life and family carnage? Is capitalism itself carnage?

Is lying and cheating carnage? Is debt carnage? Is carnage a moral sin or a moral crime?

Who besides the Creator of all humans, Sophia, the Mother and original Creator of the universe, but Julia Howe could burst a "Wounded Warrior's" inflated ego quicker than saying,

"The sword of murder is not the balance of justice."

or

"Blood does not wipe out dishonor, nor violence vindicate possession."

And with "Nor violence vindicate possession," Julia Howe seems to suggest especially to a militaristic woman, and to all those that believe "Might Does Make Right," that I / we / *Us*, are neutered / infertile... forsaken.... I feel caught, guilty, and exposed as a standing-army control-fraud. Within this lost daydream I wander and exist on a smoldering lonely grey battlefield with the dead and half dead. Which am I? Dead? Half-dead? *Us*? *Them*? I don't know....

The *Wounded Warrior* has devolved into the "Wounded Murderer," and all these wandering dead soldiers, sailors, airman, and marines don't look each other in the eyes. There is no *esprit de corps*. In this strange dream, veterans are ashamed and wander amongst all the heroes and heroines who have killed while they tried to kill-it. Vets are not talking

1 in this strange dream, just bumbling around, heads
2 down amongst the dark grey clouds. This zombie for-
3 malism has movements of pain and agony, but the
4 scene is muted. I'm removed, but feel it inter-
5 nally. There is only dread and guilt for eternity
6 with the rest of your "Tribe, Religion, Nation,
7 God, and/or Friends" who sold their soul for the
8 sword and for the power of might. As a veteran who
9 killed-it, will I be left behind after humanity's
10 evolution, after the human ascension?

11
12 I'm waking up from this dream feeling infertile and
13 asexual. I feel my face burning from the smack I
14 received from Howe's words and poem. As a child,
15 besides being a slave and having nothing to live
16 for except our *Red-Queen* mother, I was abused,
17 scolded and grounded for disobeying my mother and
18 creator, Sophia. Then Big Daddy Reptilian, I AM
19 THAT I AM, comes home from work, pivots, and says,
20 "Might is Right" as he beats Mother Sophia with her
21 broomstick.

22
23 I read this feminine poetry, and I can feel moral-
24 ity creeping in. It is the *Other* judging "My game,
25 my gaze" – judging how I chase my *little Object A*.
26 My mother Creator, a poet and prophetess, knows
27 this. On the other hand, I'm being taken away by
28 the Empire because I'm so empty without *the game*,
29 without *the gaze*, without the dream of the *Other*
30 and the *Real*. As a patriarchal mother and child, I
31 slink back to my room incarcerated without anything
32 to live for – grounded without dinner, grounded
33 without my gaze, my game, or my *little Object A*.

34
35 Grounded and jailed in my patriarchal room, I'm a
36 mother and child under house arrest. I look around
37 at my patriarchal room and it changes from freedom
38 – an artist's white studio – to incarceration and
39 a jail cell. As a mother and child, I stare at the
40 clock. Time is suspended – there are no hands on a
41 Puritan clock, but the "Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-
42 tock" never stops.

I'm in detention as a bad kid at school, detained like a political prisoner. A woman under patriarchal rule is constantly penalized. She is in the penalty box, not playing on the field, not in the game, or even in the race – the human race. She is not a player or even a water-boy / water-girl, but the female is a cheerleader.

As a woman within this human race, I limp along with my child in a three-legged race hoping for their improvement and education, but the Empire's education is really enforcement and child abuse. As women and mothers, we are not allowed to walk alone in the park thinking about this child-abuse. We are not allowed to gather in the park and say, "No more abuse." As mothers we are not allowed to walk with our children and happiness in the park thinking about *Nothing*....

So, the misogynist Empire ties our legs together in this three-legged race, laughing and tells *Us*, "It's just a game, it's just a silly race, you're not inferior or handicapped, your equal to a man. Don't you worry – it's all for the best."

So, as a mother, a child, or a citizen within the Empire, we have of course nothing to live for except the *Real*. *Nothing* is then arrested and held in solitary confinement and called terrorism. *Nothing* is a wildflower drug that can steer a wild man or an immature man insane, but *Nothing* also makes a gentleman out of the wild man. *Nothing* makes a wild woman a lady, but the *Real* has nothing to do with *Nothing*.

Chapter 13

10:18 AM - MOTHER FALLS AND IS HELPED
BY BILLY SIMON, OR, COMPLAINT #21-4532

1 I've pulled up to my stakeout position for Complaint
2 #21-4532 and can see via my screens and cell phone
3 data logs that Barbara Dalton has just gotten off
4 the phone with her oldest daughter. Barbara seems
5 to be getting anxious and irritated in her basement
6 crawl space. She paces and mutters to herself in
7 her ashtray crawl space. That's because now is when
8 her drunk husband and daughter would be getting up
9 to start drinking again. Barbara has *little Object*
10 *A's* and *big Objects A's* in her house. There are
11 also *Other* objects: her grandchildren.

12
13 Diana and Craig usually get on the school bus around
14 7:45 am. Barbara counts on a little respite from
15 the bloodbath of her life between 7:45 am and 9:45
16 am. Here on Mother's Day, a Sunday, the kids and the
17 adults are all sleeping in, so her family recess in
18 her smoky crawl space continues uninterrupted.

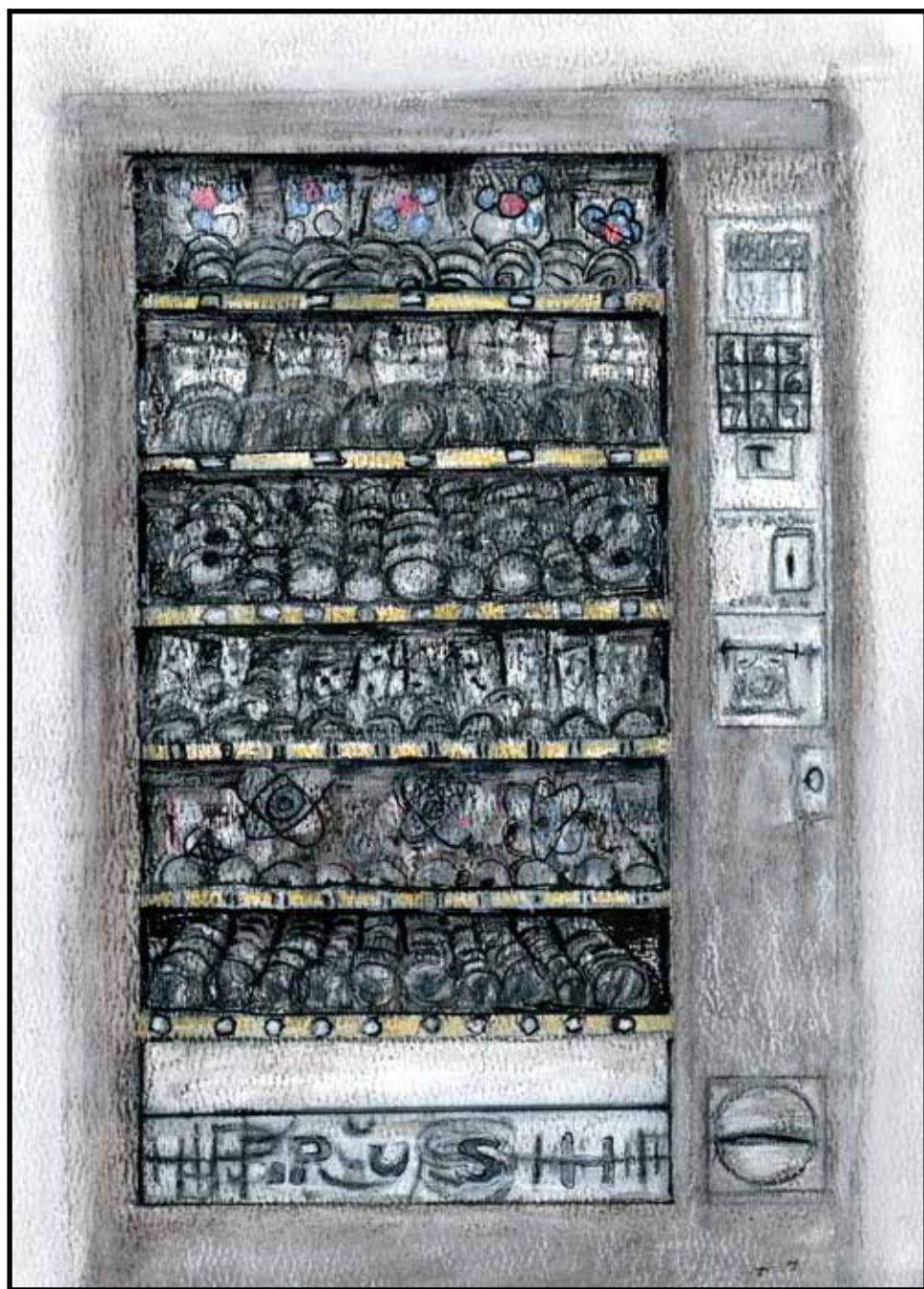
19
20 Left alone in her earthen room, Barbara smokes her
21 spliff slowly. She seems to wonder whether her
22 janitorial job is going to last another two and a
23 half (2 ½) years till her retirement. The Seneca
24

Council members' tribe has many "Internal tribes" that constantly fight for the "True" Seneca "Turtle-power." Barbara only understands Indian politics from it being broadcast by her co-workers. Skinny Larry, who weighs about three hundred and fifty (350) pounds, and fat Bobby, who weighs about one hundred and twenty-five (125) pounds are always fighting each other for everyone's entertainment in their whitey basement breakroom. The broadcast from the asbestos man-cave provides a daily update that is bookended with either a smoke break and/or snoozing during a group nap.

Via the Seneca Nation's security system, I watched the maintenance engineers' man cave from earlier this morning. It was about the hour of the wolf around three-thirty ante meridian (3:30am) and the Appalachian southern drawls and evangelical sing-songs competed for attention. Larry from Livermore was spinning the rumor that "The Seneca Turtle people are going to buy out the Bear people and all the white people are going to be fired."

Barbara and her peers all chew and lick their GMO dinners from the vending machine as Skinny Larry stood on a plastic chair, causing it to bend and contort under his massive weight. The food wrappers crinkled so much that it sounded like mice quickly building an indoor November home after the temperature dives into the freezing teens. The scurrying and crinkling mixes well with the sound of sliding silver coins into the vending machines. These impoverished folks, these humans living in America's third-world feed themselves, nourish themselves from rat-food machines - it is frightening and hard to watch.

The long silver pulley and/or button grants you your nutritional choice. "A5... no, shit... okay, L2... Oops, wrong button... P5... no, ok, whatever...." The game is called "Nutrition," and you never get what your body wants - positive energy.



People's Exhibit J -
Vending Machine Nutrition

The breakroom sounds like an arcade or game room. Red, white, and blue, chewy chocolate wrappers and lime colored Mountain Dew bottles litter the dirty white tile floor. Forever chemicals (PFA), and bile-yellow corn syrup are being grinded by teeth and absorbed into brain tissue as flashing pachinko lights slap steel pinballs into glass plates and rubber bumpers.

Skinny Larry exclaims, "We need to form Union and organize!" Other employees within this rat lab-test wave their hands and feet exclaiming "Aaaammeeeeennnnn."

Fat Bobby jumps up on the break room table and tries to slow everyone down. He pleads slowly, "Y'all is crazy, just plum-fucking crazy." As he looks everyone in the eye, and repeats, "Y'all is really fucking crazy."

Billy Simon, a scrawny ashen man who stood hunched over, was the shape of a sickle. Billy had dark hair and eyes the color of black coal, and he was rumored to be part Seneca (the Wolf Clan). Billy jumps up on a corner table and exclaims, "What is our employer doing for *Us*? They're killing *Us*!!! Are we doing better than our Baby-Boomer parents? NO, our Me-Generation parents sold *Us* - their children to the Seneca for eternal youth! We are ALL CURSED to get never ahead in life. So now our food, our clothing, and our shelters are cursed for eternity!"

Billy put his hands over his face and twitched and wiggled in pain on the table as we all watched....

Someone said, "Injuns didn't shut down the Furniture Factory."

Another person spoke up and declared very clearly, "Clinton and the Democrats shut down the factory. The North American Free Trade Act did. NAFTA did!"

1 The bluish florescent lights flickered as this seri-
2 ous thought was added to the break room conver-
3 sation. A sad hush fell over the room as white,
4 blue, and purplish strobe lights pulsated onto the
5 stunned fat white faces of the whitey breakroom.
6 They collectively thought, *"Has the Empire fucked*
7 *Us? Maybe it's not just the Indians fucking Us?"*
8

9 This questioning is the whitey tilt – game over for
10 whitey cracker. The pinball machine, like Plato's
11 Payola, sings a snarky downbeat song ending with
12 your demise, your money gone, your tools frozen,
13 and the lights turned out. These thoughts floated
14 around the breakroom within dark quietude while the
15 strobing and crackling fluorescent light above *Them*
16 sputtered and sizzled back to its luminous white /
17 blue glow hum.
18

19 Bobby Simon stands up on his toes, and still on his
20 corner table. He is energized by the blue light,
21 and says, "We have fallen, we have to admit defeat,
22 but, we need to unionize now against the Seneca."
23

24 Another worker brought it back to the *Real*, "But we
25 need to feed our family!"
26

27 Hearing this, Barbara Dalton's heart seems to fall
28 as she nods her head in agreement about feeding
29 her family, and exclaims very quietly with others,
30 "Amen, Amen, Amen."
31

32 Her husband, her daughter, and her grandchildren
33 sucked her weekly paycheck of two hundred and fifteen
34 (\$215) dollars from her before she could deposit
35 her paycheck. Barbara was working forty (40) hours
36 a week, had no savings, and has lived paycheck to
37 paycheck. Barbara is also on food stamps at six-
38 ty-two (62) years old, in need as a mother to her
39 delinquent daughter's two (2) children.
40

41 Simon says, "If we don't unionize, they will cru-
42 cify *Us* to their Injun cross like they did during

the American Revolution and the War of 1812. The British hired the Seneca as mercenaries, as rats to kill *Us*. And now the Seneca will hire illegals to work as mercenaries - as rats to try and kill *Us* again."

There is complete silence again in the breakroom, and the light blue, fluorescent light flickered again - a new depth of desperation took over their cobalt faces. That's because everyone already knew the Seneca were already hiring illegal Latinos. Simon knew this but was playing to his audience's common denominator of stupidity.

Within this silence brought on by Simon, the asbestos paint peels off the break room's ceiling and walls. Bed pan colors: like pastel pinks, light blues, and lime greens - curled, showing the color palette of insane asylums from the 1950s-70s. Psychological and analytical institutional colors mixed well with padded rooms, electroshock therapy, and Lysergic Acid Diethylamide (LSD) experiments. Lobotomy-lime walls encircled the operating rooms, as playful pinks and baby blues dressed up the waiting room and entrance. These colors and the dialogue made me think I was watching more rat lab tests.

Simon asks, "Where will you move when the Indian and the Empire foreclose on you?"

Barbara Dalton and her peers owned their houses in Allegheny, but their houses sat on Seneca Indian land, so they didn't own their house - whitey rented on the Rez. The Seneca Indians obviously had English lawyers from King's Road, London, negotiating their land Contracts for *Them* back in 1784, and 1815 after the American patriots beat *Them* back twice. Accordingly, the Seneca were now so rich from their cigarette and gambling casino profits that they were buying up Allegheny property.

Someone in the back of the breakroom said, "The

1 Senecas Tax Liens are too expensive - my family and
2 I are being foreclosed on..”
3

4 The breakroom returned to silence once again.
5 Barbara and the Dalton's (as most people in the
6 breakroom) were about (2) two years behind on their
7 rent / taxes due to the Seneca Indians. The Seneca
8 Indians were foreclosing on these properties with
9 their gambling casino and cigarette cash. The native
10 Seneca were bulldozing whitey Appalachian houses
11 into dust, and then joyfully watch as these fields
12 slowly turn into colorful fields of wild flowers.
13

14 The Seneca were now orchestrating a reversal of
15 American Manifest Destiny and have turned Allegheny
16 life into Seneca Turtle Destiny. The Indian Removal
17 Act of 1830 has been replaced with the White Trash
18 Removal Act of 2021.
19
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Chapter 14

12:08 PM - MOTHER PROMISES HER KINGDOM
TO AN UNREPENTANT THIEF - HER DOG, OR,
COMPLAINT #21-6154

It's just after midnight, and I've returned to Highland Avenue stake out location for Complaint #21-6154. I'm looking at my three (3) laptops and I see Madeline in her kitchen playing with one (1) of her six (6) *Adopted* and/or rescued lap dogs. Madeline's motherly love for her lap dogs does not come cheap at the average cost of eight thousand, eight hundred dollars (\$8,800) per dog annually. For six (6) dogs Mad spends almost fifty-four thousand (\$54,000) dollars per year to "Care" for them. There are the doggy sweaters for the winter, the lactose-free organic doggy food, the doggy summer camps, Holiday outfits, and their weekly doggy-doo bath and shampoo. Madeline's husband categorizes her "Pet expenses" as a home / office expense and deducts approximately sixty-four thousand dollars (\$64,000) from his average annual income of roughly two million dollars (\$2,000,000).

The McHugh dogs include: Gucci, Hershey, Louis, Chanel, Ralphie, and Lauren in tribute to Maddy's true calling in life: eating chocolate bonbons

1 while shopping online for expensive crap to fill up
2 the empty *Real*. The annual doggy health care for
3 this luxurious household could feed a third-world
4 family of four (4) in Central America, the Middle
5 East, or in West Virginia Appalachia for approxi-
6 mately six (6) years.

7
8 Madeline now feeds the six (6) doggies at her feet
9 opium (heroin) laced doggy treats as they all dance
10 around in circles in her fifteen hundred (1,500)
11 square foot kitchen. Maddy and her doggies look
12 small and ridiculous in this big McMansion kitchen
13 that is the same size kitchen as a medium-size
14 prison or soup kitchen for the homeless. Madeline
15 says to her doggies, "You shall inherit this king-
16 dom - my only true lovers!" as she dances around
17 in junkie doggie circles spraying "Smacky-Smack,
18 Ding-Dong, Doggy Snacks" like a water sprinkler to
19 six (6) dancing dogs high on black tar.

20
21 Madeline, like most American women, thought her
22 life's calling was to be, or should be, "A mother."
23 Somewhere between *Mary* and *Eve* there is the sig-
24 nifier "Mother" - a little object; a little death,
25 a *jouissance*. Madeline the mother and her little
26 object is engendered by her conqueror. Therefore,
27 Madeline cannot handle a relationship with herself,
28 much less with a child, or more importantly with a
29 member of the opposite sex.

30
31 Madeline exclaims "Gucci, you are the only heir in my
32 will, Gucci-baby you are the only blood in my heart."
33 Gucci, the unrepentant thief, distracts Madeline by
34 giving her licky-lick kisses on Madeline's face,
35 so Gucci's buddies (Chanel and Ralphy) can ransack
36 the "Smacky-Smack, Ding-Dong, Doggy Snack" closet
37 that has approximately three thousand, one hundred
38 and fifty-three dollars (\$3,153) worth of dog food.

39
40 But the Rolling Stones forewarned *Us* of the American
41 woman tragedy in 1966 with their song, "Mother's
42 Little Helper." Those musical dandies start the

song with their sloppy out of tune sitar hook introduction, and they then saunter along and sing like doomed drunken sailors in a rudderless ship called *Opium Den* on its way to the Opium Wars (1860). The song satirically lambasted the American housewife. You know the song that opens with a strange introduction about how horrible it is to age badly? With no music, a male vocalists sings / taunts "What a drag it is getting old."

There is a nice pause, and the trippy sitar slowly starts to worm its way up to a good volume before the lyrics start. The vocalist continues to taunt by conjuring mothers complaining about their kids being big pains in the ass. The lyricist illuminates why, because of the stress of raising children, so many 1960s mothers secretly depended on pharmaceuticals to simply endure their existence and/or appear normal.

The Opium Wars in 1830 and 1860 happened when the British East India Company (EIC) tried to monopolize the alien poppy plant that Sumerian Gods brought from their planet Nibiru. You know Nibiru - out there in the Zeta Reticuli galaxy. You know Nibiru, around the corner from Planet X, and right next door to Planet 9. It's supposedly a nice, gated community, Zeta Reticuli, although I hear the Cooperative (Co-op) Board for purchase approval is a nightmare.

Regardless, during the two (2) Opium Wars, the great grandfathers of the Rolling Stones and their ilk sat on British battleships trying to corner the market and monopolize the poppy plant in both India and China. The East India Trading Company won both wars and then essentially sold the opium trade to Perdue Pharma in 1892. Who then sold it to the Sackler family in 1952.

But I still don't know why any level-headed human would venture within ten feet (10 ft.) of any of

1 the Sackler family's creative destructive pills,
2 Oxycontin or Sublimaze. That's because they have
3 never seen the very alive poppy plant slithering
4 around in action like the alien snake it is.

5
6 My Air Force *Intel* Unit was in the high desert
7 of Iran near the Pakistan border back in the mid
8 1980's. The area was mostly dry with sporadic scrub
9 brush. But where there was water - there was *Intel*,
10 and where there is *Intel* - there were also poppy
11 fields. Therefore, my Unit was dressed as nomadic
12 opium harvest workers. We were coming down a small
13 mountain range on one of those stunning Middle East
14 mornings that are clear and bright. The cobalt blue
15 of the sky was so blue, and the cotton white of the
16 clouds was so white you could taste and hear these
17 colors.

18
19 The Middle East atmosphere has this strange strato-
20 sphere that was similar to living on the clear and
21 bright East coast of America. The east coast has
22 reflective water all around, and this refractory
23 light bounces off the water, and then the clouds
24 create a supersonic white all day and then a pink
25 glow at sunset. The lights from the sun to the
26 water to the clouds circle in continuous illumina-
27 tion, but here in land-locked Iran that same radi-
28 ance was in these mysterious mountains.

29
30 As we approached the valley floor one could see the
31 pink and white flowers blanketed and stretched out
32 for about fifteen (15) to twenty (20) acres. The
33 poppy flowers had feathery petals that flitted about
34 like flames four feet off the ground. Amongst these
35 feathery flowers were the scarified poppy seed pods
36 that stood a commanding eight (8) to ten (10) feet.
37 The pods were all facing the warm yellow sun and
38 seemed to be having a beach party laughing, hoop-
39 ing, and hollering. As we got closer to the poppy
40 fields the other crews looked over nervously at us,
41 so our Iranian *Intel* guides went over to see if we
42 could be hired. The rest of our *Intel* team stood

around smoking cigarettes in order to assimilate as normal nomads.

But the poppy pods all suddenly halted their beach-bingo party and stopped facing the sun. The alien poppy pod snakes all started to slowly turn towards my *Intel* team. The poppy pod snakes moved in unison like Cobra line dancers extending themselves high, and then they swooped in low. Then these green snakes wiggled left and right into a firm position like a crouching tiger or a wrestler about to grapple.

The opium harvest workers picked up this change in the Middle Eastern stratosphere immediately and started to gather and walk quickly to the opium harvesting boss. He was in a dusty four-wheel drive (4WD) Toyota pick-up truck with a large automatic weapon crudely mounted on the top of his front cab.

At the same time the poppy plants started to slowly, one by one, turn and face *Us*. The poppy plants were sizing-up my *Intel* team, and ready to rumble. The poppy plant narcotics were narcing on *Us* to the Iranians! My *Intel* peers, and some very experienced *Intelligence* commandos started to shit themselves. Rightfully so because within a moment we watched in horror as both of our Iranian *Intel* guides started pointing towards *Us* and yelling some nasty anti-American crap. Our *Intel* guides were doing the "Rat" dance, and we were super-fucked way behind enemy lines.

The opium boss and his team quickly got into offense mode and shot the Iranian *Intel* guide in the back of their heads as they were yelling and pointing at *Us*. My team quickly morphed into survival, evasion, and rescue mode that lasted (3) three revolting days and nights on the run in the mountains of Iran. After getting pinned down for the fourth (4th) time and losing numerous members of the team our Officer

1 in Charge (OC) had to call-in for help... and ask-
2 ing for help is failure for *Intel*.

3
4 Combat Controllers (CCT) and Pararescue (PJ)
5 Specialists had to perform a High Altitude - Low
6 Opening (HALO) insertion with a HH-60 Pave-Hawk
7 helicopter extraction in order to get *Us* / a covert
8 *Intel* Team, out.

9
10 Honorable Family Court and Good Reader, I digress,
11 and I want to move-on, but let me state here and
12 now: those Poppy snakes are aliens with psychic
13 powers, and the opium blood that our children and
14 society are addicted to - is not from this earth.

15
16 Going back to the Rolling Stones in 1966 who were
17 laughing at American women just like those poppy
18 snakes. Today on May 9th, 2021, let's step back even
19 further in time to when the "Innocent Child" was
20 the new sucker, the new pansy, the new mark for a
21 *Mother's Little Helper* and/or "Smacky-Smack, Ding-
22 Dong, Doggy Snacks."

23
24 So, let's give it up, Family Court, Good Reader,
25 and now Good Listener, for the new American Country
26 band, **The Sumerian Stones** and their new 2021 hit,
27 entitled:

28
29 "Innocent Child's Little Helper."

30
31 "Mothers are different today," I hear all the
32 *Innocent Children* say,

33
34 *Mother needs something to calm Us down.*

35
36 *And though we're not really ill, there's a lit-*
37 *tle yellow pill.*

38
39 *She goes running for her Innocent Child's*
40 *Little helper.*
41
42

*And it helps Them on Their way, gets Them
through another day.*

Doctor, please, some more of those.

Inside the school, They made Us take four more.

What a drag it is being young.

*"Kids just aren't the same today," I hear every
mother say.*

*Life's just much hard today, I hear every
Innocent Little Child say.*

The pursuit of perfection is such a chore.

*And if you give Us more of those, we will have
an overdose.*

*No more running for the shelter of Innocent
Child's Little Helper.*

When the enemy of our American Revolution for Life,
Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness sings to
you that your women are pathetic, you know you've
already lost. The American woman had become a
national security risk in 1966.

That's because in military science your enemies
are more revealing / helpful, than your allies.
Meaning that your friends are useless, but your ene-
mies will keep you sharp. But many American women,
instead of wising-up like smart female owls, seem
to be descending further into child-abuse called
American Motherhood.

Unfortunately, after my own divorce from a dead-
beat Yankee husband, I stopped lying to myself.
So therefore, I'm not "Motherly," nor do I try to
be. I'm Momma-Non-Grata. My husband and our mar-
riage were so miserable that I must confess that I

1 had my children just because I didn't want to deal
2 with "Him" anymore. My husband was a good-natured
3 man, but I emasculated him / sent him away like
4 a seasonal laborer, or a migrant worker after he
5 plowed and planted his seeds. I, or maybe women in
6 general, should not be surprised when the patriar-
7 chal *Red-Queen* marriage without money doesn't work.
8 Please women and mothers: you know whose fault it
9 was - and whose fault it is.

10
11 I, like Madeline McHugh, capitalized and imperial-
12 ized my husband and our children's lives with veils
13 and vines / with smoke and mirrors. The difference
14 is that my ex-husband could NOT afford (\$\$\$) my
15 patriarchal magic show. But Madeline's white-devil
16 husband not only paved the way and pruned the trees
17 for every walk Madeline took, he paid legal and
18 illegal immigrants to carry her the whole time.
19 Mr. McHugh paid through the nose for each of his
20 three descendants (the average cost of each daugh-
21 ter raised in their tax bracket is nine hundred and
22 fifty thousand dollars (\$950,000) each). It takes
23 about a million (\$1,000,000) for a woman to have
24 a well-educated child. That's all-private educa-
25 tion through a graduate degree, law, or medical
26 degree. The three million (\$3,000,000) needed for
27 Madeline's children is a drop in the bottomless and
28 endless Dead Sea called, "Ego," "Hereditary," and/
29 or "Royalty."

30
31 Our motherly love is an ivy vine - it is a veil.
32 Man is hollowed out and curtained off, like that of
33 a green, vine covered tree. The tree looks healthy,
34 lush, and leafy from afar in the green seasons as
35 the watery, fragile female green vines are spread-
36 ing over the very male dead skeleton of the old
37 tree / of the old man. Even in the cold and dark
38 winter, a hollow and dead husband looks green and
39 alive with an ivy woman wrapped around him.

40
41 The feminine, cold truth underneath our green and
42 natural blanket - as it suffocates our husband - is

that our veil of womanhood: our anarchy, our adultery, and our artistry, kills the tree. Good growth is forsaken, taken over by an overbearing female weed, a *Red-Queen* ivy, and/or a flighty vine because of too much ego, hierarchy, and/or patriarchy.

In contrast, the empirical poison ivy within the Ivy League is not feminine. It's masculine, incarcerating, and was created to suppress women. John Winthrop and John Harvard created the poison Ivy at Harvard College in 1636 to specifically suppress Anne Hutchinson and the Free-Grace philosophy. This Ivy League school and all her un-American royal off-spring (Yale, Dartmouth, Columbia, Penn State, Brown, Princeton, and Cornell) are party to this female suppression of free-speech, equality, and free-grace to this very day.

And if you don't believe me Family Court and Good Reader, please check-out a great book that explains this anti-feminist Ivy League mission. The eloquent book is entitled, The Worming of America, Or, An Answer to the Arraignment of Women, 2018 by Autumn Leaf.

The book is a diary from 1650 Boston, written by the daughter of Anne Hutchinson - Susan Hutchinson. But Susan wrote her diary in her Lenape Indian name - Autumn Leaf. Susan was taken hostage in 1645 by those Lenape natives and renamed Autumn Leaf because of her red hair. Autumn Leaf explains everything you need to know about the foundation of America during its formation in 1650 Boston. Autumn explains how John Winthrop and John Harvard created Harvard to suppress women and Free-Grace. Harvard and the Ivy League is an education system where only royalist-loyalists survive.

The book also correctly places the first act of Civil Disobedience in America with Mary Dyer in 1650. It wasn't Henry Thoreau in 1849 that Martin Luther King (MLK) and Mahatma Gandhi were inspired

1 by. It was Mary Dyer, who left Shelter Island, New
2 York on a sunny spring day and went north to Boston
3 to be hung - hanged by the royalist - loyalists -
4 John Harvard and his Ivy League.

5
6 I can see on my screen: Madeline is in her garden,
7 with white children running about, with a white-
8 devil McMansion in the background, all behind a
9 white-picket fence, with full-time white security,
10 guards in a white zip code, within a white Empire.

11
12 Madeline is trying to raise the new Emperor and/or
13 Empress of the Empire with strings attached. Mother
14 and the Empire need a kick-back, and if she doesn't
15 get it - hell hath no fury.

16
17 The problem with Madeline's garden is that it is
18 dug and tended by Jose her Guatemalan landscaper,
19 picked over by Hoi-Noi, her Vietnamese housekeeper,
20 and secured by "Bob," a child molester from east-
21 ern Europe using an alias and posing as a nighttime
22 security officer. Madeline does not tend her garden;
23 she bought - excuse me - her husband bought her
24 garden for her. Madeline does enjoy and encour-
25 age her six dogs to defecate in her garden. It is
26 because she read an article in "Vogue" about the
27 benefits of excrement - much to the chagrin of Jose,
28 the gardener.

29
30 Hoi-Noi the housekeeper does try to find fruit or
31 vegetables in Madeline's garden, but the infesta-
32 tion of beetles, mites, and varmint makes Hoi-Noi's
33 search futile. Hoi-Noi instead goes to the local
34 Waldbaum's food market and buys large healthy toma-
35 toes, cucumbers, and carrots from the produce sec-
36 tion and places *Them* in Madeline's "Garden basket"
37 during harvest season.

38
39 Madeline is so easily excited by the slightest
40 indication that proves she is materially alive.
41 So, this faux garden triumph for Madeline is just
42 as fabulous as a birthday party invitation from a

thirteen (13) year old bimbo from a "Cool girl." Every day is a birthday party for Madeline; the problem is that no one shows up for Madeline's parties unless they are paid... extremely well.

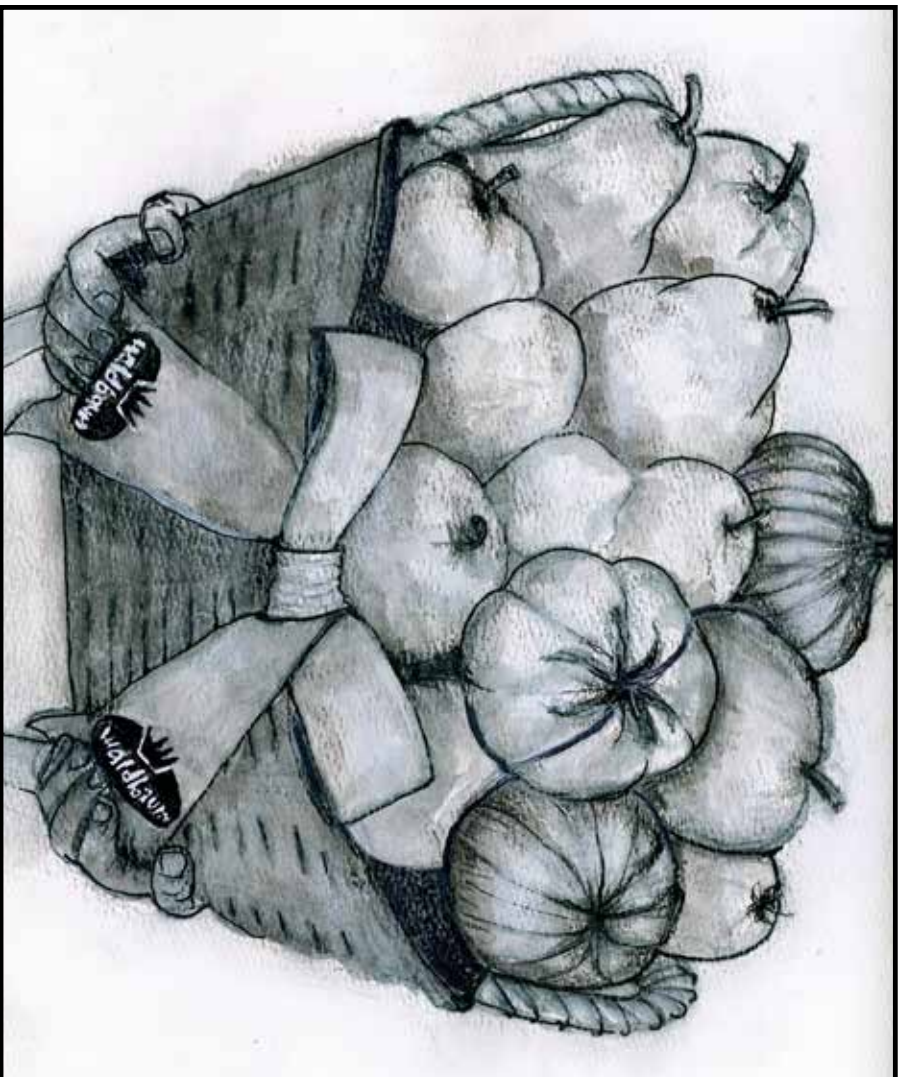
Upon seeing the "Freshly picked fruits and vegetables from the garden," Madeline holds her fruits and vegetables to the sky and thanks Jesus for these gifts of life. She kisses and hugs these inanimate objects the way a child protects her doll. Madeline proudly coddles and fawns over her fruits and vegetables (just as she does with her children). Madeline poses for Hoi-Noi, ordering her to take pictures of her with her fruits and vegetable children so she can post on Facebook (FB) and out-mother her motherly competition.

Sadly, as Madeline is giving thanks to her Lord Cucumber, Hoi-Noi realizes that she left the Waldbaum's price tags on the tomatoes Madeline is holding up to the Judeo-Christian miracle sky. Hoi-Noi doesn't know what to do.... Madeline closes her eyes and starts mumbling one of her Catholic fairy-tale prayers. Hoi-Noi starts panicking and freaking as she is a recently converted Catholic.

Hoi-Noi was told four (4) years ago by her Buddhist Elder (her Real faith) that "The Catholic thing," would help her housekeeping business. On her Federal and State taxes, Hoi-Noi's income has quadrupled (4X) in the last three (3) years.

Hoi-Noi reaches up to the tomatoes covering the Waldbaum's price tags Madeline blindly holds above her head and starts mumbling along with Madeline in psychotic prayer.

Madeline, suddenly, out of the blue, stops her rosary recital mid-prayer. With eyes wide open and excited at this shared religious revelation, Maddy says in a hushed way to Hoi-Noi, "I knew you little Commies would make great Catholics!"



People's Exhibit K -
The Fruit of Madeline's Garden

Hoi-Noi joins Madeline in her deep delusionary delirium heaven. An Empire State Catholic prayer thanking their Lord Savior - Saint Waldbaum - for coming back from the dead, being borne from a virgin, and delivering these exceptional fruits and vegetables (\$87) to their garden!

St. Waldbaum, living for the garden instead of living for himself, reminds me of the fourth letter I hold in my M-8888 folder. It is from my great grandmother, Catherine Reeves, explaining Margaret Fuller to my grandmother, Anna Jarvis. In the letter Catherine Reeves explains gardening in a sense and Margaret Fuller's heavy text in, "The Great Lawsuit, Men Versus Man, Women Versus Woman," 1845. My great grandmother Catherine wrote:

To My Loveliest Daughter, Anna,

Can you believe your father is not back from his California trip? I'm starting to worry, but I know your father will show up soon.

I just finished the new Margaret Fuller book. It's an expansion of her writing at the literary journal "The Dial," which I've sent you before. "Women in the Nineteenth Century" is a little too out-there for me. Besides she and those New England folks always seem so sentimental - so self-righteous. Always talking about nature as if it is some God and that we are here "To tend some garden or plough the earth?" I don't get it... her voice, her tone, is too preachy. The thesis is about the self-reliant and independent women. It's very Ralph Waldo Emerson, it's all very academic and manly!

I did like a lot of her writing about transcendentalism. The title: "The Great Lawsuit" as "The Great Sin" or "The Great Swindle" really speaks to the gravitas of her vision.

1 *It also speaks to her sarcastic and sappy*
2 *form! Does she write for herself or to all*
3 *women? She sounds like a woman lawyer – what*
4 *a frightening thought!*

5
6 *Is she 'En-soi' or, 'Pour-soi?' Is she being*
7 *in-itself or being for-itself – I don't*
8 *know.... Is Margaret Fuller exploring her-*
9 *self and sharing for the world to see in good*
10 *faith, or is she a woman litigating in bad*
11 *faith against the Other? I cannot judge, I*
12 *will not judge!*

13
14 *I will send you the book and you don't have*
15 *to return it.*

16
17 *Love, Always... and Remember Life is not a*
18 *Bowl of Cherries, Your Mother,*

19
20 **Catherine Reeves**

21
22 This letter was stuck in the back of the Margaret
23 Fuller book, "Women in the Nineteenth Century."
24 My grandmother, Anna Jarvis, would read this book
25 to herself but couldn't or wouldn't understand
26 Fuller's purpose. Fuller and transcendentalism
27 wasn't passed on to me during my grandmother's life.
28 I did not find this letter or her copy of Fuller's
29 book till after my grandmother died. Despite this
30 motherly censorship, I've read Margaret Fuller's
31 work my whole life. In fact, over and over, many
32 times. Not for revenge, but for balance. My tough
33 nurse grandma Jarvis was also my prude grandmother
34 Jarvis. She scribbled notes of disapproval and dis-
35 gust around Margaret Fuller's chapters on sexual
36 relationships. I love and respect my Grandmother
37 Anna Jarvis for eternity, but her sexual dishonor
38 in 1938 hurts femininity to this day in 2021.

39
40 Fuller was a nineteenth (19th) century fox, but two
41 hundred (200) years before her time, and I chan-
42 nel her up frequently on Thursday nights with my

Rosicrucian friends. My grandma, Anna, is always there also. She incarnates frequently and tells me secrets.

But Mary Fuller and I walk and talk to each other along the seashore of Fire Island on Long Island, New York, where she drown in 1850. We walk along the beach break and search for seashells and nice-looking rocks... We look at the beautiful and balanced seashell's golden ratio construction and aesthetics. We talk about Sophia as Creator. Sometimes Mary just listens even when I don't speak a word.

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Chapter 15

1:51 PM - A MOTHER'S STORY WITHIN POVERTY, OR COMPLAINT #21-4532

1 It's early afternoon and I'm staked-out on Dam Road.
2 My mics and exterior cams are clear and target #21-
3 4532, Barbara Dalton, is enjoying her Mother's Day
4 doing the dishes while her husband and daughter
5 get stoned on the back porch. Neither of *Them* have
6 wished Barbara a Happy Mother's Day yet. The grey-
7 green sun in Allegheny suddenly splinters and a
8 sunbeam breaks-out for a few moments and shines,
9 illuminates, and cleans their broken-down porch that
10 was ten (10) feet by twelve (12) feet. The porch is
11 more of a raft than a porch. The Dalton porch is
12 more like, The Raft of Medusa (1819), a painting by
13 Gericault that depicts a catastrophe in which a raft
14 of sailors are cannibalizing each other after their
15 ship was wrecked and they float around aimlessly. So
16 therefore, here in 2021 Appalachia, everyone's porch
17 is not called The Raft of Medusa, but The Raft of
18 Poverty.

19
20 And Honorable Family Court and Good Reader, I don't
21 know if you like to look at fine art paintings,
22 drawings, or illustrations, because then you would
23 be an aesthetician and/or "A Good Looker." But my
24

watercolor painting which I will share with this Court will show a sad composition of mothers cannibalizing their family and children with abstract trash. My watercolor painting The Raft of Poverty is "People's Exhibit L."

The Appalachian front porch and/or their Raft of Poverty first and foremost has used tires hiding underneath the porch raft, and in the corners, to keep it afloat. Then beer can recyclables (\$.05) are littered and strewn across the raft / porch in loosely tied clear bags that have thousands of beer cans. The next great architectural feat on the Raft of Poverty is the children's colorful plastic fort with slides that was used once or twice by their insolent and discontent children and then forgotten forever. The forts /slides, quickly fade in the sun's ultraviolet (UV) rays and become yet another vessel to carry more unrecycled beer cans that will never be recycled (\$.05).

The third big improvement for the Appalachian Raft of Poverty in 2021 is the kiddie pool filled with green putrid water, and more beer cans. From the mast of this Raft of Poverty swings an old car seat crudely hung with big chains as some kind of swinging Appalachian loveseat. On the sides of these rafts are always dilapidated cars and trucks on blocks. Because Barbara's husband was an old rock star of Allegheny, she had two (2) 1976 Pontiac Trans Am hotrods on blocks. One (1) Trans Am was smashed into a washer / dryer set on the porch / raft, and the other was buried under more used tires and beer can recyclables. Barbara, the mother of the house, had magically planted yellow and black, Black-Eyed Susans all around, and in the old Trans Ams car. She perfectly matched the black and gold Trans Am, with it's famous, "Smokey and the Bandit" color scheme.

This dreary black and white watercolor painting of spiritual cannibals on The Raft of Poverty is

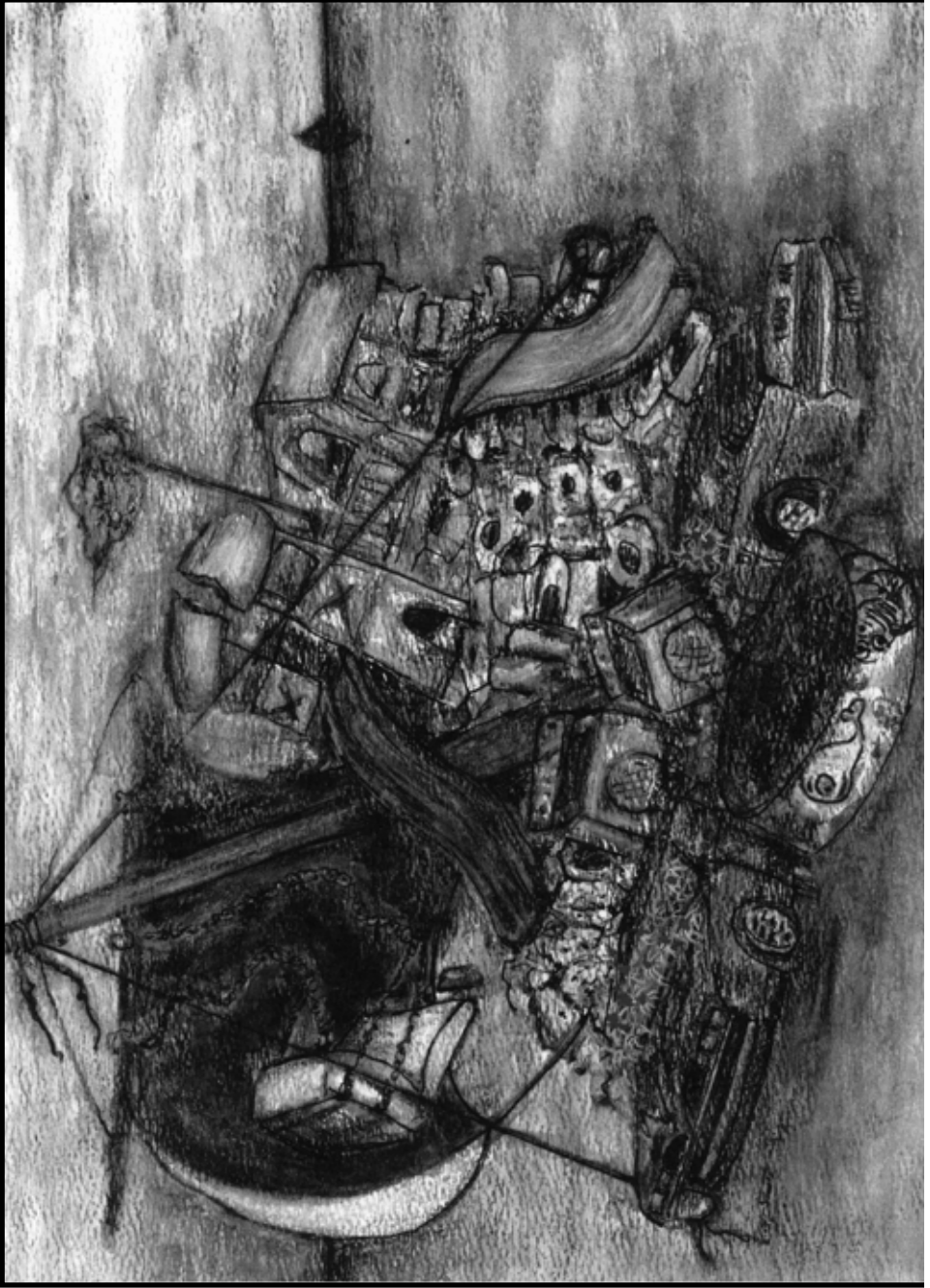
1 particularly horrifying because no humans are there
2 except their trash - their leavings... their com-
3 post. Because Appalachia is so vacant and xenopho-
4 bic no one is looking to be "Saved." No cannibal is
5 looking for another ship on the horizon, poverty
6 does not ask for help, poverty dies alone on its
7 own Dead Sea amongst the trash, which outlives pov-
8 erty by many decades.

9
10 Susan and Bill, now stoned / disengaged sit in a
11 slouched and dejected manner on their small wooden
12 raft. They look like two large naked blobs of moz-
13 zarella cheese on a small dirty cracker. It is
14 forty-eight (48) degrees, and the sun has popped
15 out for fifteen (15) minutes or so here on Dam Road.
16 Here in northern Appalachia, any temperature above
17 forty-five (45) degrees marks the beginning of sum-
18 mer, so all the Allegheny rednecks are out sunbath-
19 ing including Susan and Bill. They are racing, as
20 usual, to see who will pass out or fall first. An
21 alcoholic or addict's life slipping from the morn-
22 ing nip to the afternoon liquid-lunch, to a happy
23 hour buffet, and then a little nightcap to keep the
24 "Shakes" away. Then... subconscious again, slip-
25 ping and sleeping into bedtime, early time, sleepy
26 time, no dream time - alcoholic and addict time. I
27 know this time.

28
29 Both targets are on their fourth (4th) or fifth (5th)
30 beer, as Barbara had just made a "Rez" run to get
31 more tax-free cigarettes and beers.

32
33 Barbara's grandchildren are out biking with the
34 neighbor kids across the street when they sud-
35 denly come screeching in on their little motocross
36 (BMX) bikes. "Happy Mother's Day" they scream in
37 Appalachian redneck harmony, which is not exactly
38 audible unless you have a good ear and a sixth (6th)
39 sense. Bill and Susan look at each other startled
40 by this vocal outburst. Their sea of green (SoG)
41 joint they are smoking is nothing more than a roach

42



People's Exhibit L - The Raft of Poverty

at this point. They are both uncomfortably numb and deep in Dalton discontent.

From a foggy haze they grunt and growl into slow and separate escalating and echoing choruses, "Shut, shut, shut, shut, shut, shut, shut... The, the, the, the, the, the... Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck... Up, up, up, up, up, up, up...."

Diana and Craig answer the parental duet with, "Happy Mother's Day!" And now it has a resounding retort, on a wider frequency scale, more resilient, and with a vibrato.

The dueling duet turns bombastic with Mahler thunder as the grandfather, Bill Dalton, and daughter, Susan Dalton, set the Appalachian bar with, "Shut the fuck-up," drawn out in a Southern, totalitarian tone. "Shuuuut the fuuuuccccccceck uuuuuup!"

Diana and Craig encircle and chase each other within the Dalton's muddy driveway on their BMX bikes. Muddy whoops, hollers, and screams of dangerous child's play rings out shrilly. Next to the driveway is the small porch where the flabby Dalton walruses sun themselves on their death raft. All of a sudden, the sun disappears - there is no sun now. The grey leaden clouds of inland America have rolled back in blocking out the sun again. Diana and Craig weave in and out, going round and round in BMX merry-go-round merriment. Bill and Susan get spooked by the escalating buzz of their children's bicycle tires going faster and faster through muddy watery puddles. The children's buzz is slowly intensifying as their wheels come closer and closer to the floating walruses on the Dalton's *Raft of Poverty*.

Besides the deep red pothole puddles, the driveway has high desert plateaus, and a dust storm starts to rise as Diana and Craig in a menacing key start

humming, taunting, and chanting, "Happy Mother's Day, Happy Mother's Day, Happy Mother's Day."

Bill, the children's grandfather, exclaims to Susan, "Great... Look, the Hari Krishna are here. What are your children even mumbling?"

Diana and Craig's hypnotic hot yoga breath mantra of, "Happy Mother's Day, Happy Mother's Day, Happy Mother's Day," comes in on an intelligent dance music (IDM) sine wave blipping, blopping, and glitching from a black hole or third eye. Diana and Craig dance with gentle, floating, square waves brain-dancing. The children are busy wind chimes dinging and donging in a stiff breeze, the children are clinking and clanking in harmony from another galaxy. They were desperately trying to communicate to *Us* with musical sound waves and frequencies that we pretend we don't understand or cannot hear.

Diana and Craig run with their sketchy beats singing: "Happy Mother's Day, Happy Mother's Day, Happy Mother's Day!" And in between their taunts, their silence is a scary space – the deepest beat. This deep space in between beats is a breakbeat, in between life and death. This glitchy breakbeat lives in between heart beats.

Susan and Bill, Allegheny's redneck elite – because they shit, piss, and disrespect everything, kill the stagnant silence of the Southern Tier by yelling again, "Shut..... the..... fuck..... up!"

Diana and Craig's BMX bikes with knobby tires spin faster and faster, around, and around in their driveway with red mud puddles and potholes. They ceremoniously splash and tramp through the potholes picking up the Seneca's red iron earth. The children's tires are caked with the bloody and rusty earth and their tires spin and spit magenta and vermillion mud around like an angry abstract expressionist painter on a bloody tear.

1 A false God! An Abrahamic idol, a burning man
2 torched by children on a bike ride. Diana and Craig
3 keep up their raging rave on their Allegheny des-
4 ert as Vermillion red mud sails through the air.
5 The child's tornado of communication widens, com-
6 ing closer to the fat Dalton walruses on welfare
7 retirement. Bill and Susan, the blubbering blobs of
8 Allegheny, start to wonder what is ruining their
9 high as the BMX Seneca clay starts to baptize *Them*,
10 and much more damaging, the mud starts to spray
11 their Silver Bullet beers!

12
13 Bill stands up with an air of purpose, but then
14 starts to wobble after being sprayed with a puddle
15 of mud water by Craig, "The King" - *De Kooning*. Bill
16 looks at his new abstract fashion and seems to won-
17 der for a moment about his new metro-sexual status.
18 Bill with four (4) chins, four (4) beers, and the
19 inability to do his own laundry seems confused by
20 his new avant-garde status. Bill looks lightheaded
21 and dizzy, and he inadvertently steps backwards
22 stumbling back off *The Raft of Poverty*, and falls
23 into a nasty kiddie pool filled with green water and
24 empty beers cans. After the big splash down and the
25 whooping and hollering from daughter and grand-
26 children about Grandpa falling into the kiddie pool
27 dies down, large swarms of black gnats and mosqui-
28 tos float above grandpa's head. The kiddie pool's
29 greenish brackish water, the empty beer cans, and
30 now clouds of agitated gnats and mosquitos reminds
31 me of a demilitarized zone (DMZ). It resembles the
32 nearby poisonous Superfund site - *Love Canal* - and
33 it has that same burning plastic, pissy, third-
34 world Superfund smell. The Dalton's *Love Canal* kid-
35 die pool is the heart of the Empire. The kid-
36 die pool has Grandpa Bill freaking, splashing, and
37 struggling, and unable to sit up. He believes he
38 will drown in eight (8) inches of Appalachian piss
39 water and is spazzing like a man on fire.

40
41 Diana and Craig roar with laughter like circling
42 sharks as their pathetic fat tuna Grandfather falls

off his poverty raft. Big-Daddy Grand Dad is fair game in poisonous Love Canal, Appalachia. The BMX sharks pedal harder and faster as the *Mother's Day Madness* red devil dust-storm on their driveway continues to swirl and gain speed.

Susan, cockeyed before noon, and with last night's puke still on her tank top, yawns... She walks around in her only pair of Walmart (WMT) pink sweat-pants (\$4.99) that instead of having a the word "JUICY" imprinted vertically down the leg, Susan's pink-stained sweatpants say "ANGRY." Susan slowly turns around to see her two (2) buzzing-bee children trying to find their "Mom." But "Home" is what the Empire State napalmed a long time ago.

Susan is still smoking her spliff roach and a Seneca brand cigarette at the same time, in the same hand because her other hand firmly and desperately holds onto a tallboy beer. The tan cigarette filter perfectly matches Susan's tanning salon skin color. The smoldering plastic cigarette filter melts into Susan's nicotine-stained fingers. As Susan's fleshy tan skin slowly melts into a smoking nub that is actually her fingers.

Susan tries to take a drag on her tobacco-less fingers and instead physically and metaphysically blows a goodbye kiss to her children by attempting to smoke her own fingers. With one eye closed and one open - the Dalton woman's evil eye focuses. Susan closes one eye cursing, trying to swat away her imagined wasps flying next to her - that are in fact her children. Susan, a mother, seems unable to comprehend that her children are trying to communicate with her.

The pink and black BMX bikes swim and swirl in the orbit or ocean of an iron dust devil. From within this third eye hurricane, one faintly hears: "Happy Mother's Day, Happy Mother's Day, Happy Mother's Day" slowing cresting with an unassuming crescendo

1 and then sinking back into the white capped waves
2 like a shark fin slowly gliding up and down on the
3 surface of water. Diana and Craig's duet turns
4 into a quartet, as their singing coaxes the wanton
5 groans of drowning seaman who leave for work at
6 sea and never dock in a safe harbor again. Sailors
7 and children looking for their mothership on the
8 far-off horizon within the vast ocean. Diana and
9 Craig's illbient song is a lonely shanty from the
10 bottom of the cold Atlantic. It sounds like Herman
11 Melville's "Billy in the Darbies" from his play,
12 Billy Budd, has been re-mixed by Aphex Twin and/
13 or User 18081971 into an illbient serenade for
14 mothers.

15
16 Their song's bass line charges ahead, fueled by a
17 hornet's steady and mean revenge. The children cho-
18 rus together "Erreeennn, Errreeennn, Erreeennn,"
19 to warm up and ratchet up the situation. Both
20 children in falsettos start singing like angels
21 "Happy Mother's Day... Happy Mother's Day... Happy
22 Mother's Day...." The singing trails off, then
23 their bassy, not just ambient, but an illbient
24 "Erreeennn, Errreeennn, Erreeennn," returns like
25 a fast and menacing machine or train, "Erreeennn,
26 Errreeennn, Erreeennn."

27
28 Quickly the sing-song returns to the falsettos,
29 "Happy Mother's Day... Happy Mother's Day... Happy
30 Mother's Day...." Then following, there is a long
31 chorus crash-up or mash-up: "EEERRRRRREEEEEEEENNNN!"
32

33 Only Diana the archer correctly hits the falsetto
34 notes in a solo "Happy Mother's Day..."
35

36 Craig interrupts and compliments her solo with his
37 own solo of "EEERRRRRREEEEEEEENNNN!" That echoes
38 about as Diana butters it up with "Happy Mother's
39 Day...." Then quickly "EEERRRRRREEEEEEEENNNN!"
40 It is a talky, singsong acapella musical called
41 *Mother's Day Madness!*
42

"EEERRRRRRREEEEEEEEENNNN!" "Happy Mother's Day..." 1
"EEERRRRRRREEEEEEEEENNNN!" "Happy Mother's Day..." 2
"EEERRRRRRREEEEEEEEENNNN!" 3

4
Susan seems to start to hallucinate that her chant- 5
ing children are wasps and grabs the bug spray can 6
of Raid. She knocks over her suntan oil, four (4) 7
empty beer cans, and a bag of cheesy puffs that fall 8
and litter her one-hundred and fifty (150) square 9
foot Raft of Poverty. Susan unfortunately turns 10
the nozzle of the bug-spray facing towards her 11
instead of facing away from her in her left hand. 12
This is where Susan Dalton lives and excels. Susan 13
flings her burning cigarette butt at her children 14
and slowly tries to stand, waving at the imaginary 15
hornets flying around her. The children hornets want 16
to pollinate with their poison. Their mother is a 17
dank, dark, awkward woman with blind-spots - per- 18
fect for the location of a hornet's nest. Susan 19
stumbles towards her finale, swings around with her 20
arms wildly flailing at the imaginary fighter jet 21
hornets. 22

23
Susan focuses her one good eye in order to spray 24
those wasps she seems to hear in her mind. And she 25
knows a big swill of beer will help with this task. 26
The buzzing BMX tumbleweeds that are her crying and 27
laughing children continue to circle Susan like 28
sharks feeding on a dead whale. 29

30
A big swill of beer for Susan enables her to open 31
one good eye. It opens for a clipped moment in 32
order to temporarily drive a car correctly, light 33
a cigarette correctly, or not fall on her face and 34
break her nose, which has happened three (3) times 35
during the last six (6) years. Susan reaches for 36
her Silver Bullet beer on the table in order to cool 37
her vampire heart, but instead she falls, blowing 38
up the cheesy puffs again and sending the orange 39
carcinogen puffs all over her Raft of Poverty. 40
Orange puff bombs land on the deck and float happily 41
in Grandpa's green *Love Canal* kiddie pool. During 42

1 Susan's physical slide, scrape, and re-bound, she
2 gracefully scoops up her beer in her right hand and
3 turns it upside down above her head allowing the
4 beer to waterfall lovingly around her mouth face,
5 hair, and body.

6
7 The drenched stumbling welfare Queen steps this way
8 and that as Susan is now in a wet T-shirt contest.
9 Accordingly, her Appalachian next-door neighbor
10 yells over the fence, "Show me your tits."

11
12 Susan throws her empty Silver Bullet beer can at her
13 neighbor and concentrates on the task at hand. The
14 window of focusing opportunity is fast approaching
15 for Susan now as the alcohol surges in her blood-
16 stream and she has little time to decide and/or
17 perform a bodily action with accuracy. Susan raises
18 the Raid Bug spray with a stiff and rigid arm with
19 the nozzle still pointed at herself, one and a half
20 (1 1/2) feet away from her once beautiful light
21 blue / green eyes that were once speckled with fun
22 golden slivers.

23
24 Susan focuses on the rolling tumbleweed wasp nests
25 that are her children, that sing a tune Susan can-
26 not understand. Susan screams to her father, "What
27 are the wasps saying? Happy Birthday? Happy Easter?
28 Happy Memorial Day? Happy what the fuck day are
29 they saying?"

30
31 Susan screeches from the bottom of her mommy vam-
32 pire soul, "Shut the fuck up - take this mother-
33 fuckers." She sprays at full pressure a steady jet
34 stream of Raid hornet killer with a spray range of
35 twenty (20) feet directly into her eyes that was
36 once the baby blue window to her innocent child
37 soul.

38
39 The spectracide, with a dielectric voltage of fifty
40 thousand (50,000) volts able to wipe out entire
41 nests of wasps and hornets, blinds Susan instantly.
42 Susan then frantically runs into the side of the

house instead of the open door. Then she runs into
a tree and falls. Then mother runs into the house of
the neighbor who wanted to see her tits and falls.

Susan rants and repeats some insane mantra. She
continues to rub her eyes as she runs into a few
cars right in front of me. Then she bounces off my
Ford Interceptor, looking into the blacked-out win-
dows as a mirror. She looks directly at me, but she
is not *looking* directly at me. Susan, alternately
whispers and giggles to herself, "I can see, - hee,
hee, hee - I can see, - hee, hee, hee - I can see."

I could scrutinize Susan's burned out and melted
out eye sockets as she fixes her hair in my Empire
car windows. She is about to go in to "Shock"
as the convulsing in between seizures increases.
Susan slowly paws her way past me, blindly and
desperately walking down the street, bouncing off
the other parked cars. Still giggling and whisper-
ing words as if she is sharing a long-suppressed
secret: "I can see, I can see, I can see.... I can
see, I can see, I can see...."

Dear Family Court and Good Reader, I'm witnessing
Susan's demise... it is a live rat-lab test and I
was a two (2) way mirror, I am an unreliable vari-
able, a blockade, a closed door. This rat test is
a nuclear, biological, and chemical (NBC) warfare
test. I pull up my satellite bird's eye view and
Susan looks like a rat bouncing off test doors,
wandering down the road she grew up on looking for
her truth, looking for her *Other*, looking for her
remedy after swallowing her poison.

Chapter 16

2:53 PM - A MOTHER'S STORY WITHIN LUXURY, OR, COMPLAINT #21-6154

1 I drive back to Highland Avenue and park in my
2 inconspicuous spot. From one of many screens, I
3 see Madeline McHugh in her Florida room. She knits
4 and weaves one of her many fashion projects that
5 terrify her relatives. Crocheted scarves and doil-
6 lies, woven sweaters, and knitted hats and mittens
7 rounded out Maddy's woven fashion lines. All these
8 knitted "Gifts" from Madeline year-round was a busy
9 hobby for Maddy, but no one ever wore anything she
10 created. For endless hours, days, years, Mad would
11 spin a yarn, she would sculpt with needles and yarn
12 — making clothes for her friends and family. This
13 woven web suffocated her "Loved" victims. There were
14 scarves woven with wooly thorns that incessantly
15 scratched faces and necks. There were sweaters with
16 three (3) arms, that had the shape of garbage bags.
17 Always in the making are turtlenecks with V-necks,
18 pants with different leg lengths and pants with
19 no ass or no hip. These *Gifts* made all of Mad's
20 friends and family very uneasy around holidays and
21 birthdays. Madeline is like the Snookys and Ivanka
22 Trumps from New Jersey who fancy themselves fashion
23
24

designers even though they are really fashion buying and merchandising (FBM) dropouts.

Madeline, and lots of other "Mothers," dropped out of college prior to Roe vs. Wade (1973) because they went to one of those sudden and hasty "Taking a Year-Off" camps for "Good" rich girls. One of those "Camps" for Jewish and Christian princesses to leave no trace of mistakes before 1973. This "Women Camp" ages these fair young ladies three hundred (300) years in nine (9) months, and so in reality, these young women never come back... and this is a major maxim of *Mother's Day Madness*.

"Madeline's housekeeper Hoi-Noi was blowing hot air into Maddy's emotional balloon with her broken English. "I love the colors and how they like, they like, they like, they like,"

The Vietnamese and Asians in general when not speaking their native tongue and speak English have a linguistic speech habit that is quite contagious and sounds like a skipping record increasing in time or beats per minute (BPM). The volume also increases as everyone raids the ancient temple and/or today's birthday party celebration. A celebration of armies chasing ghosts with cannons or mats of firecrackers. Hoi-Noi was smoking gun powder and smoldering Chinese paper – colorful red, blue, and green patterns, on fire, smoldering and fun. Hoi-Noi was slowly burning in the smokey background as Madeline's hair was on fire – glowing like a Palm Beach Medusa. Maddy was subconsciously screaming "Light it up! Light it up! Light it up!" even though Mad's bleach blonde hair was already ablaze.

Hoi-Noi's vocal freak out, like with many of the Asian languages, is tonal specific in that different intonations / pronunciations mean different words or phrases. Therefore, Hoi-Noi sing-songs, always insinuating through a sixth (6) sense and/or an audio sense – a question and/or a statement,

1 but it doesn't work well in the English / American
2 mouth or mind. Americans especially, don't want to
3 be sold the voodoo of intonation. Americans "Say
4 what they mean and mean what they say."

5
6 I can see that Hoi-Noi is trying to bullshit a bull-
7 shitter (Madeline). But many Asians since World War
8 II and Vietnam seem to not be sure whether they're
9 allowed to tell the truth about happiness anymore.
10 I don't blame *Them* - atomic bombs and napalm can
11 put a crimp in your *truth* game, your *Real* game,
12 and/or your mother game.

13
14 Hoi-Noi tries to speak, "I love the colors and how
15 they like blee, blel bleeellll, lend with the back-
16 ground." "Blend" and/or "Ble" blocks her phonet-
17 ically from communicating with Maddy's ear. Then
18 Hoi-Noi gets lost in, "They-like, they-like, they-
19 like, they-like" which sounds like a raging pachinko
20 parlor game. Hoi-Noi gets stuck in the drive-thru
21 franchise and linguistically explodes with, "They-
22 like, they-like, they-like, they-like," as if she is
23 a multi-stage Roman Candle exploding into multiple
24 colors in the sky. Hoi-Noi phonetically explodes in
25 all primary colors and then falls quickly to the
26 ground in cascading smoky white trails.

27
28 Most Americans don't get excited about the grey
29 kabuki theater of intonation. Hoi-Noi and other
30 English-speaking Asians turn into stuttering
31 pachinko pinballs and end up swinging and hanging
32 from the rafters in America with a cigarette in
33 their mouth and their hand of cards very close to
34 their vest. Their life savings is usually on the
35 line and they're standing on the Mahjong betting
36 table screaming, samurai-style, "They-like, they-
37 like, they-like, they-like."

38
39 Madeline looks over at Hoi-Noi and articulates the
40 word slowly, "Bbbllllleennnddd." as if she was
41 talking to a brain-dead dog.
42

Madeline knows the word Hoi-Noi is trying to pronounce is "Blend," because she told Hoi-Noi yesterday that she herself "Loved the colors and how they, like, blend into the background." Madeline, angry now that she has to teach Hoi-Noi how to mimic and parrot her again, thinks for a quick, deep, and deadly moment. Mad continues to needle her current webby creation and disapprovingly glares at Hoi-Noi. Mad gazes deep into Hoi-Noi's eyes with a furrowed brow and a cat like scowl. Mad, then seems to think to herself as she smirks at Hoi-Noi: "Maybe I need to get better illegal immigrant maid help."

The average pay for illegal immigrants in this Empire State area is approximately twenty (\$20) dollars an hour, tax free. The average for an America mother in the Empire is twelve dollars and twenty cents (\$12.20) an hour (take home pay after Empire taxes is eight dollars and thirty-five cents (\$8.35)).

Hoi-Noi seems to feel this horrible "Getting fired" / jobless thought and shows Madeline with her pale and shell-shocked face. Hoi-Noi turns white as a ghost, she is frozen and terrified as Maddy becomes warm and delighted.

Madeline's delights were only, and always, momentary, and monetary. Madeline gets back on the anxious-train all "Good mommies" seem to feign these days. Today, like every day, Madeline seems "Super anxious" about getting a lunchtime phone call from her oldest daughter, Margaret. Margaret is a housewife married to a doctor with two children and a third child on the way. Margaret is Madeline's *Real*. Margaret is a feminine soldier for Madeline, a soldier of marriage, a soldier of the idolized virgin mother, a mercenary mother. Margaret is an obedient slave and/or subject to Madeline the Red-Queen. Margaret did not question authority - she is scared of it. Margaret has given up on being / doing anything (or maybe she never tried) with her

1 life and has had child, after child, immediately
2 after marrying her high school sweetheart.

3
4 Madeline's motherly enslavement of Margaret is
5 not a rearing, but a brainwashing. Margaret seems
6 too scared to question her mother, and that is no
7 Empire child mistake. Margaret continues to strive,
8 continues to carry the torch to enhance her patri-
9 archy pedigree as some country-club cunt who only
10 marries well, so if she has too - she can divorce
11 even better.

12
13 The only life it seems for these nuns of pump and
14 obedient daughters of dump is to forsake their own
15 lives by coveting and parasitically, imperializing,
16 and policing everyone around *Them* with *Mother's Day*
17 *Madness* and/or the *Expectant Mother Racket*.

18
19 The more money / freedom that Madeline and Margaret
20 have within, "Family love," the more inadequate
21 they both feel. The deep neurosis of *Motherhood*
22 is a nagging vertigo both women suppress by par-
23 roting each other to seem more familiar, or just
24 not alone. Margaret is exactly what Madeline is,
25 exactly what the Empire State budget dictates all
26 women should be: The *Real* - barefoot and pregnant,
27 in the kitchen on the phone chatting with nice girl
28 friends about good diapers, good husbands, and good
29 shopping. As Joseph Swetnam wrote in his 1615,
30 "Arraignment of Women":

31
32 The Arraignment of Leuud, Idle, Froward, and
33 Unconstant Women: Or The Vanitie of Them,
34 Choose You Whether: With a Commendation of
35 Wise, Vertuous and Honest Women: Pleasant
36 for Married Men, Profitable for Young Men, and
37 Hurtfull To None.

38
39 Madeline is hurtful to everyone because Madeline
40 is hurtful to herself. This makes all her "Love,"
41 help, or "Gift-Love" toxic. Margaret is Madeline's
42 Gift-Love child; Margaret is her favorite child,

and she is exactly what Madeline wanted to be twenty (20) years prior. Margaret was bought as an *Adopted* vehicle for Madeline to relive her youth without mistakes — an American idol! Margaret is manically happy to be a child-whore / a fan for heli-moms and Maddy. But Mad is an Only-Fan Mommy, a Me-Generation Mommy, a "Good" Baby-Boomer mother... an oxymoron mother.

Margaret presents a false image — a Virgin Mary, "Happy to please everyone," in a perverted patriarchal sense. The holy virgin veil... the hollowed-out woman is Madeline, just like the Veil of Madeline. Madeline is *The Veil*, the *Mother*, or the *Innocent Child* is a control-fraud sold to the religious masses; it's an opiate sold to Queeny Dads and/or a masculine Marms on their own psychotic Holy Crusade. I'm reminded of our very American Founding Father, Roger Williams, who declared in 1636, as he established Providence, Rhode Island: "Religion is the rape of the soul."

It would be easy to say that Margaret has worked so hard at being just like Madeline, her mother, because of the weekly direct deposits of one thousand, eight-hundred dollars (\$1,800) Madeline deposits into Margaret's savings account. Living the country-club life on a young doctor's salary (\$140,000) on the Upper West Side of Manhattan is tough. So, besides the weekly allowance there are "Celebrations of our love," shopping-sprees and, "Because I love you," purchases of dresses, automobiles, vacations, and more dresses. The annual total of Madeline's "Love" for Margaret is around fifty-one thousand dollars (\$51,000). It would be too crass to say this "Love" is pork-barreled extortion or maternal bribery, but within my old Air Force *Intelligence* Unit spying on corrupt political families stealing from the government or people in Nicaraguan or Afghanistan, these Madeline pay-offs would be classified as, "A criminal racket," that, "Aides and abets child abuse criminal activity."

1 Here in the white-devil Empire State of New York
2 bribes and extortion it is called "Love."

3
4 Madeline cannot sit still anymore. She paces back
5 and forth in her kitchen wondering why Margaret,
6 her daughter, has not called yet. Maddy cleans the
7 countertop for the third time even though her house-
8 keeper Hoi-Noi has cleaned and bleached the kitchen
9 twice earlier in the day upon Maddy's instructions.
10 Mad's heart is racing and can only be tempered by
11 the sociopathic delusions she received from one of
12 her spoiled children or lapdogs.

13
14 The phone rings, but it is one of thirty-nine (39)
15 mobile phones on the kitchen island in a large round
16 bowl. The bowl glows with a cosmic digital radiance.
17 The cellular bowl looks like a hologram planet from
18 another galaxy. This phone planet is eclipsing the
19 sun - the phone planet is eclipsing the *Other*. The
20 cellular planet has the data and whoever controls
21 the data - controls the world. Madeline grabs at
22 one of the twenty (20) stray mobile phones, five (5)
23 flip phones, six (6) Blackberries, four (4) house-
24 phones, and/or, another four (4) short wave radio
25 intercom phones that may be ringing in the kitchen
26 bowl data planet.

27
28 Madeline cradles the telecommunication instruments
29 with an average price of eight-hundred and seventy-
30 eight dollars (\$878) and yells, "Margaret, hello?
31 Margaret? Margaret, hello? Margaret, is that you?"

32
33 A language, a painting, a poem, a dance, a commu-
34 nication tool, a phone rings in the pile of fami-
35 ly telephones totaling thirty-six thousand, three
36 hundred sixty-four dollars (\$36,364). But the phone
37 Madeline speaks into isn't the phone that is ring-
38 ing. Madeline slams it down, and the phone slides
39 easily across the fine and slippery marble island
40 top. Madeline grabs one of the flip phones and tries
41 to communicate with that phone, but she throws it
42 in the garbage when she realizes no one is on the

phone. Maddy then grabs a house phone and starts pushing buttons as the house security system introduces itself as "Peggy" and talks to Madeline in a robotic voice with a posh English accent.

Peggy the robot says, "Hello Madeline, how may I help you? My name is Peggy."

Their conversation is now being amplified throughout Madeline's twelve-thousand square foot (12,000) house on the phone intercom system with interspersed beeps and squelching feedback as Madeline struggles to control herself and her communications. One of the phones rings in the earth data planet.... Madeline yells at the house phone and her entire house gets way too much information. This audio narrative or portrait of Madeline is being projected from every room in the house, and from every accessory structure, garage, pool house, and horse barn on the forty (40) acre property. Here, on Mother's Day, even Peter the pool man cleaning the pool three hundred (300) feet from the house gets too much information via the intercom in the pool house.

Madeline truly speaks from her heart and asks in her *Mother's Day Madness* language, "Peggy? What kind of Mary Poppins bullshit name is that? Fuck You Peggy Poppins!!! Fuck You!!!! Fucking phones... I hate these fucking phones!"

Peggy the robot asks politely, "Hello Madeline, what would you like to do with the fucking phones?" in a perfect British Broadcasting (BBC) feminine voice.

Madeline, ignoring Peggy the robot, desperately pleads, "Margaret are you there? Margaret? Margaret? Please hold on!"

Madeline pushes more buttons on another of her thirty-nine (39) phones. Alas, the mechanical

1 window shades in the entire house starts coming
2 down accompanied by a warning alarm that sounds like
3 a Whippoorwill nightbird. The shade alarm sings:
4 "Whippoor-Will, Whippoor-Will, Whippoor-Will."
5 Then the shades start going back up, and the shade
6 alarm rings in a higher tone and repeats twice as
7 fast: "Whippoor-Will, Whippoor-Will, Whippoor-Will,
8 Whippoor-Will, Whippoor-Will, Whippoor-Will." Then
9 the shades come back down the whole way, and it
10 gets very, very dark inside Madeline's house.

11
12 Madeline slowly starts to become self-aware and
13 asks, "Shit... fuck... what the hell is the matter
14 with me?"

15
16 Peggy the Empire snot-bot asks, "Hello Madeline,
17 would you like help with your *shit-fuck*? Hello
18 Madeline, can I help you with your, *What the hell's*
19 *a matter with me?*"

20
21 Peggy, in perfect British English continues. "My
22 name is Peggy, I'm here to make everyone happy.
23 Madeline are you still happy? Madeline, how can I
24 make you happy?" In the background Peggy disc jock-
25 eys (DJs) Bobbie McFerrin's "Don't Worry Be Happy,"
26 but the CD gets stuck on the musical intro. The fin-
27 ger clapping / whistling introduction is great, and
28 then the pleasant lyrics start with the descending
29 falsetto harmony-hook:

30
31 *Ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh.*

32
33 *Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh.*

34
35 *Ooh-ooh-ooh.*

36
37 Peggy the posh DJ gets the track stuck on maybe
38 twenty (20) beats per minute (BPM), so the cheer-
39 ful melodic song turns into a glitchy dirge. This
40 illbient bad-trip with Bobbie singing down way too
41 many octaves is approaching the most Non-Commercial
42 Potential (NCP) soundscape known to sound-wave

cosmonauts on the frequency modulator (FM) dial. The "Ohh-ooh-oohs" stick and then sonically and meta-physically turn Madeline's *Real* into the soundtrack for an Appalachian chainsaw massacre.

One of the thirty-nine (39) phones starts ringing again. Madeline reaches aimlessly into the cellular black-hole bowel and grabs another phone in a belligerent and arrogant manner. She answers condescendingly in a cunt tone, "Hello? Hello? God... fucking... dammit!"

Peggy, again with a lovely "Bathe" England voice asks, "Hello Madeline, how can I help you today with *God Fucking*? Would you like to see today's sales on Amazon for God-Fucking?"

Madeline screams a shrill murderous shriek that raises the hair on the back of Peter the pool guy's neck, who is hiding out by the pool house. Madeline continues crying, blubbering, "Why me? Why me? Why me?" She punches the black planet earth data bowl, and knocks it to the floor. Very expensive communication devices scatter around the white marble floor. These communication tools worth thirty-six thousand, three hundred sixty-four dollars (\$36,364) within a luxurious lifestyle and representing the finest communication tools money can buy - did not communicate to anyone.

Peggy, the royalist red-coat in hiding, the robotic female concierge service, asks Madeline, "Hello Madeline, how can I help you with your: *Why me, why me, why me*? My name is Peggy, I'm here to make everyone happy and tell the truth."

One of the thirty-nine (39) phones on the kitchen floor is still ringing... Madeline crying and balling now, picks up an iPhone 14 worth almost thirteen hundred (\$1300) dollars, and speaks into the dead phone with dead air, "Why do this to me on



People's Exhibit M - A Bowl of Phones
Worth Thirty Six Thousand Dollars

Mother's Day? Why? Why? Why Peggy on Mother's Day?
Why on Mother's Day?"

I think, wow... Madeline has *Constant Perseverance*,
but she isn't going anywhere... which per Einstein,
equals insanity. I think... I need to remember that
one. I write out those words on a small pink Post-
It and put it on my dashboard. "Going nowhere within
constant perseverance is INSANITY!"

Peggy interrupts Madeline's existential question,
as Bobbie McFerrin oohs politely and profession-
ally. She asks, "Pardon me, Madeline, but would
you like a Coupon Code for *Why-Me? Why-Me? Why-Me?*
I can give you a fifty (50) percent discount at
Walmart (WMT) today on *Why Me.*"

Madeline throws the iPhone she has to her ear down
on the kitchen granite countertop, and it hops,
skips, and bounces nicely into the kitchen sink
filled with water and sudsy white foam. As the sleek
chrome phone vanishes into the watery bubble bath,
a few tiny white bubbles float up towards Madeline's
face. Maddy smiles and giggles for a psychotic
moment, and then she whispers to no one in partic-
ular, "Bubbles... I like bubbles...."

After a few moments of calm silence, a determined
phone rings incessantly. Maddy slowly is turning
red. Mad makes scary faces and strange noises as
she becomes unhinged. Mad seems to retreat into her
own mind. Mad stares ahead, lost within insanity.

Madeline brings one phone, then a second, then a
third mobile phone to her mouth, yelling "Margaret,
Margaret, Margaret! Where are you?"

Peggy, the female concierge service, misunderstands
Mad and asks her in a pleasant Shakespearean voice,
"Hello Madeline, wherefore art thou?"

The fourth mobile phone rises to life beeping and

1 flashing. Madeline wrestles with it like a live fish
2 trying to get back home underwater. Maddy grabs the
3 fishy flip-phone with both hands and carefully opens
4 up the older phone, slowly and carefully.

5
6 "Mommy? Mommy is that you?" Margaret asks in a
7 winded and whiny tone acceptable for some eight (8)
8 year olds in some immature cultures. Madeline is
9 suddenly orgasmic and alive again (even though she
10 hasn't had an orgasm in twenty (20) years) and asks
11 Margaret breathlessly, "Are you okay?"

12
13 Margaret usually calls, texts, emails, tweets,
14 snapchats, and/or Facebooks her mother on an aver-
15 age of once every one (1) hour. They last texted
16 each other last night (ten (10) hours ago) and once
17 this morning via their matching nine hundred and
18 fifty dollar (\$950) iPhones. Texting on the McHugh
19 "Family Plan" cost approximately two thousand,
20 two hundred dollars (\$2,200) a month in telephone
21 charges.

22
23 Margaret assures her mother, "Yeah, I'm fine, I told
24 you I had a company dinner with Steve's office last
25 night. I told you I'd be up late and sleeping in.
26 What took you so long time to answer the phone? Are
27 you okay?"

28
29 Madeline sheepishly answers, "Yeah, I was just busy
30 cooking here for Mother's Day dinner."

31
32 Margaret grease-guns back, "I know Mommy, and Happy
33 Mother's Day!" as the squeaky wheel of "Empire
34 Love" is oiled and silenced.

35
36 "Thank you, and Happy Mother's Day to you, also!"
37 Madeline exudes.

38
39 This *Mother's Day Madness* merry-go-round is making
40 me motion sick. I turn away from the screens and
41 look out the window. I think about the *Mother's Day*
42 *Madness* merry-go round, and I think about the last

letter I received from my grandmother, Anna Jarvis
after she was institutionalized by the Floral and
Candy Industries, nine (9) months before she died
in 1948.

Connie,

*I have a new friend who lives in the room
next door. She has not abandoned me like
you! Did you file the Appeal of my copyright
infringement case against Hallmark Cards?
Against FTD? My new friend is in the white-
room with nothing in it - I like that room.
How are the rabbits doing? My new friend is
so funny. Did you file the Appeal of my insti-
tutionalization? My friend calls herself, the
other nothing, or Sister X. The funny farm
is not funny. She only answers all my ques-
tions with the other or nothing. I ask my new
friend lots of questions. Was that the wind?
For Mother's Day next year we will plan a
large rally in Philadelphia again! Did you
clean up the shit in the rabbit pen? I think
I'm losing the strength to write. I think I'm
losing the strength to think clearly... I'm
nervous. You haven't visited me. Have you
filed the Appeal to release me? The Doctors
are drugging me.... The twenty (\$20) dol-
lars I lent you on the way to your first day
of college... well, I wish you would thank
me. Did I tell you about my new friend?
Today she is nothing. Tell me about the rab-
bits... is Lenny still fat and cute? On other
days my new friend is the other. The doctors
are raping me. My new friend said, "I was
adorable." I said, "I am adorable." She is
strange, I like them all - I wish I knew more
about her. I asked my new friend the other,
"What does my room look like from the out-
side?" The other said, "It looks like noth-
ing." I said, "Don't be silly the Doctor's
friends are raping me all night long, it*

1 *has to look like something." My friend said*
2 *again "You look like nothing." Please file*
3 *the Appeals - I'm dying. My new friend the*
4 *other said, "It's only the wind." My new*
5 *friend nothing next door said, "I'm going to*
6 *fuck you!" My other new friend Sister X said,*
7 *"You're my only friend. I feel like someone.*
8 *You know Connie... it is all a wasteland...*
9 *and appearance is everything. I have a con-*
10 *fession to make: I like to be adored. Tell me*
11 *about the wind again, I think she is my only*
12 *friend.*

13
14 *Love is NOT Affectionate, nor does Love Last*
15 *For, For, Forever,*

16
17 *Grandma Anna*

18
19 Madeline and Margaret continue to talk about the
20 dresses other women were wearing last night, what
21 their good children and grandchildren were wearing,
22 good shopping finds, and good food they like to eat.
23 Everything these mothers discuss involves money
24 being spent that they did not earn. A mother's exis-
25 tence where the children are bought, shelved, iso-
26 lated, abstract, alien, and ghostly. Mothers dis-
27 cuss money well spent on training or buying their
28 Emperor or Empress in training a better spot in the
29 apple polisher Empire State. There is no thought
30 of morality, inner happiness, or the future.... For
31 these mothers, if money isn't being spent, it is
32 "Weird" or not "Family-Friendly." The horrific lack
33 of common sense and vanity of these mothers unable
34 to comprehend math, matheme, mathesis, and/or the
35 metaphysics of child abuse is evidence of a sub-hu-
36 man mother.

Chapter 17

4:42 PM - MOTHER MEETS THE WOMEN OF ALLEGHENY AT THE MOO-MOO, OR, COMPLAINT #21-4532 AND COMPLAINT #21-6154

I am enroute to Barbara Dalton's for surveillance on Complaint #21-4532, but my GPS trackers pick-up this accused mother leaving her address, and she becomes a moving blip on my screen coming towards me. At the same time, Madeline McHugh is in transit as another blip on my screen, and both mothers pass me in their cars. The blinking-blips on my screen are my targets, and they visually look like a heat-seeking missile and a cross-haired target about to hit.

Or maybe Mrs. Dalton and Mrs. McHugh are charged magnets... the same size... the same dimension, fighting at first, yet swinging and slapping together hard and forevermore as smashed atoms in a collider.

Barbara and Madeline are the same age and have grown up in Allegheny (population 1,856) their whole lives and have never said more than one (1) sentence to one another. They both knew of each other but didn't want to know each other. Their disgust for one another was incarnated during a 1960's

1 Cold-War nuclear bomb emergency drill. These drills
2 were called "Duck and Cover" because children had
3 to hide-out underneath their school desks during
4 these drills, which is when our two (2) Appalachian
5 mothers said one (1) sentence to each other.

6
7 It was approximately fifty-five (55) years ago after
8 their first grade teacher, Ms. Center, scolded *Them*
9 both for not helping each other during the nuclear
10 bomb alarm drill. Ms. Center said, "Now be nice to
11 each other - don't be brats."

12
13 So, Madeline turned to Barb and said, "What cha
14 looking at?"

15
16 Barb retorted in a derogatory tone, "Nothing much...
17 In fact, nothing at all."

18
19 To Barbara, Madeline was a rich country-club cunt
20 who was as much an enemy to her and America as
21 the Seneca Indian or the British royalist loyalist
22 were. To Madeline, Barbara was a one-eyed troll who
23 was lucky to be allowed to live down there by the
24 swamp on Dam Road.

25
26 As our God / Creator / Maker seems to have a sense
27 of humor, our delusions become our reality and our
28 reality becomes our delusion when we least expect
29 it. As I wrote earlier,

30
31 **"Those that Findeth Intel, Will Looseth Intel."**

32
33 Both blipping women on my GPS screens seem to be
34 headed for the local gas /convenience store called
35 "The Moo-Moo." Here on Mother's Day the collision
36 of delusion and reality at the Moo-Moo is going to
37 be a spectacular site for the women of Allegheny.

38
39 Both Barbara and Madeline have to run errands and
40 both seem to be running low on gas before their
41 Mother's Day dinners. Barbara still drives her 1976
42 baby-blue Ford Pinto that is a mutant vehicle:

funny, obscene, antiquated, and the *Real*. Barbara's car is more of a cute, unexploded grenade from World War Two (2) that Big-Daddy Grandpa keeps on his mantle in case the new neighbors get out of hand. Barbara is a burning woman smoking a Seneca cigarette and rolls slowly in her rusted and rotted-out baby-blue Pinto.

In counterpoint, Madeline drives her brand new 2021 sky-blue Mercedes station wagon that is more of an Empire State trickle-down fuck-you fashion accessory on four wheels than an automobile. A Benz, a Nazi not hiding in America: like I wrote earlier Family Court and Dear Reader, the enemy is not scorched from the earth, the defeated loser is put to work or *Adopted* as a human fashion accessory and/or a human social accessory.

Barbara comes in from the east side of the Moo-Moo gas station, and Madeline comes in from the west. In the center row of gas pumps there is only one (1) available pump that both Barbara and Madeline see at the same moment. They are both stopped by a small school bus backing out of the Moo-Moo convenience store area. Madeline and Barbara jostle and jockey like race car drivers on the starting loop at a National Association of Stock Car Auto Racing (NASCAR) car race.

The baby-blue Pinto inches up to the navy-blue Benz and tailgates... Barb bumps the Benz! Mad, in turn pumps her brakes, and the Pinto slams into the rear of Maddy's Mecedes. The Benz then tries to take the inside lane trying to see which direction the bus will take. The Pinto in reply squeezes the Benz into the turn, and Madeline choaks - she brakes. Barb revs her Pinto as plumes of black exhaust pollute the Moo-Moo parking lot. Barb yells, "Fuck you, rich bitch!" On cue, her little car that-maybe-could back-fires! And the women of Allegheny jump!

Mad's Benz pulls back as she contemplates her next

1 move... the world spins faster, as the last of the
2 NASCAR starting laps spins faster, and then the
3 green flag is waved, and the Allegheny Moo-Moo falls
4 into wonderful Americana chaos.

5
6 The annual Moo-Moo Demolition Derby race started
7 decades ago because two (2) mothers suffering badly
8 from *Mother's Day Madness* always raced and fought
9 on Mother's Day for a Moo-Moo gas pump (Regular
10 Self-Serve Gas - 87: \$3.39 a Gallon, or Full Serve
11 Super Gas - 92: \$4.20 a Gallon). The pressure of
12 American *Motherhood* and Mother's Day is too much
13 for Appalachian women... so henceforth, the annual
14 Allegheny Mother's Day Moo-Moo Demolition Derby
15 takes place on Mother's Day.

16
17 The small yellow school bus pulls back slowly sing-
18 ing its steady reversal song in triplets, "Beep-
19 beep-beep, beep-beep-beep, beep-beep-beep." And
20 for some strange reason I start hearing that Bobby
21 McFerrin song. The chorus of "Don't Worry Be Happy"
22 echoes and mimics the "Beep-beep-beep." This Moo-
23 Moo cacophony is contemporary Appalachian music...
24 it is handsome, mesmerizing, and seems to slow time
25 -

26
27 *Ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh.*

28
29 *Beep, beep-beep- beep-beep-beep-beep-beep-beep.*

30
31 *Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh.*

32
33 *Beep-beep-beep-beep.*

34
35 *Ooh-ooh-ooh.*

36
37 *Beep-beep-beep.*

38
39 The women of Allegheny start to really stare,
40 point, and gather. They look and glare... with a
41 scorned-women's gaze. Oh my God, (OMG) the women
42 of Allegheny have a professional's pout. The women

of Allegheny frown - the Moo-Moo cashier stops counting the money. The women of Appalachia grin painfully out of their car windows, the women of Allegheny curse in senior-citizen and World-War Two (2) languages. The frightened women of Allegheny look out from the Moo-Moo store windows transfixed.

Barbara and Madeline snarl at each other like ferocious fighters in the coliseum ring.

Beep, beep-beep- beep-beep-beep-beep-beep.

Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh.

The bus continues rolling backwards and forwards, but it still does not move more than three (3) feet either way. Barb and Mad negotiate with every inch as this NASCAR traffic jam continues. The little yellow submarine navigates by beeping more than moving. Madeline and Barbara stare at each other ready to go full road-rage. The women of Allegheny start texting and taking videos of the 2021 Mother's Day Madness Moo-Moo Demolition Derby.

The little yellow bus with flashing lights continues to beep and not budge!? The Allegheny mothers wonder which crazed mother will run over a child in broad daylight - and on MOTHERS DAY! The Moo-Moo parking lot is the new Appalachian Main Street, and the women of Allegheny can smell a murder coming towards Main Street. Is it going to be Barbara or Madeline who is going to kill another mother's child to satisfy their own *Mother's Day Madness*?

Or, who, God forbid, who is going to honk? No one honks in Appalachia - honking is blasphemy in Allegheny - and it only is done by God-less heretics. Who would honk these, "Children," or "Our children," out of the way? Other cars are leaving the old pumps after filling up, and new customers are pulling in behind. Barbara and Madeline fume and jockey with the yellow and black window-licker

1 wagon. Barbara and Madeline sneer and hiss through
2 reflections of the "Special" school bus. Both moth-
3 ers have white-knuckles and sweaty palms as they
4 heat-up this scrum. One mother grasps a slimy 1976
5 plastic steering wheel covered with duct tape; the
6 other mother is tight-fisting a 2021 clammy wheel
7 made of high-end mahogany.

8
9 The bus driver of the butter-chunk bus, an old hag-
10 gard Townie woman of Allegheny, conveniently didn't
11 realize she is holding up Moo-Moo traffic. Then the
12 bus driver suddenly realizes that all the children
13 are not on the bus, so the bus pulls forward again
14 into the parking space. The reverse beeping alarm:
15 beep-beep-beep, beep-beep-beep, beep-beep-beep,
16 increases in speed for some reason. The little yel-
17 low bus slowly pulls into the parking spot it just
18 partially reversed out of. This very *avant-garde*
19 gasoline ballet enrages Barb and Maddy into what
20 artsy-fartsy "Artists" call "Performance Art" and/
21 or "A Social Practice."

22
23 But down on Main Street, Appalachia, this is just
24 another *Mother's Day Madness Moo-Moo Demolition*
25 *Derby*.

26
27 Adding fuel to the fire during this temporary hiatus
28 of sanity with the special bus is a snarky Chevy.
29 A grandma in a Grady White pulls into Barbara and
30 Madeline's pump spot. Grandma with faux wood panel-
31 ing the color of burnt umber in the Grady White is
32 a false-flag penetrator.

33
34 Madeline collapses onto the steering wheel horn of
35 her 2021 ice-blue Mercedes Benz making everyone in
36 quiet and desperate Allegheny squirm.... The women
37 of Allegheny start to dial the police and call the
38 cops because no one honks their horn in *Up-State*,
39 *America*. The tone of the Mercedes horn starts to
40 change octaves and creates unique sound waves as
41 it echoes in the small Allegheny valley. The war-
42 bler frequency goes from a saw-tooth vibrato at

a mid-decibel to a reverberating square-wave in numerous high-frequency tones as it bounces, resonates, quantizes, and wanders throughout and around the local hills and hollows of the Southern Tier.

Maddy's blaring car horn spurs Barbara to grip her steering wheel tighter and prime her Pinto. It's the, "Till the Death, Moo-Moo Demolition Derby," she's been dreaming about for last two hundred and sixty-nine (269) years. A dreamy demolition derby and the only thing Barbara Dalton would ever be invited to – besides being subpoenaed (legally forced) to bear witness against her daughter Susan in the Empire's Court.

Barbara revs-up her 1976 Ford Pinto improvised explosive device (IED) with a glass-pack muffler system: "Rumble, rumble, rumble, bat, bat, baaaaaat, baaat, bat, bat, rumble, rumble rumble. Bat, bat, baaaaaat, baaat, bat, bat, rumble, rumble rumble." Barbara and her Pinto seem to be digging into the ground like a cornered cat about to attack.

Across from her, Madeline the dangerous and vindictive sixteen (16) year old brat lays off her horn and stamps both her feet simultaneously on the gas and the brake pedals of her car. Madeline's Benz revs and brakes at the same time like a chained bull. Charged, but frozen in her Mercedes: revving, braking, pausing, revving, pausing... high and fast....

Maddy has brought South Los Angeles, California to Appalachia. Mad is a cruising Roja lowrider chola in her Benzy: popping, pimping, ducking, jumping, rolling... low and slow....

Madeline can be a *Red-Queen* cruising the Moo-Moo in Allegheny or Mad can be burning rubber doing donuts at a street takeover with fireworks and a laser show.

1 Barbara's IED Pinto piñata, her little *Signifier*,
2 is also making a lot of noise, but going nowhere.
3 The Ford's transmission is slipping so when Barbara
4 revs up the car and pushes the clutch in, the car
5 engine starts to sputter as she grinds the gears
6 into rotating pieces of metal. "Cruncch, crun -
7 ack, crunch, snaaap, chruncchh." Barbara contin-
8 ues grinding her gears and sways back and forth,
9 revving and almost stalling, revving and stalling,
10 revving and stalling.

11
12 Hand-to-hand combat at a Moo-Moo gas pump is not
13 excessive within the subterfuge / surrogate life
14 in Nicaragua, Afghanistan, or Appalachia. What I
15 am looking at - Mothers killing each other in the
16 Empire Year, 2021 - could have been Mississippi
17 1972, San Salvador 1982, or Kandahar in 2002.

18
19 Barbara is revving-up for the clutch-grind, almost
20 stall, move a foot or so, and then do it all again:
21 rev-die, rev-die, rev-die.

22
23 Mad and Barb's Empire Survival Research Lab (SRL)
24 performance is a lesson on how NOT to live a moth-
25 erly life. The women of Allegheny walk out onto the
26 sidewalk surrounding the big Moo-Moo shaking their
27 heads in disapproval. They take down license plate
28 numbers, names, and notes. They stand around the
29 Moo-Moo parking lot watching Barbara and Madeline's
30 fall from grace while laughing and scowling like
31 wild hyenas and with the video phones rolling.

32
33 The little yellow bus again starts to reverse back
34 NOT into the Mother's Day Dairy-Queen Demolition
35 Derby (New England) or the 7-11 Red-Queen Demolition
36 Derby (*Down-State* New York), but the Mother's Day
37 Moo-Moo Demolition Derby in Appalachia, and it
38 sounds like this:

39
40 Ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh.

41 Beep, beep-beep- beep-beep-beep-beep-beep-beep.
42

Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh.

Beep-beep-beep-beep.

Ooh-ooh-ooh.

Beep-beep-beep.

The women of Allegany start to take bets on which mother (Barbara or Madeline?) is going to lose it first. Was luxury - "The daughter of indolence" going to win, or will perhaps Poverty - with its self-destruction and vicious means be the new 2021 Queen of the Moo-Moo Demolition Derby? The school bus, the butter-chunk chariot backs again into Barbara's and Madeline's gas station cross they have to bear. The Moo-Moo sidewalk betting becomes a ferocious trading floor. The Moo-Moo mothers of Allegheny are suddenly active-traders of the patriarchal pump... and fought-against / bet-against, the daughters of the patriarchal dump. The Empire market-maker plays both sides of the bets, and the *The Expectant Mother* stock market thrives at the Moo-Moo! It mints immoral mothers called Mary and Eve with faux financial halos and puts out of business / bankrupts "Mr. and Mrs. Ed and Betty Steady."

Madeline takes the yellow bus direction as a sign from God that children, especially "Special children," should be honored and respected even more these days. So she reverses, allowing the special school bus to pull out safely, redeeming herself from her earlier, embarrassing horn-honking melt down in front of the ladies of Allegheny. Madeline is in reverse and daydreams about starting a non-profit (501c3) group to help these "Special children." She dreams about all the fun benefits and lunches she could host. This thought is a fleeting one because as Madeline reverses, she sees on her Mercedes's video screen rear view a small blue Pinto weaving in reverse towards her! It is Barbara Dalton in reverse gear, sailing her baby blue IED directly towards Madeline.

1 Barbara is spazzing-out now because Maddy and the
2 bus are both reversing. Barb thinks the pump space
3 is still available because Barb has no side-mir-
4 rors or rear-view mirrors - Barb can only see in
5 front of her when driving and/or living. Poverty
6 has no room for the past or tangents that don't
7 involve food, clothing, and shelter. Barbara also
8 still cannot get her Pinto into any gear besides
9 reverse. Barbara, in reverse, is circumventing the
10 Moo-Moo parking lot trying to get to the middle
11 island again. But instead she comes ass to ass with
12 Madeline's Benz. Mad, is now reversing to protect
13 and allow her newly Adopted "*Special Children*" - to
14 safely leave the Moo-Moo Derby.

15
16 Barbara grinds her teeth and doesn't give a fuck -
17 she is in perfect Pinto position to take Madeline
18 and this Moo-Moo life to the other-side. Madeline
19 and Barbara, both in reverse, are also both smoking
20 cigarettes. They both now inch closer to Grandma in
21 the Grady-White who is finishing up her petroleum
22 fill-up. Maddy looks like she's feeling goofy and
23 charitably-entitled, so she honks at the granny in
24 the Grady-White and does so with her hands up in
25 the air questioning Grandma in the faux Woody car-
26 avan with a "What the fuck" (WTF) look?

27
28 Granny in the Grady-White gets upset yelling more
29 1960's Baby-Boomer curse words at Madeline and then
30 she gives the finger to Madeline and drives off in a
31 huff. But, Granny forgets to pull out the gas pump-
32 handle nozzle from her tank before she pulls away.
33 The gas hose snaps and out pours the gasoline.
34 Gasoline gushes all around, gushing, flammable, flow-
35 ing, yellow-like, piss-orange kerosene. The smell
36 is erotic and powerful, yet the fuel / the energy
37 plays like a child splishing and splashing.

38
39 The world is changing, and mothers now will set
40 you on fire. Gasoline, a smell heavenly and hellish
41 at the same, time flows into the Moo-Moo parking
42 lot and around Madeline's and Barbara's cars. The

Red-Queens of poverty and luxury smile at each other as the gasoline *ante* brings this year's Mother's Day Moo-Moo Demolition Derby to a new height. The women of Allegheny run for the hills, calling 911 - the women of Allegheny have seen enough....

Barbara and Madeline still glare at each other in reverse gear with reverses lights and brake lights flickering / talking to each other in another language. The mothers talk in tongues. They howl, clatter, chatter, squeal, buck, ruff, and yodel in alien conversations like my Grandma Anna when she would chop off wounded soldier's legs. The *Red-Queens'* hair of both poverty and luxury slowly becomes aglow... the *Red-Queens* hair slowly becomes aflame. The flames rise and fill their cars as their eyes stay locked. Hell, hath no fury.... The fires ripple and dance and slowly start shapeshifting into snakes. Medusa has arrived at the 2021 Mother's Day Moo-Moo Demolition Derby and she is pissed!

Snakes, lizards, serpents, and walking reptilians rise up from their chariot vehicles: racer snakes pop out of the Pintos grill, as multiple anacondas symmetrically rise from the Mercedes-Benz wheel wells. Rattlers coil on the roofs, sidewinders come out from the side windows, and pythons snap at running Moo-Moo customers. The mothers and the snakes face each other hissing, dancing, writhing, and staring.... The mothers taste the sky with their tongues and sashay slowly doing a snaky, line dance at the Moo-Moo Derby.

The women of Allegheny hide in the bushes and behind stacks of candy and anti-freeze inside and outside the Moo-Moo. They rubberneck over each other videoing and peering out at the 2021 Mother's Day Moo-Moo-Derby that has never gone this violent and/or dark. Flashing yellow and red car lights reflect in the liquid napalm of the glistening gasoline.... Time stops... time becomes elevated, or, it is finally respected. Then time floats within the

1 gasoline fumes that I actually enjoy... because it
2 reminds me of many miracles I've seen in the past.

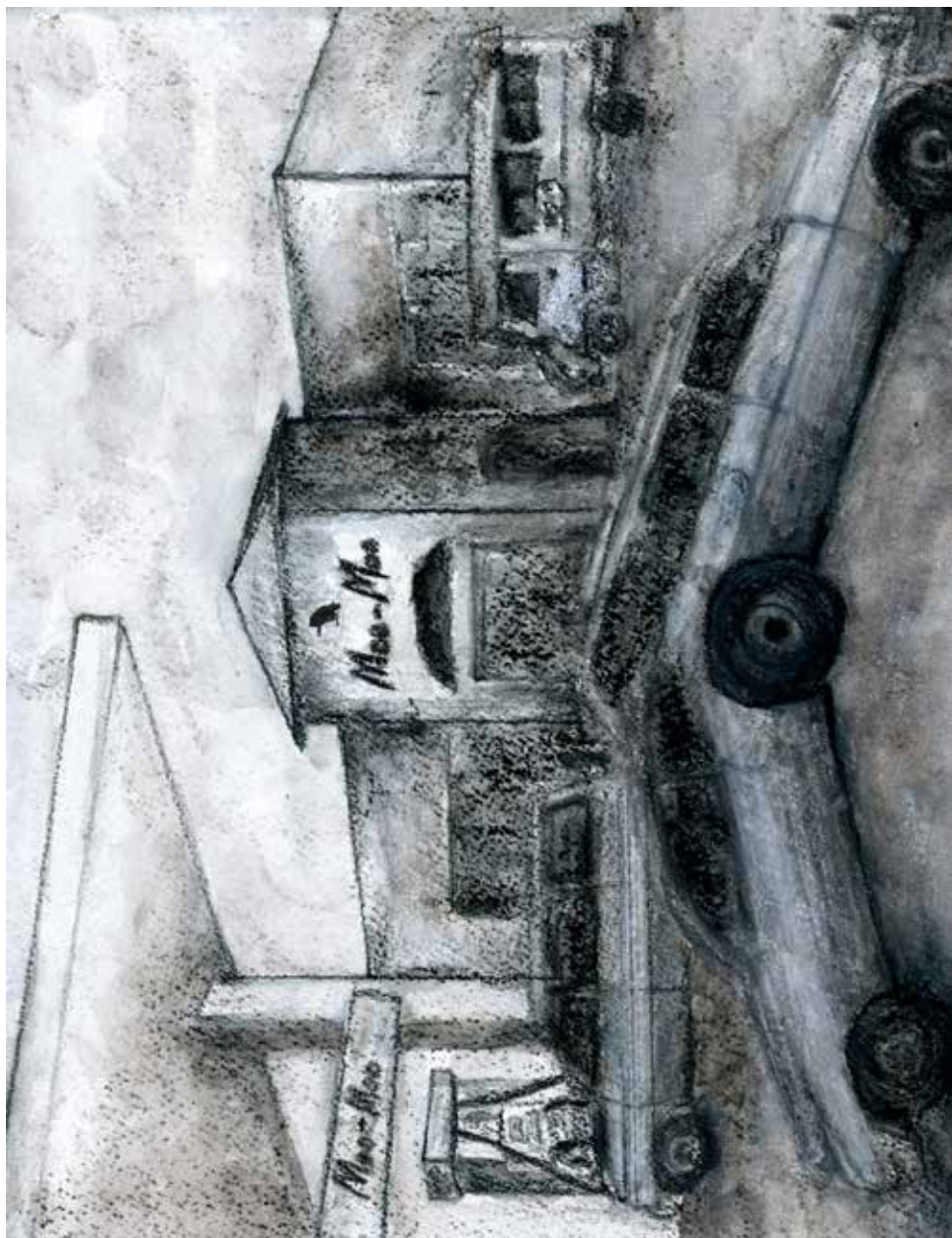
3
4 Suddenly, there is a flash in the sky like lighting
5 and the Moo-Moo-Derby becomes a miracle as an image
6 of the Virgin Mary floats in the pink ether gasoline
7 atmosphere above the Moo-Moo!

8
9 I rub my eyes in disbelief as the lonely surrealism
10 of Appalachia is twisting my *Intel*. I'm not sure
11 if the Virgin Mary is being reincarnated via the
12 vapors of gasoline or if I am unfortunately getting
13 a flashback from some rocking acid I dropped at the
14 Burning Man (BM) festival ten (10) years ago.

15
16 The Virgin Mary floats in oily iridescent colors
17 above the mothers of poverty and luxury. The poor
18 Pinto and the macho Mercedes start to also aesthet-
19 ically morph and trail into some psychedelic-trip.
20 Without warning the mothers push the gas and ram
21 each other with the rear of their cars with such
22 force, and such malice, that the Virgin Mary has
23 to step-in and calm this momentary lapse of reason
24 with a miracle. The Virgin holds time still.

25
26 From a virgin mother's room, from this gloom, and
27 from this doom, my half-wit sisters and mothers
28 wince, nodding at each other, eyes still locked:
29 eye to eye. Their cars' rear wheels are raised up
30 by their monumental motherly force. But, instead of
31 smashing, their cars merge in some time-warp mir-
32 acle. Barb and Maddy have become auto-erotic les-
33 bian-lovers stuck in an entangled metal embrace.
34 Barb and Maddy are scissor-fucking at the Mother's
35 Day Moo-Moo Demolition Derby, and the women of
36 Allegheny scream in horror. This is the *Other*....

37
38 Mad, the sagging selfie-slut, blows a kiss to Barb,
39 the Kodak-whore. Then Maddy, via her Mercedes's
40 camera screen in her center-console, zooms in with
41 her touchscreen to watch Barbara staring and glar-
42 ing back at her. They smoke their cigarettes as the



People's Exhibit N - The Mother's Day Moo-Moo Demolition Derby

1 fire station bells whine like war-time sirens in the
2 background. The Allegheny fireman, police, and the
3 Empire are coming.

4
5 The large floating hologram of the Virgin Mary still
6 floats in the grey Appalachian sky. The women of
7 Allegheny are on their knees saying their rosary
8 prayers. Protestant ladies run away in existential
9 horror. Catholic women look very scared, are frozen
10 in place, and in unison start repeating a prayer
11 hard and fast that escalates in volume and gravi-
12 tas. It starts to sound like a Nazi chant, "Hail
13 Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Hail
14 Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Hail
15 Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee."

16
17 And the few Jewish ladies in Allegheny look around
18 for video projection cords in the bushes in order
19 to pull the curtain back on this "Virgin" bullshit.

20
21 Barbara and Madeline's cigarette smoke rises from
22 their mouths... the gasoline flows... it contin-
23 ues to spill and slosh around their car tires....
24 Madeline and Barbara continue to stare at each
25 other, smelling simultaneously the fresh and vola-
26 tile Empire gas around *Them*. The Virgin Mary floats
27 in and out of focus. She is looking down at the
28 mothers of luxury and poverty and yawns loudly....

29
30 The smoking mothers with their vile stares look
31 like the mother lizards Sophia sent. But the virgin
32 says nothing and quietly and solemnly looks at each
33 mother for a moment. The large iridescent floating
34 Virgin Mary looks like an intense cat as she slowly
35 closes her eyes for a moment, thus communicating
36 that she, the Virgin Mary, trusts and blesses the
37 Appalachian mothers of poverty and luxury and that
38 they could carry-on with their motherly business.

39
40 The mothers of Allegheny's stares turn into *Mother's*
41 *Day Madness* grimaces. They both lightly pull on
42 their cigarettes... each exhaling, playing with

their smoke playfully as they each ash out their
windows.... Here is a miracle, here is *Nothing*...
here Family Court and Good Reader: here is Mother's
Day in Appalachia 2021.

The Allegheny fire department and police start to
arrive, so I pull out of the 2021 Mother's Day Moo-
Moo Demolition Derby. The target mothers do the
same. I head towards target #21-4532's house.

Chapter 18

6:23 PM - MOTHER AND DAUGHTER ARE STRIPPED OF THEIR GARMENTS AND NAILED TO A CROSS, OR COMPLAINT #21-4532

1 I'm parked on Dam Road and see and hear on my lap-
2 tops Barbara, her husband, and her two grandchil-
3 dren finishing up Mother's Day dinner. The Daltons
4 wonder aloud where Susan has gone, since she ran
5 off blind as a bat, bouncing off cars and trees down
6 Dam Road. Diana, the youngest daughter, sniffles
7 and cries with her head down. She weeps because no
8 one is paying attention to her, and asks, "Where's
9 Mother on Mother's Day?"
10

11 The whole neighborhood saw the tragic last dance
12 of Susan Dalton. Where can she be? She wouldn't
13 stand out in Allegheny. Blind, enraged, and drunk
14 is a good citizen in Appalachia. Susan has stayed
15 out for days before. But this is Mother's Day, and
16 Barbara's son is in Attica with all those other
17 incarcerated inmates, wishing they had been better
18 sons and daughters to their mothers. But, none of
19 *Them* will call to repent and/or show their moth-
20 erly love. The Empire's inmates stagnate in their
21 retarded license-plate-making Empire State. All
22 of the mothers of Attica, all the sad mothers of

prisoners turn over another year of pain with no compromise. Revenge rules *Motherhood*, retaliation governs *Mother's Day Madness*.

As Barbara slowly clears the table, she tears up before the unused plate and silverware that she had set for her daughter. Barbara suddenly picks up the pace in order to shake her sentimental feelings, but the cleaning of her house is fruitless, and the tearing turns to sobbing. Something bad is happening, and the two hundred and sixty-nine (269) year old woman seems to feel it in her old bones.

Barbara, like *Us* all, when we have our radar up for *Intel*, have felt this way before. When we close our eyes, we know the truth. What does our gut say? What is the right thing to do? What is happiness? No answer flows from our tongue. We hide, and the porcupine hugs our hearts; we run, and the wolves nip at our ankles. Looking for comfort, Barbara Dalton and some of *Us* look to the Bible. But no holy book would help Barbara with the knock on the door that was coming on this Mother's Day evening.

Barbara goes downstairs in her dark earthen crawl space to snivel and smoke alone. She slowly smokes a spliff to ease her pain and discontent. About three quarters of the way through, and feeling a little less pain, there is a hard knock on her front door.

Barbara yells for her husband, "Bill! Bill! Answer the damned door." The knocks at the front door continue louder and more frequently. Barbara walks up the broken-down stairs that are more a ladder with missing rungs than a staircase. The small house is very dark as usual, and she peeks out of the drawn dirty curtains to see who's knocking so aggressively... it is the Allegheny Police!

"Fuck," Barbara spits out, as she extinguishes her spliff on the kitchen linoleum floor. She thinks out loud and says, "What the hell do they want?"

1 Barbara physically spins around in utter confu-
2 sion... she doesn't know where her husband is or
3 where the grandchildren are. But, she hopes some-
4 one will help her. Barbara circles back and walks
5 towards the basement - then she walks to the back
6 door and spaces-out for way too long. Then again,
7 Barb starts walking towards the basement, then she
8 starts to walk upstairs, then defeated and out of
9 options - Barbara walks to the front door.

10
11 Again, the hard, fast "*Knock, knock, knock, knock,*
12 *knock*" booms through the front door, followed by,
13 "Allegheny Police, please open up, Ms. Dalton, we
14 know you're in there," spoken by a strong female
15 voice from outside the door.

16
17 "Shit," Barbara whispers under her breath.

18
19 Barbara sprays what she thinks is air freshener,
20 but instead it is the Raid bug spray her daughter
21 blinded herself with earlier. Likewise, Barbara
22 starts coughing and tearing up. Barbara is still
23 looking for an escape from her toxic house, but at
24 the same time she realizes she is the head of the
25 household legally, because her husband has a crim-
26 inal record.

27
28 "*Knock, knock, knock*" rattles the front door and
29 house again, followed by, "Allegheny Police, please
30 open up" from an intense female voice.

31
32 Barbara has to answer the knock on the door, but all
33 she seems to think about is the illegal marijuana
34 garden in the basement. Is she getting raided?
35 She isn't even thinking about her daughter, Susan.
36 Barbara musters up her courage and opens the front
37 door, not so much because she rose to the emergency
38 occasion, but because the bug spray is causing her
39 to feel lightheaded.

40
41 A female police officer stands awkwardly on Barbara
42 Dalton's Raft of Poverty. The police officer tries

to find a safe space on the raft, but there is no
safe place in poverty. Realizing this, the female
officer with a bothered and ignoble contriteness
asks Barbara, "Are you Barbara Dalton?"

"Yyyesss?" Barbara answers hesitatingly.

The female officer says somewhat joyfully and with a
gleam in her eye, "I've got some bad news for you,
Mrs. Dalton. I'm Officer Swetnam, can I come in?"

Barbara thinks her house smells like marijuana,
so Barbara mumbles something abouts "Cleaning the
house" and does not open the screen door, but steps
outside right through the ripped screen within the
screen door.

It is twilight, a crepuscular blue and purple time,
a haunting plum time, with just a smidge of indigo
light and/or hope surrounding the pink and yellow
horizon. The positive sun setting... red and hot,
is now somewhere off in western America. Back here
on the scorched earth threshold of America, on the
Great Hill in Allegheny, overlooking the western
door, where twenty (20) feet of snow falls every
winter, and all the smart children leave. Here in
this Appalachian twilight on Barbara's outside deck
there is only one exposed, garish, fluorescent, out-
side light that flickers slowly. Its shade and cover
lay in shattered pieces on the ground below the
light. Barbara walks across her Raft of Poverty,
kicking away beer can empties from her husband and
daughter. Barbara is trying to make space, so they
have some room to stand in between all the trash of
cheesy puffs and ant covered globs of hamburgers,
hotdogs, and macaroni salad.

Barbara says to the female police Officer, "Sorry
about the mess."

Officer Swetnam quickly catches Barbara's eye,
interrupting and stopping her silently, as Barbara

1 is avoiding eye contact. The female police officer
2 makes the universal female questioning noise.
3 And Family Court and Good reader, we've all heard
4 this female alarm throughout time. Officer Swetnam
5 taunts, sings, and questions at the same time on a
6 sliding scale ending on a down note, "Mmmmmmmmmmmmm
7 - Hmmmmmmmmmmmm?" The Officer of the Empire realizes
8 Barbara isn't sorry about her porch mess. The Officer
9 of the Law shuffles her feet and obviously wants to
10 get this motherly meeting over with as soon as possible
11 (ASAP). Barbara looks ashamed now, and she
12 gently bows to the female Officer's power and dominance.
13 Officer Swetnam sighs and shakes her head,
14 disgusted that she has to deal with the likes of
15 an arrogant and degenerate mother. Then the Officer
16 says, as if she has said this statement a thousand
17 times, with a sick smirk, "I'm sorry to inform you,
18 but I've got some bad news for you. We've found
19 your daughter, Susan."

20
21 Barbara suddenly stands up straight, comes alive
22 and says, "You Empire cunt, what did you do with
23 her?" This is not a strange question, as Susan
24 being arrested was a quarterly or seasonal event
25 in Allegheny. Driving while Impaired (DUI), drug
26 possessions (DP), breaking and entering (BE), and
27 domestic disputes (DD) were the seasons of Susan's
28 life in Appalachia.

29
30 Officer Swetnam says incredulously, "We did nothing.
31 We found her in the abandoned 'USA Made' furniture
32 factory down near the river not breathing after we
33 received an anonymous call. As you know the old
34 furniture factory is a known shooting gallery /
35 a drug-use spot, and drug paraphernalia was found
36 next to Susan's body."

37
38 Barbara screams, "You're a liar! What do you mean
39 she's not breathing? I gave her, her, her, life, I
40 gave her my br..., br..., br...."

41
42 I know she wanted to say, "My breath," but she can't.

All that comes out of her mouth is her own breath that reflects against the misty light bulb glare on Barb's Raft of Poverty. Barbara Dalton's breath in the cold night becomes white ghosts like an evaporating electrical force. Barb is an Appalachian mother trying to explain giving birth to her child, but she cannot.

Officer Swetnam says, "We took her to the hospital, but she was pronounced dead on arrival (DOA). We're not sure about the exact cause of death, but I wanted to inform you immediately of her passing. I think the hospital said Susan died of a black heart... we're very sorry for your loss, but we need someone to identify the body as soon as possible (ASAP)."

Barbara Dalton just got her soul caught in a bear-trap... and she starts to unravel. At this moment, in her mind, she begins to run towards death, she is moving beyond the death-drive. Barbara and mother are slipping away from empirical civilization. There is no more positive light for her.... Barbara and her *Motherhood* is a callous centrifugal force going with the buffalo and societal herd, just going along for the ride for the last sixty-two (62) years / for the last two hundred and sixty-nine years (269) years. Barbara screams at the police officer, "A black heart? A black heart, you're a murderer, Swetnam - you and your Empire are murderers!"

Barbara Dalton's life is exposed for the fraud it is. Her motherly life has been an existential joy-ride, a merry-go-round of child abuse. She seems to finally think poignantly to herself: "I'll do anything to end this bullshit mother game... I've had enough. I'll do anything to get off this female ride... anything!"

When Barbara silently realizes there is no easy way out of her situation: her daughter (with two

1 orphaned children) dying in an abandoned factory on
2 Mother's Day, Barbara starts to heave the Mother's
3 Day dinner she just prepared for her family. It
4 rises in her larynx, her pores open up, her stom-
5 ach rolls, beads of perspiration develop on her
6 forehead. Barbara writhes like a feral cat about
7 to give it a good yack. Officer Swetnam is not on
8 guard; she does not see this coming as Barbara pukes
9 her Mother's Day meal on Officer Swetnam's shiny
10 patent leather shoes and neatly pressed polyes-
11 ter pants and blouse. The chunks of red Papiamento
12 from Barbara's macaroni salad contrast nicely with
13 Officer Swetnam's jet-black, well-polished shoes.
14 Barbara's four (4) Silver Bullet beers come up also
15 and splash merrily down the Officer's khaki pants,
16 making the policewoman look like she has peed in
17 her pants. This at first annoys Officer Swetnam, an
18 Officer of the Empire Law, but she regains her com-
19 posure, realizing she is a cop on the clock, there
20 to protect and serve... and periodically to be
21 puked on.

22
23 Barbara is weakened, lost, and poisoned as she
24 imagines Susan, the mother of her two grandchil-
25 dren, convulsing and twitching into a coma in the
26 USA Made factory where she and her husband worked
27 for twenty-five (25) years. The closing of the fur-
28 niture factory killed Allegheny and all its employ-
29 ees' futures... and now it has killed her child....
30 Barbara seems to imagine her daughter all alone
31 with the opossums, raccoons, and rats that live
32 in that old, polluted factory. That factory is
33 home to the homeless and the dead now. The fac-
34 tory employed both Barbara and her husband as young
35 adults and also their grandparents before that.
36 That was before the North Atlantic Free-Trade Act
37 (NAFTA) wiped out middle America in the Rust Belt
38 and on all Appalachian Main Streets.

39
40 Barbara again imagines her daughter's disjointed
41 body, with trickles of blood coming out of her
42 ears, nose, and mouth at the same factory where she

once made a livable wage twenty (20) years ago. She thought... what the hell is the Allegheny Gazette going to write? But Honorable Family Court and Good Reader, as I've said before, when you have the Empire politicians, the press, and the police, all on the same page, all on the same side, all on the same take, the cold-cash *Intel* take - any opposition to the Empire / to *Intel*, to the local furniture company reducing your pay and health benefits - is no more - it is hearsay and blasphemy. And then, because you don't want to be a slave at the local furniture company, you get fired first.

Barbara declares to Officer Swetnam, "You Empire cunts aren't just killing me, but now you're killing my children in the same building my future was killed and replaced in! Is my uselessness not enough for you? My grandfathers and fathers fighting in your World Wars is not enough? My out-sourced death and angry life is now also criminal because I rightfully hate and despise you cops for the Empire? My white civil-less life, my whitey-cracker non-citizen life? Below and underneath that of an illegal immigrant - my Appalachian life is too much that now you have to kill my child also?"

Officer Swetnam answers, "Well, Mrs. Dalton, your drug-addicted daughter was a slut, she was lewd and idle, so maybe it's best where she is now. Sorry, just telling you the truth."

"The truth...?" Barbara questions, "You were friends in high school, you helped her get addicted to those drugs and groomed her into a shallow female whore!"

Office Swetnam retorts, "Or perhaps... Barb... you're just a shitty mother?"

Barbara is paralyzed, frozen, and unable to speak.... She answers that child abuse accusation without words, but by retching out her spirit and spitting her soul out of her mouth again. Barbara

1 drops to her knees on her sinking Raft of Poverty.
2 Barbara is sweating, heaving, and gasping, trying
3 to throw-up something / anything, but there is no
4 more positivity in her body. Barb is slowly being
5 consumed by an unforeseen blob - the negative space
6 has tipped the scales, and pessimism is Barb's only
7 spatial plane.

8
9 Barbara and Officer Swetnam float together on this
10 Raft of Poverty and cannibalism in the open ocean.
11 It is a funeral ship for *Motherhood*, a fall of wom-
12 anhood! These cannibalistic Appalachian women eye-
13 ball each other up, imagining one another a plump
14 pork-chop or an All-You-Can-Eat buffet at Cracker
15 Barrel (\$4.99 Single Pass Only, While Supplies
16 Last, and No Doggy Bags). These women on The Raft
17 of Poverty are floating on the luck of nature and
18 are not looking to be rescued.

19
20 Barbara is on her knees with snakes in her hair as
21 Officer Swetnam starts to rub her back, trying to
22 keep Barbara's greasy hair from the pool of puke on
23 the back porch. Barbara looks up white as a dead
24 ghost with bloodshot eyes and begs / pleads with
25 Officer Swetnam. "Are you sure it's Susan? Have I
26 lost my daughter, have I lost myself?"

27
28 Officer Swetnam is getting bored and not paying
29 attention, as she holds her dead sister, as she
30 holds her *Sister X*. She says, "The body had no ID
31 on it, but I knew who it was. Susan and I were in
32 elementary school together. We played Hopscotch
33 together."

34
35 Switching gears quickly Officer Swetnam asks, "Is
36 your husband home?"

37
38 Barbara doesn't answer the question and quietly -
39 as if she was talking to her dead daughter far off,
40 quietly whispers, "Hopscotch...."

41
42 At this moment Craig and Diana, the son and daughter

of the dead mother, Susan come to the door looking
out of the ripped screen door. They sing in unison
in an Appalachian drawl, "Wuus a matta Graaannmma?"

Barbara spins around on the ground like an auto-
mobile-hit marsupial: Barb is mangled, twitching,
possessed, and screeching, "Get in the damned house,
and go find your damned Grandfather! Go! Get, get,
get. Go, go, go!!!"

Barbara seems to feel the weight of the many lives
she has lived.... The many lives of never getting
ahead and always dying worse off from where she
started. Barbara struggles to get to her feet and
wobbles when the Officer of the Empire helps Barbara
Dalton stand. And then Swetnam throws Barbara to
the ground again mercilessly with another motherly
questions, the Officer already knows the answer to.

"Are those Susan's children?" Officer Swetnam asks.

Barbara screeches and growls like a mountain cat
caught in a bear-trap. She makes a screeching noise
that sounds like chattering or gurgling. Barb col-
lapses again, or should I say, she implodes like
a demolished building dynamited at her structural
weakest points. Barbara's *Motherhood* collapses upon
its own weight. She is blubbering, drooling, and
crying... as mucus runs from her nose down into her
mouth. Barb is hiccupping, breathing in gulps and
spurts as if she is being strangled invisibly and
dragged down into the ground... and in fact, she
is.

"Where are the fathers of Susan's children?" Officer
Swetnam asks petulantly with an air of smugness.

Barbara looks up with a terrorized rage in her eyes
and claws back at the female Officer of the Empire
Law, "Where else you Empire pig? Fucking Attica!"

And Barbara is absolutely right. Officer Swetnam did

1 know that the multiple fathers of Barbara's grand-
2 children were all in Attica. Policewoman Swetnam,
3 a true guard or officer of patriarchy, is a proud
4 slave within the master/ slave dialect. She is an
5 officer of the Law, a woman double-agent (like me)
6 representing the Law. Officer Swetnam is just asking
7 rhetorical questions of its slaves, just to inflict
8 cruel and unusual punishment. Those of *Us* in the
9 Empire and/or Intel can easily turn our pain into
10 pleasure and live in the wild blue yonder - some-
11 where between diplomacy, wit, and war.

12
13 Officer Swetnam, was born a woman, but went in to
14 the "Law" and became the *Law*. She is on the wrong
15 side of *En-Soi* but *Pour-Soi*, Swetnam is a woman in
16 the Law / constructed by the Law, and not a woman
17 for the Law - or a woman changing the Law. Because
18 the Law changes with the mini-skirt length - the
19 Law changes with the wind and whims of man-made
20 "Fashion."

Chapter 19

7:30 PM - MOTHER IS LAID IN A TOMB, OR COMPLAINT #21-6154

I'm back on Highland Avenue for the final stake-out
of Complaint #21-6154. My cameras and mics just
started fuzzing out on laptop one (1), but my back
up Sting-Ray laptop fills in like a champ. I see
Hoi-Noi the housekeeper clearing Mother's Day din-
ner from Madeline's dining room table. Madeline's
husband and two (2) daughters are now being served
dessert. Madeline sits at the head of the table,
reveling in the faux adoration and sentimental
attention. Madeline sits upright in a perky man-
ner as her husband and two (2) daughters play with
their phones, texting others very far away from
Mother's Day dinner in Allegheny.

Honorable Family Court and Good Reader, I anx-
iously eject Shania Twain's "Man, I Feel Like a
Woman," because things feel like they're about to
go sideways here with Complaint #21-6154. I need to
stop Shania's musical brainwashing - I think Steve
Earle called her "The highest paid lap-dancer in
Nashville," which I always thought was funny and
accurate, but I still like her.

1 When I'm in doubt on which way the wind is blowing
2 with life, I return to classical music. Music for
3 the right side of the brain without silly words, like
4 these silly words - all around here.... So, I slide
5 in my impeccably cared for CD called Appalachian
6 Spring, 1955 by Arron Copeland.

7
8 This classical musical composition starts so
9 slowly... it's as if we are musically still in the
10 throes of a March winter. The flute and violas drip
11 and drop beautiful green notes and blue tones. The
12 music is icy-blue glaciers melting into a very
13 large, quiet, white underground lake. Here is where
14 I imagine this Appalachian Spring starts - it is
15 somewhere deep in Antarctica or the North Pole.
16 Curious oboes peek out from their earthen burrows,
17 harps and cellos wiggle out of tree-nests, bassoons
18 remove the rock from their cave, and life exhales a
19 beautiful sigh of spring relief. Then the *allegro*
20 tempo picks up with brisk and lively violins and
21 violas coming to the forefront of this Appalachian
22 spring. The many stringed instruments sing inces-
23 santly and happily like an Appalachian spring or
24 growing green grass at dawn, "Good morning! Good
25 morning! Good morning!"

26
27 Aaron Copland's Appalachian Spring is a ballet
28 about going west in America; it's about pioneering
29 in America. And in 1955, Martha Graham, the cho-
30 reographer and dancer, not only commissioned this
31 symphony from Copland, but she also danced that
32 American Shaker dance in Washington D.C. and on
33 television for all the world to see.

34
35 The Appalachian Spring *moderato* playfully picks
36 up speed on my car's sound system, as the forlorn
37 Madeline says sheepishly, "Can we have a normal
38 family conversation here?"

39
40 No one looks up from their phones. "I'm... hello?
41 Can we be a family here and have a nice Mother's
42 Day dinner conversation?"

Her husband looks up and says, "What dear? It's just the wind, just the wind."

Madeline tilts her head, opens her mouth, and stares in disgust at her husband's wasteland blow-off response as he continues to text on his phone under the table. Maddy brings her voice down numerous octaves to clue-in her husband she isn't fucking around. "Be polite for God's sake, it's my goddam day!" she demands.

"Oh, right, hey kids, put away your phones - your mother's right," her husband responds. The two (2) daughters continue to be engrossed with their phones a million (1,000,000) miles away from any family member sitting at this Mother's Day dinner. Christa and Michelle look up from their phones, feigning dismay and bewilderment, which pleases Madeline for a moment. Then they both return to their social lives on their phones the very second Madeline turns away.

Hoi-Noi enters the yellow, creamy dining room with a silver tray stacked with luxurious desserts. Madeline acts as if the silver plate of desserts is a birthday cake, and she is the birthday girl! Madeline's husband gives Hoi-Noi one of his famous McHugh winks that causes Hoi-Noi to recoil in disgust. Mr. McHugh has had twelve (12) extramarital affairs, including two (2) with Hoi-Noi over the last nine (9) years.

Hoi-Noi, Madeline's most faithful family member, walks over to Madeline offering a choice of either a piece of lemon Meringue pie, key lime pie, or pecan pie. Madeline picks the pecan pie and a Mother's Day halo appears around her head. Madeline glows and sinks at the same time. Hoi-Noi goes around to the other family members offering delicate pie slices. Everyone shoos Hoi-Noi away with a disgruntled wave of the hand or a head nod.

1 Mr. McHugh says, "I'm way over my calories today,
2 I can't." Madeline starts shaking with rage that
3 her husband is not taking part in the Mother's Day
4 party. Yet, no one sees that the birthday girl is
5 about to throw a tantrum: *Mother's Day Madness* is
6 about to blow a gasket.

7
8 Madeline starts wolfing / eating / shoveling in her
9 pecan pie as tears stream down her cheeks forming
10 little puddles on her clean, crisp, folded, undis-
11 turbed napkin. Salty tears slide off her fancy sil-
12 ver teaspoon and hit her pie plate. The red carna-
13 tion Madeline pinned to her breast is littered with
14 pecan pie crumbs. The carnation, like a Venus fly-
15 trap, seems to grab the brown crumbs. The red carna-
16 tion suddenly curls-up, curling inwards, ingesting
17 the pecan invaders. No one at the table notices as
18 they are all back to texting / playing games with
19 imaginary friends on the matrix of the faux *Real*.
20 Instead of rescuing their Me-Generation mother from
21 the torture of *Mother's Day Madness*, Maddy's family
22 members are obsessed with themselves. Mad's chil-
23 dren were left behind with no discipline, respon-
24 sibility, and/or respect for life or other humans.
25 These discontented dead-beat children of luxury
26 respect only money.

27
28 Madeline reaches over and grabs three (3) or four
29 (4) of the remaining chocolate candies her husband
30 had lovingly given her. These candies are the last
31 of three (3) large boxes of candies, because her
32 daughters and husband ate the other eighty (80)
33 or so Mother's Day candies. Nonetheless, Madeline
34 shoves these chocolates in her mouth haphazardly,
35 some with the light red and silver foil still on
36 the candy. Madeline also shovels another pile of
37 pecan pie and whip cream in her mouth in order to
38 temporarily dull the sharp, metallic, emotional
39 pain.

40
41 Madeline sits there finally relaxed, and at peace...
42 Madeline is out of her body, Madeline is out of

her mind and deep into *Mother's Day Madness*. Maddy starts to choke lightly. Maddy confidently swigs her champagne from a crystal flute. Mad rolls her neck, loosens up, and seems psyched about her descent. Mad looks stoked as she embraces her madness. Mad's Little Object A, Object B, and her Little Deaths are exploding like psychological fireworks in her dark soul. Maddy, forgetting about her pleasure drive, now way beyond the death drive, squeals "Wwweeeeeeee!!" with abandoned, child-like glee.

To receive a gift on Mother's Day that you don't deserve and have it served up on a silver platter doesn't sit well with all women. There is no honesty, no sentiment in Mother's Day 2021 - only profit.

The champagne, and bonbons, and pie start to come back up Madeline's esophagus as fast as it went down. Madeline looks like she starts to taste and smell her own bile of her stomach acid in her mouth. Maddy's upper respiratory system, chest and shoulders undulate, heave, and roll in rhythm with a gack, a skip, and a glitch. Maddy regurgitates again... Maddy retches again... Maddy's heart seems to be slowing, a slowing heartbeat, and then dead air... no rhythm.

No one at Madeline's dinner table notices their mother dying, except Hoi-Noi who is frozen and awestruck by the coming tsunami. Unable to speak, Hoi-Noi just stares at Madeline gasping for air. Madeline is very much with her family, and very much completely alone, as no one pays any attention to Madeline today, or any other day. Hoi-Noi, frozen, is also pouring coffee into Madeline's husband's coffee cup, which now is overflowing onto the table unbeknownst to anyone.

Madeline looks around her dining room tomb surrounded by her passive aggressive family and wonders aloud, "Will anyone identify (ID) my body

1 at the Empire State Mother's Day morgue?" No one
2 answers....

3
4 The hot coffee Hoi-Noi pours is ripping hot, and
5 it pools into a large puddle directly in front
6 of Madeline's husband. Hoi-Noi, frozen out of her
7 wits, fuels the coffee waterfall that now is fall-
8 ing onto Mr. McHugh's lap. Hoi-Noi is still pouring
9 coffee into his overflowing coffee cup. Mr. McHugh's
10 fine woolen tweed pants are not going to stop second
11 (2nd) degree burns about two (2) seconds away over
12 his thigh and groin area.

13
14 The wet / electric shock of the steaming hot cof-
15 fee in her husband's pants, who still is texting up
16 until this very moment, makes him instantly jump
17 up / fall backwards off his chair and yell, "My
18 Giovanni pants. What the hell?" as he falls to the
19 floor, he rolls around, gets back up, and stumbles
20 away holding his dear crotch while running out of
21 the Mother's Day mausoleum, still yelling, "My good
22 tweed pants? My beautiful Giovani's! What the hell?
23 What the fuck? I'll never get this stain out."

24
25 Hoi-Noi remains frozen even after scorching her
26 master's penis. She continues to pour the remaining
27 coffee on the mahogany dining room table (\$11,499)
28 and the fine Italian rug (\$8,500). Hoi-Noi stares
29 transfixed in disbelief at Madeline who is turn-
30 ing blue and falling deeper into cardiac arrest as
31 Maddy's coffee pot drips its last drop.

32
33 Michelle, Madeline's middle daughter, takes off her
34 headphones and looks up from her phone. Her father
35 has run away from the dinner table like a waddling
36 duck holding his crotch area, screaming something
37 she couldn't understand.

38
39 Michelle looks at Hoi-Noi, the spilt coffee, and
40 Hoi-Noi's frozen pose as if she is pouring cof-
41 fee for someone. Michelle then looks at her mother
42 who is trying to stand up for the last time. Maddy

wobbles with whipped cream and bloody vomit drib- 1
bling down from her face as she grabs tightly to 2
the dining room tablecloth. 3
4
Madeline clutches and curls the dining room table- 5
cloth with both hands, bringing the tablecloth to 6
her chest / to her heart. The silverware and silver 7
dishes start to fall away from the table as Madeline 8
wants to take a mortal nap and needs an existential 9
snuggly blanket. Madeline seems to think her dining 10
room tablecloth will do fine for her next ride, and 11
as usual, mother nature is right. Madeline reaches 12
deep into her small thirteen (13) year old soul 13
and gives it all she has for this final sister-ass 14
rinse, cycle, spin, and spit. 15
16
Madeline, standing now, choking, and spitting, 17
finally has got Christa's full attention. Only 18
because Christa's face is sprayed with bits of her 19
mother's vomit on the side of her face. Christa, 20
with her headphones still on, wipes off the orange 21
chunks and stomach acid mist from her mother's rot- 22
ted gut and hysterical life. 23
24
Christa slowly looks at her mother for the last 25
time, and shrieks, "Eeeuuuuuwwwwww, Madeline 26
you're gross!" Then Christa runs out of the dining 27
room tomb. 28
29
Hoi-Noi, standing still with an empty silver coffee 30
pot in her hand is now awake from Christa running 31
away. Hoi-Noi looks over to Michelle, not saying a 32
word, and slowly backs-up till she is out of the 33
room. Then she turns and runs. Michelle, after 34
watching Hoi-Noi, mimics her, and also gets up 35
and slowly backs up because Michelle realizes her 36
mother is dying in front of her. 37
38
Madeline, the statue of *Mother's Day Madness*, is 39
all alone now in her mausoleum. I see the 911 call 40
go through on my scanner. The tower of *Motherhood* 41
in Allegheny is a "9-1-1 call on Mother's Day!" The 42

1 envy of young women who played with Barbie dolls,
2 the antithesis of lonely spinsters, the denouncer
3 of the women's Equal Rights Amendment (ERA) in
4 1979, the condemner of spells and infertility, the
5 crusader against witches, slowly starts to tilt and
6 lean. Madeline, like Barbara, also drifts help-
7 lessly on "The Raft of Medusa." But here in luxury,
8 the cannibals will also eat you alive on "The Raft
9 of Luxury."

10
11 Maddy's blue skin turns blackish like her swollen
12 tongue flailing about. Mad's Palm Beach blonde hair
13 turns into yellow Mamba snakes that writhe upon her
14 head as she transcends into the next dimension.

15
16 Madeline Medusa the Empress wobbles like a lean-
17 ing tower and she then collapses taking the entire
18 Mother's Day dining room table, silverware, glass-
19 ware, and center piece flower display with her.
20 Maddy has gone off the deep end, but she clings to
21 her dear, yet fleeting life. This beautiful Dutch
22 Queen from the Netherlands, this good-old hag, here
23 in America over one hundred and twenty-six (126)
24 years before our Revolution is still looking to
25 get some "Action," like all good Dutchies from New
26 York. Madeline's DNA isn't that of a daughter of
27 the American Revolution (DAR), no, Maddy is a great
28 grandmother of the American Revolution. But that
29 was then, and now in 2021, Mad has lost it all.
30 She is incarcerated in a *Real* McDonalds (MCD) life
31 for women who chew imported gum sold exclusively
32 on Quality Value Convenience (QVC) television.
33 Madeline's motherly McMansion home has aged her.
34 Then, her McHome transformed into a McNursing Home,
35 which quickly is descending down into her McCoffin.

36
37 As the first dessert plates and glassware shatter on
38 the hard oak floor, Madeline floats in a free fall.

39
40 Within the free fall of *Mother's Day Madness* is the
41 madness of heredity, the madness of family life,
42 the madness of family tradition. The madness of

family dinners, the madness of family trust, the
madness of it all: family presents, family tribes,
family governments. The madness of "Family love,"
ghosting for "Empire Love." Madeline hits the floor
with a sickening thud.

Here the square-head *Red-Queen* makes her last move
with her Dutch hardwood clog made more to destroy,
then to be worn. Madeline, the noble savage, throws
her wooden clog into the *Motherhood* watermill, and
it crushes the wheel and cog gears in an instant.
The watermill's gears explode in wooden shards and
splinters. The mill stops abruptly with the cat-
astrophic sound of the three hundred (300) trees
needed to build the mill - exploding and hitting
the ground. Maddy gloats as if destruction is good.
The civilized sound of the watermill gears has
been replaced by the meditative sound of the river
water flowing... Mad, the motherly anarchist sighs
"Finally, some peace...."

Silver plates, fine China, crystal glassware, and
antique silverware, rain down upon Maddy's head
like a much-needed rain.

Italian glasses, English silverware, Irish cream-
ers, and fine linen napkins float around Madeline
as she bounces, shakes, and convulses into car-
diac arrest on her dining room floor. Madeline is
still all alone in slow motion. Maddy then, like
her red carnation, closes in on herself. Mad in a
fetal position covers herself with her existential
tablecloth.

Madeline snuggles for survival. She brings the
tablecloth blanket around her body and curls it in,
close to her heart. Blood starts to trickle from
her nose and mouth. Maddy stares ahead with the
eyes of a dead dog. The blue / gray fog of death
has risen to her eyes, and her final resting spot is
going to be underneath her dining room table.

1 Madeline is paralyzed, but she blinks furiously and
2 looks around in a spastic and erratic manner on
3 her deathbed. Maddy is still conscience within the
4 Empire State, and she looks around at the uneaten
5 tea cakes that lay scattered all around her on
6 the dining room floor. Mad seems annoyed... as the
7 rage and revenge of a sixteen (16) year old brat
8 boils-up in her sixty-two (62) year old eyes. This
9 is *Mother's Day Madness*.

11 Madeline growls her last words on earth not as a
12 wish, but as a curse, spitting out amongst gurgles
13 and gasps for air, "Ha, Ha, Urrgurl, Happy, Ugggh,
14 Happy Mother's Day to U, to U... Happy Mother's
15 Day to *Us*!"

17 I can hear the sirens off in the distance, the Empire
18 is coming. Madeline is dead in her a twelve-thou-
19 sand (12,000) square foot McMansion, which now has
20 instantaneously become her twelve-thousand (12,000)
21 foot McCoffin. I slowly drive past the ambulances
22 and police cars rushing past me... hoping to revive
23 a cold, dead, mommy dearest.

25 All I can hear are Madeline's last words: "Happy
26 Mother's Day to *Us*!" As I drive away, all I can think
27 is: "Who is *Us*? Is *Us* Mothers? Is *Us*, Motherhood?
28 Or is *Us* all of the lonely, abused wives with mean
29 and misogynist husbands? Is *Us* all the moms who
30 walk and/or endure with constant perseverance?"

Chapter 20

9:58 PM - A REVELATION? A MIRACLE? OR MAYBE, JUST A COMPLAINT?

Honorable Family Court and Dear Reader, I'm on the highway headed back east to Albany on this Mother's Day night. I'm poking along at fifty-five (55) miles per hour (mph) in the slow lane. I'm trying to catch my breath.... I've watched a LOT of people die in front of me, but watching Madeline pass tonight has hurt me deeply.

It's almost 10:00 pm, and the night is my friend once again. The highway forms an alley away from the western door of America, and I'm on the highway feeling good, as the best part of being in Appalachia - is leaving Appalachia.

The clear night is purple black, but the spring stars are out. I roll down my window and smell the Adirondack pines stretching and growing away from the cold scorched earth. A warm breeze from the mid-Atlantic earth pushes the Canadian winds back for a moment or so. I think again about Madeline's wish for *Us*, wondering why she didn't say "To me?" Was Madeline's sixteen (16) year-old soul finally

1 thinking in a collective, female way on her death-
2 bed? This realization is haunting me.

3
4 It's clear within the third-world of Central America
5 and the Middle East, who trade abuse as a currency,
6 exactly who *Us* and *Them* are. And back in the Empire,
7 back in the blue-states, and Capitol cities, *Us* and
8 *Them* and the abuse is obvious. But as I drive away
9 from the Real America, the Great Hill, the Western
10 Door to America, and from the Lady of the Lake, at
11 Chautauqua - I'm troubled about *Us* and *Them*.

12
13 Was Madeline speaking to herself as the *Other*?
14 Was *Motherhood* within luxury talking to *Nothing*
15 or the *Real*? Was luxurious mother psychotic or a
16 sociopath? Schizophrenic, bi-polar... or both? Had
17 Madeline's guilt become the *signifier* of her *Real*?
18 Was Madeline's lavishness a paranoid and perverse
19 loop? Was she in contact with her unraveled *Sister*
20 *X*, our female-variable chromosome unchained? Did
21 she have any respect for herself?

22
23 Luxurious *Motherhood* ascends into purgatory, which
24 has the same clay-colored sky of Allegheny....
25 Maddy, the limping camel is going to try to slip
26 through the eye of heaven's needle... thinking
27 she's entering the kingdom of God. Sorry to say, I
28 don't think luxurious *Motherhood* and all her chil-
29 dren will ever enter the kingdom of God.

30
31 Honorable Family Court and Dear Reader, I want to
32 thank you for your time in reading this deposition.
33 As I conclude this novel deposition, please mark
34 my words. My fifteen (15) People's Exhibits here in
35 these Complaints are certain and mathematical about
36 the Appalachian child abuse I have witnessed. If
37 you Good Readers are also Good Lookers, you will
38 see how my illustrations and paintings draw-out the
39 unspeakable, the unsaid. I telepathically communi-
40 cate what is *k n o t* said in this text. I commu-
41 nicate to you Good Looker through your third (3rd)
42 eye and gut. I communicate what is in the space

in between these written lines of silly letters,
words, and spaces of black and white blobs to the
right side of your brain.

My ink, charcoal, and watercolors will have a long,
interesting drink with you, or perhaps... a psycho-
delic smoke? Or maybe we will share a curious and
enlightening afternoon tea? Perhaps we will get a
runner's high during an exhausting run at dusk? Or
perchance at dawn? And maybe my drawings fall into
a sweaty shag after a long night partying, or per-
haps a warm candle lit bath after a long day? And in
this sixth (6th) dimension dream state... is where
I sometimes live.

I live here because it's quiet, it's where we are
all going, and it gives me answers in a free-grace
manner. But I must confess that I'm still a muddled
woman puzzled about *Us* and *Them*. Am I in Markazi,
Managua, or Allegheny? It doesn't matter - I'm still
baffled about the *Real*, and who *Us* and *Them* are. As
woman in the *Real* we overestimate our internal fac-
tors and underestimate the external factors. Our
Sister X delusion becomes reality, and we believe
a man's bullshit (BS) about *Us*. But in the sixth
(6) dimension, misogyny, *bravado*, and *machismo* do
not exist.

With unfriendly and lifeless men on my mind on this
Mother's Day night, I remember the last letter I
carry and hold closest to me in my M-8888 satchel.
It is from November 1948, Philadelphia - three (3)
months before my grandmother died. It is from a
young fan of my mother's good work after she was
institutionalized for speaking out against raising
children into soldiers to die for needless wars.
The letter is from a little orphan girl who sewed
a nickel onto a pulpy piece of paper and sent in
the nickel (\$0.05) as a donation to help get my
grandmother get out of the sanitarium. The found-
ling girl didn't have a name and went by "Girl X"
because that's what she signed as her name. *Girl*

1 X appreciated the Mother's Day Clubs my mother
2 ran. These clubs would tour the local Philadelphia
3 orphanages every week. My grandmother, Anna Jarvis,
4 would tell the foundlings, orphans, and misfits -
5 "You are not forgotten, but do not be sentimental.
6 Your mothers who abandoned you were BAD mothers,
7 and they should ALL BE FORGOTTEN! We only have one
8 mother here on earth - and that mother is Sophia,
9 and/or Mother Nature."

10
11 Girl X would jump up and roar "Three (3) cheers
12 for Mother Nature!" And she would have the entire
13 orphanage behind her singing "Hip-Hip-Hooray, Hip-
14 Hip-Hooray, Hip-Hip Hooray."

15
16 Girl X was a precocious little orphan "Annie," or,
17 "Oliver," always wanting "More" of my grandmother's
18 stew. Girl X reminds me of Nathaniel Hawthorne's
19 "Pearl," in "A Scarlett Letter" who Nathaniel
20 Hawthorne described as, "The child, a mischievous
21 airy sprite, an outlaw - whose very existence is
22 the breaking of our law."

23
24 When Girl X heard my grandmother was thrown into the
25 psychiatric State Hospital (next to the Foundling
26 Hospital) she and many other fans of the original
27 Mother's Day mission (Mothers Ending War) sent
28 money to help my mother get out of the looney-bin.
29 Philadelphia, the supposed city of brotherly and
30 sisterly love, had taken my grandmother away in a
31 paddy-wagon, away to solitary confinement, because
32 she believed in mothers standing up against the
33 abusers of their children.

34
35 Girl X wrote a letter around her crudely sewn nickel
36 donation:

37
38 ***Dear Ms. Jarvis,***

39
40 ***I really like you. I really miss you. I want***
41 ***more! You always seem like one of us at the***
42

dinners... we're all alone now - where did
you go?

I know I not always good, but I keep you on
your toes. I also like your stories, I like
you serious, I like you smile when I make you
laugh. I like you angry when I'm bad. I like
you mean and crazed when we clean.

You make good gruel! You smell nice! You give
me hope when there is none. Where are you?
Are you one of Us? The forgotten? An orphan?
An outlaw / a misfit now? Living as a nothing?
A nobody? It's not bad... if you waste-not
and want-not.

I really like you. I really miss you so much!

I will put the white carnation you gave me on
my orphan prison windowsill. You do the same
on your mother prison window and our white
carnations will talk - our carnations will
not blind men, our carnations will help men
see clearly!

I hope your prison better than mine... we can
dream of escaping together! For now... you
are definitely one of us!

I hope my nickel help you get out!

I stole, I... I mean, I borrowed the nickel
from my house mother - no sister to us....

I send you back all the hope and respect you
gave me.

Thank You... Forever!

Your Little,

Sister X

Dear Ms. JARVIS,

November 3rd, 1948

I really like you. I really miss you.
I WANT MORE! You always seem like one of us at the
dinners. WERE all alone now. Where did you go?

I know I not always good, but I keep you on
your toes. I like your stories. I like you serious, I
like you SMILE when I make you laugh. I like you angry
when I'm bad. I like you mean and crazed when we
clean.

You make good gruel! You SMELL NICE! You
give me hope when there is none. Where did you go?
Are you one of us? The forgotten? An orphan? An
outlaw now? A misfit now?

I really like you, so I will put the carnation
you gave me on my prison windowsill. Do the same on
your prison window and our carnations will talk!

I hope your prison better than mine... We
can dream of escaping together. You are one of us!

I hope my nickel
help you get out!



I stole, I... I mean, I borrowed the nickel
from my house mother, no SISTER to us!

I send you back all the hope and respect you
gave me, THANK YOU FOREVER

Your Little,
SISTER X

People's Exhibit O -
Letter from Little Sister X

I need some good music now for the last leg of my *Mother's Day Madness* mission. This dark drive back east to Capitol reality and the Real is a cooling ointment from the hot endless fire of Appalachia. All my thinking about the *Us* and *Them* theory on this trip has me suddenly questioning why I am not listening to Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon*. On this 1973 musical *magnum opus* album there is an incredible song called "Us and Them."

Some of you Good Readers may also be Good Listeners, so you will know what I'm talking about when I skip through Pink's *Dark Side* classics: "Breathe," "Time," and "Money," in order to get to the B-side power ballad of "Us and Them."

Us and Them, starts off as a single note - it's a lonely out-of-tune organ oscillating in a big stone church. I can control the CD playback speed and cut the song to about half of its original speed. Us and Them is now at around sixty-five (65) beats per minute (BPM). This rate of rhythm is slower than our heart rate and perfect for right brain mediation and exploration. The Us and Them organist is still lost fiddling with a thought, finding the right notes in a sequence while the cold wind blows through the drafty church. The organist plays thoughts and notes not in a sequence, but maybe the notes and thoughts should be in a rhythm. Regardless, it is the sequence the organist contemplates. The tuning organist is now in a sad and salty lighthouse sending out a friendly frequency to all good sailors - the lighthouse shines gently, softly, and for miles with every turn of the light high on top of the lighthouse. The light emulates, "I need a friend, I need a friend, I need a friend."

As the song continues, not just one (1) friend, but two (2) friends pop-up on the horizon. It's Mr. Bass and Mr. Drums in a little rowboat synced to the waves. They come see-sawing into the musical composition with the organist like long-lost

1 shipmates. Organ, drums, and bass immediately fall
2 into each other's musical arms and embrace in Us
3 and Them. There they roll on the seashore sound-
4 scape of frequencies in ethereal bliss when out of
5 the blue, a sexy and sassy sax takes us to another
6 world.

7
8 The sax is obviously a frequent-flyer in the mile-
9 high club, most definitely first class. The sexy sax
10 takes *Us* higher, higher, and higher! We then musi-
11 cally hit a cloud, a plateau, leaving that damp
12 and drafty church of "Us and Them" way behind. The
13 cloud is white, airy, and has faint horizon lines
14 as the Us and Them lyrics in big, black, block let-
15 tering float down from the dark side of the moon.
16 The dark black letters and words slowly pass me on
17 my little cloud and fall slowly to the earth below.
18 Pink Floyd's words echo for eternity... And Good
19 Listener, you know how this moon glow dirge goes.
20 It starts with echoing words. Does it start with *Us*
21 or *Them*? I think it's: *Us, Us, Us, and Them, Them,*
22 *Them*. And then it asks if we're ordinary men, men,
23 men, men. It asks *Us* what we would choose to do,
24 do, do, do.

25
26 I'm passing the Town called Friendship and/or
27 Harmony and just realized that this is the *Gas*
28 *Station Man's* exit. I bet he will have an interest-
29 ing take on *Us* and *Them*....

30
31 I drive past two Empire State Troopers side-sad-
32 dled up to each other in the middle median of the
33 highway. These Empire bullies are ready to strike
34 in any direction. This is how police states operate
35 in Markazi, Managua, or Appalachia. The Empire is
36 two bulls watching each other's rear - spinning,
37 protecting each other's flanks. Here on the high-
38 way in America, *We*, or *Us*, are all travelers, and
39 the Empire Troopers are always *Them*. But when you
40 get off the highway, when we slow down, it gets
41 weird. It's the commitment - it's the stand you
42

must make... and the tax you must pay. It is the
penance and/or a useless Complaint we must file.

I slow down and pull into the *Gas Station Man's*
service station. The falling sugar snow early this
morning made it seem like moths were flying around
the bare station light bulb. Tonight, it's signifi-
cantly warmer, and real moths are drifting around
looking like downy snowflakes floating in the wind.
These moths tonight search for a truthful light, but
they, too, are deceived. The moths search for the
North Star, and are beguiled by the moon, the sun,
or anything bright, warm, and hopeful. The moths are
flittering about... lost in a dark, and moist, early
spring night. The station's bare lightbulb seems
like a lonely twinkling little star in a blackhole
sky. Here I am in nighttime Appalachia at the bot-
tom of the Finger Lakes looking for *Intelligence*
on *Us* and *Them*. And for some reason, I know *Gas*
Station Man will enlighten me.

I pull open the door, and the cowbell and jingle
bells take me back to the merchants and markets
in Afghanistan and Nicaragua. The *Real* cowbell,
taken off a *Real* ox, bull, or cow. The jingle bells
un-hooked from a *Real* horse. The bells hang with
fishing wire that has the color of blue mouth wash.
The smell of burnt coffee, cigarette smoke, and a
vacant, greasy, auto garage pass over my lips and
up my nose... I am back home again. The TV crack-
les and garbles the calling of an Off-Track Betting
(OTB) horse race as some rodents rustle in the
garbage filled with potato chip bags and Twizzle
wrappers. I walk over towards the coffee pot and
see *Gas Station Man* hunched over his TV, cigarette,
and beer again. I only fill up the cup half-way and
water the coffee down with milk - I am going back
to the Capitol; I need to get balanced.

A door to the auto garage opens slightly, and in
comes that majestic Maine Coon cat that hissed at
me earlier. She strolls right past me as if I'm not

1 here. Her head is almost up to my knee as I don't
2 move a muscle. The cat stops and starts eyeing me
3 up and down in a disapproving manner. The cat knows
4 I am dull and not as perceptive as she. The large
5 nimble cat jumps up on a candy shelf, banks off the
6 empty nacho dispenser, and leaps up to a cat-walk
7 encircling this entire dilapidated retail space. The
8 retail shop smells like an oil dump-station as the
9 door to the garage swings and creaks a squeaky tune
10 because the cold winter drafts are still battling
11 it out with new warm spring breezes. The large pow-
12 erful cat slithers along above *Us* on the cat-walk
13 towards the *Gas Station Man*. She then tucks herself
14 in upon herself, slowly and gracefully, above her
15 master's domain like a noble gargoye.

16
17 I approach the counter eyeing the cat and ask, "Did
18 your mom like your Mother's Day gift?"
19

20 *Gas Station Man* bumbles and tumbles around like a
21 bear with his paw in the honeypot, saying over and
22 over "Oh my God, it's the Empire Lady, Oh, my God,
23 it's the Empire Lady, oh my God it's the Empire
24 Lady." He straightens up, puts out his cigarette
25 in his beer again, wipes off his right hand on his
26 bath robe, and puts out his hand for a handshake.
27 He looks me in the eye and says, "You are an angel
28 of the Lake, you are an angel of Chautauqua."
29

30 I shake *Gas Station Man's* hand and say, "I can only
31 hope."
32

33 *Gas Station Man* exclaims, "You got me off my ass
34 last night! And my mother will die thinking I love
35 her because of you!"
36

37 *Gas Station Man* laughs deeply and speaks the truth
38 unknowingly, "Ha, Ha, Ha, Mother's Day... give me a
39 break. Ha, ha, ha, Whadda load of crap."
40

41 I think to maybe agree with *Gas Station Man* and say,
42 "we moms have to protect *Us*," but I was stopped out

by my truthful mind, by my Intel mind. Instead, I double-dripped out a void of dead-air in a void and/or dead-air in a descending tone, "Yeah total crap, but U, U, u, we moms have to protect U, U, u..., sometimes...."

Honorable Family Court and Dear Reader, please use caution when reading my words. Obviously, you just saw in the paragraph above... I cannot say the word "Us" in public. I must confess, I cannot say, "Us" out loud... or in public. This deposition novel may be from an unreliable witness. This deposition novel may be from a hostile witness.

The large cat above *Us* sits up on alert, looking disappointed and disapprovingly down at me like a jealous woman; because, the *Gas Station Man* is so happy to see me. *Gas Station Man* says, "My mother was always expecting me to miss Mother's Day for the last one hundred and three (103) years, and every Mother's Day I make it by the skin of my teeth."

Gas Station Man lights a new cigarette and puts out his arms to show me his fine service station. He looks around at his dingy shop and proudly proclaims: "Where would we be without mothers?" as cigarette smoke puffs out of his mouth with every syllable.

I nod my head agreeing, "Yeah... absolutely."

I scan the the place, looking around at the lotto cards, the trashy gun magazines, the erectile dysfunction (ED) pills, and the marijuana rolling papers. I next look at the cat scowling down at me, a lot of porno magazines, that derelict St. Patty's Cake with fake carnations. I breath in and, of course, I smell that God-awful Appalachian smell of cat-piss and used oil...

I agree with *Gas Station Man*, exclaiming, "Moms around the world should be proud!"

1 *Gas Station Man* puffs up and says with a humble
2 air, "I try every day." He then quickly turns into
3 the Appalachian hustler I know he has to be in
4 order to be running this little Dirty-Gerty gas
5 station right here in Harmony, America. *Gas Station*
6 *Man* leans over the counter and whispers as if we're
7 being listened to:

8
9 "How was the western door? Where's the white car-
10 nation I gave you showing respect? Did the Seneca
11 seduce you? Did you pay the toll of white carna-
12 tions and go through their Western Door to America?
13 Or did the Seneca try to pluck out your eyes and
14 steal your soul?"

15
16 "Yes," I reply, "The Indians absolutely took my
17 white carnation as respect, and I saw another white
18 carnation floating in a parking lot puddle at dawn
19 - you helped *Us* tremendously."

20
21 I continue, "But, I have to admit, Sir, it was a
22 hellish time out there. It's still bloody at the
23 western door... I only stood on the threshold of
24 Allegheny and looked west out at America for eigh-
25 teen (18) hours or so. I couldn't tell who *Us* was,
26 and who *Them* was out there.

27
28 *Gas Station Man* retorts "Sounds like you seen the
29 Seneca wolf-ghost, Empire Lady... I'm just the
30 Finger Lake Ferry man, ma'am, I'm a rock on a spit,
31 just keeping the light on so sailors can steer their
32 ships. *Gas Station Man* concludes, "But, I will tell
33 you this: those Seneca are part of the Empire - don't
34 let them fool you... it certainly is *Us* against
35 *Them*."

36
37 I say, "*Us* and *Them*?" out loud, but I think to
38 myself... back on the highway, I know who *Us* and
39 *Them* are, and in a strange place with cowbells
40 and gas stations without gas, I know who *Us* and
41 *Them* are. But really... out here in scorched earth
42

America and Appalachia, *Us* and *Them* is blurred... 1
Us and *Them* is the same. 2
3

The silence is kind of awkward, but spacious... I 4
look down at my milky coffee on the counter and 5
say, "How much do I owe you, ferry man?" 6
7

The Finger Lake ferry man replies kindly, "This 8
trip is on me, Empire Lady." 9
10

I tease him, "Ah come on, I'm the *Big Spenda*, I'm 11
the Empire Lady, and I'm going back to the Albany 12
Capitol... what can I do for you? Can I give you 13
an Empire revelation? Can I bestow upon you an 14
Empire miracle? Or, maybe I can I submit an Empire 15
Complaint that will surely be put on top of the 16
pile. 17
18

The ferry man contemplates this Empire offer for a 19
while as he opens a bag of beef jerky and starts 20
chewing on a meat-stick like a bear after hibernat- 21
ing for a winter. Ferry man offers me a stick, and I 22
decline. He then says in a slow Hee-Haw Appalachian 23
drawl I love to hear, "A revelation, a miracle, or 24
maybe just a Complaint? Hhhhhmmmmmmmm... revelations 25
are too subjective, and I ain't one for complaining 26
while I live here in this heaven on earth God has 27
so graciously given *Us*... but an Empire miracle? 28
Can you bring me an Empire miracle?" 29
30

I say, "The Empire in the Capitol is the 31
miracle-maker." 32
33

Gas Station Man leans over the counter, looks at my 34
shoes, smirking like a Cheshire cat. He is shaking 35
his head looking me up and down, not in a sexual 36
way, but in a psychological / Grandpa / Intel way. 37
"Well," he says as if to better understand a new-me 38
by looking at my shoes. "My little Empire Lady, who 39
is doing so well with *Them*, what can *Us* - that being 40
all the lonely people within the Empire - ask for 41
42

1 except a date with the royal Empire." That being
2 you, Empire Lady, and/or *Them*."

3
4 *Gas Station Man* continues to lobby for an *Us* and
5 *Them* date. He declares, "We can go to the horse
6 races at Tioga, and we can bet it all on Lady
7 Chautauqua - the horse for *Us*! Appalachia, America,
8 Up-State America, and *Us* will be clearly defined.
9 Our road shall be clear. We will be reborn with
10 your Empress luck - reincarnated by betting it all
11 on *Us* instead of *Them*!"

12
13 I chuckle and say, "My luck is *Intelligence*."

14
15 The ferry man holds up his finger as if to quickly
16 cautions me about *Intelligence*. He replies, "Beware
17 strong angel, use caution, double-agent angel,
18 beware, oh mother angel of the lake where one loves
19 it and kills it at the same time. Don't you know
20 the little saying? Why you must you know that lit-
21 tle ditty? Why of course... being a mother and part
22 of the Empire, you must know the truth? How does it
23 go? What is it now?"

24
25 At that moment the Maine coon cat above *Us* stretches
26 her long, cheetah like haunches and yawns in my
27 face, showing me her wide, pink jaws and vicious
28 teeth. The cat keeps her eyes on me as she licks the
29 side of her paw, before she wipes her face up and
30 down numerous times. The cat seems to be grooming
31 and preparing herself for a nighttime mission or
32 hunt. The large, beautiful cat nonchalantly sash-
33 shays along the high catwalk still looking down at
34 me. The cat slowly growls from its belly and then
35 cries / meows as if threatened and insulted at the
36 same time. The large cat's eyes stay focused on
37 mine as she disappears out the high broken transom
38 window into the purple, black, and blue Appalachian
39 night. I think to myself - *Constant Perseverance*.

40
41 The *Gas Station Man* never acknowledges the large
42 mountain cat walking along the ceiling of his store.

Then suddenly as if emerging from a foggy daydream,
Gas Station Man blurts out: "Oh, that's right:
'Those that findeth luck, will loseth luck.'"

I say "Wow... *Intelligence* as luck, or is it luck
as *Intelligence*? And tonight, on such a fitting
Mother's Day in the Empire State night, why don't
you put *Us* and *Them* into the formula, *Sir Gas
Station Man*?"

Gas Station Man's hope is born again with his new
knighthood and my algebra. He proudly declares
using his nub of beef jerky as a sword of Harmony
within the debauchery of the Empire, "**Those that
finedeth *Us* will loseth *Us* - and those that findeth
Them will loseth *Them*.**"

We both laugh heartily at our discovered enlight-
ment and/or our *Intel*. I exit his store with my
arms extended and my open palms facing the heavens
as I exclaim in Appalachian jubilation, "Amen, *Gas
Station Man*, AAAaaammmen!"

The hanging silver and gold doorbells jingle and
jangle against the glass door, as it slams shut,
and I, too, go out into the purple, black, and blue
Appalachian night. I think to myself - "Constant
Perseverance."

