

THE FLAT EARTH ACTIVIST

3RD EDITION



by TIM OZMAN

THE FLAT EARTH ACTIVIST

A Guide to Dismantling the Globe Paradigm

THIRD EDITION

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For Agent #22

“If the doors of perception were cleansed everything would appear to man as it is, **Infinite**. For man has closed himself up, till he sees all things thro' narrow chinks of his cavern.”

— William Blake, **The Marriage of Heaven and Hell**

“The best way to predict your future is to create it.”

— Abraham Lincoln

INTRODUCTION

Flat Earth isn't merely a matter of topography and the conspicuous lack of curvature or detectable movement. Flat Earth is the absence of the spinning-ball assertion.

The globe-paradigm is being dismantled by consumer level technology which not only makes it easier to expose glitches in the matrix, but makes their exposure inevitable.

The foundation has been exposed and as it turns out, the entire thing is built upon shifting sands. The globe is a house of cards held together by an amalgamation of faith, habit, tradition, and narratives.

Its inevitable collapse will appear perfect as a well planned and perfectly executed demolition. The debate is over. It's time to think Post-Globe and this book contains the ideas that will take us there.

If you feel the need to still engage in debate, remember that you're not debating equal but different ideas. Flat Earth and Sphere Earth are not opposites. One is a faith based interpretation of reality and the other is a fact based reality. Faith and reason cannot be reconciled. We must choose one or the other.

Faith, not fear, is the mind killer. Faith in the words of scientists without scientifically verifiable facts to support their claims is not scientific nor particularly intelligent. Memorizing unfalsifiable claims has more to do with religious fundamentalism than with discerning the facts of reality.

Therefore, it shouldn't concern you if you're unable to get others to see through truth's protective layers. The Flat Earth is a hard sell because the Ball-Earthers exist within a self-reinforcing echochamber and the believers must voluntarily choose not to accept blind faith as a replacement for knowledge.

The globe defines the parameters of their bubble reality. If you attack that fundamental assumption you throw everything else into question. They have a vested interest in maintaining their own mental stability so it's not easy getting them to willingly take on the cognitive dissonance required to wrap their mind around a conspiracy of this magnitude.

The Flat Earth Activist takes a multipronged approach to confronting this leviathan and cutting it down into manageable pieces. It will require a new critical theory, but in place of a Marxist critique of Western Civilization, we will advance a Flat Earth critique of the Globe and the edifice of lies and assumptions that prop it up.

This book is divided into four sections:

Part One:

...focuses on debate tactics to be used against globe believers. It emphasises unorthodox methods for advancing Flat Earth Truth to those who desperately need to hear it.

Part Two:

...consists of a number of polemics against the Globe Paradigm and its adherents. They are written in the spirit of the Disputations on the Power of Indulgences by Martin Luther, with the

same intent. Calling out the priest class as organized charlatans.

Part Three:

Contains accounts of the principles and tactics in this book being used in real life. These essays were written after the publication of the first edition of this manual.

Part Four:

Discusses the role of the Mainstream Media which has been complicit in the Globe Deception since day one.

Part Five:

Is the novella *The Flat Earthers: Live on The Edge of Reality*, in its entirety.

This publication is intended to aid the Flat Earther direct the debate into constructive discussions about facts rather than meme-flinging playground arguments which typify conversations at the edge of the acceptable discourse. It's intended to assist in the much needed paradigm shift which will make mass action against the globe and all it represents possible.

The deception is leading us into an increasingly consolidated one world state in which freedom takes a back seat to "sustainability" and where truth is replaced by a reality interpreted through the filter of a governing elite with a vested interest in extending their power.

They push "sustainability" and ideas about how consumers leave massive carbon footprints requiring state intervention to keep us safe from ourselves. The truth is, they seek to prevent us from realizing sustainable expansion and cognitive harmony.

Thankfully, the Flat Earth Reformation has already begun in the minds of those who unplugged from that blind faith in the official interpretations of reality and recognized how the Globe-Paradigm is a mental and religious construct which binds humanity in a toxic and codependent relationship with power.

This is a move toward self-governance, self reliance, independence, and individuality in all areas of life, up to and including seizing the means of perception and co-creating a future without an entrenched parasitic elite.

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PART ONE:

ARGUING AGAINST THE GLOBE

Earth is not a planet. It's a flat stationary plane and its boundaries extend beyond what the globe reveals. The globe was designed to limit our perception of how big this place really is. If you understand this then you know what we're up against. All it takes for the deceivers to succeed is for those who see the truth to sit back and do nothing,

We cannot allow the blind faith of the die-hard globers to dictate the future of the human race. The purpose of the globe is to keep us debased, endarkened, and deeply mired in the myths, lies, and delusion as we collectively plunge into a new Dark Age. If that sounds extreme then you probably aren't paying close attention to the goings on in the murderous, destructive, and inhumane world you were born into.

The chaos we see, hear, and read about is instigated, agitated, and incited by those who want us locked into the prison of globe-consciousness. The perpetual war and strife is what gives credibility to the notion that man is an animal in need of dictators who can restrain its animal passions, that life has no meaning, and that the human soul exists merely as the narcissistic delusion of an egotistical ape.

The globe ensures that the relative scarcity of finite resources will remain the primary driver of world instability. If the truth were widely known-- that we're surrounded by abundance, resources, and land--and that we can choose sustainable expansion---then the divine right to rule would cease to matter. The kings would lose their status and relevance if the serfs had the option not to stick around. You can't be a master or an overseer or a dictator without a captive audience.

When an enclosed system opens up, the alliances, ties, and affiliations need to be reexamined. Outside of an enclosed system, competing gangs wouldn't be bound up by the constant need to engage in mutual exploitation for survival because they would no longer exist in that state of permanent war. And slavery, serfdom, whatever you want to call it, is a state of war. These are all systems intended to allow one group to control another by rationing and controlling access to resources, knowledge, and the use of force.

This war we fight today is an invisible one. Or better put, it's hidden in plain sight, visible only to those who understand the esoteric subtext to the narratives which describe the consensus or blue-pill reality. These narratives are in fact weaponized myths which serve the needs of the state. Just as the myths and teachings of one religion can cause its believers to get up and kill the believers of another religion, the narratives of state controlled media outlets can set groups of people on opposite sides of political debates to get up and kill one another.

The globe is the playing field upon which our wars are fought. But there is life outside of this arena of perpetual conflict. But the referees and cheerleaders and screaming multitudes of fans are so immersed in the circus that nobody stops to wonder about how we exit the field. And why would we? We've been taught that we are surrounded by an infinite expanse of mostly nothingness.

The globe, it must be understood, is not designed for "world peace." World peace is not achievable because the globe itself can only exist so long as the human race is sufficiently

divided and conquered. We have been staged into a vast, circular firing squad. Our instinct towards self-preservation has been replaced with a drive to collectively self-destruct.

The greatest war machine that has ever been devised isn't the largest missile with the biggest payload nor is it some super virus in a laboratory somewhere. The greatest weapon of war is mind control. It can convince people that they are at peace when they are being warred upon, and that they are under attack in times of peace.

The globe is a psychological warfare ploy. It's essentially a piece of enemy propaganda. A lie which convinces us that we are stranded here and that there are no options but to work within the system.

Yet, the globe and the religious paradigm which supports it is simply the latest iteration in a long line of religious mind control paradigms. It's fundamentally no different than a star and crescent or a crucifix. We have to recognize it for what it is.

It's an idol with significant implications for the world. It represents a group of people who have adopted a certain worldview with its own rules, laws, customs, traditions, and philosophies. It has its taboos, it's blasphemies, and a concept of atonement by asceticism in the name of environmentalism.

The trouble is, people who join up under a certain flag or idol often find it useful to exclude or silence competing groups. This is all basic stuff, but when you can recognize that the globe, as a symbol, is just another logo and should not be considered a map, then you can view the cult or the tribe of the globe in its true light: just another religion with an ambitious public outreach program.

The globe---globalism which rests upon it, is a political and religious ideology, fundamentally no different than any other totalitarian theocracy. It's a fascist, theocratic political ideology with a conqueror ethic. Just as you wouldn't take some priests or clerics explanation for the universe on faith, you shouldn't take some NASA astrophysicist opinion on global warming on faith.

We know where the globe is leading us and we have to stop it dead in its tracks. World serfdom is a very real possibility and the Dark Age they plan for us is as dystopic and brutal as the worst moments of the twentieth century. The technocrats want to convert the world into an open air prison overpopulated with illiterate and violent brutes who slave away for the elite with no concept of freedom from the state because their basic needs are met with EBT and Netflix, the bread and circuses of the present zeitgeist.

And so what are we going to do about it?

First of all, Flat Earth is a liberation movement. Globe-belief is a pro-slavery worldview which accepts slavery and its complementary belief in those with a divine mandate to rule. Monarchists need a globe to contain their subjects who, in the absence of coercive governmental force, would have no need for kings, priests, or global warming alarmists. Anarchy has a bad reputation but it is possible for people to co-exist peacefully as equals while it is not possible to co-exist peacefully with populations divided into royal and common bloodlines. There are no benevolent dictatorships.

Contrary to common perception, it is the Flat Earthers who are the sane ones in any debate with Ball-Earthers. Worshipers of the ball are the ones who have given their faith and their minds

over to our mutual manipulators: the secret societies operating from behind the curtain as it encircles our world like a vast, multi headed boa constrictor.

And as with religious fundamentalism generally, the globe's faithful are what facilitates the divide and conquer strategy employed by these elite: a stratagem which includes race wars, gender wars, religious wars, ideological bigotry, and the riling up of a lynch mob mentality.

This system of controlling the populations by manipulating their minds via hi-tech propaganda is evil and it is held together by our faith in their lies. These lies are woven together to form a web of interconnected assumptions that bind the whole together in a self-reinforcing worldview. This forms a complete religious and political structure which the masses adopt unquestioningly because its nearly impossible to see how it ties together.

Governments lie. Priests lie. Scientists lie. Journalists lie. People collude and conspire for mutual gain. To pretend this doesn't go on is to assist the biggest criminals in their endeavors. Belief in the globe gives a pretext for those who believe in a one world government to advance their agenda which, by the way, places "sustainability" above liberty. And guess what? Freedom isn't sustainable according to the definition used by the eco-fascists and manbearpig extremists.

Belief in the globe equates to a belief that the government knows what's best for the governed. better to be a well-fed slave on a plantation than a free person without a guarantee of having their minimum needs taken care of. Post Globe Consciousness seeks **positive liberty**, the possession of the capacity to act upon one's free will, as opposed to **negative liberty** of Globe Consciousness, which is freedom from external restraint on one's actions imposed by need.

If you believe that humanity ought to be independent individualistic, free, and prosperous, then you have to abandon the lies which hold their evil system together. We must debate the other side because we are all caught up in the psychological war being waged against the free people of the world, but the Ball-Earthers, unfortunately, are fighting for the other side.



This is Atlas, holding the Ball Earth in front of a building which symbolizes the Shaft of Baal, or an Obelisk (O-BAAL-ISK, which means LORD). The elite communicate their power esoterically and this is how they hide the truth in plain sight. This communicates that this is a temple run by those who have burdened the masses with the globe illusion.

This is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the centerpiece of Rockefeller Center in Midtown Manhattan, New York City.

Inside the building entrance and on the roof are murals depicting Urizen, the Demiurge. The

following mural has a reference to the bible verse Isaiah 33:



The [compass](#) associated with Urizen borrow from Masonic symbolism for [God](#) as the "Great Architect of the Universe".

Tactic 1: Deny Them the Moral or Intellectual High Ground

I compiled this series of debate tactics to be used by those of you who are in the position of defending your contention that the earth is not a ball to those who devoutly believe in it. These brainwashes, these cultists---whatever you want to call them---don't recognize that heliocentrism is a religion. They don't recognize that the government officials, politicians, and so-called scientists among with the media pundits who back their worldviews are, for the most part, the priesthood of the elite. These are the elite who are brainwashing you into believing a specific way of seeing the world and your place in it.

In order to defeat the brainwashing we don't have to debate so much as we have to question. The burden of proof for establishing the spinning ball should be squarely placed upon those making this extraordinary claim. You could argue that Flat Earthers are merely "Earther" and that the "Spinning Ballers" are imposing a false reality upon the rest of us.

Even though we know that heliocentrism is a false model of reality and that the proof has not been provided, we still have to advance the truth or it will remain drowned out by the constant river of lies flowing in the other direction.

We stop the flow of lies with questions. Dam their lies with pointed questions.

We're just seeking the truth as they constantly re-establish their dogmas, force-feeding people into accept their religion. Also remember that not all of the defenders of this propaganda matrix are willing participants in the deception. The deceivers have done such a tremendous job of turning us against our own perceptions that we become proxies for our own enslavers and work as our own prison wardens. That is, until we awaken to the liberating, matrix shattering truth of the Flat Earth.

Every person that wakes up to the truth is one less guardian of the lies. Every person who leaves the matrix is one less source of energy for it to feed upon. It requires collective belief and complicity just to exist. You, the Flat Earther, are a spellbreaker, a liberator, and a reformer.

We don't have to debate with the severely curvated because we have the cure. The cure is simple: realign people with their own perceptions. This happens when we destroy faith in the middleman: the priesthood of the elite. We have to take away the intellectual high ground they falsely lay claim to. The truth will stand on its own merit once the lie machine is turned off.

NASA has been replacing your perceptions with their deceptions.

They falsify the facts of reality. So do all the climate science organizations. However, if you are falsifying facts to reach conclusions then you are not a scientific organization. NASA, therefore, is not scientific. That's hard for people to accept, which makes sense given the decades of hero worship and blind faith they have invested into the myth of the spaceman.

NOAA, the climate change research organization, was recently caught lying about the temperature data in order to fit conclusions that would be politically expedient. Most science today is Scientism. Most science today is politicized. Scientific findings are often nothing more than narratives used to enforce certain political views and to advance the cause of centralizing government, ultimately to a world state in order to save the planet from a coming deluge, just as

with the myth of Noah's Ark. Listen to Noah and be saved or experience floods and witness the destruction of the world. That parallel is not a coincidence.

When you debate globe-believers, they think they're coming at you from a place of knowledge, far superior knowledge in fact, because they are getting their information from their priesthood. What they believe is intellectually honest and scientific is, in fact, religious dogma. Therefore, they don't have the intellectual high ground and they're claiming.

They don't have the moral high ground when they say that people who deny climate change ought to be in jail. They don't automatically gain debate points for accepting the consensus on anything. Therefore, you are obliged to upset their expectations and take away their high ground when they come down to debate you.

They will approach with this attitude of, "okay I'm a superior modern mind, I'm a genius, and I'm gonna go talk to a neanderthal, so lemme go put this neanderthal in its place. Hey Flat-tard, everybody knows Earth's a ball. You're stupid. Haha. Case closed."

That pretty much sums up their approach. What they don't expect is an actual debate. They don't know what to do when the neanderthal turns out not to be a neanderthal at all but is instead a seeker of truth with an understanding of the scientific methodology.

They can't handle it when someone with an inquisitive mind responds with questions and statements like:

"How do you know the Earth is a ball when the curve cannot be established even though there's a formula for measuring it?"

"How do you know we landed on the moon when there is footage showing the astronauts staging photographs of the Earth as though they were in a film studio and not on a vessel hurtling through space?"

"The moon landing didn't happen and global warming is a hoax, and if you believe these things, you simply cannot claim that science backs your beliefs. You can claim the narratives of Scientism and its priesthood back your claims, but science does not."

Most of what people believe has been accepted on faith including orbiting satellites, the nature of the planets and their distances, not to mention the the entire space program itself. From the International Space Station to the so called spacewalks, all of it is fake. So when you come to the debate it with the certainty that you actually know more than they do, it puts things in their proper balance.

Remember, you were indoctrinated into the globe. At one time you were a believer. You were in that religion for the longest time and then you woke up. And this was what, two or three years ago? Maybe more recently? So if you just woke up to the deception then this means that you have pretty much as much time in the matrix as the indoctrinates you're debating with.

The true believers were indoctrinated the same way you were so they certainly don't know more than you. You diverged and you sought alternative explanations so technically, you know more twice what they do on this topic. It's like knowing two different languages. Acquiring additional knowledge doesn't mean that you lose what you knew previously. As a Flat Earther, you're able to see more than they are and you have a more objective and impartial point of view.

If you only know the globe and you debate against Flat Earth, you don't have enough information. Also, there isn't a single person that only knows the Flat Earth model because every single one of us have been through the globe mind control meat-grinder. Every single one of us. None of us escaped it.

So if you're actually interested in the truth, in discerning reality from narrative by observing reality with your own perceptions rather than through the filter of a priesthood, then you have to break free of their stranglehold on the interpretation of the facts of reality. If you don't stand up in the face of their lies and shout the truth then you are giving tacit approval to the conformity and the status quo of a world built upon a foundation of lies.

If you do shout the truth, expect some pushback because nothing will upset the status quo more than the reality of Flat Earth. Many of my debate approaches come from watching atheists arguing against creationists. You may be a creationist, which is fine. However, in the interest of seeking truth it is imperative that faith not be admitted into the laboratory. Flat Earth liberation is a scientific pursuit and it is only through the objective, fact oriented approach to discerning the truth that we will bring down the edifice of lies which is the globe.

It is worth mentioning that many of the famous atheists are in how they apply their critical thinking. They're selective atheistic. Christopher Hitchens, Richard Dawkins, and Sam Harris, for instance, all reject Islam, they reject Christianity, and they reject Judaism. Yet, they are all worshipers of the state so they all fall under the same exact paradigm of religiosity they condemn. They are exponents of one faith while decrying another faith. Flat Earth is Post-Faith.

The same can be said for the popular Youtube atheist, the Amazing Atheist, who makes many good arguments for rejecting religious thinking and religious conformity and indoctrination, but he too worships the state and believes in global warming. Belief in global warming and the utopian view that the state can save the planet from it is not scientific. The belief in these things requires a leap of faith, for these constitute the eschatology of the state religion, and the global warmists doomsayers are priests of Scientism.

It is critical to understand that we all went through a lifelong process of indoctrination. We were indoctrinated as children, which isn't very nice or fair if you think about it. It can be helpful to think of the globe in this way: if you are twenty one years old and someone tries to sell you on a fundamentalist cult, you would probably reject it. After a life of free from overt theocratic despotism, selling you on new worldview, a new system of law, one with values alien to your own, is going to be a hard sell. Which is why religions are often imposed at the point of a sword, or in the case of political religions, the barrel of a gun.

You wouldn't expect someone to say, "Wow, that sounds like a great idea. let me read more about what this great prophet had to say about how I should live my life." No, you wouldn't because you had twenty-one years to develop a sense of self, to learn to think for yourself.

Now, if you're born into this same alien system, in a place where it was all there was, and if you were raised on the Koran and it was the only book you read and the only book that anyone around you has ever read, if you were raised with those customs and those cultures and beliefs and everything reinforced it, then you didn't have to be sold on your worldview. It was not a hard sell because when you're a kid you don't have the ability or power to filter through what you're being told to believe.

You don't yet have the ability to think critically and consider, "well maybe there another way." So for the most part, you're a prisoner of your environment to the extent you can't escape it or are unaware of alternatives. When you don't have any options, you accept what you must in order to survive. So it is with the globe. We are raised with it, taught about it, and immersed in the globalist worldview which pervades every aspect our lives. It permeates our entertainment, the artwork we see, the music we listen to, and is so fundamental to everything in our environment that we can't escape it.

When you're arguing against the globe, you might find it helpful to imagine yourself being teleported to some alien culture like the compound where the Westboro Baptist Church lives. You're not going to say "Hey, the bible has nothing to do with reality, everything you believe is wrong, and there is no judgmental punishing god with specific hatred reserved for sinners. Everything you're espousing is false and your Calvinist Baptist doctrines are based upon very racist and antisemitic view that are incompatible with everything else that you claim to believe."

No, you wouldn't get that message across. they'd call you a sinner, a disbeliever, and they'd mock and laugh at you. They would let you know in no uncertain terms that you're going to burn in hell because you are less than them, you are worthless, you're just a sinner, and you were put here as a living example for them, God's Elect, of the kind of person that their deity hates.

So don't be surprised when these debate tactics don't immediately change any minds. But what they do is illustrate for you, how these people we are arguing with are coming from a place faith and politically expedient narratives rather than from reality or facts. They aren't interested in factual evidence that might suggest the ball is actually a flat and stationary plane with no discernable curve, and that all the government and religious institutions are all lying to them.

This is our challenge. We are dealing with people who are in a cult and it's not easy to have your cult leader's authority undermined. When you tell the NASA fanboy that William Shatner is as much an astronaut as Neil Armstrong you are committing blasphemy.

It takes guts to say "Hey, your cult leader is lying, your religious organization is lying, and all the believers that came before were lying or were deceived."

Of course there's a bit of a difference, mostly nominal, between those who were lying consciously and those who never knew the truth. But if you don't know its a lie it doesn't mean that you're not a liar. It just means that you're a useful stooge working as a proxy for the deceivers.

Religious institutions and political cults are masters at converting good intentions into evil actions and empathy into psychopathy.

"With or without religion, good people can behave well and bad people can do evil; but for good people to do evil - that takes religion."

--Steven Weinberg

When you join a cult or a religion, your own free will or agency is effaced and you function just an extension of the organization. This is the true power of any cult or masonic organization: the power to replace individuals with collectives, the ability to create fanatical mobs who serve as proxies for the cult leaders. So any time that you defended the globe, you were actually defending world government, eco-fascism, totalitarianism, and you our own prison, and all

without knowing it.

So the first tactic is to always deny them the moral and intellectual high ground cause they'll claim to have both while they have neither. In fact, they are neither intellectual nor moral because belief in the globe is a misanthropic and nihilistic belief. And they're not intellectual because their belief is rooted in indoctrination reinforced by emotion and a myriad of logical fallacies.

So you can declare with conviction that the truth that the Earth is not a globe but is in fact an instrument of psychological war and it advances an immoral and anti-scientific ideology. Breaking out of the false worldview instilled by the globalists and their educators is easily the greatest "free thinker" test there is, so if you passed it, congratulations. If you're still struggling, read on because the big picture will be examined in depth in the following chapters.

Tactic 2: Demand Logical Consistency

This is an important tactic. Many of the claims that believers in the ball make are very bold yet, if you apply them universally, you'll see that these same claims do not always apply consistently. It's as though they are cherry picking verse from a holy book to back their claims.

For example, do snipers have to adjust for the rotation of the Earth when aiming at distant targets? According to those that believe in the globe, sniper bullets can travel so far that the globe's rotation will move the target out of the bullet's path, so shooters have to adjust their aim accordingly

So according to this claim, if you're aiming at a rabbit three miles away, you have to aim a foot to its left so that the Earth will actually spin and move the rabbit into the path of your bullet. If you don't do this, then the Earth's spin will save the rabbit. And this is, they say, what snipers know.

And if you're not a sniper and you've never directly experienced this then you're pretty much accepting this on hearsay, because in my experience it seems that a disproportionately high number of defenders of the globe just happen to "know a sniper" who who regularly take long distance shots, and therefore have to regularly account for the spin of the Earth.

They will unabashedly proclaim, "Hey, my uncle's a sniper!" or "My brother-in-law is a sniper." My response to this argument from authority fallacy is to demand proof. I ask them to show me the shooting manual the sniper rifle user guide which says, "Oh by the way, at this distance you're going to have to account for the spin of the Earth."

Will any sniper or friend of a sniper step up to back their claim? Will someone show me the sniper guide? I kinda doubt it, but that being said, if that is true: that the bullet once exiting the rifle's barrel is now independent and on its own trajectory, unaffected by the atmosphere, and that the earth moves beneath it, and for the sake of argument we'll assume that it is true, then why isn't it true for airplanes?

Airplanes are not affected by the rotation of the Earth. They don't account for it and it doesn't change flight times from New York to LA versus LA to New York. With a supposed 1000 mile-per-hour rotation, you would think that one trip would take longer but no, they take the exact same length of time.

Aircraft are presumed to fly with an atmosphere that moves with the Earth. So, if aircraft fly in an atmosphere that moves with the spinning planet, then why don't bullets? Are they magic bullets like the one that killed Kennedy? Maybe that's it. Or it's magical thinking, cognitive dissonance, doublethink, and indoctrination.

Whatever you wanna call it, what we see here is a lack of logical consistency between these two contradictory claims: that the Earth is spinning and that this has implications for snipers, but these implications don't apply to pilots. What's the difference? Because presumably it would be the same if you were chucking a spear three miles or shooting a bullet, right? What makes a bullet special? Why would a plane be exempt from having to calculate the rotation of the Earth? It's not consistent.

Here's another example of doublethink in globe belief: I often encounter people who say, "Of course Earth is a ball; boats go over the horizon." I'm sure you've all encountered this one. It's the most common refrain of the severely indoctrinated globetard. But do boats, in fact, go over the horizon?

After a boat has, to the naked eye, gone over the hump, you can bring them back into view with a telescopic lens. This is consistent with the idea that they aren't disappearing because of curve, but due to converging planes and the limitations on how far the eye can actually see. You can bring this up to the globe enthusiast, but no, they generally don't care to change their view on this popular myth.

What they care about is boats go over the horizon because it confirms the Earth is curved as they were taught in the 2nd grade. But then if you tell them about how when you were in an airplane five miles high you failed to detect any curvature, they will happily inform you that you're too small to see the curve. Pop-Astrophysicist Neil Degrasse Tyson has made this exact point when attempting to refute the Flat Earth reality.

So which is it, Neil? Tell me, those of you who are blind followers of the Priests of Scientism: are we too small to see the curve of the earth even from a plane? OR, can we see boats go over the horizon? Boats going over the horizon means that the Earth curves and the higher you go, the more pronounced that curve should be.

The fact is, high altitude flights reveal a lack of any curve at all. If it curves enough to hide boats within a few miles, then with a view from five miles up, the Earth's edge should be rounded, not flat and horizontal.

You can't have both. It's one or the other. If you hold both to be true then you're engaging in doublethink. To be consistent you have to let go of one. Either let go of the idea that we're too small to see the curvature or you must let go of this notion of seeing boats going over it. You either can perceive the curve or you can't.

Does the spin of the Earth selectively affect objects for some reason that we don't yet understand? And why can we see boats go over the horizon but we can't visually detect curvature? If the rotation of the Earth causes bullets to miss their marks, then why aren't planes similarly affected? The principle being that the atmosphere moves with the Earth which means the plane doesn't need to worry about the spin. Yet, this "principle" does not apply to bullets. The principle would remain the same if we're talking bullets, javelins, arrows, or airplanes.

In fact, if Neil Degrasse Tyson is to be believed, even footballs are affected by the Earth's spin. He has tweeted more than once about field goals being foiled by the rotation of the Earth:

Today's [@Bengals](#) winning OT field goal was likely enabled by a 1/3-in deflection to the right, caused by Earth's Rotation.

— Neil deGrasse Tyson (@neiltyson) [October 11, 2015](#)

If you're too small to see the curve, Neil, how are you able to see boats go over the horizon?

Are stars visible from the International Space Station or from the moon? Is the universe a wondrous tapestry of twinkling lights and colorful whirling galaxies? Or is space a pitch black palpable and perpetual dark abyss? Both versions are popular among astronauts. More doublethink.

Why aren't there any HR pictures of the earth? Only CGI composites. Why? They have an Ipad on the ISS yet we can't get a video clip of the Earth as seen from a handheld device? All the images they show us are from stationary cameras or are animated computer models. It's because they can't fake reality as easily with a handheld device because it would giveaway the Fourth Wall, the fact that the entire thing is filmed on a movie set, not in space.

The idea here is to expose chinks in their armour and take them off their assumed intellectual high ground. Reveal how much of what they think they know comes directly from urban legends, myths, and government sponsored made-for-TV science fiction movies presented as news. Show them the unchallenged inconsistencies they have accepted into their minds. These instances of doublethink represent gaps in their understanding and your object should be to expose these and allow them to experience the cognitive dissonance which comes with having a delusion shattered.

Tactic 3: Acknowledge Ad Hominem Attacks and Press Forward

Acknowledge ad hominem attacks and move forward. What this means is simple: when someone arguing against you is resorting to name calling it's because they lost the debate and it's to their advantage to end it. They do so by attempting to demoralize, distract, and turn you off of the debate by attacking your personal character, your intellect, your ideas, your looks, or whatever they can grab a hold of in order to cause you to stop presenting factual arguments before them.

Here's a quick example:

"You're mentally deficient so get a job," a glober might say.

Your response:

"I agree. I am mentally deficient and unemployed, which means NASA would probably hire me. By the way, THE EARTH HAS NO CURVE."

See what I did there? Use the force of the enemy against them by sidestepping and redirecting it. Don't let their mean comments faze you. Acknowledge it, don't ignore it. If you ignore it they will repeat the tactic and that's not constructive. Acknowledge and fire back with a factual argument.

These tactics are about getting these arguments to happen. So when someone says, you're an ugly basement dwelling high school dropout neanderthal and that you have no right to talk about outer space because you're not an astrophysicist, you can take it all in stride knowing that outer space is a myth and that you have the truth on your side.

When they give you that argument you can say, "I am a proud basement dweller. But how does this change the fact that the Earth isn't a ball?"

Sometimes it's fun to go down to their level and call them brainwashed globetards and New World Order Sucklings, which is fine to do because you want to demonstrate that you're not ashamed of your position while their own position is indeed something to be ashamed about. So long as you follow up your own jabs with statements advancing your argument you're not backsliding.

Don't fall into the trap of mutual mud flinging which often escalates into ALL CAPS or worse, ceasing the talk altogether. This can have the unintended consequence of mudding the comments section to the point where no one wants to get into it. If you don't have a thick skin yet, you haven't done your time in the trenches. But don't worry, since the truth is on your side, you can take the personal attacks as evidence that you're on target. If you're taking flak then you're making progress.

Sticks and stones may break your bones but they can't stop you from asking pointed questions.

Joe Rogan, a vehement hater of Flat Earthers has often said that if Television Pop-Astrophysicist Neil Degreasy Tyson says something true then it is true. Joe Rogan is fine with accepting information on authority and he uses his faith in the Priest of Scientism as a cudgel to attacking Flat Earthers. As a Round-Earth Shill and a Ball-Earth Stooge, he does this to put the fear in his listeners. Nobody wants a respected icon putting them down publicly and as viciously as he does.

Here's an example of Joe being a Ball-Fanatic:

“Making Youtube videos about the Earth being Flat? That shit isn't' research! It's just not! It is not. You're not a scientist! You're not wearing a lab coat and you don't work for a major University! Just cause your some fuckng jackoff alone in your room obsessing about nonsense, that's not research!”

This is someone who accepts revealed mystic texts, the mumbo jumbo of the NASA mind controllers, without question. He doesn't believe that just any individual can do any legitimate research because this requires approval from the appropriate authority.

This reveals a lot about his mindset. For one thing, it's remarkably shortsighted, for in the entirety of human history, we have never had such an amazing tool for research as the Internet. The Internet is the greatest research tool ever devised, ever created, and we have it right in front of us. You can look up anything, research any topic, read any book, examine at any published scientific information, watch lectures, and exchange information with instantaneous communication with anyone around the so called world of every level of expertise.

The sharing of information and specifically of scientific knowledge is going on at levels that are exponentially greater than what they were just five or ten years ago, so for someone like Joe Rogan to say you can't do real research reveals the same elitist mentality as the priesthood of the pre-Reformation church who said, “You peasants can't read the bible! We gotta do something about this printing press, because now all these peasants are going to read for themselves and think for themselves! We can't have that because they aren't approved and they aren't wearing fancy clerical costumes! They don't have temples and incense burners! How can we allow them to think for themselves? Invalid! Make sure we burn those bibles and kill the heretics who try to read them!”

And that what people like Joe Rogan want to do. Joe Rogan wants to burn you--- socially. To incinerate your character in front of everybody if you have the wrong opinion. This, essentially, is what all theocratic despots do. They punish you for contradicting the official dogmas. He is very intolerant of dissent. Imagine, just for questioning the globe and doing research and discussing it and making videos about it , you're suddenly “a basement dwelling” loser? I mean, that's very condescending, very elitist, and evident that he is not a free thinker at all but is in fact an orthodox globalist, a stateaoloatrist, and a die-hard believer in global warming

His fundamentalist attitude and his slavish admiration for the pear-shaped Neil Degreasy Tyson is misplaced. Tyson is presented as impartial, objective, and someone who speaks scientific truth. This is absurd, of course, because there are no people more politicised these days than pop-scientists pushing Scientism.

They're not scientists. They are influence agents giving the sheeple the politically correct narratives to targeted demographics. Notice how these pop-scientists seem to push globalism? They advance global warming hysteria along with showing the hipsters that cool people vote socialist. And socialism is how the globalists plan expropriate the middle class as they transition us to a more “sustainable” and “greener” world order.

So my point here is that when popular individuals, people like Joe Rogan or even politicians try to attack you by calling you a global warming denier, an ignorant hillbilly, a scumbag, or whatever they call you, acknowledge it gracefully and press on. “Yeah okay, I'm a scumbag Flat

Earther and I think global warming is bunk. Now tell me, why there are air bubbles in space and green screens on the International Space Station.

Take a hit, advance the argument, and proceed. It doesn't matter what they say about you, the truth is the truth.

Tactic 4: Deconstruct the Strawman

Deliberately misrepresenting your views is a standard form of attack that will be leveled against you when you express the heretical belief that maybe the world's not a ball. If you cite the lack of curvature they will point out that there's no way it's flat because the water would flow over the edge.

Confronted with the eminent falsifiability of their beloved globe, they often retreat into denial, ignoring your facts and focusing instead upon some ridiculous facet of a Flat Earth model nobody takes seriously. This is a deliberate form of deflection which allows them to censor your message by conflating it with nonsense.

You will never hear Joe Rogan say, "Someone please explain to me how the curvature is determined." Nope. He'll rant and rave about how the evil Flat Earthers need to be tied to stakes and burned. This is an intentional act of sabotage. Straw man arguments are meant to claim victory in a debate and change the subject.

Most of the time people employ this method unintentionally. It comes from a lack knowledge about the topic which, to be fair, is totally understandable. This book is intended to assist the Flat Earth Reformer in this regard. So usually when they come at you with strawman attacks it is because they are ignorant about the Flat Earth model and therefore they don't actually know what they are arguing against. They don't know the claims you make and so they can't argue against those.

Use strawman arguments as a chance to correct the record. Sometimes people are just responding to their conditioning. All of us went through the indoctrination process. We all went to elementary school where we were shown a globe and we were told people used to believe that if you kept sailing the same direction you would go over the edge, and then the kids would all laugh because that's a laugh line. It's a straw man mischaracterization of the Flat Earth that was handed to us when we were little, so obviously the first time someone encounters this topic as an adult they're going to revert to what they know.

"Wait a minute," they'll say, "everybody knows the world's a ball. We figured that out five-thousand years ago. I was told about this in the second grade, so if you think the world is flat, then why hasn't anyone gone over the edge?" Debate won. At least that's how they see it.

What you have to do is deconstruct the strawman argument because when people first hear of Flat Earth they imagine a frisbee floating in space and they ask, "...if Earth is flat then why isn't the sun lighting up the entire surface at once. Wouldn't we have night and day uniformly? Because a sphere, obviously shields half the surface."

So that's a fairly straightforward and logical comment, but what they miss here is that this is not what we think the Flat Earth looks like. We reject heliocentrism altogether so these distant stars you see, and the distant sun 93 million miles away, does not apply to any Flat Earth model. And to be clear, there are several competing models. There isn't a consensus yet.

Perhaps the enforcers of the globe-matrix have a true map of the Flat Earth but we certainly don't. We do have common points of agreement, namely the lack of curvature and the eminent falsifiability of the globe, but we're still seeking the best explanations. Unlike globers, we don't

pretend to know everything.

The absence of consensus doesn't invalidate it. Consensus has nothing to do with science. A new discovery by an individual may actually change what the majority believes. It's not as though all discoveries are made by every scientist at the same time. New information by individual or minority opinion is always what upsets the status quo.

Because there isn't a fully agreed upon model, strawman arguments tend to fail anyway. They should always be countered with some facet of the debate that is agreed upon, like the fact that there is no stellar parallax. Or that lakes are flat.

It should also be mentioned that none of us believe in outer space and that the only time we have ever seen it is in the movies and in NASA computer animations. The crew on the International Space Station NEVER EVER EVER take a handheld camera and look around outside the window. We have to rely on their testimony that it's "oh so beautiful." Well, the reason why they can't show us space is because it doesn't exist, or at least not in the way it's been described.

The Flat Earth model rejects SPACE itself, which is what many people who are deeply indoctrinated into the spherical Earth model don't get. They can't think outside the Globe. We reject orbiting spheres, the vastly overstated distances to the stars, the moon, and the so called planets. We see the heliocentric system as a farcical model and recognize that "space" is as real and as provable as "Heaven." We have to rely on priests and true believers who have crossed over to the other side.

Another straw man argument that was leveled against me recently went like this "Hey, wait a minute, if the world was flat, then the same constellations would be visible from any point on the surface, at all times. Yet, if you're on the southern hemisphere, there are constellations you can't see that you can see from the northern hemisphere. How do you explain that?"

Of course this means that the curvature of the globe is occluding the view of those constellations on the other side of the hump. That explanation only makes sense if you're looking at the stars and their distances through the lense of the heliocentric model. It's a straw man argument because Flat Earth rejects the distances involved in the heliocentric model.

If the stars are not trillions light-years (which don't exist by the way) away, but are instead just a few thousand miles away, than any constellation that you see from the northern "hemisphere" will not be visible a few thousand miles to the south because it will be over the visible horizon from the distant observer.

Besides, It hasn't even been established that light itself can be seen from 25 trillion light-years away. The existence of light-years and the entire cosmology predicated upon the existence of light-years has been called into question.

Also note that the straw man argument also applies to the stereotype used to attack Flat Earthers when there aren't any around. In the absence of a visible Flat Earth movement, the enemy will have free reign over the narrative. This is why people generalize about Flat Earthers. We're described as a bunch of trolls who aren't serious. Or we're nutcase homeschoolers, dinosaur deniers, global warming deniers, who inhabit the shallow ends of our gene pools.

The way we deconstruct that particular strawman, the misrepresentation of who and what Flat Earthers are, we have to be seen and heard. When a creep like Joe Rogan launches a strawman

attack against all Flat Earthers, you can rest assured that we're in the process of witnessing the gradual acceptance of a self-evident truth. First they ignore it, then they attack it, then they pretend to have known it all along.

So this tactic boils down to these two approaches to deconstructing their strawman arguments:

1. Call them out for "getting everything wrong," and correct the misrepresentations of Flat Earth.
2. Advocate for the truth. Be an agent of change as we deconstruct the Globe Paradigm. Become the visible vanguard of the Flat Earth Reformation. This will negate their attempts to define us.

Tactic 5: Question Their Faith

Check their foundations. Is their belief system built upon the shifting sands of shifty Scientism?

Globe believers think they have science on their side. They don't recognize that they have taken several great leaps of faith in their lifetime, especially the atheists. The louder the atheists proclaim their freedom from faith or religion, the more likely they are devoutly religious and faithful when it comes to their belief in the state approved religion: the one world religion known as the Globe.

The spherical Earth is nothing less than the idol of a secular humanistic religion which reaches across all denominations and ensnares even the die-hard atheists.

Although this religion venerates the globe, ultimately its worshipers are directed towards worshiping the state itself. The globe as religion was deliberately constructed so as to be the glue which binds all the people of our world under one faith and one government. And it's succeeded massively.

This religion is disguised as science but it is in fact pagan Catholicism repackaged as Science. They have replaced the trappings of religion and mysticism with science and astrophysics and quantum mechanics. The pathological altruism of Jesus on the cross has been replaced with the collectivism inherent in statism and theocratic despotism. The religion of the globe, it must be understood, is theocratic and authoritarian. If you don't believe in sin, you don't have to confess to a priest and donate to the collection basket. But if you don't believe in global warming, you still have to pay carbon taxes.

The globe-believers think we're in a solar system with the sun in the middle. Helios is a sun god. Sol is Latin for Sun, as in Solar System, and his Greek name, Helios, places him in the center of the heliocentric system. (Incidentally, our sun is said to be made up of, among other gases, helium. It should also be noted that the obelisk, symbolic of the sun god's resurrection, has a modern counterpart in the rocket, which are in fact helium filled blimps with Jet Assisted Take Off.)

As ancient sun gods "give" their life blood or energy for their believers, today, the sun is claimed to be in a process of burning out, and therefore it is dying. And yet, if it wasn't giving off light, then life would not be. So, therefore, the sun is in fact dying to give the globers life.

Heaven, once filled with watchful angels, messengers to report your sins to God has been replaced by space and now it is satellites which watch everything and report to the God-which is the governmental overseer. This religion has its own eschatology. Its end times apocalypse scenario is a way for the god to punish the sinners.

But instead of an angry vindictive narcissistic sky god outpouring his wrath upon the sinner, we have Mother Earth and nature. Instead of a battle being fought to maintain the balance between forces of good and the forces of evil, we have the struggle to maintain homeostasis in the face of potential Climate Change.

The polluting humans may cause flooding, inclement weather, global warming, unpredicted hurricanes because of their sinful ways. And the priests, who can talk to the god directly have been replaced with climate scientists who alone know how to appease the angry god. People like

Al Gore running around taking all your money are the modern equivalent of priests selling indulgences to the rich.

So questioning the globers on their faith is a great way to show them that they have a faith. They're in a religion and they don't even know it. But that doesn't matter. They don't have to know it and they don't have to understand the finer points of occult rituals, such as those disguised as rocket launches, or how the entire moon landing drama was formed in the context of masonic lodge ritual--if you know how to read it. That's how this works. There's always an exoteric explanation fed to the public and there's an esoteric side, something that only the initiated can know; the dark side.

Faith is at the root of globe belief.

We are debating against theocrats and religious nutcases who don't know that they are being religious nutcases. It's quite a conundrum and the people who set up this elaborate mind control matrix knew exactly what they were doing.

They created atheism as the mystical/philosophical branch of their secular humanistic religion. The point of this religion is to get people to worship centralized state power and to give away their individual sovereignty. It's about a master-slave relationship and you can bet that the elite aren't planning on being the serfs.

So we must expose the foundations of their beliefs. Are they built upon shifting sands? How many protective layers shield them from the truth?

The Flat Earth is at the bottom of the rabbit hole. Before anyone gets there they must first see through the psyops like the Sandy Hook Hoax, the Boston Hoaxathon, the fake shooting Paris, the fake truck attacks, as well as the big one, 9/11 itself. These are key because you reach these before you hit the bottom of the rabbit hole, and like the globe, each psyop is something which has to be accepted on faith and they come from the same deceivers in the media and the government.

If they can understand that these operations are meant to advance certain narratives, then they simply need to go one step deeper. For example, can you get a glober to admit that the control freaks behind the curtain fake school shootings to provoke reactions from the public which can be channeled into political change? If they can't grasp that basic level of subterfuge, then they won't be able to escape the Globe Delusion.

If, however, you can get them to admit that some parts of the official narratives are faked now and then, you can get them to agree that most of what they accept is without complete knowledge. In other words, on faith.

And the way we break the spell is we attack their faith. And here's where you have to be blunt: if a globe believer is unwilling to consider that CNN would falsify news to spread propaganda, even going so far as to fake school shootings, then they simply will not make it to the bottom of the rabbit hole.

The truth is concealed behind hi-tech propaganda and state sponsored lies. You don't oppose a dangerous cult by arguing with them over their doctrines. You oppose it by exposing their structure and how they control their members. You don't need to read DIANETICS to discredit Scientology. You merely need to point out how it actually functions as an organization.

When leaving a destructive cult or breaking away from any form of abusive relationship, there's a breaking up process. And breaking away from the globe is both of these. Globe belief is both a destructive cult and its relationship to the believer is an abusive one. It takes a number of stages before one is liberated from it altogether. Just as initiatory secret societies use degree systems to gradually bring the candidate into perfect or total knowledge of the mysteries, so too is waking up to Flat Earth a gradual process.

But when you reach the bottom of that rabbit hole, you will know what the adversary knows. You will be an insider to their secrets yet you aren't bound by their oaths nor are you loyal to their secret cause. This makes you a threat to their entire system.

But before you get to the bottom of the rabbit hole you have to see behind the media-generated reality. This is why faith in media has to be exposed. The tactic here is to expose their faith and question it. The more you expose these intellectual blindspots, the weaker the globe's hold on them becomes. This is why free speech is such a problem for tyrants, theocrats, and globalist-theocratic-tyrannical-despots.

So here are some examples of questioning their basic assumptions:

Ask if they believe in the moon landing and why. Ask them if they have reexamined any of the footage--the original footage which the world found so convincing. Because to look at that and not recognize the cheesy, Film Studies 101 special effects is to be willfully ignorant or bereft of discernment. Ask them if they are aware of the evidence against it being real.

Anytime they admit to not knowing about counter-evidence you have exposed a blind spot.

Ask them why they believe in global warming despite the fact that there used to be a global cooling scare. Ask them if they are aware of the evidence against it being real.

Again, if they are not aware of evidence running contrary to their beliefs, then you have exposed an intellectual blind spot.

Ask them why they believe in spacewalks despite the bubbles in space and the fact that NASA trains on a scale model of the International Space Station underwater. Ask them if they are aware of the evidence against it being real.

Ask why they think the Boston Marathon was actually bombed. Ask them if they are aware of the evidence against it being real.

Asking them if they are aware of the evidence against their beliefs is meant to goad them into admitting that their beliefs are not really open to questioning. This means that they don't admit inconvenient facts which might disturb their familiar narratives. This is what all cultists and religious fundamentalists do.

Point out that they have baseless faith in their narratives and no evidentiary support.

Direct some questions to their faith in the actor-nauts. Ask them, "do you believe that Neil Armstrong walked on the moon?" When they say yes, ask them if they believe that film can survive the Van Allen Radiation Belt.

Ask them if Bill Nye or Neil DeGrasse Tyson are more scientific than Flat Earthers. This is obviously going to get them to mock the idea that Flat Earthers are scientific at all, which will

give you a chance to point out that the Globe is a religious conviction not a scientific belief because it has been falsified by the lack of demonstrable curvature and the absence of stellar parallax.

Like all cultists and fundamentalists, globers are not formulating their worldview based upon a scientific methodology but are in fact accepting revealed truths from their chosen authorities.

The often mocked “because muh holy book!” argument is the same one used to support the moon landing: “But muh TV set!”

They don't have first hand knowledge on any of the claims which support the globe. So again, this tactic is a simple probing to see what articles of faith they have embraced. To the extent that they have accepted the contrived, fake, computer generated worldview of the globalists, they are faithful adherents to the state religion.

Tactic 6: Constructive Trolling

We must protect trolling. The freedom of speech is meant to protect trolling. Politically correct speech doesn't need protection. The unpopular opinions are what need to be protected from the hysterical truth-a-phobes.

However, I think it's important that before you begin trolling people with Flat Earth Truth you must first grasp the distinction between constructive and destructive trolling:

1. Destructive Trolling is using disruptive comments to shut down or misdirect a debate. This amounts to conversational sabotage and is the opposite of open debate and the free exchange of ideas. Don't be that troll.
2. Constructive Trolling is using the same tactics but in a way to advance the debate. In some contexts this is called culture jamming. Doing things to break the consensus trance. It's a way to insert information that's relevant to the discussion but which is usually omitted.

When people look at you crazy for saying the Earth isn't a sphere, they will say you're a troll just attempting to gin up reactions. Pay no heed to that accusation because the truth is, NASA trolled all of us by passing off that B-movie as the real deal.

Besides, we all know that for the most part, one man's thoughtfully held opinion will be disregarded as a troll comment and not worthy of consideration to another who doesn't share that opinion. This speaks to the subjectivity and myopia which comes over those who spend too much time in the security of their own private echo chambers.

Encountering differing opinions should be regarded as a chance to expand the sum total of knowledge by adding to it or by eliminating erroneous and bad ideas. Calling any opinion or idea you don't like a troll, or referring to those who espouse said opinions or ideas as trolls amounts to more echochamber reinforcement.

And this is the predicament we find ourselves in. The entire "world" is a self-reinforcing echochamber for all the big lies which constrain the minds of the majority of the population. The globe has built in mechanisms for preserving its own existence starting with the early programming we get as children which teaches us that questioning authority is tantamount to social suicide.

We were taught to laugh at Flat Earth. It's part of the curriculum. Think about that. Of all the things we could teach kids to mock, why Flat Earth?

Being laughed at can be painful and, depending upon the context, potentially mortifying. It's an aspect of shame based mind control, a way of warning you about going against the party line. It threatens you with a potential loss of status, and status is survival for those whose lives are dependent upon their social standing.

Flat Earth, as a topic, is tantamount to blasphemy. If you talk about it at your place of employment, you risk getting fired or destroying your credibility.

And that's what we are doing. We are blaspheming.

Flat Earthers are blaspheming against the biggest religion ever designed

We are disputing the legitimacy of the dominant religion of our time. The globe-caliphate that has already achieved universality. Catholic means “universal” in Latin, which was what it was intended to be. But as the “world” encompassed more and more disparate populations, religions, and cultures, a new universal church was needed. Enter the new idol for a new world order: the Globe.

Every religion needs its heretics, non-believers, and infidels. Global Warmists call these people “deniers.” Every religion has its own Inquisition which serves as its own means of policing the thoughts of those who doubt the doctrines. Not having faith is a capital crime according to some interpretations. And don’t think the Pope isn’t craving that kind of power. He is a Marxist, which is the bloodiest ideology known to mankind, 200 million+ skulls in the last hundred years.

My point here is that trolling is effective and the closer we get to unraveling their entire propaganda matrix, the harder they will try to silence trolls. It’s already happening to opponents to globalism, global warming, and the divide-and-conquer machinations of the government-media complex. Given the present assault on free speech, which includes trolling, it is imperative that we engage in this form of communicating our message more vehemently than ever before.

If some NASA actor Tweets, TROLL him with hashtags like #FLATEARTH or #BUBBLESINSPACE.

If the I.S.S. broadcasts a “live feed”, leave comments about how fake it is.

We’re surrounded by sacred cows which have gone unchallenged for so long that the rare truth teller is treated as a pariah. Notice how even the word TRUTHER has negative connotations while known LIARS and MISLEADERS, like Lyin’ Brian Williams are given special consideration and total credibility by millions of sheeple.

The media is partisan and deceptive, known to promote hoaxes that advance its agenda and yet people kneel before the tell-lie-vision every night to hear the lies to be believed for the next 24 hours. Facts don’t matter. It’s about narrative. When hoaxes are exposed another one replaces it and the old news is rendered irrelevant as it drifts away on the river of lies.

And what has this to do with trolling? Trolling is just another way to insert the truth where it is not wanted.

An effective troll TIPS THE SACRED COWS.

As George Orwell wrote, “truth sounds like hate to those who hate the truth.” Today, truth telling is trolling, albeit a more constructive form of trolling. Unlike debate killing trolls who seek to misdirect or end conversation, truth in trolling will ignite debate and keep the conversation going in a more productive direction. Hit them with facts they cannot dispute, facts which poke holes in the stories they tell themselves.

Mock the Psyops, expose the race hoaxes, refuse to recycle, ask people about bubbles in space and mention how Italian **astronaut** Luca Parmitano **nearly drowned** during a spacewalk.

Here are a few tactics for using trolling in your online debates with brainwashed ball worshippers:

Subtle jabs--- Typing obscenities in all caps won’t get you anywhere. Instead, use subtle name

calling to draw someone back into a conversation when they attempt to get out. Lighthearted names like “hey globe head”, rather than “globe tard.” “Globe worshiper” is usually annoying enough to trigger a response. Subtle jabs cause people to want to hit harder. Call them dummy they call you effing-dumb. You’re trying to goad them into staying engaged in the discussion.

For example, “Had enough? That’s okay. The Earth will still be flat when you come back.”

The response adds to the view count, adds to the comments, and prolongs the activity. Name calling is wonderful when tempered with restraint.

Use Combination of Ridicule and Empathy-- ridicule the other side and empathize at the same time. For example, “Wow. This flat earth thing really has you foaming at the mouth! I can relate. I nearly punched the globe on my bookshelf when I started to see through the deception.”

Or

“You’re wrong about everything but you’re still a good person and I don’t want to see you deceived.”

Shout the Truth-- Type nice, calm, clearly presented arguments in all caps with lots of exclamation points. This is considered rude and makes people cringe when the facts are presented in all-caps because it’s the most noticeable comment on the page. Use an asterisk before and after your statements to make them bold in the comments section of Youtube:

“*THE EARTH IS NOT ONLY FLAT, BUT WE AREN’T EVEN IN A HELIOCENTRIC SOLAR SYSTEM!!!! THE EVIDENCE SUGGESTS THAT THE GLOBE IS A DECEPTION USED TO LOCK DOWN THE HUMAN RACE ON A SMALL PART OF A MUCH LARGER WORLD, WHICH BY THE WAY, ISN’T A SPHERE!!!!*”

Tactic 7: Exit the Echochamber

Many online debates stagnate because they lose touch with the masses of people who weren't in on it from the beginning. The exclusivity cuts the insiders off from the neophytes and eventually this exclusiveness becomes fringiness. And Flat Earth, aside from being cast out and exiled to the fringe, has the added difficulty of entrenching itself even deeper down the rabbit hole as its believers divide into factions.

So instead of getting the big picture out there, namely that Earth is a stationary flat plane, Flat Earthers are debating about the minutiae among themselves. The trouble with this, with keeping this information within insulated think tanks, is that entire topic alienates itself from those who need the information the most: those who are still having their perceptions filtered through the propaganda matrix.

For this topic to become accessible you have to advocate for it loudly enough to drown out those who are trying to silence it. We can't allow people like Neil Degrease Tyson define the Flat Earth for the uninitiated. They use misinformation and mischaracterization in order to deflect people from looking more carefully.

We are facing decades of propaganda specifically aimed at steering people's thoughts away from Flat Earth. It is taboo. Flat Earth remains taboo while aliens and UFO's are mainstream, acceptable beliefs. You won't lose friends because you think there's intelligent life "out there". Besides, how much risk is there in hazarding a such a guess given an infinite universe? So it's safe bet and that is the point. Aliens are safe, Flat Earth is not.

Here's the takeaway from this: **believing in aliens was once taboo, now it's not.**

And what accounts for the change? What made the taboo safe? It entered the mainstream. People got used to movies and films and books on the subject of alien life and became intrigued and inspired. It added to their sense of wonder. Aliens can be terrifying or cute, godlike or flawed. They became relatable and they served as fodder for thought experiments and self-reflection. The concept of aliens became fused with art and could no longer be contained by shaming those who think about it.

And shame works. Flat Earthers are shamed into staying in their think tanks which turns them into echo chambers. People who are shunned bond together and cease to need external validation which leads to alienating themselves from the outsiders. And so we cannot allow thought police to keep us from seeding the culture, the art, and the marketplace of ideas with Flat Earth.

Shaming "conspiracy theorists" is a known CIA tactic intended to silence debate and marginalize opinions which run counter to the state's official dogmas. And sadly it works. The clandestine intelligence agencies came up with a master plan to silence the truth and it's nothing more than: name calling, making fun of people you disagree with.

Flat Earth has gestated long enough. Now it must leave the echochamber and get outside of the conspiracy research community altogether. It must tap into broader swaths of the population. It needs to become the most popular subject in the so-called world. We need to co-opt their propaganda outlets. All the globalist movements which advance the globe-delusion by necessity, need to be initiated into Flat Earth.

We're supposed to think Flat Earth is a fringe topic but how can it be fringe with it affects every single person alive?

If you're a living breathing human being then is relevant to your interests. It is not just a conspiracy theory; its a liberation movement.

In order to effect a paradigm shift we're going to have to reach a critical mass and get a lot of people to reject the globe in large numbers, in waves.

And that's not going to be doable if we waste our time trying to convince people who only research their own pet conspiracies but are afraid to look at a whole new paradigm. There are closed minded conspiracy researchers too. **Our focus needs to be on waking up the ones who see that something isn't right with the world, who can see the open and flagrant manipulation and mendacity in the media and the government. We must reach those who are suspicious of the media to unplug entirely from its narratives.**

We don't agitate those are already comfortable and happy with the status quo. They will defend it. We must reach those who understand they've been deceived all along and show them that it's even WORSE than they ever imagined.

This is how we break the spell of globe belief in someone who already sees through some aspect of it:

APPEAL TO THE SELF INTEREST OF EXISTING MOVEMENTS:

We reach out to groups that are already antagonistic towards governmental or corporate power. Groups who feel aggrieved or oppressed. Like Black Lives Matter.

“Hey BLM, the globe itself is a tool of socio-political control and is not a map of reality. It was created to uphold the institutions you want to replace.”

And then there's the Nation of Islam. Let's talk about Malcolm X for a moment and why I call Flat Earth a liberation movement. Malcolm X believed tha since his last name was the name of the master who his owned his family, he would reject it, thus he chose X. He rejected Christianity because that was the religion that was used to replace his own cultural heritage.

The Nation of Islam members are liberating themselves from the mind control imposed up to their ancestors. They recognize that they have an identity separate from their historic oppressors and so they reject what they see as alien values. They are rejecting the master and his religion and his culture. That's black liberation theology.

Well Flat Earth is about recognizing that the entire human race has been lied to, deceived, manipulated, and played off against one another for hundreds of years by a system of oppression.

Its an old system which has been handed down for so long that most people are born under its spell do not see it as oppression. That's the nature of a successful mind control operation: when slaves don't know they're enslaved.

But if you can raise people on a plantation, not let them see anything outside of it, teach them to be happy with what they have, they may never question it.

In my Flat Earth discussions, I often allude to the movie The Village. It's about people born

inside a commune with no knowledge that there is a world outside the commune. They were pretty damn happy until they found out they were being lied to by everyone and found the world was much bigger and much more technologically advanced than they were led to believe.

So my proposal for leaving the echo chamber is to tap into certain movements or areas of ideology where people antagonistic to the same oppressors we're talking about: the forces of divide and conquer; the forces of the global propaganda matrix; the enforcers of this false paradigm.

Black Lives Matter, for example, is funded by globalists to serve a major part in the divide and conquer race war operation. It is designed to foment race war, more racism, division, and ultimately a bloody revolution.

It is also rooted in the ideology of the black panthers and black liberation theology. They believe that racism in America is institutionalized and therefore our entire political system needs to be overturned. They see police officers as agents of institutional oppression. So when a black man is shot by a black cop, people will say it's not racist. But black Lives Matter will say, "Yes it was racist. It doesn't matter if the cop was black because racism is inherent in the institution he serves. He's the enforcement arm of white supremacy, so it wouldn't matter if he was black, red, white, or a terminator robot."

While they are fundamentally misguided, they may serve to advance Flat Earth and subvert the race mongers that created and financed Black Lives Matter itself. **Black Lives Matter is like Dr. Frankenstein's monster and the truth about Flat Earth will turn them against their creator.**

The globalists who created these divisive groups intended for radicalized blacks to be the vanguard of a revolutionary marxist movement. They used legitimate grievances in order to mobilize them. So I am saying, let us take these legitimate grievances, and point the finger of blame in the right direction: at the GLOBALISTS.

Flat Earth is a liberation movement, breaking away from an old mind control paradigm. In this, we have some commonality with Black Lives Matter because we have a common enemy. So by inserting into the Black Lives Matter narrative the fact that the Globe is a system of mind control that was imposed upon them just as it was with everyone else, that the globe itself is something they should be rejecting along with the other oppressive institutions, we can turn these globalist foot soldiers against their clandestine masters.

Rejecting the Globe is liberation from the worldview which diminishes the human race. It is a misanthropic worldview which forms a pretext for the implementation of a one world state. A vast, totally controlled plantation. Every one of us were born into bondage to it and so we all deserve to hear the truth about it.

If a building is burning, all the occupants have a compelling and vital interest in knowing about it. Flat Earth is not an ivory tower issue. It is an issue of vital importance with deep implications for each and every one of us. It is your duty to shout fire in this crowded movie theatre full of hypnotized victims of the vastest mind control operation ever conceived.

One of my favorite topics is atheism because the biggest and baddest atheists on the Internet are all worshippers of the Globe and believers in global warmist prophecy. Comment on their videos

and call them out on their blatant and sad hypocrisy. Those who idolize the globe and accept the faith of Heliocentrism have no right attack their fellow sun worshippers, the Christians. Helio-anity and Christ-centrism are interchangeable religious systems.

Other areas where Flat Earth truth needs to be shared? The New Age and Pagan communities because many of these have been taught to worship Gaia. Capitalists should be encouraged to consider the possibility of untapped resources and government regulatory restrictions on accessing hidden lands. Tell President Trump's kids that there's ten Atlantises out there waiting to be covered in skyscrapers and golf courses and if they could get their father to open up Antarctica to commercial development, we could all become ten times richer.

These are just a few suggestions. The tactic is simple and adaptable to suit your target audience: Liberate Flat Earth from the echo chambers of the Internet.

Tactic 8: Gang Up

The globe believers are trapped inside a fundamentalist religious cult. They have a mob mentality and support the beliefs of their mob. As a Flat Earther, you are a dissenter and in their view, you are deserving of pain, ridicule, and shame.

The only reason Flat Earthers aren't burned at the stake today is that the Ball-Earther's lack the political will at this time. And that could change, which is why we are in a race to disclose this truth. We don't want them to silence us for good because that will mean a dark age for the masses of people who will be led into a dungeon of ignorance, fear, and subjugation from which there will be no escape.

The elite technocrats will rule over a class of born serfs, bound to the plantation for life and worse, never even having an awareness of any kind of life outside the nightmare nor grasping the very notion of freedom and a free will.

The mob mentality is the enemy, not the individuals within it. You can debate with individuals but not with a mob. And to the extent that a person is thinking as part of the mob, you must address them as such, and the mob only responds to one thing: an overwhelming show of force. You can't reason with it. You can't get it to back down with an offer to calmly discuss things over coffee.

The only way to scatter a mob is to bring in the riot police. Not to beat up the mob but to make an open display of organized force. It communicates that should there be violence, the disorganized mob will lose. So the mob disperses. They psychologically submit when they lose their air of infallibility.

When you're debating with fundamentalist defenders of the globe, you're advancing a scientific pursuit of the truth, which is an organized force, the organizing principle being the uncovering of facts. They, on the other hand, are defending a collection of narratives held into place by habit, tradition, and emotionally charged beliefs.

Ganging up on them is a good tactic strike at their illusion of infallibility. Being outnumbered will shake their confidence and break them apart. This is how we eventually shatter their stranglehold on the narratives. This doesn't just mean dogpile on them in the comments sections on Youtube videos. It means producing more content in favor of your view so they can see, by the sheer number of videos and the amount of content, that Flat Earth is growing larger everyday and those who try to debunk it are being outnumbered.

A recent BBC news story on Flat Earth revealed that some scientists worry that Flat Earth will become a political issue "like climate change." This is something which should worry them, as the climate change "deniers" are going to learn that their interests lie with the globe "deniers."

This kind of ganging up doesn't require any planned coordination. We don't have to form an enemies list or a rogues gallery. We just need to be seen, be heard, and make a show of force in order to counter the knee-jerk globe-defenders, who by the way, are by and large an insecure lot. We live everyday immersed in the Globe-Paradigm and its propaganda matrix and yet we don't feel threatened by it. We exist with the certainty that we will break its spell. By contrast, globe-defenders often seem desperate for validation and are greatly offended by the proposition that

they could be wrong.

With this tactic, it's not really about the arguments we're advancing; it's about outnumbering the other side. We're dealing specifically with those people who are influenced by public opinion and the narratives of state approved experts rather than the facts of reality. When these kinds of people (sheeple, to be precise) see us growing in number, they will begin to respect the power of our mob.

We must make it clear that for every glober to troll a Flat Earth video, ten Flat Earthers are ready to troll right back. We must be capable of out trolling the trolls. We must inflate their sense of how deep Flat Earth has penetrated into the mass consciousness. We do this by always backing up your fellow truth seekers in any debates.

Try being concise, polite, and respectful at first. But if the person on your side is playing nice and being mistreated, then be a troll and browbeat the glober. USE ALL CAPS if it helps get your angst across. Remember, it's a mind game and we must show that we don't give a crap about protocol or politeness. Again, it's not just about your arguments at this point but about outnumbering them and making them respect our mobs power, so when the tide of public opinion turns, they'll turn their backs on the globe.

Make no mistake, we're at a state of war. This is a protracted psychological war and we are being subjected to a series of never ending psyops being shoved down our throats by the media, the scientific community, the religious leaders, and the government. Every psyop is a covert act of war against you. They're using psychological warfare operations to disarm you and change the balance of power, and not in your favor.

This tactic calls upon you to gang up and make a show of force and to be prepared to use blunt force. If that bothers you, then I have to ask you to get out of the way. Those who think we must "turn our other cheek" to our opponents are asking for "more abuse, please!"

To them I would say, "Leave rabbit hole. We don't need cringing cowards sucking up all our oxygen." Flat Earth truth will lead humanity to freedom by pulling them from the matrix of lies. But it can't happen if we behave as the pacifistic, compliant slaves they raised us to be.

We have the moral high ground--we're on the side of truth and science, and if they want to stand in front of our tanks, we'll mow em down.

"With reasonable men i will reason, with humane men i will plea, but to tyrants, i will give no quarter, nor waste arguments where they will certainly be lost." William Lloyd Garrison

"One of the penalties for refusing to participate in politics is you will end up being governed by your inferiors." Plato

If you don't stake responsibility for discovering the truth, passing on the truth, insisting on the truth and defending it, then you're going to continue to be governed by globe-tards, and so will your children and your children's children, and they'll become more and more endarkened as the missions to other "planets" succeed. By then, they will have entered into a totally simulated CGI universe and they will never see the truth.

Humanity must enter either the rabbit hole with Flat Earth awakening at the bottom or remain in the black hole of Ball-Earth belief with its soul-sucking, materialistic endarkenment at the

bottom. This is why you have to participate now. You're in the vanguard of the most important liberation movement in human history. There are more slaves alive today than ever. Don't fall into the trap of thinking that any progress has been made. We've been distracted by technological advancements meanwhile a new dark age has been constructed for us, but instead of a reality filtered by Holy Books we have one being filtered by Computer Models predicated upon the false premise that Earth is a ball.

Tactic 9: I Don't Know, Neither Do You

A typical glober will smugly ask, "How big is the sun then, if not millions of miles in diameter?"

The fact that there isn't a unanimous agreement on how big or how far the sun, or any of the celestial lights are, doesn't mean that Flat Earth loses any ground in the debate. because the glober doesn't know either.

So the proper response: "I don't know," which you follow up with "and neither do you."

You can follow that with explaining how the best estimates suggest that the sun is less than forty miles in diameter, but whatever it happens to be, you do know that the heliocentric model cannot be, and therefore, the sun cannot possibly be as large as they say given that we know its not as far as they say.

The power of these three magic words will reveal that by not claiming to know all the answers, you're still in a scientific pursuit of the truth and that you don't have all the facts yet. The Ball-Earthers believe that they already have all the facts needed to make their case, and therefore evidence suggesting that the world isn't a spinning ball is ignored, if not viciously attacked.

One of the dead giveaways that someone is passing of Scientism as science is when the use the "everybody knows" argument, like 97% of scientists agree so it must be so. Well there is nothing scientific about consensus. The appeal to majority is an anti-scientific statement.

To believe in "scientists" rather than scientific findings is the same error of believing what the priest says is in the holy book, not what it actually says. That's why I call the Flat Earth Awakening a historical parallel to the Reformation. We're breaking away from revealed doctrines and are no longer handing our perceptions over to people in fancy costumes, whether clerical vestments and fish-god hats or astronauts.

(SIDE NOTE: Dagon, the Babylonian fish headed god lived in the ocean but was amphibious. Consider the occult meaning of the NASA space suit, which is a religious custom, and how they make the astronaut amphibious, capable of living in two worlds.. We could even say that the fact that they are going underwater for spacewalks has an esoteric significance.)

But when it comes to facts, it's important to have the humility to say "I don't know" because true science isn't settled. Only dogma is settled. Science is always falsifiable because conditions change, reality is dynamic, not static. Note the word static in this context. The pushers of the World STATE, the STATOLOTRISTS, want to use dogmas to cause you to disengage from dynamic reality so you can accept their Static Interpretation.

True Science is the enemy of the Priests of Scientism just as True Spirituality and Soul Awareness is the enemy of the Religious Institutions. They want you praying to externalized entities, not actively using the reality-shaping capacities of the concentrated will. They want us humbled because they are arrogant.

The power of admitting to that we don't know in debates gives us a chance to cause the other side to admit that they don't know everything, and it exposes their arrogance. They enter the debate mistakenly thinking they know all there is to know. "Everybody knows the world's a ball" is a phrase spoken by those who lack the humility to admit to what they don't know because they want to remain on a higher level than those who don't claim special knowledge.

If you can't say "I don't know" then you're unscientific and you do not respect knowledge, facts, and reality...and your belief trumps reality. That's the height of arrogance--and arrogance has no place in the search for Truth. Those who wield arrogance and present a facade of having specialized knowledge which places them above you aren't interested in truth. They are interested in sustaining a false reality in which they are right and you are wrong. To them, truth is relative. This is why saying "I don't know and neither do you" is great for exposing holes in the Globe Deception.

Tactic 10: Righteous Indignation

Too many people have been shamed into silence. I call this: Shame Based Mind Control. To counter this tendency, I recommend reversing the polarity and treating the Globe Worshipers like what they are: enemies of science, enemies of free thought, and ultimately, supporters of world theocracy and perpetual war. The opposite of shame is pride.

This tactic involves SHAMING the other side while taking PRIDE in your own side. Assume the moral high ground and use righteous indignation to defend the truth and silence the lies of the deceived. You have too much pride to let these brainwashees spread lies which empower the forces of endarkenment.

This is a Holy mission if there ever was one. The Flat Earth awakening is the only thing which can put an end to slavery, war, and oppression. Keep this big picture view in mind as you sternly **flat-splain** the truth to the misinformed globers.

When you bring it up over dinner and your parents tell you to stop talking about it, say “Sorry. I police my own thoughts and I’m not afraid of reality . By accepting the Globe as a Fact you cowards are selling your children into slavery without even knowing it because the brainwashing is so hi-tech and the evil so pervasive. So don’t call me crazy you craven lemmings. You’re on the wrong side of history and you better wake up before its too late.”

One of the reasons this tactic works is that emotions are contagious. Since you feel, as most of us do, that this Flat Earth issue is a matter of life and death, you have the power to communicate that feeling to others in the way you deliver your message or the certitude with which you express it. Anger helps to stun the other side and may even prevent them from questioning you without thinking first.

Notice how fire and brimstone preachers paralyze their audiences? Flat Earth is fire and brimstone. It’s warning people who are marching to their own damnation to stop and pay attention. We’re telling them to awaken from a spell, to see the invisible prison which secretly controls the world and seduces its inhabitants into giving up their souls. The lies of Heliocentrism and the Globe-Paradigm represent a merger of government and religion, Sun-Worship disguised as science.

You must shame people for being deceived by a psychological warfare device represented to us a spherical map. Shame is a powerful motivator. Here are a few areas to leverage the power of guilt and shame:

1. “You believe the International Space Station is real? Come on. Bubble in space? Catch up brah, ISS is a propaganda operation presented as a reality-tv show.”
2. Or you can decisively say,”Yea, keep drinking that New World Order Kool-Aid. I’m sure it helps to wash down those blue pills you’re always popping.”
3. Use guilt by association. “You love the globe so much you must totally be on board with evil globalists who like to eat baby meat on their pizza. Do you worship the Beast as well, Globe-Worshipper?”
4. Use your moral high ground to level attacks on their character. “Flat Earth is a liberation movement. Why are you against liberation? Do you love slavery? Are

you racist?”

Sometimes it takes a bold, in-their-face approach to getting the message across. Don't feel guilty about it. Your parents paid to have you brainwashed for the first two decades of your life and it's time to break the spell. We're the lucky ones who aren't still enthralled by the forces of endarkenment and it does the rest of humanity a disfavor to not get this message across as emphatically as possible.

If a movie theater is on fire and you're the only person who knows it, what do you do? Watch them burn? No, you take away their popcorn, spill their drinks and scream "FIRE" and herd them out the EXIT.

And as NASA finds out everyday, facts are stubborn things. And since we have the facts on our side, it's time to stop being respectful of the cult of Scientism.

This is a liberation movement and the other side isn't going to concede as the result of a well argued presentation. We have to be a little more pointed in our criticisms of the enemy and its surrogates in the new media, in politics, and entertainment.

This is a time for Iconoclasm. Smash the enemies idols, figuratively and literally should you happen to own your own globe. Bash it with a bat wrapped in barbed wire. Or spray paint LIE across its surface. Art is like magic. Symbolic destruction of the enemy idol does have a "sympathetic" magical effect in that it may encourage others to desecrate the prison and take back their own perceptions from the reality filters imposed by liars in high places.

PART TWO: DISPUTING THE GLOBE

In this section I provide an initiated interpretation of the Globe-Paradigm and why it has to go. The globe, it must be understood is not a spherical map describing a spherical land mass. That's what the profane, the uninitiated are taught.

To the initiates, the Globe is a sophisticated psychological warfare weapon, a tool for controlling populations. It is a deliberate misrepresentation of the place where we reside, a falsification intended to hide resources and land while giving the elite total power over those living within its confines.

Moreover, this worldview, in addition to being a misrepresentation of reality, is in fact part of a religious and political ideology which aims at achieving an all powerful centralized government. It, the Globe, is the idol of a religion disguised as science, and it has ensnared the minds of all the people of the world, even the so-called atheists.

The objective of the globalists is to solidify this one world government which will pretty much put an end to Flat Earth debate as this one world system is opposed to free speech and even aims to criminalize Global Warming "denial". If questioning the climate of the Globe is a crime, then what of questioning its very existence?

Dismantling the Globe-Paradigm is the most important thing you can do with your life. It is the only way to stop our collective immolation which must surely precede the world state's inauguration. The sacrifice or forced conversions of the non-believers must happen before the total World State is realized.

And it will be a bloodbath because freedom won't go down without a fight and since the Globe-Paradigm is built with the assumption that freedom is unsustainable, we are left having to choose one or the other. Freedom or enslavement.

The Globe Has No Clothes

The Emperor's New Clothes is a tale about a monarch who is convinced that his robes are so fine that only the most intelligent can see them. Since he was himself incapable of seeing these magical robes, he walked about naked rather than admit that he was not smart enough to see them.

Everybody else around him pretended to admire the non-existent robes rather than risk being called out as unintelligent and crude. The desire to fit in caused people to pretend not to see what was in front of their own eyes. Every person was placed into a double-bind. If they admitted to seeing the emperor naked, they admit to being unable to see the robes. Go along to get along.

This resulted in people mutually in bondage to a self-reinforcing echochamber. That is, until a child, unconcerned with the opinions of other people, pointed and shouted out the obvious fact that "The Emperor has no clothes!"

Upon this statement, all the people, now liberated from the deception they were all coerced into and complicit in, gave into their mind's natural defense against ridiculous contradictions:

Laughter.

And the spell was broken.

The Fourth Wall

In Plato's Allegory of the Cave, he describes a population of mind controlled slaves. They were in a cave with their attention fixated on lights on the wall and the interaction of shadow puppets. The elaborate light and shadow show was the only reality that mattered.

Their own senses were discarded as tools of perception and what they witnessed on the screen became their world. They were at the mercy of those that defined the parameters of their minds.

Those who left the cave were blinded by the stark contrast of the world because the one they had left was so dark. When they came back and told the others, they were be roundly ridiculed and scoffed at.

This concept has a very real counterpart in a concept from stagecraft known as The Fourth Wall. The audience in a theatre is watching a drama on the stage through the invisible fourth wall which the actors pretend is still there. They ignore the audience and remain within the imaginary world of make-believe.

The audience are also in a state of suspended disbelief and together they transcend reality and experience the vicarious identification with the drama and if the play is good, the and the performances good, they resonate emotionally with the characters played by the actors.

It is this willing suspension of disbelief which allows us to imagine different possibilities, to empathize, hypothesize, and to dream. It is also this same capacity for active imagination which makes it possible to conduct scientific explorations and to make advances in all fields of human endeavor.

However, when a person suspends disbelief in something which should be disbelieved, it becomes delusion and reality-denial, and has consequences for the reality-challenged. The reason it's safe to deny reality at a play or at a movie is that the theatre makes it safe to do so and it takes place within a specific context.

If an actor makes a claim on a stage it is understood to be a line from a script. When a person makes a claim in real life, the words are directly connected with your reality. You know the actor is just an actor so his falsification of reality doesn't mean anything. You were watching an actor in a play and this is separate from reality. But when someone in your own life falsifies reality, lies, cheats, or manipulates, it is more meaningful because you're being disoriented from objective reality to the extent that you allow the liar to operate unchallenged, with your disbelief suspended.

And here is where we find ourselves today as it relates to The Fourth Wall: we are being presented with actors who are staging their plays and movies outside of the proper context. They are conducting street theatre but passing it off as reality.

Sometimes they do horror movies where children are murdered by machine gun wielding psychopaths and other times they make thrillers where terrorists are infiltrating our society and conducting a leaderless resistance in the name of Allah.

Others are dramas which center around race, sometimes involving hate crimes or acts of arson. Many of their films have the actual effect of causing people to riot in the streets in protest against

the villains, who happen to be real people. In other words, real people are included in the plots of these propaganda films disguised as reality and filmed as reality TV. They mix real news with this agenda-driven reality TV and pass it off to the public via media agencies which are working in concert with the government and the intelligence agencies to pull these operations off.

They are called Psychological Operations or Influence Operations and chances are, you have witnessed many of them without even knowing they were movies. The Boston Marathon bombing was a made for TV News Movie. So was the shooting at Sandy Hook. These and many other conspicuous news events were purely staged and, most importantly, nobody died and nobody got hurt. This would include the shooting at the Harvest festival in Las Vegas on October 1st, 2017.

Just so you know, EVERY time you stare at that television screen, even if you are watching the nightly news, you are staring through the Fourth Wall and you're suspending your disbelief.

Don't kill your tell-lie-vision. Just don't mistake its "lie visions" for reality. Stay grounded in the reality of your perceptions. Once they can disorient you from your perceptions they can filter your reality for you and put you into an alternate universe. Religions have been doing this since the beginning of time.

Behind the Curtain: The Wizards of Liber Oz Exposed

Modern Rocket Science is in fact ancient Babylon Mystery Religion with a scientific facade. Behind all the smoke and mirrors and CGI is a secret society whose secrets are public information, yet their actions go undetected by the masses of people who lack the discernment to know what they are looking at.

A sex-magick cult at the heart of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory's was the alembic from which Scientology and modern rocket science emerged. NASA, in fact, has more in common with Scientology than not. Both are space religions based upon ancient phallic sun god worship and sex-magick.

Scientology is tax exempt and is considered a religion where as NASA fakes space exploration and leeches off the taxpayers who fund their own brainwashing. And if you haven't noticed, there is no separation of Church and State.

The so called "wickedest man in the world," Aleister Crowley, was the source for the sexmagick rituals performed by Jack Parsons and L. Ron Hubbard as they were practicing his form of "Thelemic" magick.

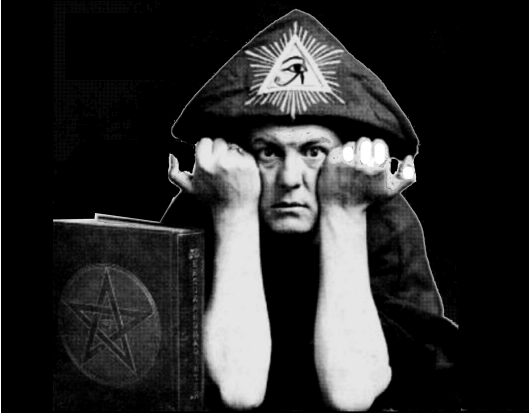
It involved worshipping obelisks and praising priapic or phallic fertility gods. The rocket scientist would read The Hymn to Pan, by Aleister Crowley while performing "scientific" rocket launches:

***"I am Pan! Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan!
I am thy mate, I am thy man,
Goat of thy flock, I am gold, I am god,
Flesh to thy bone, flower to thy rod."***

Heliocentrism, the ball Earth, and the entire canon of narratives fed to us by the priests of Scientism constitute a religious paradigm. And like all religious systems, this one has an esoteric as well as an exoteric aspect. The public sees a rocket going into space, the occultists see the phallus of Osiris penetrating Isis in order to bring forth the Age of Horus. OR, astrotheologically speaking, impregnating the sky goddess so the sun god could be born on the East the next morning, ending the night.

SpaceX is space sex. Space represents heaven and the queen of heaven is the target of helios, the sun god's obelisk/phallus. When they are conjoined each night, the dead sun god with his above ground erection is actually impregnating her with himself, and is reborn the next morning as the rising sun.

Incidentally, the rockets are in fact helium filled balloons with Jet Assisted Take Off, the technology perfected by Jack Parsons. Helium being a tribute to Helios, and the faking of space used as a cover for their mystery religion.



Domes and Globes are Closed Systems

Some Flat Earthers insist that we not bother going anywhere. That we stay put. They say that there's a dome over us which prevents us from leaving anyway. Others say that it's a computer simulation and if you go to one edge you'll just appear at the other because the simulation simulates a globe.

These Flat Earthers are traitors who stand in opposition to the liberation which humanity desperately needs. If they repackage the globe as something else which retains the basic characteristics of the globe, ignore them.

The Dome was an older control system and may be implemented as a backup if the Globe fails, but neither has been demonstrated to exist. We don't know if the plane is infinite but we do know that it's not a ball. The Dome has not been ruled out nor demonstrated.

The fact that it has a Biblical origin makes it suspect being that Holy Books, like all reality filters employed by the elite, are designed to enslave minds and so why would you accept the Dome on their authority? You may as well accept the Apollo Hoax if that's your standard of evidence.

Remember the magic words: "I don't know" because it's better than using an assumption to fill in the gaps. Here's the big difference: the Infinite Plane explains why they would want to keep it all a secret. There's no need to guard an impassible barrier.

A Dome means that we've already seen all there is to see and we're stuck in the same predicament. There's still artificial scarcity, resource competition, and the ever present mind wars pitting tribe against tribe.

In other words, the Dome wouldn't change the status quo as dramatically and therefore wouldn't require this massive edifice of deception to prop it up. The real dichotomy which the Flat vs Sphere "debate" hides is Enclosed vs Open.

Flat Earth Fiction, Art, and Culture

Politics is always downstream from culture. You reach more people by exiting the think tanks and echo chambers and inserting your message into the culture. Always remember, we are in a mind-war. The globe is a tool of psychological and socio-political control. It is imposed upon us and it dominates and monopolizes science-fiction, fantasy, and all areas popular culture with its monolithic interpretation of what the world is.

Anthropology is screwed up intentionally. Archaeology is similarly skewed. Giants, dragons, blood sucking reptoids--could all be our next door neighbors. This is why Flat Earthers need to start producing ART, POETRY, and FICTION on the subject. Thoughts always precede action and we need to create mental blueprints to guide our future progress in the wake of the globe-paradigm.

We need to lead the vanguard of a cultural revolution with regards to how we represent ourselves, as a species, as ensouled beings, our relationship to power, to government, to authority, and to the Globe-Paradigm.

We have been taught to LOVE the globe but now it's time to HATE it. We have to destroy it. Iconoclasm is what I am calling for.

We must use ART to kill the illusion. Kill it in the minds of the brainwashed masses and declare: "THE GLOBE IS DEAD."

The Cult of Heliocentrism

You must have the eyes to see and the ears to hear the truths about the esoteric aspect of world government. State worship is one thing and it's established fact that world government today is merged with religion via the eschatology of Global Warming apocalypse scenarios and the NASA, which converts the people of the world into paganism under the guise of "educating" them about the universe.

But let's take a look at the architecture of the one world order religion and how we have all been deceived into worshipping at its altar:

CHRISTIANITY	NASA
Angels spy on God's behalf. They are always watching but you can't see them. These are invisible and only exist in pictures, statues, and eye-witness testimony	Satellites surveille for the Government. You can't see them but they're always watching. NO pictures of satellites in space exist. We rely on CGI, computer models, and NASA's word.

<p>NOAH builds an ark to save the world from God's flood which was required to get rid of the wickedness. The Dove is a symbol of Noah because one brought him a branch to show him that the waters had receded.</p>	<p>NOAA, the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, warns us to stop polluting before the ice caps melt and the Globe floods us.</p> <p>Their logo is the Dove flying above an ocean.</p>
<p>Heaven. Only the saints and those who ascend into Heaven know what it looks like. By all accounts, it's magnificent.</p>	<p>Space. Only the astro-not high priests can go and only they know what space looks like because they refuse to take pictures. All we get are composites and computer graphics. But according to some astronauts, the stars are more colorful and they sparkle.</p>
<p>Pope prays to obelisk. It represents sun god.</p>	<p>Rockets represent obelisks. Named for various solar deities.</p>
<p>Demonic Possession. Requires priestly intervention.</p>	<p>Virus. Requires vaccines.</p>
<p>Witches, Warlocks</p>	<p>Men in Black</p>
<p>Selling of Indulgence</p>	<p>Carbon Pollution Tax</p>
<p>Cross</p>	<p>Globe</p>
<p>Jesus</p>	<p>Atlas</p>
<p>Miracles, walking on water</p>	<p>Miracles, walking on the moon</p>
<p>Priests</p>	<p>Media</p>

My contention here is that worship of the globe is the one world religion. It transcends all other faiths, it cuts across all culture, all denominations, it is the one idol that unites all faiths including atheism.

Atheists who believe in heliocentrism are by proxy worshiping the one world religion. I contend

that the globe is the exact same thing as the cross. That, essentially, the globe was put upon your back for the same reasons that you're given the crucified savior.

Jesus was amalgamated with an agrarian sun god to appease all the pagans and a prophecy fulfilling Jewish savior. The purpose was to unite the pagans and all the disparate peoples across the roman empire with the Jews who rejected the idolatry of state worship.

So the Romans said, "Hey, let's take this pagan sun god, have him born of a Jew, sell him to the Jews as the savior who answers all your prophecies.

So they created the bible. The author of the gospels, Josephus Flavius was commissioned with the intent of uniting Jews and pagans into the worship of Caesar. Now they could all render unto Caesar what is Caesar's and render unto God what was God's.

The whole purpose of Christianity was to unite and rule. You all know about divide and conquer, the other side of the equation is unite and rule. And the premise of Christianity, Original Sin, means you're born into bondage and that just by existing you're sinful.

You have to atone for the sins and the example set by Jesus is that one "sacrifices" one's self for others in order to purge themselves of tainted sinful blood. They want their followers offering themselves up as vicarious sacrifices. This is why martyrs are venerated. They want martyrs, not heroes. The ritualized cannibalism and vampirism ritualistically give permission for the vampiric and cannibalistic elite to feed on your soul.

That's the crucifixion in a nutshell. It's the centerpiece of a religion of Sun Worship, Death, and Atonement or Resurrection. They want you to internalize the concept that if you please Caesar/ God/ Government, you're soul will be "saved." And just as Global Warming is a hoax designed to ensnare us in a constant need for atonement, Original Sin is a hoax. Just as there's no environmental catastrophes caused by global Warming, there's no fire and brimstone apocalypse for sinners.

The Christian is supposed to wear a cross on his back and feel oppressed by the weight of their sin. "I'm a creature of sin and I must atone for it," they are taught. What the elite have done with the newest iteration of the empire uniting religion, this globe idol, is they have taught us that every time we exhale carbon dioxide, we are hurting Mother Earth.

We all have wicked carbon footprints, even babies. Especially babies, in fact, with all their diapers and their needs and by their very existence are taking a massive toll on the new Globe-God. So now instead of apologizing to Jesus for your sins, you apologize to Mother Earth for your carbon footprint.

They have replaced the man on the cross with Atlas pinned beneath the globe. Atlas is held into place, suffering under the burden of the world on his back, just as Jesus had the suffering of the world on his shoulders as he bore the cross.

Pathological altruism, suffering for others, and emulating Jesus suffering on the cross: this same concept finds expression with Atlas is suffering for the world. You must be like Atlas and put the world first. You must recycle, go green, reduce your environmental impact, and you must suffer to be a good person.

The Christian Ethos is the same as that of the Globe. A religion of pathological altruism,

misanthropy, self-sacrifice, and martyrdom. This is not any different than the asceticism and austerity of Environmentalism, Going Green, and atoning for pollution. Jesus and Atlas are the ideals the slaves are meant to emulate in order to best serve the State. Sacrificing Self for the Collective. The opposite of Martyr is Hero. Jesus is the opposite of a savior. He's a pacified lamb who doesn't resist nor question authority.

The globe was invented for this New Age to enslave a bigger swath of the population. This religion enslaves all faiths. It even captures those who profess to have no faith and no religion.

You can rebel against Christianity and be a hardcore atheist, but if you still believe in the lies of NASA you're not a true atheist. People say, Atheists are terrible, look how the communists killed millions. Well communists weren't atheists, they worshiped the state. They held government as god and utopianism as their paradise. So with the Globe-Paradigm, you have EITHER a world state to save the planet OR you have a Climate Change Apocalypse.

This Either/ Or is typical of religious fundamentalism. Convert or Die, because if you don't my God will kill you and send you to Hell anyway. It's a false choice.

The biggest, loudest, and most outspoken atheist opponents of religion, like Sam Harris, the late Christopher Hitchens, and Richard Dawkins all default to looking at the majesty of the universe with reverence in order to fill the void where "worship" would be. They say they become reverential when contemplating the immensity of the universe.

The trouble is, the view of the universe they accept is based upon myths spread by ministries of propaganda. Myths which comprise the Globe-Paradigm. They took a leap of faith based upon CGI and computer models. Still think they're atheists?

Atheists are often vocal proponents of the separation of church and state, but strangely silent on the subject of Global Warming Doomsayers obtaining governments grants and influencing legislation.

The globe, like the cross, is an instrument of psychological warfare meant to imprison us on every level. The people who claim the globe is scientific are taking their narratives on faith and what they can't validate for themselves they accept on the word of the approved authorities.

If you want to escape the sheep pen once and for all, you have to be ready to call out false idols and their miracles. Think about all those times you refuted the ISS or said Neil Armstrong did not walk on the moon.

If you want to liberate yourself, you must abandon faith. Faith leads to pathological altruism, subservience, submission to illegitimate authority; to giving other people the power to shape your worldview and how you see your life on this plane.

Christianity was a fraud from the beginning, designed to get people genuflecting before Caesar. Christianity was always a state religion, it wasn't a grassroots cult that spread bottom up. It was imposed from above. The persecutions didn't happen the way the liars would have us believe.

Original Sin because sin does not exist and the Globe doesn't need saving because it does not exist.

You should not be nailed to a cross nor pinned underneath the blue marble. You should be

moving towards what lies beyond the sheep pen.

No Secrets Are Too Big to Keep

Many people under the delusion that the Earth is a spinning ball make the argument that “there's no way so many people could keep a secret that big.”

This is often used to dispute the idea that the lunar landing could have been a hoax. How can you perpetrate a hoax of such size that would involve so many people? After all, since it would implicate every mathematician, astronomer, physicist, and rocket engineer involved, there's no way it could have been faked. Right? Wrong.

On the surface it makes sense. Given human nature, someone's likely to talk or even if not purposefully, the information will leak eventually. That's how things go. How can a secret be kept so perfectly? It's quite simple really. Once you understand that NASA is a masonic organization. A secret society.

Many of the government actors playing “astronaut” are openly members in Masonic lodges. They didn't exactly keep their memberships a secret. And here's the thing. We're talking about a secret society which compartmentalizes knowledge with security clearances and nondisclosure agreements in the form of blood oaths.

In order to advance within the society, you must take the oaths of secrecy and upon the pain of death promise, not just to keep the secrets, but to keep them from those outside the temple.

This will help you understand the mentality you are dealing with. When you look at the people who are faking space travel, you're looking at alleged astronauts who are celebrated in our culture. They are seemingly scientists, sacrificing themselves for the betterment of mankind. Buy are they really risking their lives? Are they are heros? Or is it a bunch of crap?

They have security clearances within an elite secret society and the advantage of a network which has as its stated objective the willful blinding of the masses of people.

They want everybody to be ignorant.

The candidate for initiation into Masonry is brought into the lodge where he is tested on his knowledge of the protocol and the oath. In the oath, he will be asked to swear not to reveal the secrets or make them intelligible in any way to anyone outside the temple. This applies to anyone outside of the degree into which he's being initiated.

The second degree mason will not tell his secrets to the first degree mason. The third degree mason will not tell his secrets to the second or first, and the first won't talk to anybody outside the lodge of what he knows.. It's compartmentalized and organized in a hierarchical, pyramid structure which can only be understood in its entirety from the very top.

NASA does the opposite of its stated intentions. They give you myths and misinformation in order to deceive you. They are engaged in the opposite of science. They aim to put a halt to the advancement of human knowledge by replacing reality with a computer generated model of reality presented as the real thing.

They create the program and make all their claims fit the data. This is the EXACT definition of how religious holy books are formulated. You start with a forgone conclusion and observe the

facts fit and ignore the ones that don't.

True scientists seek to add to the sum total of human knowledge. NASA, on the contrary, is there to bewilder, lie, and confuse human knowledge. They have strapped us to a ball and left us spinning and drifting into a black abyss. It wouldn't matter if we're unimportant, insignificant, soulless animals. But we're not. We're ensouled, conscious co-creators in a reality which has been deliberately obscured by the Forces of Endarkenment.

They lied to us about reality and built up a mythos, a cosmogony, and expanded their deception in order to draw us deeper into it. Space exploration and multi-planetary civilizations is pure fiction designed to reinforce the globe and the prison mentality it contains.

You have to let their propaganda go. Especially the propaganda inserted into pop-culture. Sorry but no more Star Trek, no more Star Wars, no more trusting NASA or any organization run by people who swear oaths to deceive you. Don't trust known liars. Lies are like cockroaches. For every one you notice there are thousands you don't.

At War With The Globe

“None are more hopelessly enslaved than those who falsely believe they are free.” Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

The globe is an instrument of war. A psychological warfare operation which physically confines us by disconnecting us from an accurate knowledge of the world we inhabit.

We do not exist within a heliocentric system but that does not mean geocentric by default. The concept of “geo” no longer refers to an isolated body of land.

Nor do we imagine it to be a Flat Earth going around the sun. We dispense with orbiting bodies altogether. We've eliminated the idea of space. All we know is that we're on a stationary plane and, for all we can tell, its infinite.

We don't know if it has a boundary. It might even be more accurate to say we're in a pole-centric system, our single pole being the north pole. We suspect there could be other heated areas with localized suns with their own north poles. More suns, more worlds such as this one.

I'm describing an infinite plane with local regions heated by localized luminaries. Perhaps more worlds are out there and exploration is our destiny. Just not space travel. Going to other worlds doesn't have to wait until we've experienced a major technological revolution. Nope.

This requires a revolution of the mind.

What if there is life on other land masses which the globe conceals from us? Other human civilizations could be accessible to us.

You can talk about parallel universes and globers don't flinch. Speak of infinite parallel universes each slightly different than the other and they have no issue with the concept of infinite space and an ever expanding universe.

So how is this different than infinite plane with parallel worlds? Sure they're not in other dimensions. Does it matter that we're talking ten, maybe fifteen thousand miles away?

This is what I mean by plantation. The human race we know of, some six billion of us here, have been farmed in this one region. And this region is not all there is.

If there was a dome at the edge of the cold region, why would they defend it? Why block an impassable border? So what are they keeping us from?

Remember, the globe is a military operation. It's at war with Flat Earthers. It's at war even on those who believe in it. It's a self-reinforcing mind control prison. In pre-civil war America, the slaves weren't allowed to read. If slaves read, they would acquire knowledge, some of which might have value.

Control freaks don't want slaves to own any kind of property, not money, not their bodies, and not the contents of their mind. As Willie Lynch put it, the enslavers' ability to keep their slaves under control is dependent upon keeping them “foolish.”

The elite are masters of causing people to police themselves, to drag one another down, and to compete for status among one another. They see urban war zones and read the body counts and

laugh to themselves while investing in more violence and depravity in art, film, gaming, and pop-culture.

They want social-chaos. They want high unemployment, high incarceration rates, widespread illiteracy, drug addiction, illegitimacy, and government dependency. The worse things are on the plantation, the less time the slaves will have for drapetomaniacal daydreams.

There are no benevolent dictatorships and the divine right of kings is based upon the lie that some people are born to serve and others are born to be serviced. Insofar as the Globe-Paradigm is still the official state religion, you are under the illegitimate rule of a crypto-theocratic shadow government waging a covert, mostly invisible war for control over reality itself.

No Globe, No Global Warming Apocalypse

Global warming doesn't exist. Climate change doesn't exist. These are means of taking power and control over the private economy by the state. The statists needed a universal pretext to invade our lives and they chose environmentalism.

The Marxist dialectical formulation was revamped because capitalism was found to be more attractive than an ephemeral communist utopia somewhere in the future. Environmentalism offered the perfect stalking horse.

People don't want to lose the higher standard of living offered by consumerism and market driven technologies. They don't have it bad enough to throw it all away in favor of revolution. The commies realized that since the workers were so spoiled by capitalism they had to find a new ways to influence people to accepting the need for an all encompassing all powerful centralized authority. They found that environmentalism gives them an excuse to criticize consumerism, food, fashion, energy consumption, and the excesses of capitalism as evil and unsustainable. Instead of a revolution where they burn down the old and rebuild on its ashes, they encourage a gradual destruction of wealth instead.

Because we all share the same globe, the narrative goes, we are all affected by how we influence the climate. This gives the state the right to ensure that no one pollutes too much and so they get to play the role of regulator and referee, overseeing the proper penalties for those who violate their environmental treaties.

When environmentalist Marxists talk about sustainable living, they are striving to get us to realize that freedom is not sustainable.

If the state is in charge of saving the planet from man, then the state has a compelling interest in preventing man from becoming a cancer on Mother Earth. The old Marxist formulation of Proletarians and Bourgeois has been recast with the globe itself as the oppressed victim and the capitalists as the oppressor.

Mother Earth becomes a victim and now being a “consumer” is seen as a bad thing. Are you a consumer? Are you a breather? Do you drink water, and does this make you a drinker? Do you walk? Then are you a walker?

Consuming goods is demonized because the globalists are misanthropes that hate life and the exchange of products in the marketplace is like the flow of healthy blood cells circulating through a body. And misanthropes HATE healthy economies. That's why they're always organizing boycotts.

They want Big Brother to supply all the needs of the slave class. These boycotts need to Globe-Paradigm to exist in order to oppress US. They use it to take over our marketplaces, our private property, our bodies, and our thoughts.

The globalists want to undo the industrial revolution so they convince useful idiots with good intentions that saving the planet is a good idea even if it means shutting down private economy. They want to collectivize/ nationalize/ globalize EVERYTHING. Even you.

Saving the planet is how the Globe Worshippers purify society of its sins. The idea that a

environmentalists think they can perfect the world by purifying it reveals the same form of utopian idealism which drives well intentioned moral busybodies to pave a way to Hell for themselves and everyone else.

The elite oligarchs want to abolish private property and enviro-communism is a tool of expropriating wealth, eliminating the middle class, and killing upward mobility--which is the American Dream itself and the entrepreneurial spirit along with it.

The Globe-Paradigm is never about fairness purifying the world, just as religious-paradigms are not really about getting rid of all sin. These are just smoke screens under which the control freaks can kill off their competitors, who happens to be independent, free people accruing private property. They want to subsidize unemployment and tax wealth creation in order to replace independence with dependence.

The Globe-Paradigm wants each individual bound up in a codependent and slavishly worshipful relationship with the government. They want you to feel good when you recycle the boxes from the energy intensive appliances you buy. Depositing the box in the recycling bin is no different than dropping some cash in the collection basket after telling Father about your guilty conscience.

By debunking the globe, we take away their power to threaten us with apocalyptic climate change scenarios. It also cuts into their ability to tax and regulate the activities of free people.

Everybody Knows

"Kill them all and let God sort them out." Arnaud Amalric

"Everybody knows" isn't an argument and seeks to use consensus instead of fact. Just because something was established as a fact a long time ago doesn't place it above re-examination.

Just because the stupid ball-Earth theory was accepted five hundred years ago doesn't make it true. It's true if the facts show it to be true, not because the authorities said so.

Collective belief isn't truer than individual perception. This is why Flat Earthers are a threat. We exist to contradict the biggest consensus ever.

Even ONE heretic is too many. It's enough to bring their system down. One NEO let loose into the Matrix can trigger a mass ascension. That's what you're doing. That's what I'm doing. We've gone rogue and the world will never be the same again.

The idea that any of us could get up and change the world is something of a cliché we tell children who still have functioning imaginations. But the truth is, you can make all the difference. All it takes is one person to state the obvious. Like the kid in The Emperor's New Clothes. The story uses a kid to represent un-indoctrinated.

His innate aptitude for thinking scientifically hadn't been corrupted yet. Meanwhile, the adults were bound up in cognitive dissonance and double-think, and were unable to use their perceptions in a manner inconsistent with the Emperor's delusional beliefs.

There is no consensus on the globe. If there was, this book would not exist.

There is no consensus on global warming either. Even if there was, it wouldn't make it true according to science. However, these beliefs are held to be true according to the narratives of Scientism. It's socially unacceptable to question global warming, the lunar landing, and many other narratives which are tied into the emotions of those who believe in them. These myths are very meaningful to people who have invested in them their entire lives.

Facts threaten narratives. Inconvenient facts are so triggering that messengers are often attacked for the messages they convey. Anytime you see a messenger being attacked you can rest assured that the message is something the powers that be will fight to protect.

Thinking Outside The Globe

We need to destroy the confidence that people have in the false model of the world they have been given. And we do this by showing them how the elites have a vested interest in having us live our lives through their reality-filter.

They have a clear motivation for the concealment of more land, more resources, and who knows what else are hiding from us. We could be surrounded by advanced civilizations. Or perhaps places that are worse off than we are.

Paradise or hell? Most likely paradise given the effort they have gone through to conceal it. We know how much they like to horde and monopolize. How the implement systems of ignorance in order to force people into sociopolitical systems which keep them all under the boot of the elite.

There is no more nakedly aggressive a symbol of oppression than the globe, a prison for the mind in which the inmates are all inter-generational inmates who are certain that there is nothing beyond the fence because they have been told so by the authorities upon whom they depend for their subsistence.

The purveyors of the globe deception destroy cultures, commit genocide, and rewrite histories to confuse people about their origins. They take ensouled beings on the surface of this stationary flat plane, strip away their souls, deny them their humanity and convince them they are merely animals.

They do away with the meaning of life and place everyone into an ever expanding abyss, which means that they are of ever shrinking insignificance.

Finally, they convince them that the only a reason they have any conscious spark of life at all, is because their spinning ball happened to move close enough a mediocre star which is gonna burn out pretty soon anyway.

We have been indoctrinated into a nihilistic cult which is designed instill dependence upon a priesthood of technocrats and scientists that can tell us what to think, how to think, and how to interpret the facts of reality.

They create the chaos in order to impose their order, they divide people among the lowest common denominators, such as race, gender, age, religion, and keep them in a perpetual state of war so they we do not look at the outer boundaries of the plantation. This region has been described to us as “the world” but the real size and magnitude of the real world has been misrepresented to us as a globe in order to keep us from accessing those lands and those resources which would eliminate our need for the elites. They need us to need them. It’s a dysfunctional relationship

We all know that history books can be written to falsify historical events, to cover up atrocities, and to misrepresent the facts of reality, just as media propagandists do every single day.

So is it really that much of a stretch to imagine that a map which defines the boundaries of our world might also be deliberately misrepresenting our reality?

Flat Earth Science

Flat Earth it is not unscientific. In fact it is driven by the scientific methodology. The reason people think Flat Earth violates science is because it goes against the accepted dogmas of Scientism, narratives and myths which have gone unchallenged for so long that they've acquired sacred cow status.

There's no brainwashing or irrational thinking in arriving at Flat Earth. It's a matter of leaving behind the lies and myths of the state religion which is masquerading as non-ideological objective science.

No, the Priests of Scientism are there exclusively to be the mystics behind the throne, the ones that prophesied, give special council, and use a lot of mumbo-jumbo to communicate with the other side. Since the kings and warlords trust the words of the mystic and his claims to possessing special knowledge, the people are also subject to his claims.

This dynamic of a king or warlord, the one with the brute power having a court magician or mystic occurs wherever the rulers also want to rule over the minds of the masses. This only works so long as they are susceptible to superstitious dread and a fear of magic.

Today, a scientist can tell a President that the greatest threat to humanity is a meteor from a trillion miles away and that we all need to pay our fair share of a system for deflecting or stopping the next great extinction event. Of course the President will take the scientist's word for truth and pass it on to the taxpayer as fact.

Fear is a powerful motivator and the Globe Enforcers use smoke, mirrors, booming voices, and illusions to build up their power and bolster their claims to supernatural power. Think Wizard of Oz. Behind the curtain, behind truth's protective layers, these so-called elite are just people like us, only evil.

Stolen Prayers

The main thing the elite want to hide from us is own personal power. Think about this: aside from Flat Earth, what other topic is taboo even among the fringe? Magic.

The religions all demonize magic and burn witches. You're expected to pray the official prayers to the official idols recognized by the state. Everything else is witchcraft or sorcery.

So by going through state-approved idols, you are giving your power as a conscious co-creator to a middleman. A priest class.

Giving your power away to a religious institution is SACRIFICING your personal power to become a battery to power their Matrix. This is altruism at its worst. You should never be generous with a vampire. One drop becomes ten, and before you know if you're the slave of a blood sucking parasite.

The Globe-Paradigm feeds off our blood. Don't swear blood oaths or sign your name in blood unless you wish to be complicit in reducing humanity to barnyard animals.

Flat Earth liberation is about getting out from under the globe or any other idol and take responsibility for your own soul in its quest for the truth. Avoid the traps of collectivism, identity politics, and the ceaseless divide and conquer mind games which keep everyone in the state of chaos. Instead, devote your personal power to dismantling any and all systems of enslavement.

We must take our power back from the priests of Scientism. The occultists who have been defining our reality for us were not merely describing the planets to us. They were inserting the names of their ancient deities into our subconscious minds and showing us the Wizard of Oz/witchdoctor smoke and mumbo jumbo routine while claiming to go out of this world.

We have been bewitched and we take our power back by rejecting their idols and their gods. No more Pop-Scientists. No more Science Fiction Ball-Worship. No more hero worshipping the Astro-nots.

Mock their idols. Laugh at their fakery. Expose their hoaxes, and spit on their globe.

We will have peace when we cease to rely upon a priesthood to mediate our reality. When we cease to need Big Brother to protect us from the responsibility of independence. We must reject the bondage of collectivism, theocracy, and the utopian idealism which always leads to Hell on Earth.

Man will never be free until the last king is strangled with the entrails of the last priest." - Denis Diderot

This is a not a call for violence. It is a call for spiritual anarchy. We are taking our power as conscious co-creators of reality away from those who have channeled it into maintaining their hold over us. We take our power away from the Globe-Paradigm and those who prop it up. Then we channel our collective power into finding the truth and reforming the new world on a foundation we know to be stationary, flat, and possibly infinite.



Making the Serfs

The following excerpt is from the infamous Willie Lynch letter called The Making of the Slave. This letter lays out the strategy used by the Globe-Paradigm and how the elite have used it to create a giant plantation out of the world and cut us off from knowing what lies beyond:

“Gentlemen, you know what your problems are; I do not need to elaborate. I am not here to enumerate your problems, I am here to introduce you to a method of solving them. In my bag here:

“ I HAVE A FULL PROOF METHOD...IT WILL CONTROL THE SLAVES FOR AT LEAST 300 HUNDREDS YEARS.”

“I HAVE OUTLINED A NUMBER OF DIFFERENCES AMONG THE SLAVES; AND I TAKE THESE DIFFERENCES AND MAKE THEM BIGGER.”

“I USE FEAR, DISTRUST AND ENVY FOR CONTROL PURPOSES.”

“DISTRUST IS STRONGER THAN TRUST AND ENVY STRONGER THAN ADULATION, RESPECT OR ADMIRATION.”

“IT IS NECESSARY THAT YOUR SLAVES TRUST AND DEPEND ON US. THEY MUST LOVE, RESPECT AND TRUST ONLY US.”

“IF USED INTENSELY FOR ONE YEAR, THE SLAVES THEMSELVES WILL REMAIN PERPETUALLY DISTRUSTFUL.”

That is the Divide and Conquer strategy employed by the globalists. They have raised mind control to an art form.

Those who defend the globalists or the Globe-Paradigm, or Globe-Cucks, are trying to curry favor with the masters. They see the survival of the globe tied in with their own survival. They are threatened by what Flat Earthers have to say because we are going to start an exodus from their Authoritarian control system.

Here's another excerpt:

“The more a foreigner knows about the language of another country the more he is able to move through all levels of that society. Therefore, if the foreigner is an enemy of the country, to the extent that he knows the body of the language, to that extent is the country vulnerable to attack or invasion of a foreign culture. For example, if you take a slave, if you teach him all about your language, he will know all your secrets, and he is then no more a slave, for you can't fool him any longer, and BEING A FOOL IS ONE OF THE BASIC INGREDIENTS OF ANY INCIDENTS TO THE MAINTENANCE OF THE SLAVERY SYSTEM”

We were supposed to be illiterate to the symbols and signs of the elite. We weren't supposed to know that they had a system of mind control capable of plunging the entire human race into serfdom and barbarism. But we know now. If you need any more proof of how psychopathic these control freaks are read this:

“Henty Berry, speaking in the Virginia House of Delegates in 1832, described the situation as it existed in many parts of the South at this time: “We have, as far as possible, closed every avenue by which light may enter their (the slaves) minds. If we could extinguish the capacity to see the light, our work would be complete; they would then be on a level with the beasts of the field and we should be safe. I am not certain that we would not do it, if we could find out the process and that on the plea of necessity.” From Brown America, The story of a New Race by Edwin R. Embree. 1931 The Viking Press.

PART THREE

RAISING OF THE WRENCH

Early on in my livestreaming career I realized that I'd have to rigorously enforce a degree of quality control or the Internet's default culture of bedlam would take over.

As expected, my first livestream was attended by a legion of Internet trolls flooding the chat stream with unmentionably crude and vulgar epithets. This made interacting with the chatters impossible. It soon became clear that this was standard procedure for Youtube.

I saw how other content creators ignored their critics and their smears. Most have the sense to steer clear of feeding into the conspiracies that conspiracy theorists make about one another. I realized that the only way to maintain the efficient function of the think tank it would be necessary to filter out the disruptors.

This was made possible by adopting a radical new strategy in chat room policing. I made all the chatters into moderators with one caveat. They had to enter the chat room, get banned, and send me a message requesting moderator status, signified by a Blue Wrench.

This allowed us to filter out the trolls and it gave chatters something to do during the live stream: ban all new comers. It became a sport and a sort of hazing. We likened it to an initiation rite of being symbolically killed and resurrected, the Blue Wrench a symbol that the noobie has been vetted.

Our chatroom ethos was based on the idea that an armed society is a police society. The Blue Wrench also made the holder unbannable. This meant that participants were secure. Also, by restricting the ability of non-Wrenches to post more than once, I ensured that only the insiders were able to control the conversation. Additionally, the moderators have the ability to post links which made the chat room more effective for pooling our information together.

In order to maintain order we instituted the following chat room rules in order to allow it to function as a think tank:

1. **NO GLOBE/ BIBLE THUMPING:** We do not accept arguments from authority, such as "but my Holy Book" or "butmy Globe."
2. **NO NAYSAYING:** Shooting down ideas prevents a think tank from evolving into a brainstorming session. We need a non-judgemental space for cultivating new thoughts.
3. **ICONOCLASM:** culturally-appropriate all symbols, words, memes, ideas, and images and subvert them to fit the Flat Earth paradigm.
4. **THINK AND LET THINK** reject the thought policing by the faithful. Faith fears facts; facts threaten their stories; and knowers don't need validation because they have facts.
5. **SEIZE THE MEANS OF PERCEPTION** replace compromised reality filters, such as media, ideology, and news entertainment from our frames of reference with our own. Many bad premises are accepted tacitly by absorbing them through the mediated N.W.O. mono-culture.

Full Red Pill or GTFO

When I watched the 2016 presidential election I did so with a whole new level of skepticism towards mainstream media narratives. My thinking was directed at the question “what does this have to do with Flat Earth?”

Clearly, the last thing we need is a political savior. Even if we elected Captain America into the Oval Office, even he'd govern like a statist 51% of the time. However, to ignore the differences of the political spectrum would be to miss how ideology affects one's relationship to government, religion, media, and power generally.

I realized that since Global Warming had become such a partisan issue, then the Globe itself might serve one side of the political spectrum more than the other. Which it does. The concept that Global Warming alarmism is just a stalking horse for the growth of state is nothing new. It is not controversial to call environmentalism green Marxism. Without the enclosed ball earth to defend, they lose this issue. So when Donald Trump decried Global Warming as a Chinese Hoax, I immediately saw an opening for Flat Earth.

The right wing in America had been stalling out on the question of whether or not man causes Global Warming rather than asking if it exists in itself. Trump calling it a hoax represented progress. So too are those who are thinking Post Globe getting past the stagnant Flat vs Sphere debate.

Insofar as Trump opposes political environmentalism, he is advancing the anti-statist anti-Globe agenda of the Flat Earth. Not to mention calling out scientists as corrupt while lambasting the media as fake and partisan---these aspects of Trump's campaign were very edifying from a Flat Earth perspective.

A nationalist ticket, specifically an anti-Globalist nationalism, while not going as far as Flat Earth, does move the needle in that direction. In other words, on the way to Flat Earth is the rejection of fake news, fake science, and the belief in big government as a necessity, even as a necessary evil.

The moment the election was won, whatever momentum the nationalist ticket had was stalled. What had begun as a Red Pill, tip of the spear political revolution became the establishment. It compromises, by necessity, with the Blue Bill status quo, and settles upon a nice, moderate Purple. The alternative media outlets on the Internet became the new vanguard of the establishment right and left.

The Alt-Right emerged as the fringe and revealed itself to be the cutting edge. However, they were constrained by their truncated view of reality, and reacted to the political realities of the day. A limited government candidate making a case for a border wall is a contradiction only made possible by intense psychological operations perpetrated by the media to convince a significant proportion of the population of the need for one. The media terrorists triggered Xenophobia and the politicians stepped in to offer a solution to quell their fears.

Now, absent the fake news and the state of the art propaganda machine, the same limited government nationalists would be going a step beyond Globalism-Exit, and would step into Globe-Exit. Brexit, too, represents the right trajectory for a population seeking liberation from overt and creeping totalitarianism. But again, any movement still constrained by the globe will

not escape the reach of Globalism. It's either GLOBE-EXIT or NO-EXIT.

If You're Not Auto-Hoaxing You're Not Paying Attention

"In a time of universal deceit, telling the truth is a revolutionary act." George Orwell

Originally the term "autohoaxer" was a pejorative used to describe Youtubers who started hedging their bets on whether the latest shooting or terror attack was fake or not before reporting it as a hoax. The term was used derisively by those who would sometimes expose "false flags" on occasion, where it was merely a question of who had done it, rather than a "Did it even happen?"

Despite the alarming number of shootings and terrorist attacks with the same hallmarks of fakery, I continued to give the mainstream media the benefit of the doubt. It was true until proven false. However, as the months went by (years in flat earth time), I no longer had the time to investigate every horrific event. I started to defer to the most notorious "autohoaxers" and found that I saved a lot of time and energy.

I began calling myself an autohoaxer out of expediency and because they were right one hundred percent of the time. Then it hit me. Fake News isn't merely news with an ideological bias. It's fabricated events presented as real. Propaganda in other words. And not just propaganda. High-tech agit-prop used to terrify a population in peacetime into accepting the protection of a police state while gaining approval for the "necessity" of war to prevent terror.

After the shooting event of October 1st in Las Vegas, I realized that Autohoaxing is not only expedient but it is critical to the survival of the freedom of speech itself.

The autobelievers, those who blindly accept what they are told by the mainstream media. Just as religious fundamentalism becomes volatile and dangerous to the extent that it tends towards extremism, so too does blind acceptance of government propaganda make the true believers dangerous and extreme.

These hoaxed events are used to advance gun control, suppress the first amendment, and attack independent journalism and reporting. Expecting the media to report facts during tragic events when the rest of what they do is biased, partisan, corrupt, and unreliable would be akin to expecting one out of ten SpaceX launches to actually put something into "space."

In other words, if you're not autohoaxing, you're not paying attention.

Think and Let Think

Thought policing is a learned behavior. The globe is a direct consequence of our collective co-dependent relationship with power. Acting in its defense by coercing uniformity in thought is typical of Stockholm Syndrome, or Battered Globey Syndrome.

The answer to this simple: establish and recognize appropriate boundaries. Classic dysfunctional relationships are characterised by an imbalance power. The more powerful in the dynamic will have more access to the other. The other will have less relative privacy to the extent they cede power, the ultimate state of powerlessness being the prisoner who has no privacy at all.

Private property is the apparent target of the powers that should not be, but their true aim is your private thoughts and ultimately your soul.

In Orwell's 1984, the concept of private time or solitude was OWNSELF, and was considered treason against Big Brother.

Therefore, to the extent that your thoughts are policed or are given over to the policing of the thoughts of others, you are upholding Big Brother's matrix of lies. It's like a web and breaking apart one thread won't bring the entire structure down. Only widespread, across the web severing of false narratives will do the job. This will require a collective resolve to not cater to the pressures of Group Think.

Seize The Means of Perception

Cease to give attention and invest into bad ideas. To the extent that our perceptions are filtered by others, we are vulnerable to deception. It's quite simple: if you trust the media, you will be deceived. Even if you use discrimination to filter out some sources or narratives, so long as you accept any element of one of their stories, you're placing yourself into their manufactured reality.

For example, if the media convinces you that there are organized and militant homegrown racist terrorists in every town, then you might necessarily be more suspicious of the kind of people who might fall into that demographic, such as your friends who might be in the NRA or who vote Republican. And boogie-man implanted into the mass mind is a reason for one group to secure its own survival. In other words, scapegoats and boobie-men cause in-group preference to become a necessity. The media uses manufactured threats to get people to herd together for mutual protection.

It's not enough to merely avoid contrived black and white debates falling conveniently along political lines, it's necessary to further and even exit the arena altogether. Stop considering their bad ideas and seek to replace those with something worth focusing upon, like reality, truth, and facts.

Reality Manipulation and Control

The GAME is about control and the more control you take from the consensus, the less the consensus interacts with you or can interact with you. It's like you're a ghost or it becomes a ghost as you become more real.

The surreality crumbles, it fades, it dissipates in the face of reality.

So I'm in the world of straw house pigs: pigs that live in houses made of straw because they're disconnected from the reality. Reality Deniers. They deny that which would let them know that the only way to have any modicum of security and groundedness is to build a brick house, to exist in reality, in something solid, something tangible, reliable, and if not permanent, at least persistent.

What we have instead is the fabricated Wizard of Oz reality of the 24/7 news cycle in which facts are relevant according to their recency and that narratives trumps those facts anyway. So even if something significant occurs, it's not as important as something insignificant which occurs more recently.

The news media tell stories and reports---or rather---repeats hearsay. It repeats hearsay because it is comprised of repeaters who are reading off of the teleprompters pre-scripted for them.

What they do is they uphold a surreality which is held up by the most number of people believing it. It's the consensus. They build up a consensus. They maintain it. They fight for it and they encourage those in it to fight to defend it, to war for it in fact.

So we reject this blue pill consensus based surreality and are, in many ways, like an entirely different species. You could call this an insurrection, an intellectual and cultural insurrection.

The real is overthrowing the fake. The fake has been in control for too long and the ones who control the fake know what real is.

One of the big misconceptions. This is not an accident that people think we're on a spinning ball. It wasn't an error or a mistake. It's a deliberate deception and the ones who are making this deception a part of your everyday life are well aware of what we really inhabit, which is why they're hiding it.

A huge part of the process of hiding is mediating. They hide it through mediating. They get you to pay attention to their media, their mediators, their filters, their green screens, their priesthood, their pundits, their politicians, their crisis actors. It's all manipulation but it's with your consent. Maybe it's not your informed consent but it's definitely your consent.

It's one of those things where silence is essentially giving them permission. Your refusal to reject, to resist, your refusal, that's what gives them the permission. It's not like you're given a choice, "Do I want to buy into this particular religion?"

Religion and spirituality are two different things, mutually exclusive in most instances, just to be clear. So when I use the word religion, I'm talking about regimented culture, regimented ideas and beliefs and values.

Worship of government is a religion. I mean, government centric life is religion. Dependency on government is religion because that dependency comes from beliefs about the nature of government and what it does.

Government is just religion by another name.

Do we need religion to not be wicked? I would say no, although the religious organizations would have you think so.

Does the world need to be saved by the religious? I don't think so. But they're vested in the solution. They have a deeply vested interest in the solution to the problems that they sell you on, sin.

Governments, now, provide you with universal problems, not sin but pollution, war, crime. They find all these different things that are universal and then they position themselves as the problem solvers.

Now the problem with this is abuses of power. If you want to give away the power to a group of people to protect you, there's only a nominal difference between a protector and a dictator.

What they have done is they have inflated the degree to which individuals feel threatened and unsafe and insecure. They inculcate insecurity in the schools with these active shooter drills. They inculcate insecurity every night with the media, with their psyops, with their fake terror attacks.

The need to inculcate these fears and insecurities so that you will always raise your hand and defer to authorities.

What are you supposed to do about school shootings? You're too busy. You're at work. So what do you?

Well, it's a law enforcement issue and so then you vote for the law enforcement to get the right resources they need and then you find out, "Well, you know, it's not about better law enforcement equipment, it's about better psychiatric care. But we got to start younger so we need your permission to evaluate the minds of your kids and possibly medicate them."

You see, what they're doing is asking permission to turn the schools into prisons. Here's the thing, the schools are being used obviously for indoctrination purposes. If you get an education, it's in spite of the school.

But if they're using it to create a totally enclosed world for the students, run by the state, run by operatives for the state, teachers, teachers who will repeat what they're told.

So in other words, the schools are really just a system of conforming the individual to the designs of the authoritarians. That's what it is.

That's why the school shooter drills are such a big thing. A fire drill, makes perfect sense. If you think there's a fire, you run, right? In an orderly fashion. Perfect sense. School shooters though, unlike fires, don't really exist. They inflate it. They inflate the statistics and the numbers and make everyone go through these drills.

Well, the purpose of the drills is to induce Stockholm syndrome, to make one dependent on the state. Again, this goes back to my point about this being a surreality, in the fake green screened reality, there are school shootings all the time, always ready to happen. Kids are under attack. Kids are caught in a war.

Look, this is what they actually said, 60 minutes, one of kids from March For Our Lives. He's like, "This is a 17-year long war. We are the mass shooter generation. 17 years and now 17 more died in Florida."

Well, these stories about these deaths, these murders, these fake atrocities are in their heads, in their belief systems. It affects their values and their assessment of

others; makes them hateful and bigoted towards those who don't share their opinions about guns.

When they're making these discussions about guns, it's coming from a place of sheer emotionality. The weapon is a tool. You could use a hammer and kill 30 people in short order if you're really motivated and wanted to. It's not about guns. It's about the state asserting its compelling interest in becoming our total protector, maximum security.

You see, if you're never secure anywhere, then you're in a state of maximum insecurity. Their solution is maximum security. Maximum security looks like schools with Kevlar-hardened doors, bulletproof walls, metal detectors, armed guards with big guns.

These anti-gun people sure love armed guards, don't they? They don't want you the private citizen to own a gun. But they don't have a problem whatsoever with uniformed men with big guns, pointing at their heads even and firing blanks to teach them something. You're going to go into a classroom and fire blanks at kids to pretend to be a murderer to scare the shit out of them for their own good? You're going to go protect the shit out of them, right?

So I'm telling you it's to induce Stockholm syndrome. They get to fall in love with their captors, they will defend their captor because their survival is connected with it. The state using its big guns is going into the classrooms and turning your children into subjects, into subjects. Not sovereign individuals. Not people with lives that matter but just subjects, numbers.

That's why they use aggressive identity politics to get people to efface their individuality and join their clan. So now race is no longer about your heritage or traditions or where you're from, your background, it's actually about your skin pigmentation and how you can check a certain box and be put into a certain category. That's what the statist do. They want you to cease to be an individual and to start to be a number and a product, a piece of government property.

They're basically looking down at you as animals, as property. This gun, active shooter drill as gun training is basically this, it's:

”Let's not take away their guns because the ones who are awake might resist. So let's get these ones that are still in the incubators and terrify them about guns..”

...which will also fit in nicely with all the immersive media from first person shooter video games to Hollywood movies which are a little more than gun pornography. It's gun porn. Quentin Tarantino, gun porn. Every action film you see, gun porn, that's all it is.

It's to increase our sense of how powerful weapons are and how the gun gives you godlike powers. This is what they want you to think. No, they don't. It's a tool and it enforces a balance of power between the individual and the state.

What they want to do is shift the power in their favor by taking away our ability to interpret reality. Questioning the media makes you a conspiracy theorist to them. This includes the alternative media---questioning the mediated reality--and all the stories that prompt it up.

But all these events, stories, tragedies, these things need to be reexamined in order to break free of their surreality. We need to totally break free from all of it because they're establishing, everyday, they're establishing a different premise for some other way for them to encroach on your life.

As in “space junk”, the existence of which means we need a worldwide agreement on air defense to shoot down space junk or to protect us from aliens or to protect us from climate change.

The Mediators are the priesthood of today. They're the priest class. It is useful to think of them in that sense; they're the priest class. The duty of the priest class is to serve the elite by mediating the minds of the masses and getting us to believe that we need both government and religion.

Guess what the ball earth is? The globe earth itself is the one world totalitarian religion, it's both government and it's religion. It's a theocratic system. We do not have separation of church and state, just so you know. We have an objective. This is a fact finding mission. The purpose of which is to discern the boundaries, the edges, finding the edges---about finding that edge--- separating what we know from what we believe we know. There's a huge difference.

Once we can eradicate that gap in our thinking, you will find that the fantasy, surreality, the fake reality, the faith-based worldview will dissipate and real will remain.

Real cancels out fake. Ultimately, this is about real versus fake.

Steam Powered Billboard

Crowdfunding is a barometer of focus. Community interest in a topic isn't enough to guarantee success. It is only a concentrated and directed focus that can move a crowd-driven enterprise forward.

The interest may be there but without a conduit or a channel or a goal or a target, it may dissipate.

My contention is that more investors with smaller amounts would be preferable to a small number of investors with a greater individual commitment.

The opportunity to sponsor the steam-powered rocket came out of the blue and as a direct result of the first Research Flat Earth billboard. The dare-devil and builder of said steam-powered rocket, "Mad" Mike Hughes, had learned of our Flat Earth Research Group after seeing a video on Youtube where a Flat Earther drove out to the site of that billboard and did a video livestream of its unveiling.

Mike contacted us via my livestream's call-in line and offered us the side of the seventeen foot rocket for our Research Flat Earth banner. The cost was about seven thousand and five-hundred dollars. And what would we get for that? Publicity. The event would presumably spark conversations about Flat Earth and give us the chance to call out SpaceX and NASA as frauds.

What we didn't expect was the opposition that would arise from within the Flat Earth community.

Funding, focusing the crowd.

One thing it did accomplish was demonstrate what the livestream listeners were capable of doing. Crowdfunding can be a show of strength for a particular idea and group of activists. What this did was show us how committed we were to an outcome. Instead of chat and conjecture, the chat room became an effective think-tank capable of instigating meaningful action.

The goal galvanized the group which was important as naysayers, haters, and trolls would attack the idea as misguided, inadvisable, and wrong headed. What was fundamentally nothing more than a billboard painted on a rocket became an intensely polarizing issue among the online Flat Earth community, with some accusing me of perpetrating a fraud and others suggesting that we were putting the image and repute of the entire Flat Earth movement on the line with a stunt which could easily end badly.

The issue became a constant point of contention and revealed to me who the risk takers were versus those who would prefer to proceed with caution. I took note and adjusted my sights accordingly. Those who couldn't see the value in such a stunt were excluded from future think tanks. It's important to separate those who utilize their imaginations to envision better futures from those who use them to conjure up worst case scenario situations. It takes as much time and energy to one or the other, and those who habitually choose to take meaningful action and control outcomes are the kinds that are needed to effect real change.

On March 24, 2018, Mad Mike Hughes launched his Liberty One rocket near Amboy, California.



In Saturday's success, the rocket took off straight into the air, reaching 1,875 feet (572 meters) above the Mojave Desert near Amboy, California, before making a "hard landing which sheared off the nose cone.

"Do I believe the Earth is shaped like a Frisbee? I believe it is," he said in a video posted to his Facebook page. "Do I know for sure? No. That's why I want to go up in space."

FINDING THE EDGE

A Reddit post went viral for suggesting that Flat Earthers start their own reality TV show to prove the Earth is not a ball.

Our think tank thought about this and concluded that it was a great idea. Why not use the business model of a reality television show to organize and fund a fact-finding mission.

What we came up with is relatively simple: a crowd-directed, crowd-produced, crowd-sourced Internet based reality television show. It would serve as a way to focus all the time, attention, investigation, research, and conjecture that Flat Earthers engage in everyday and would instead lead to conclusions.

This fact finding mission couched in an entertaining reality show format intends to be the first reality television show ever to actually elucidate the facts of reality. The entertainment media is a weapon mass obfuscation. It sets the stage for bigger and more insidious manipulations and machinations. By co-opting this medium, we are seizing back from the priesthood of today the means of perception.

As of the time of this writing, Episode one is on the cutting room floor. My intention is to add another part to this book with each edition until our work is complete.

EXPLORATION

No amount of talk or experimentation will put an end to this discussion. Only exploration. We don't have enough facts at this time to arrive at a conclusion.

It hasn't been done yet. Why? That's a good question. Something confronted in my novella *The Flat Earthers: Life on The Edge of Reality*, which is published here in its entirety:

PART FIVE

The Flat Earthers: Life on The Edge of Reality

THE FLAT EARTHERS

LIFE ON THE EDGE OF REALITY



BY TIM OZMAN

THE FLAT EARTHERS

LIFE ON THE EDGE OF REALITY

By Tim Ozman

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“People laugh, but the Flat Earthers know something...” ---Illuminati Card Game

Chapter 1: Laughing With The Crowd

My first contact with the Flat Earth came straight from the text to speech reader of Professor Stephen Hawking.

“The world is flat!” Stephen Hawking’s computerized voice blurted out on a nationally televised broadcast in which the world’s leading scientists discussed plans for the colonization of the moon. It was laughed of as a joke, obviously, and as a guest of honor on this 8th day of November, 2015, Hawking’s seventy-fourth birthday.

I just laughed along with the crowd.

But what they didn’t know yet, and what I was about to learn, is that Hawking loved to mock the truth right in front of those he duped. I count myself among the duped.

So let’s just start there.

Hawking and I never met until that night. As the CEO of Saturn-X, the world’s first private space agency to have a viable plan to Space Junk Reclamation Craft into orbit, he demanded a private audience with me. It was then that I received the greatest shock of my life.

“Tim,” the Professor’s signature voice simulator spoke, “you’re the most successful space entrepreneur the world has ever known. But now, before you proceed any further, must be made aware of the barrier.”

“The barrier?” I asked.

“The dome, Tim. We live within an enclosed system.” His glazed eyes glanced left. The door on that side of the room opened and an assembled group of physicists, aeronautical engineers, environmentalists, and NASA media liaisons walked in. Buzz Aldrin came in last. I almost didn’t recognize him underneath the top hat and with those round, dark lenses. He looked more urban shaman than astronaut.

“Tim,” if I may call you that, Buzz said as he shook my hand. “I hope you understand, it’s nothing personal, but, we’re going to take over Saturn-X.” His grip was clammy and he poked his thumb into my middle finger knuckle in an obtuse and awkward manner.

“I don’t understand,” I said, more angry than starstruck. Who were these people?

“Let the Professor speak,” Buzz said.

“Tim,” the speech reader spoke, “...the moon is closer than we are told, and we can’t actually make it into space. There’s some kind of a barrier. Not the Van Allen radiation belts, but a physical barrier, and that the moon isn’t a big floating rock. It’s like some kind of projection or lens. That’s all I know.”

I was bewildered. Was this a hoax? Was Hawking ill? According to Wikipedia, the theoretical physicist is paralyzed with a motor neurone disease. His speech generating device is operated by a single cheek muscle. But nowhere was dementia mentioned.

Buzz Aldrin filled in the awkward silence. “Tim, the moon landing was faked. We leaked the conspiracy that we were warned off the moon by aliens.” He looked into my eyes.

“Mr. Aldrin, I used to read conspiracy theories about how NASA supposed found alien bases on the moon and that this is what has been kept hidden from us. If the moon landings were faked, then why?” I asked. All eyes were on me, gauging my reaction. I was expecting a punchline any moment.

“Tim, this isn't about aliens,” Buzz said. “The world is flat, not a globe, and we're inside some kind of a dome many thousands of miles across.”

“Hahaha! Nice one! You almost had me there caller. Wow!” I genuinely laughed. It felt good to be around people with such an elaborate sense of humor. The assembled group of physicists, the aeronautical engineers, the environmentalists, and Buzz with the other NASA personnel, were laughing with me.

Even Hawking text to voice reader laughed out loud with a repetitious HA HA HA HA HA.

“Great Tim,” Aldrin said, placing a hand on my shoulder. “You took this much better than we had expected. You'll have to sign this.” He presented a clipboard. On the clipboard, a Non-Disclosure Agreement. Nobody was laughing anymore.

“What's this?” I asked, even as the words became sentences, and my mind grasped the full import of that single page form, which ended with:

“...AND FURTHERMORE, I WILL NOT DISCLOSE ANY INFORMATION ABOUT THE FLAT, STATIONARY EARTH, UNDER THE PENALTY OF DEATH...AND SATURN-X IS NOW UNDER THE CONTROL OF NASA.”

Talk about a can of worms. If NASA was covering this up, if the moon is closer than we've been taught, then what else is being hidden from us?

Any remaining doubts I may have had about the seriousness of this letter was put to rest when I felt the tip of a gun barrel nudging the back of my skull. “Pen?” I asked. I signed the document and the room's occupants resumed the smiling, congenial, jocularity.

Truth. This felt like truth. My intuition was rattling inside of my skull like a metal bearing inside of a spray paint can, agitating my thoughts, binding them together in a new way. Something had just been sown. Not just a new idea, but an entirely new worldview.

Chapter 2: Is Space Fake?

On the drive home that night, I made the decision NOT to move up with Saturn-X. I immediately called the board of directors. That week, I resigned from my post and sold my part in the company, citing “health issues.”

Exploring space was a long time dream of mine, and as the CEO of Saturn-X it had become a distinct possibility. Then I found out the truth and was forced, at gunpoint, to sign over my dream to those who seek to control the dreams of all mankind. I was an unwitting sellout, but to what?

Now that the existence of the world as I knew it to be had been called into question, my decision had the effect of making me aware of my own life’s purpose. For years I had lived with a vague sense that something was off. I never fully trusted the authority figures. Even if the police and judges and politicians were good people individually, they could still be unwitting servants of a hidden influence.

A cryptocracy. That much I was certain of, so when this radically different concept of the world I inhabited emerged, I was prepared to investigate.

Who else knows about this? Is it an open secret? How many people are in the know? I had to find out. So that night, I stopped at the Starbucks for an extra-large, over priced, over-heated, and overrated cup of coffee.

Chapter 3: Flat Earth For The Clueless 101

I started my Flat Earth research with a series of videos for the noob: Flat Earth For The Clueless 101., starting with *FLAT EARTH FOR THE CLUELESS #1*:

I laughed out loud. Something about seeing a map in which the world was a disc with the continents splayed out from the north pole just struck me as laughable. The narrator, Mark Steer, was calmly explaining how the supposed deception works:

“...this is the most crucial thing to understand. The world as you know it is nothing more than a construct. A theory which is nearly impossible to falsify because of the sheer difficulty in getting far enough away from the Earth to see what it looks like. So I want to ask you a question. How do you know the Earth is a ball?”

The rest of the video was dedicated to explaining how the only picture of the world was taken in 1972 and that all subsequent photos are admitted by NASA to be digitally rendered composites created by stitching together photos taken by satellites in low orbit. And even on this last point, he suggested that those photos are more likely to have been taken from blimps.

“.....something else for you to consider is that there are no pictures of satellites in orbit. Those we are shown are generated in photoshop. Why is that?”

I had to admit, Mark Steer was bringing up many interesting questions. However, the lack of answers wasn't exactly building a strong case for a Flat Earth in my mind. I needed more substance. As the former CEO of a space agency which had plans to occupy Saturn, I was accustomed to open minded speculation and working from strictly hypothetical scenarios. In other words, I was no stranger to conjecture.

On to *FLAT EARTH FOR THE CLUELESS #2*:

Now things were starting to get interesting. The curvature of the Earth, as I was taught in school, is eight inches per mile. This means that for every mile traveled, one is eight inches over the curved surface of the sphere. This made sense to me. Eight inches per mile should approximate a twenty-five thousand mile circumference globe. But Steer contested this formula.

According to his second video, eight inches per mile describes a slope, not a curve. In other words, a straight line. In order to measure a curve, according to his research into spherical geometry, one has to apply a formula of eight inches per mile multiplied by the number of miles squared.

So, while there may indeed be an eight inch curve within each mile, when the curvature is measured over longer distances, the curve becomes increasingly dramatic.

He explained, “if you were to point a laser beam perfectly horizontally, the surface of the Earth should drop away from the beam the further away it goes from the point of origin. If the laser beam doesn't diffuse, it would be seen going out into space.”

His diagrams illustrated this point very clearly. Thus, an eight inch drop off after one mile becomes a six foot drop off at three miles. At ten miles, there should be eight-hundred inches or

sixty-six feet of curvature.

This, he posited, meant that boats should not be visible at ten miles away. In the video he showed footage which indeed showed boats disappearing over the horizon. He explained that "...this has long been used as proof of the Earth's curve. However, modern high definition telephoto lenses have changed that perception."

In one startling bit of footage, a boat that had disappeared over the horizon was brought right back into view in its entirety at a distance of fifteen miles. He suggested that the disappearance of boats into the distance was a result of the human eye's range of vision. In other clips, he showed the Chicago skyline as seen from Michigan, approximately sixty miles away. If the Earth was indeed curved, then Chicago should be half a mile over the horizon.

Now this was when it started interesting....

So if there is no discernable curve, I wondered, then what's at the edge? And where is that edge?

According to the maps of the Flat Earth, there is no south pole. In fact, the Flat Earthers disputed the very existence of Antarctica, positing instead that the world as we know it exists within a circle, and that the outer edge of that circle is a plateau of ice. They allege that this wall of ice has been falsely represented as a continent on the bottom of a globe.

Now here is where my conditioning started to fight at the new information I was being presented with. Surely there have been numerous circumnavigations around the planet in a southerly direction, right?

I moved my searches away from Steer's presentation, as compelling as it was, in order to find counterpoints to his arguments. Oddly enough, there has never been a north to south circumnavigation of the planet. Not one. Moreover, it turns out that there is a treaty which effectively keeps anyone from going lower than 60 degrees south latitude.

Whatever the shape of the world, the answer, I felt, would lie in Antarctica. If Steer was right, the one should be able to travel west from California, and reach an ice wall rather than China. I stepped away from the computer. It was time to take a break. I needed to ground myself.

I walked outside and the first thing I did was looked up into the sky. The stars were glittery in the cold winter air. They looked so different now. They appeared more immediate, more intimate, and more relevant to me. I have never taken astrology very seriously. I understand the symbolism and why primitive cultures might ascribe such meaning to the movements of the stars, but my own education, conditioning, and programming had led me to see these points of light as nothing more than distant stars, many of them already dead.

Now, as I looked at them, I saw vibrant, seemingly sentient luminous orbs, possibly embedded into the sky. Mark Steer had referred to the sky as a dome. Could our world be an enclosure, like the one in that movie, *The Truman Show*, where the main character learned he was in a vast dome when one of the stars, which was actually a stage light, fell to the Earth?

I went to the park down the street. It's a circular park with a playground and basketball court in the center. I wandered across the grass my eyes fixated on the stars and the planets. I was filled with wonder, the likes of which I had not felt since childhood. Having been filled up with all the answers in school, I had lost my appreciation for the most basic questions. My education, it

seemed, had filled in all those holes in my understanding of the universe, like a vast, hermetically sealed enclosure had been wrapped around my mind. An enclosure which left no room for doubt.

Now, my mind was swimming with doubts. I was bathed with uncertainty. I no longer knew all the answers and my lack of confidence in those who did was shaken. I was having a crisis of faith. And this, perhaps shocked me most of all. Had my entire worldview been built upon a foundation of faith rather than science?

I laid down on the grass and watched the procession of the stars. They all moved in unison, slowly, inexorably, which was perfectly explainable by the rotation of the globe. However, if the Earth isn't a globe, how then can the movements of the planets and stars be explained? It can't be explained if we're watching distant objects in space, millions of lightyears away. The only way a Flat Earth could make sense is if the celestial bodies are closer to us than we've been taught.

Could they be embedded light sources planted into some sort of structure, like a domed or even a flat ceiling a few thousand miles away?

This could make sense, but then what of the planets? And what about the moon and sun? So many questions.

I stood up and walked to the sidewalk at the edge of the park and proceeded to circumambulate the park with my eyes on the playground. Is this how boats go around the world? It occurred to me that the world would not have to be a globe to go around the land masses as long as one was using the magnetic north pole as a reference point.

The fact that I was the only one out at this hour suggested to me how little people actually think about the stars. We've been given all the answers and therefore have no reason to go outside and look up. Instead, most people spend their nights looking at the television. And why not? If there's nothing to wonder about, why bother? I'm guilty of it myself. I had lost my sense of wonder, even with my ambitions of launching a craft to Saturn. It all seemed so spherical and confined to remain mere theoretical plans in cyberspace.

Now that I had my sense of wonder back, the notion of sitting at home watching television seemed singularly odd to me. Probably as odd as I might appear to anyone who might notice my meandering steps around and across the park at such a late hour.

For the first time in a decade, I felt inspired. My movements were purposeful and I was animated by a sense of urgency. As much as I loved developing Saturn-X and planning space colonization, leaving it behind was a huge relief. I was relieved of the need to be on a neverending public relations campaign.

Chapter 4: Enter Infinity

Seeking to blend in with the Flat Earth community, I opened a Youtube channel. I had to converse with others who knew something about this topic. I chose Infinite Plane Society as a channel name because it gave me room to avoid the trap of taking sides or forming solid commitment to a particular model.

There were so many variations of Flat Earth that I had trouble navigating through the mess. And that's where Mark Steer's videos were of tremendous value.

There were Convexers, Hollow Earthers, Cell Earthers, Bilu the alien, and so many other oddities. Admittedly, I'm "out there" with some of the things I was posting, but this doesn't mean that I was being unscientific. On the contrary, when I entered into Internet chats with others, I got the distinctive impression that those on the fringe are actually in the know about the latest societal, and technological trends.

So I coalesced a subscription base around this idea and we formed an opposition to the certainty of the Flat Earth theories that assert there is a boundary or edge.

It could easily have been described as the Infinite Possibilities Society.

Think about it: an Infinite plane is the only reality we perceive. Flat, concave, matrixy, doesn't matter. humans only experience it as infinite and flat.

My approach was to state that any Flat Earth theory which prematurely declared an edge, a boundary, or an enclosure would lack the motive or incentive to put exploration first. If someone read somewhere that Earth is flat, and believed it, then all they did was traded one belief for another. This is what many Flat Earthers have in fact done. They accept the existence of a dome without evidence. I didn't want to go there even though, I have to admit, it makes sense.

Instead, I rejected theorizing in favor of knowing. Replacing belief altogether with an exploration of known and knowable facts would lead to the truth eventually, be it round or flat.

In this manner I thought to participate in the debate without taking a hard position. This, I had hoped, would allow me to mix in with all the factions within the FE Community.

"Factions?" you might ask. After all, how does the truth become factioned off when the truth is truth?

I suppose I was naive about the intolerance of the average person when it comes to new ideas. I was expecting open minded discourse; I wrongfully assumed that others valued ideas as much as I do. Contrarily, people are just as likely to care about the right idea than the correct one, with "right", being defined by the status quo.

The idea of infinite possibilities proved as heretical to these folk as the conventional scientific view of infinite worlds and infinite space. The Flat Earther community wants their world defined, modeled out, explained, and they want their understanding complete.

This means ruling out competing views. As my Youtube channel picked up subscribers, more of the established community members started contacting me. The more I talked about the possibility of there being more land, hidden by the faked curve of the globe, the more the

Christians told me I was wrong and that the truth would be found in the King James version of their holy Bible.

Cathexis, an obvious pseudonym, reached out to me, warning me of the dangers ahead if I continued to criticize “The Firmament Dome.”

“Hey bro, listen, I’m friends with a lot of the Christians, and they see you as teaching the doctrine of the fallen ones.” He advised, during one of our long Skype talks.

Having no idea what this was, I asked for more information about this doctrine.

“Lucifer, the fallen angel, is going to mislead the masses who awaken to Flat Earth. He will teach a heresy of infinite land, where each person gets to be god over their own world. And this starts on September the 23rd, 2018,” he added, ominously.

“Wait? You know the date of Lucifer’s arrival?” I asked, incredulous. Bible prophecy has always been a laughing matter for me. It’s a “boogie man” story for adults, as far as I’m concerned. But Cathexis was helping me to understand something about Flat Earth culture I wasn’t aware of.

“Yes. The Tribulation starts on the twenty-third of September. But don’t even get me started on the number twenty-three. Over the next seven years, the Great Awakening will happen. Most of the deceived will awaken to the truth but choose to go with the devil’s doctrines. The chosen few will be taken up at Skyfall.” He explained in his authoritative, preacher voice.

“Skyfall? Sorry I’ve got so many questions. But in my view, religion is one of humanities principle dividers. I don’t have use for it.” I wanted to exit the conversation.

“Tim. The Firmament Dome will be revealed last, and at that point, Christ will come and bring it crashing down on those who chose evil. And those who accepted the Dome’s existence will not only be spared, but will be ascended into Heaven, given immortal light bodies, and then will come back down to kill Lucifer’s legions,” he concluded.

“Okay...so I, by not accepting a ‘Firmament Dome’, am inadvertently teaching the doctrine of the fallen angels. Got it. Thanks bro.” And with that, I learned that Flat Earth was indeed another prophecy cult.

Behind Mark Steers’ “Flat Earth for the Clueless” series, the real story here the alternative, cultish version of Christianity which was behind the radical skepticism and conspiracy theorizing.

Chapter 5: It's Not About Shape

I overslept.

I was awake until five o'clock in the morning, binging on Youtube videos relating to the topic of the Flat Earth.

I didn't mean to fall asleep. I had made it as far as Flat Earth For The Clueless #43 when sleep overtook me in my computer chair. From there I stumbled over to the futon not bothering to undress. The deeper I looked into Mark Steer's videos, the more I felt like I was being led. But where was he leading me?

Flat Earth is not about Flat Earth. It's about worldview. And the more that share a particular worldview, the stronger it's claims are considered to be. It's not about research. It's about beliefs, those who hold them, and which ones are the correct ones.

Who knew that conspiracy theories could be so political? This was perhaps the most interesting of my findings. Conspiracies are just alternative beliefs--alternative to the dominant ones and fall into and out of favor, following the tide of group opinion.

I remember, as a kid, watching the night skies in hopes of seeing a UFO. I pored over black and white photos of supposed crafts, secretly believing them to be real, but acknowledging with my friends that these were obvious fakes. Our programmed skepticism was inculcated, it seemed, to teach us to ignore alternative-beliefs.

If individuals are too ashamed of certain ideas to own them, to discuss them, then no groups will coalesce around such ideas. But the trouble with Flat Earth theory is that it's so all-inclusive that nothing is off the table. It's a trojan horse, packed full of odd ideas, such as the crazy notion that all first ladies are secretly men, or that the Pope controls FOX news through his network of Jesuit assassins.

This explains why Flat Earthers bond so strongly. Finally, they have an uncritical audience for their ideas. Flat Earth is the ultimate safe space for the conspiracy kook. I tried to keep my online conversations in that safe place, away from my real world friends and family. But as the months passed, it became increasingly difficult to keep it hidden.

My brother David was the first to chime in. We crossed paths at my nieces sixth birthday party. "Listen...Tim, we know you have your thing. Your conspiracy UFO reptilian thing....But we think you may be taking it a little too far," he had said. This was after I had emailed him a link to Flat Earth For The Clueless #73, which made some cogent points about how satellites are probably high altitude balloons and not metal boxes held in geostationary orbit. And then to add a little ridicule to the condescension, he added, "You've gone over the edge this time. Flat earth? Hahaha. Come on. What has got into you?" He was smirking.

I should have bit my tongue. "Sorry Dave. I won't forward anymore links. Strange, you were super interested in Saturn-X. I'm just digging deeper these days."

"Deep space is real, Tim. This Flat Earth bullshit will destroy your credibility for life," he said, sternly, holding my gaze.

"Yeah Tim. You quit your job to watch whacky Youtube videos," Lorry, my sister-in-law added.

I felt cornered.

David, with his pizza sauce stained shirt, and Lorry, lecturing me with that arrogant tone of hers. Both of them policing my thoughts, enforcing parameters they had no right to set on my life, mocking my open minded pursuit of knowledge and truth.

I felt like this was a contest, a standoff. But it wasn't David and Lorry I was up against. I was standing up to a Matrix of lies specifically intended to keep people like me in line. To keep me locked into a predictable routine. One of the points that Mark Steer had made repeatedly throughout his video series was that the coverup of the real geography of the Earth has everything to do with thought control.

The imposed worldview turns its adherents into prison wardens who instinctively act in concert to keep the non-conformist from venturing too far from the consensus trance.

This intervention was literally a manifestation of the control grid right before my eyes. I suppose I was obligated to buckle under peer pressure, to renounce my heresy, and to go back to my old life. The worst part of it was that these two acted as though they were doing this in my best interests, as though I couldn't be entrusted to make my own life decisions.

"I think you're both wrong. I can't tell you how I know, but I know this to be true. I just don't know much more than that. David, Lorry, the world is flat!" I said.

"How dare you?" Lorry glowered. "There are children here!"

I had no idea what I was going to do next. "Lorry, I just said the world is flat. What's the big deal?" I asked, just as David's fist came crashing into my right eye socket. "Dude. Seriously?" was all I could think to say.

"I'm sorry Lorry. I tried. This ingrate..." David glowered at me. "I gave him a chance. Hear me, Tim? I supported you and your stupid plan to get to Saturn. I'm not going to stand here and let you abandon that and all you achieved. Your life's work! You're losing it all..."

"Losing what? Being a dancing monkey for the rest of my life? The world is flat. Get over it." I walked out calmly, massaging my swollen cheekbone area.

I drove away in search of a decent cup of coffee.

All I had was my confidence that the search for truth would take me where I needed to go. Rather than allegiance to a meaningless routine, I felt now like I was guided by destiny. As Steer had explained, the spinning ball model of the Earth is intended to keep us locked into meaningless patterns. Flat Earth is a stationary one. It does not spin, it's not adrift in a meaningless universe. It's a world where every life, every soul has a purpose.

I sat alone at the cafe beside the University. I had driven all the way across town to put some time and space in between me and the apartment and all that had just transpired. They had invaded into my personal space and attempted to get into my head in order to fix it.

Earlier that night I had learned of a convention which is taking place in Dallas next month. It's called Flat Earth Con. All big names in the Flat Earth movement are going to be taking part in a

panel discussion.

I would certainly be recognized as the former CEO of Saturn-X, but it was a risk I was willing to take. Despite the cryptic threats which were now a daily occurrence online, I kept on talking. Afterall, one way to know when you're over the target is by the amount of flak you get.

This idea was not only compelling...it was taking over my life.

Chapter 6: Denominations

The winter holidays passed without any significant developments on the outside. The days went by, I visited family, exchanged gifts, and did my best not to blurt out anything inappropriate. There was a fog of surreality over everything.

When I observed the sun, now in its lowest point on the southern horizon, I didn't sense that it was further away from the Earth, or that the axis of the world had tipped away from it. Rather, I got the sense that the sun was in fact tracing a circle over the Tropic of Capricorn.

In the Flat Earth model of the universe, the sun and moon are both roughly thirty-three miles in diameter and they circle around the north pole from twenty-three degrees south latitude in the winter to twenty-three degrees north latitude in the summer, hitting the equator in the spring and autumn. They trace this spiral up and down, year after year, speeding up in the winter, slowing down in the summer. This made more sense to me than the heliocentric model I had been taught.

My understanding of the Flat Earth was intuitive, visceral, and far more complete than any certainty I ever had about my previous conception of the world. I was a Flat Earther and I had no shame about it. However, I knew better than to blurt it out.

At times, I felt like I was part of a secret society. In a way I was, for if it turns out to be true, and I believe it will, then it must also be true that the secret societies of the world, the Illuminati, the Freemasons, and the various intelligence agency must know the truth. Perhaps the truth isn't distributed all around to the rank and file members of the world's secret cabals, but it's undoubtedly the most closely held secret in the upper echelons.

As the weeks leading up to Flat Earth Con passed, I became more of a fixture with the Flat Earth community, as it is known.

The FE Community is split into factions. There are the Domers, the Concavers, the Spherical Geocentrists, the Pac-Man Modelers, the Simulation Theorists, the Biblical Flat Earthers, the Convexers, and the Hollower Earthers.

Each sub-group has its own messiah. And despite a blanket agreement across all denominations that Earth is not a ball, these factions war incessantly and ruthlessly in their pursuit of the One True Flat Earth model.

I included myself among the growing list cult leaders arising among fragmented and bewildered masses of faithful believers no longer certain of who or what to invest their faith into.

What are the paradigm shocked to believe when the long tail has replaced the traditional supermarkets of belief?

Open up the ugly underbelly of Flat Earth and you'll find the bigots, the homophobes, the narcissistic cult leaders and their dangerously codependent followers, the cutters, urine-drinkers, and the occasional free thinker.

Domers aren't necessarily Biblical, although the Dome is a biblical extrapolation, although this too is disputed. There is the Enclosed World posited by Mark Steer, that use Model First logic to fill in holes in the theory. What holds the atmosphere in without gravity? The Dome. Why is NASA faking space travel? To hide the Dome. Domers use the Dome to explain what they

cannot explain. Due to its simplicity and universal appeal, the Enclosed Model is an easy sell.

The Biblical Flat Earthers find Mark Steer's logic consistent with their view, as popularized by Rob Skiba, of the world as "Jehovah's Terrarium".

The Cell Earthers, led by Lord Steven Christ, are a variant of Hollow Earthers. They are smaller in number but they make up for it in fanaticism. LSC, as he is known, asserts that the world we know is on the inside of a vast womb like enclosure and that he is the Second Coming of Christ revealing his sovereign authority over the rest of us.

He rose to prominence early on in the online Flat Earth movement initial power vacuum. His videos featured high end graphics and he used photoshop to stamp his ominous logo on the foreheads of those he sought to awaken to his Godhood. He approached me when I hit the five-thousand subscriber mark. "Tim, you are my son. Accept that you are here to breakup the Flat Earth movement and send those lost scattered sheep to me, and my world."

I had no idea who he was but a cursory web search brought up a steroid infused man swinging a broadsword, his long flowing mullet flapping in the wind. He was something of a cross between Charles Manson and Fabio.

I also learned that he spend thirty-three months in prison for threatening a sitting President. Apparently he called President Obama as a "sacrificial lamb" who was controlled by "the Jews" for which he was promptly incarcerated. During his internment he formulated his "Cell Earth" Theory which he now promulgates from within the prescribed range of the Electronic Monitoring Device wrapped around his ankle.

Hollow Earthers are separate from Flat Earthers, yet many Flat Earthers are comfortable asserting it's possibly hollow as well as flat. This is not a huge point of contention as most FE talk relates to what is above us rather than below, and the Hollow Earth model itself is really just a variant of Globe, still adhering to heliocentrism, the theory of gravity, and the laws of physics as we understand them.

The Biblical Flat Earthers are further divided into those who see science as the enemy of God, and those who see science as actually revealing God. The anti-science Flat Earthers focus on the "Jewish" component to the conspiracy.

Those who recognize that science is a methodology and not a belief system tend to view this conspiracy as the result of propaganda and deception by man; the ones with the Good vs Evil frame of reference view this as an ancient deception by the Devil.

Biblical Flat Earth as a starting point leads to a simple, yet extreme ideology. It asserts that the Bible is accurate in its portrayal of good and evil and who and what is one which side. This is the basis for the Jewish scapegoat at the top of most Flat Earth theories.

Mark Steer's Enclosed World, on the other hand, doesn't have a scapegoat. He blames human error, hubris, and incompetence. Biblical Flat Earth has it that the Jews made the globe deception as a prison for Goyim, or non-Jews.

Now if you ASK a Flat Earther what they think about Jews, you'll get mixed responses. Few are willing to openly state what they believe, but it's there. Derrick Dubai is a vocal proponent of Ethnic Nationalism, and the need to separate into nations, which of course leaves out the Jews,

who only have a nation because of “theft” as the narrative goes.

Many Flat Earthers will dodge this question by asserting a distinction between one specific tribe of Jews and the rest. This is a similar dodge they make when you ask them if Masons are evil. They will say only a small group of them at the top. And of course, this group overlaps with the small group evil Jews making the rest of them look bad.

Meanwhile, an impartial analysis of Biblical scripture itself is ambiguous as to the world’s shape.

Many Flat Earthers, I quickly learned, believe in the literal existence of the devil. The rest still believe in demonic possession and servants of evil, if not an actual devil. Which is still kind of silly; like believing in Santa’s elves but not in Santa.

In political warfare, and Flat Earthers are engaged in political warfare, truth is the first casualty.

When a group believes it has truth on its side, then advancing truth with mistruths is justifiable.

Chapter 7: I'm in a Cult

My investigation into this idea became an immersive experience I would liken to an initiation into a cult. There are degrees of knowledge, of and those on higher levels are regarded as authorities. But it's not as though these ideas are without merit.

One of my first rebuttals to the Flat Earth Theory was that the curvature of the Earth can be seen on any flight above a few thousand feet. I think it was in the first or second video in Mark Steer's series where he claims that no matter how high one goes, the horizon never drops away. In other words, the higher we go, the smaller the Earth should become beneath us. That makes total sense. However, the observed reality is quite different.

As the plane went higher, the horizon remained at my eye level. I wasn't seeing any curve, nor was the Earth disappearing beneath us. Rather, it just appeared to go on into an infinite distance. At our peak altitude I was looking across a vast plane of clouds without end. From here, it wasn't hard to imagine an infinite distance.

I remembered watching planes disappear into the sky as a kid. They didn't just go over the horizon as boats are said to do. They remain high up and just get tinier as they go. And I don't mean they climb out of sight. I mean planes that are already at their peak altitude. If they're flying at a certain distance from the Earth, then should not their trajectory curve? Shouldn't they be observed dipping over the horizon, or at least tracing an arc as they disappear from view?

I closed my eyes, and imagined our position relative to the ground. If the plane is thirty-thousand feet above the ground and we're traveling at five hundred miles per hour, then a constant downward correction would be required in order to not steadily climb higher and higher.

When the inter-faction tensions would arise, it was never about the facts of the matter; merely about their interpretation. We all perceive the same reality. It's how we augment these perceptions with fact that determine whether our worldviews will coincide or collide.

The black and white, us vs. them mentality of the mob is clearly evident among the Flat Earthers. This was clear the first time I watched one of their videos. This is one of many glaring hypocrisies exhibited by the FE community. They decry the "division" of mainstream politics. They say that the "they" divide "us" to control us; that we've been divided and conquered; and then they go on to divide over minor points of contention and self-segregate.

As I came to understand, the suspicion, paranoia, and fear is inherent within the conspiratorial mindset. People who have been betrayed by their leaders find it difficult to trust new leadership.

These are the exact kinds of trust issues you'd expect to see. When people leave abusive relationships, they either run to the next leader to latch onto, or they cease to trust at all.

With suspicious minds comes emotion driven responses and interpretations to the mundane; the everyday, and the commonplace.

Guilt by association replaces the presumption of innocence. The appearance of guilt is enough in the fight or flight, panicky, terror-ridden world of the paranoid. Especially those with delusions of persecution.

What started off as a laughable idea is rapidly becoming a paranoid and increasingly Separatist culture. This culture is organic, fiercely independent, and resistant to outside influence.

When I say Flat Earthers extreme, I don't mean in the sense of violent, dangerous, or unpredictable. I mean extreme in the sense that it's too fringy for people who believe that the world is run by reptilian shapeshifters.

Gangstalking and Flat Earth belief go hand in hand. This is not unlike the gangstalking exhibited by Scientologists or other cults known to be dangerous. I was targeted by various individuals, cliques, and factions within Flat Earth and among its opposition.

The opposition to Flat Earth are known for targeted harassment more than for debate. They wield their ignorance of what Flat Earthers are about like a cudgel, and never tire of beating Strawman Arguments day after day.

The inter-community smear campaigns are legendary, and are more intense than even the most vitriolic Globe-Earthers ever level against Flat Earthers.

The first time I made a video on the topic I was targeted by a group of Christian Nazis. These are Christians who see Jews as the embodiment of Satan and Jesus is embodied in his people. Because I failed to denounce Jews in the video, I was accused of being in league with them, and by extension, Satan.

If you have never been accused of being in league with the Devil, consider yourself fortunate. It's worse that it sounds when the accusers believe it and when they outnumber you.

Once your name has been added to the list of local witches, the villagers share information about you. You're now a class enemy. My name was added to some lists, and enough people were denouncing my Infinite Plane Society, demanding to know who I was, that John the Morgile stepped up to make a statement.

John the Morgile is the most well respected Flat Earth researcher on Youtube next to Mark Steer.

He was concerned that my Infinite Plane Society might be, as Cathexis had warned, the a Luciferian Doctrine. He uploaded a four hour long presentation to his massively popular Youtube channel in which he made the case that the person behind the Infinite Plane Society, this Tim Ozman, was in fact, secretly in league with the illuminati.

"The Crypto-Jew known as Tim Ozman is probably transgendered, and worships at the altar of Baphomet!" he declared to a live audience numbering in the thousands. "Tim Ozman is a freemasonic shill, and he is here to shake your faith in the Domed Firmament!"

I was aghast. This guy, John the Morgile, was literally inciting a witch hunt. He posted my home address, pictures of my face, and correctly identified me as "...the former and disgraced CEO of Saturn-X, a sad, evil servant of Satan."

And that wasn't the worst of it. He produced, for his live viewers, photos of my at my brothers wedding. This picture was analyzed by The Morgile, who insisted that my hips were not narrow enough relative to my shoulders, and that I was an "Elite Gender Invert", which he said in his nasal, yet authoritative voice, was "typical of high level Luciferianism."

Many respected Flat Earthers fall into the habit of accepting scapegoats and here is why: it's

easy. With a Devil to blame, everything else has a context.

But here is why the scapegoat itself takes such aberrant forms: the instant a scapegoat can answer for itself, it's no longer a convenient explanation. Jews defend themselves. Muslims defend themselves. But when was the last time you say a Reptilian Shapeshifter stand up for its kind?

And now, strangely, the Flat Earthers have found a new scapegoat: the Transgendered Illuminati Agent. A chimeric representation of the mob's deepest fears realized. These are deceivers, according to Flat Earthers, deceivers down to the core, and are living idols to Baphomet, the hermaphroditic Devil God.

With Flat Earth Con just a few weeks away, it was too late to hide. I had been outed as a Flat Earther by one of my own. Yet, my reputation within the community was sullied by his bizarre and outrageous claims. Which led me to question the integrity of the entire Flat Earth movement. How can they question scientific research when they take a guy like John the Morgile seriously?

I started to understand why the critics of Flat Earth theory are troubled by its existence. If people go that far down the rabbit trail, then anything goes at that point...

Chapter 8: Matthew Byrd

Two weeks out from Flat Earth Con found me contemplating whether it would be wise to speak out as a former Space Entrepreneur. I thought back to the gun barrel nudging the back of my head, Buzz Aldrin's crazy eyes, and the blank stare of Stephen Hawking as I signed that Non-Disclosure Agreement.

I was surely putting myself at risk by speaking openly about this, but what of the dangers inherent in keeping my lips sealed? I called the conference organizer, Bobbie Hummer, and let him know that I would accept the invitation.

Bobbie, an Enclosed Creationist, was opposed to the concept of The Infinite Plane as it contradicted his religious beliefs, but he felt that a former CEO of a private space agency deserved to be heard. "I look forward to your presentation," he said, "and when you find out the truth, Jesus will be waiting with open arms and a dome made of emeralds and magic..."

Enclosed Creationism, as opposed to regular Creationism, is a very selectively literalist interpretation of the Bible in which the Earth is in a snowglobe on top of a table with seven legs.

It was at this time that I was contacted by Flat Earth popularizer, Matthew Byrd, he asked me two questions: "Do you believe in Chemtrails?" And "Who writes your scripts?"

"Excuse me? I don't have a writer." What an odd question.

"Yes, I recognize your sardonic humor," he insisted. "Goldfanny is your writer. Don't tell me you do all this yourself."

"I work alone. I just research. So, you like my channel?" I asked, referring to the Infinite Plane Society Youtube channel.

"Well, Tim, you never talk about Chemtrails. And what is your blood type? Are you RH negative? No monkey blood on the boat to Atlantis. Only white with blue eyes. What color eyes do you have?" He asked.

I assumed this was a litmus test so I replied that yes, I believe in Chemtrails. I explained that I didn't have a script writer or any creative team behind me nor did I know if I was RH negative or not.

This was too weird. I had to play along just to see how far it would go.

"Are you going to the conference, Matthew?" I asked.

"Not unless Channel-Q writes me a speech," he said. "She writes all my material. You never answered, who writes yours? Bobbie? Weiss? Subirats?"

This struck me as unusual. Matthew Byrd claimed on Youtube to be the head of graphic design at NASA. He was the guy who painted the Blue Marble image presented as the first photo of the Earth in its entirety. How much of that was written by this Channel-Q?

"Matthew, I don't have a script writer." I said. "Let's talk at the conference. I think my phone is tapped," and I ended the call with that extra dose of paranoia for Mr. Byrd.

Now as to the first question, about the Chemtrails, I pretended to believe because I know it's a touchy subject with Truthers. To not believe in Chemtrails is to be complicit in the poisoning of children and other innocents all across the world. Or at least that's how they treat it. It's like denying the Wrath of God to a fire and brimstone preacher, or suggesting to an Environmentalist that Global Warming is hoax.

Why Chemtrails? I think that unlike water being poisoned by Fluoride, is something that can be pointed at. It's a form of virtue signaling. Chemtrail Believers will point at the sky and warn the sheeple, knowing their words will be unheeded and that nobody will take any meaningful action.

Many Chemtrail Believers will point out how if only people would get their heads out of their smartphones and look up, we'd all awaken to the Chemtrail Apocalypse, which like all doomsday scenarios, fails to manifest tangible catastrophe.

Purity tests such as these are used by Truthers to divide others into the Awake vs Asleep and Us vs Them categories. Sleepers are seen as Sheeple, people who are asleep but salvageable. They can still be saved.

Those who have heard the "Truth" and scoffed or rejected it are considered on Damned, unsavable, or worse, one of THEM. Regardless of which, the deniers of the presented "Truth" are outgroups.

In the case of the Flat Earthers, those who have seen their truth and have not accepted it are considered savable but deceived, or Shills. There's no middle ground. You're either a paid operative of the Illuminati or any of its proxies, or you are too brainwashed.

"Brainwashed" in the sense used by Truthers is a bit like a Christian acetic calling a sinner "worldly" or the way Environmentalists can blame the victims of Global Warming for their role as "polluters". These are all labels used to describe non-believers.

Interestingly, Matthew Byrd and Derrick Dubai, arguably the two most influential voices in the Flat Earth community, made "shill spotting" a part of their regular presentations. Anyone talking about Flat Earth who they didn't know or approve of were designated "shills" to the rest of the Flat Earthers.

The accusations were always based on something specious and silly like a Jewish last name (more on Jew hating Flat Earthers later) or perhaps the person in question was pictured making an "Illuminati hand sign". Whatever the evidence or lack thereof suggested, it was never conclusive. Which makes such charges perfect for conspiracy theorists who are experts at connecting dots where none exist.

I was careful to remain free of that accusation for as long as I could, but Flat Earth was a hot topic and the more I spoke about it, the faster I accrued subscribers. When I reached the five-thousand mark the character attacks began.

There were rumors that I was an agent provocateur, "rallying up radical elements in Flat Earth in order to cause a police state crack down," according to Youtube user Stargods.

Again, these are conspiracy theorists we are talking about. They routinely set aside their Occams Razor in favor of paranoid free association. Evidence? Who needs it when you have mysterious, lingering cloud-like formations behind the airplanes? They could be anything, not limited to

condensation trails, chemtrails, contrails, or demonic-chemtrails.

My search for this elusive Truth had become a maze of hidden intentions, paranoia, drama, and intrigue. And then there was the pervasive fear. It wasn't a fear of being wrong about this which triggered this sense of unease.

It was the fear that I was right. I was reminded of the movie *They Live*, in which the protagonist awakens to a secret, worldwide conspiracy and the instant the conspirators know he is awake, he becomes a target.

Was I a target now?

Chapter 8: Shed Rage

Flat Earth has its own fixtures, many of whom demand recognition of their seniority. There was one in particular who had it out for me, I heard.

It wasn't that I didn't know who Del was. I was aware that there was this Del person who was apparently in a tizzy because I never mentioned him before.

Del, for those of you who have never heard of him, is an angry Satanist who spreads Flat Earth truth via "shed raging" and direct face to face confrontations. I was familiar with hi ragey delivery and I found him quite relatable. The trouble was, I couldn't understand him, through his thick Scottish accent.

He had amassed a following of roughly 5,995 subscribers when he learned of my channel. And how could I, a newbie, have attracted more than six thousand followers without having paid homage to Del? I neglected to kiss that ring and he was justifiable miffed.

Someone had tipped me off that he was mid shed-rage and that, as I was the subject of his rant, it would be a good idea for me to call into his live stream show and formally introduce myself.

"Yes Del? This is IPS. Thanks for having me.." I began weakly.

Del rolled his eyes, puffed his cheeks, and mean-mugged the camera. He looked like an angrier version of Curly from the Three Stooges. One who didn't have time for funny business. "Git ye fecky, ya bloody shill, ye hear? I ain't ne'er erd of ya, so you a shill to me, that's about that!"

He banged on this desk and yelled some more about how nobody had ever heard of me and that my subscription base was mostly bots.

I wonder if things between us would have worked out differently had I taken the time to acknowledge Del's seniority on the Flat Earth scene. This was a common phenomenon. The early adopters to this new belief system act entitled to a certain level of deference from newcomers.

As to Del's method of "spreading Flat Earth" to the world: he spends his afternoons with a water jug and a soccer ball walking around in public, challenging Globe believers to explain why water poured onto the ball rolls off the sides. Then he extrapolates from this a glaringly obvious problem with the Earth's oceans. If a soccer ball can't hold water, how does a spinning ball, his logic goes.

Whether people ever really agree with him or are intimidated into compliance is debatable. What's not debatable is that status consciousness is high in the FE community and disrespecting rank is to incur the ire of the offended party followers. It's also worth noting that wet soccer balls don't say anything about the shape of the Earth. The Globe model explains how oceans work. You can't use Flat Earth rules, i.e. gravity doesn't pull things to the center of a ball, against the Globe, just as you can't use theoretical astrophysics to debunk Flat Earth.

Self-validating models are equally incapable of telling us about reality. All they do is offer explanations which are consistent with their basic premises. Flat logic for Flat Earth, Round logic for Round Earth. The reason why the debate continues is that each model uses its own set of self-validating rules.

In a way, both sides of the Flat vs Round debate are wrong if they actually think their debate will lead to truth and not just victory for one's own side.

Chapter 9: We Know Where You Live

“You’re dead witch.” The email was as ominous as it was anonymous. Another encrypted email from the shadowy group calling itself The Collective.

When Morgile called me a Jewish Jesuit Witch with a strong likelihood of being transgender, a number of similar videos appeared. It was here that I saw it wasn't the accuser or their accusations that were hard to face. It was the seething hatred unleashed from the unhinged mob.

The Collective would often message me with vague threats of God’s Wrath, of a Dome Firmament shattering and crushing me to death when the Lord returns.

The process of online character assassinations is nothing new. It's a hi-tech version of the good old fashioned witch hunt. It involves tying the person to the stick, that would be the target made the subject of a video tribunal, and then the charges are made. On live streams, these are even more effective as the invective piles on from anonymous, unaccountable bearers of false witness.

The enemy of my enemy is my friend, and throwing a witch barbeque is a great way to amass a following. Content creators are attacked by critics who galvanize their following on their shared hatred. It’s politics as usual, and no sphere of human endeavor is immune to it.

The idea that one could be made into a target so easily and irresponsibly in the name of "God". I've been attacked for being a Jew, which I am not, and a transgender, which I am not, and for being an Illuminati Warlock, which again, I am not. But if I was any or all these things, would it merit a witch hunt? Is it illegal to be any of these things? And if so, would Internet vigilantism be the correct response?

Stepping down from Saturn-X and fleeing from what it would have meant to have to keep the big secret made me the target of a witch hunt, but not from those who tried to silence me. Instead, I had become the target of people who, like me, are questioning reality at a fundamental level.

Chapter 10: In Group Validation

With Flat Earth Con on the horizon, I thought that the Infinite Plane Society ought to do something to make our mark. The social media platforms had accrued close to 6,600 subscribers and we represented the only real alternative to to Domed, Biblical Flat Earth Models.

During one late night broadcast, I suggested that we needed a billboard campaign to coincide with the conference:

“Friends, the way I see it we have to use any means we can to get into the mainstream. We can’t be afraid to ask legitimate questions. That fear is one of the tools the Globalists use to keep us in line. I think he have a mixed group of opponents, both outside and inside the movement. You have to think, with more than fifty nations are a part of the Antarctic Treaty, there are at least as many agencies who are protecting their little secret.”

With just under hundred live listeners, I thought it was a good time to mention that we face to face up to the opposition. I described, in vague terms, my encounter with Buzz Aldrin, Hawking, and the rest.

“We’re actually coming up against a vast network of secret police. But that doesn’t mean we have to stop. It just means we have to keep going in a straight line toward our goal.”

“We cannot let the idea of an opposition stop us. The biggest threat to the movement, in my opinion, are these little schisms within. Instead of being united on one point, our numbers are divided into mutually exclusive camps and that’s something I hope Flat Con will fix,”

I opened the phone line. “Call in if you have anything to say. Nothing is off the table.”

“You can’t do a billboard, you whore,” said the first caller., who identified himself as Validation Boy. “Flat Earth is sacred knowledge, meant for the privileged few. You can’t just mainstream it.”

“Why not? Isn’t keeping Flat Earth a secret what the Elite do?” I asked.

“You don’t understand,” Validation Boy mourned. “Flat Earth unified us against the fake reality. Now you want to bring all the fake people into it. You’re doing it for shallow reasons. Your intentions are not pure.”

I hung up on the caller and went on to the next. “Hello, Infinite Plane Society. How may I help you?” My standard greeting.

“You, Tim, are a classic case of Elite Transgenderism. I demand that you submit proof of gender to the Flat Earth community,” said the lispy voiced man with a proper British accent.

“And to whom am I speaking?” I asked, already knowing the answer. His voice is unmistakable: inveterate gossip and respected Flat Earther Antonio Subirats is most well known for publicly “transvestigating” his ex-girlfriends. Transvestigating is the act of proving someone is transgendered or transexual using online photos and video evidence.

“Antonio Subirats. Everyone knows my name. Don’t play ignorant. So Tim, whatcha hiding?” he accused.

“Hiding? Nothing. Antonio, I don’t understand why you and the other Christian Flat Earthers have to assume that people you don’t like are....” I didn’t know how to describe the monster I supposedly was.

“You’re a two-faced trickster, a living baphomet satanic altar, sent by the illuminati to destroy Flat Earth’s revival and delay the return of the Savior.” And with that, Antonio hung up.

“It doesn’t get any more fringe than this, folks. I think I have enough time for one more call.” The Google Phone’s ringer blared into my earpiece. “Hello, Infinite Plane Society?”

“Yes, Tim. This is The Collective speaking. You were told to stop speaking about the Flat Earth. We know where your sister lives. We’re going to steal her babies.” The speaker had a Samoan accent.

“Why do you insist I stop speaking on this topic?” I asked, holding back my anger. I really wanted to drag this out, perhaps glean some additional hints about my stalkers.

“Tim, or shall I call you by your legal name, Alan Conner? You are insisting that there is more land. That goes against the Bible. For your sin of misleading Christ’s people, you will be crushed on Skyfall 2018, when the Firmament Dome falls upon you and crushes you under tons of emerald.” The speaker droned on. I’d read much of his material in emails, and I could tell he was reading from a script.

“Uh, you can call me whatever you like, anonymous coward. I can hear the Samoan accent in your voice. Why don’t you just reveal yourself? What do you have to hide?” I asked, knowing it to be futile. These creeps get off on the feeling of power that comes with knowing more about an opponent than they know about you.

“My name is Marcus Goldfanny. I have nothing to hide. But you, Tim, have tried to hide so much of your past, but God sees all. And God is coming to reveal the Dome to the believers, and crush the non-believers! You will kiss my piss!” His rant devolved into laughter and he hung up the phone.

Marcus Goldfanny? The name rang a bell. I think he was the stuntman who did the martial art moves for the Pink Power Ranger back in the 1990’s. And if memory serves me right, the same stunt team did produce the action scenes for Xena: The Warrior Princess. The company, again, if memory serves, was a production company called Flat Earth Productions, Inc..

Very interesting connections....

One of the reasons I like taking calls is I am able to gather intelligence from a wide array of perspectives, and occasionally, my stalkers reveal themselves in small ways. I probably should have ended the live stream at that but I took the risk and accepted one final call.

“Yes, caller?” I asked. I was getting bored.

“Hey Tim, it’s me, P-Marrs.” The speaker had a deep voice and a bad slur. P-Marrs was addicted to painkillers and microwavable snacks. I gave him the nickname “Pizza Pocket.”

“Hey Pizza-Pocket, thanks for not porn-sniping my channel. May I ask why you’re calling?” This guy usually manages to disrupt intelligent inquiry out of spite, hatred, and just plain evil. He will get onto a live debate on the topic, share his screen and post porn, often cartoon depictions

of child abuse, and then flag the video so Youtube takes it down. This will get one's channel shut down for ninety-days and instantly demonetize the content.

“Well Tim, I just wanted to apologize for posting cartoon kiddie porn on all those people’s channels. I’ve shut down more than a dozen channels with my evil actions, and I just wanted to use your platform to offer my apologies to as many people out there as I can. I offended so many.” He sounded genuinely remorseful.

“Well, Pizza-Pocket, do the world a favor and stop putting your face out there. Even though you’re an anti-Flat Earther, you turn off people who want to hear a debate. And it’s not just your acne. It’s your piggy eyes,” I had to be blunt. People like him need to be spoken to in plain terms.

“Okay Tim. Even though I despise Flat Earthers, I think you are the best representative of the idea. And that Marcus guy that called? From The Collective? Yea, he’s roommates with that clown who organized the conference,” P-Marrs said, finally disclosing something of value.

“Really? The conference organizers behind the gang-stalking campaign?” I mused.

I hung up without saying goodbye and took one more call. “Hello, Infinite Plane Society?”

“Yes, this is Lord Steven Christ,” the caller said. “And I want to let you know that your name Tim Ozman adds up to 666 in Chaldean Numerology.” Lord Steven Christ was deeply immersed in the occult. He believed he was the reincarnation of Jesus Christ, and that he was here to reveal that the Earth is hollow, and we are inside of it.

“Good evening, Lord. You should calculate the name Alan Conner. Antonio Subirats has determined that my real name isn’t Tim Ozman, nor is it Jack Larson. It’s Alan Conner. What ominous digita can you extract from that?” I asked.

“Tim, you’re as phoney as all the other Flat Earth cult leaders. But I like you because you don’t hide it. You wear it on your sleeve. You’re way too smart to believe what you preach to these mouth breathers. When are you joining me in the Concave Earth?” This was not the first time he asked me this. He often postulated that I was a surrogate son of his, and that I am the Luke to his Dark Vader, refusing the gift of an Empire. Perhaps in need of some coaxing.

But whatever denomination of Kool-Aid he was offering, I wasn’t interested. I had no desire to entertain debates between competing models. I didn’t wish to enable the religious wars going on between different factions within a fractured movement.

“Steven,” I said, dropping the title Lord. “I’m done with beliefs. I want to know the truth.” I dropped the line and gave my closing statement:

“That’s all for tonight’s calls. I want to remark on where we are taking this idea. Not too long ago, Bill Tyson suggested that the Flat Earthers were contrarians with a counter-cultural flare. That this is a position, a political posture to take, and not a serious take on what the world is.

However, this goes way beyond unconventional thought. There’s a world of difference between choosing the most obscure option and rejecting the selection altogether in favor of something that doesn’t exist on the available set of options. This is the distinction between thinking for oneself and perceiving for oneself.

Flat Earthers reject the proscribed set of options for one which is not only not proscribed, but is in fact forbidden.

What we are observing now is the unraveling of Mass Belief as a unifier. For good or ill, society is becoming increasingly divided among Believers and Perceivers. As our immersive and hyper-mediated realities increasingly take the place of direct experience, we in fact enter into a simulation, much like being in a religious cult.

Flat Earthers, by rejecting the Cult of Media, are more heretics than lunatics. They are belief-rejectors more than believers. What happens next? It depends upon the individual and their capacity for handling not having explanations.

When accepted explanations are shown to be false, then what replaces them? Do they need replacing? Could it be that Explanations in themselves are nothing more than screens, covering up blind spots, and preventing the need for inquiry?

Anytime we accept an explanation as settling a matter, we no longer have to think about it. This is what George Orwell called Orthodox, which he defined as “unconsciousness.”

In this sense, the Flat Earthers are correct in describing people as Asleep. Where they are incorrect is that their beliefs make them any less Asleep.”

I muted my microphone and hit play on the latest track from MVP_Da Hardware Vandal & Shill Scanner, two musicians on the Infinite Plane.

Chapter 11: The Plan

I stayed up that night drafting a plan and writing the speech where it would be introduced during Flat Earth Con:

“Dear Flat Earth,

We have a problem. We, as a movement, have lost the forest for the trees. This is the same level of thinking which caused us to fall into the Globe Delusion. We cannot solve our problems with this kind of thinking.

Here is what I am proposing: At Flat Con, we are going to have a crowd funded campaign and the money raised will pay for the faction with the best ideas to go forth and make the case for revolution. We can wake the world up. I believe that. But first, we have to unify ourselves on what it is that we agree upon. We can settle our differences later...”

The conference was days away. I ordered my plane ticket and packed my belongings. Unexpectedly, my mother called. “Tim, I just received a phone call from a Marcus Goldfanny. He said if you speak at Flat Con, he’ll send a rape-gang to your sister’s house. What is going on here? Seriously!”

“Mom, Marcus is a deranged fan. Ignore him. I’m going to Dallas to make a speech about unity. What could go wrong?” I was trying to disguise the rage I felt. How badly I wanted to curbstomp that creepy Samoan.

The more I looked into him, the more deranged he seemed. A well known stuntman, a masseuse for some of the biggest names in Scientology, and an extremist Christian Flat Earther. And he didn’t act alone. The Collective encompassed between five and ten people from what I could discern by textual analysis of their death, rape, and bomb threats.

Whatever came next, I knew that I’d require protection. I called a friend in Dallas who had a private security business. “Agent 33,” I said, “I need you to meet me at Flat Con. Bring extra ammo. The Collective has threatened to strike.

“I was already planning on it,” he said. “I traced the emails you forwarded. The IP addresses positively connect to village in Samoa, where Goldfanny lives, one in Arizona--not sure who that is, one address matches the location of an MTV studio where Matthew Byrd records his Youtube live streams, and one traces to a church in Alabama. A place called Skyfall Ministries.”

“Thorough as always, Agent 33.” He was among the finest in the DIA, a decentralized intelligence agency the Infinite Plane Society established a way to keep tabs on our enemies. I suppose I had already made the decision that I’m ready to die for the truth. Perhaps I would a chance to demonstrate that I’m equally prepared to kill in defense of truth, if need be.

Chapter 12: Flat Conned

Flat Con was taking place in a large ballroom at the Dallas Convention Center. I arrived early as the vendors were busily setting up their booths. Chris Pontius of Flat Earth models was there, as was Happy the Artist, and several other proponents of the Infinite until proven otherwise doctrine.

Soon, Flat Earthers from around the world would begin trickling in. There were other events taking place in the other meeting rooms. One had to do with My Little Pony fanatics and the other was a memorial and celebration of the life of Martin Luther King Jr., whose birthday was Monday.

Vendors were selling books, clocks, artwork, and there was even a tattoo artist with a catalogue of Flat Earth themes on display.

“Mark Steer! How are you?” Mark Steer was seated at the hotel bar surrounded by adoring, mostly female, fans. And who could blame them? Mark was probably the most well known person in the Flat world. He looked like a slightly fitter version of Tom Cruise, only a lot taller and with better teeth. “I just got a copy of today’s program. I’m looking forward to hearing the 102nd Flat Earth Clue.”

“Thanks,” He replied. “Hopefully there will be more than ten people here to hear it.” He shook my hand in that same awkward way that Buzz Aldrin did, with his thumb pressing into the knuckle of my middle finger. “It’s Alan right?” He said, looking into my eyes. How did he know my legal name? “I mean Tim,” he corrected himself. “I recognize your voice.”

A chill went down my spine. Was that a veiled threat? Was Mark Steer himself a part of The Collective? How did he know my real name?

“Yes, of course Mark. See you in the conference hall...” I walked out of the bar, suddenly feeling like I was being watched. And I was. One of the ladies beside Mark was eyeballing me.

She was short, five three maybe, with blue hair and multiple facial piercings. She smiled and waved. I did the same. Then before I could excuse myself, she left Mark’s entourage and gestured for me to take a seat beside her one of the booths.

“Tim. It’s so nice to meet you. I’ve been listening to your broadcasts intently for months.” Her dark eyes peered into mine. She seemed to be searching for something. She shook her head. “You don’t look anything like what I expected from just listening to you.” She moved closer. “You’ll do.”

“Yea, I have a face for radio if anything. But listen, the conference starts at noon. It’s--” she cut me off by placing a hand on my thigh.

“There’s enough time. Come with me.” She was wearing a pair of cutoffs, knee-high black boots, and a tight fitting Mark Steer Flat Earth t-shirt.

I’m not usually the type of person to follow strangers into broom closets, but that’s what happened. This was not a usual day. “My friend works here as a janitor and gave me the access key to the maintenance closet.

Several awkward moments of fumbling around found us mostly naked on the floor of a dirty broom closet. Aside from her bad tattoos, awkward facial piercings, and boyish haircut, she wasn't far from the type of woman I used to date back when I was an alcoholic with low standards.

It was damp, cramped, hot, and dusty in there--and so was the broom closet. Our love-making was interrupted twice by her phone alerts. "Ignore it. It's just my baby's daddy," she said. Then again. "And that would be the other baby's daddy," she said, rolling her eyes.

We continued to express our feelings for one another via the physical act of screwing until it got too hot and uncomfortable to breathe any longer.

My interest in her was quickly fading as I imagined spending my days with two three, or four other fathers of this person's--apparently very modern family unit. Thankfully, my own phone alarm went off. The conference was about to begin.

"Listen--" I began. "What do I call you?"

"Victoria. My name is Victoria. Hey, don't mention this to Jack Gibson, Dan Dobbs, or Jeff Stewart...or Horry...or Antonio....or Marcus....or anyone really. I just don't want them to get jealous." She pulled her cutoffs up over her tattooed posterior. She had nintendo game characters up and down her thighs and on both sides of her butt. Bad tattoos at that.

I shook my head. How did I let this just happen?

"Here. Almost lost this," Victoria said, handing me my driver's license. "It must have fallen out of your wallet... Alan Conner.."

My blood froze. She had to have taken it out of my pants pocket. But why? Was this a set up? And how did Mark Steer know my real name? The Collective had been teasing out my personal data in order to intimidate me. And now they had validation that they knew my real name which would open up my private life in a whole new way.

"You whore," I said, shaking my head in disbelief. "You took advantage of me." I slammed the closet door behind me, propped a chair under its doorknob, and jammed it into place, ensuring she wouldn't be going anywhere anytime soon. Then I went to the conference hall, ashamed at myself and amazed at her audacity.

Chapter 13: A World Divided

Starting at noon, there would be fifteen speakers, each given ten minutes to argue their case for a Flat Earth. After we spoke, there would be five one-hour long presentations by the five of the biggest names in the Flat Earth debate.

The first speaker, beginning at 5pm, was none other than Bill Tyson. He would be making a presentation in favor of the globe. He would be followed by Derrick Dubai, Lord Steven Christ, Mark Steer, and Matthew Byrd.

Following the presentations, there would be the crowd funding campaign to support the Flat Earther with the best plan for ending the debate once and for all. I set up the campaign at a crowdfunding website. The speeches were going to be broadcasted live on the Internet as a way to draw in financial support even from those who were unable to attend.

I was given my cue from the conference organizer and got up on the stage, notes in hand. I tried to put the random episode with Victoria behind me and deliberately avoided making eye contact with Mark Steer.

“My Fellow Flat Earthers,” I said nervously. I was standing behind the podium looking upon a crowd of forty or so individuals milling about the conference room. Several held up smart phones to record my speech. I paused, took a deep breath, and tried not to speak too fast as I’m apt to do when I’m under stress.

“We have a problem. We, as a movement, have lost the forest for the trees. This is the same level of thinking which caused us to fall into the Globe Delusion. We cannot solve our problems with the same kind of thinking which got us into trouble in the first place...”

The rest of the speech went by without a hitch. I didn’t mumble, mispronounce, or otherwise screw up. I ended to a scattered applause and awkwardly shuffled off stage, relieved to merge into the crowd. “What did you get yourself into Tim?” I asked myself as I worked my way back towards the booths in the back.

By the time the other speakers had their turns the ballroom was filled nearly to capacity. I was busy with customers and didn’t really pay a lot of attention to the others. The ones I was interested in were the five presentations beginning with Bill Tyson, “the Astrophysicist Guy.”

Bill Tyson “the Astrophysicist Guy”

“...and so you see, ladies and gentlemen, what you’re failing to appreciate is the limitations inherent in human perception,” Bill Tyson lectured. “Just because the world looks flat from our point of view doesn’t mean that it is flat. Every time I get on a plane and look down from thirty-thousand feet, I can see the Earth’s curve. So you see, you just have to know that we, as humans, can’t see the curve by staring at the horizon from our 1.5 meter line of sight. Moreover, just because you can see the Statue of Liberty from eighty miles doesn’t mean the Earth is flat either. It just means that light bends with gravity, and that the mirage can be seen over the curve of the Earth. It’s that simple.” He grinned down at us. Tyson’s pointed eyebrows and elven features gave him a strikingly demonic look, especially when he grinned, the tips of his surprisingly pointed teeth showing through his parted lips.

I looked at the audience, now numbering in the hundreds. Most were disinterested. A few yawned. Someone in the back, a woman's voice, shouted "shill! NASA shill!" until she was booed into silence.

"I don't work for NASA young lady," Tyson's eyes narrowed as he searched the faces for the one who called him out. "I am a scientist. It doesn't matter who I work for. Like journalists, we scientists base our very careers on our objectivity. You may not like our conclusions. You may not agree with our findings, but facts are facts. When the news reports a fact or a scientist discovers one, you need to be humble enough to keep your mouths closed and your minds open."

He panned his gaze across the audience one more time as though memorizing our faces. "I hope, for the sake of your children, that you can all come back to reality. Earth is not flat. I won't be taking any questions because there aren't any that weren't answered by science five hundred years ago. Thank you for your time."

The audience booed, hissed, and yelled angrily. "Off with his bowtie!" one rowdy individual shouted.

Derrick Dubai, Flat Earth Nazi

Derrick Dubai was a gangly, pale, shrill man with a large nose and beady blue eyes. His presentation was a retelling of World War II, only in his version it was the Jews who were committing genocide and it was against white Germans. The Jews were running concentration camps and using Jewish controlled media to convince the world of the opposite:

"First of all, I think we need to call out our resident Globalist, Bill Tyson, for what he is. A Jew. There. I said it. People, the Earth is flat. We all got that. But where we need to focus our minds is on taking that next step. There is a solution to all of the world's problems and before we can think about rebuilding the world, we need to tear down the false construct that the International Jews have built up around us. Capitalism needs to go. Capitalism is a Jewish religion used to turn us, the Goyim, into wage slaves. We need national socialism, but a socialism which doesn't reward those perennial shit-disturbers, those Jews. Down with the Jew World Order!"

His tirade didn't generate any applause, just stunned disbelief. Perhaps it was his lack of charisma, but for some reason, this would-be ubermensch failed to impress.

Lord Steven Christ, Con-Caveman

Lord Steven Christ was convoluted, condescending, and confrontational. He said that Flat Earth theory was nonsense, bizarre, and incredibly stupid. Then he went on to explain how we actually live within a concave structure, like the inside of a hollow globe.

"For all we know, we live inside of the Earth. So in a way, it's still a globe. All I know is, the Earth is not flat. Anything but flat. We're on a globe, but centripetal force holds us onto the inside surface of it. The sun is inside the globe with us.

For all intents and purposes, you live in God's toilet bowl, and I am God. If you disagree, well, you're just brainwashed and moronic. Believe me, for I am Lord Steven Christ, ruler of the Concave Earth!"

He was heavysset, unshaven, mulleted, and wore a truck driver cap to cover up his unkempt hair. His presentation consisted of a series of hand drawn diagrams projected onto a screen, diagrams which seemed to make sense to him alone.

“You hear me? Flat-tards? You’re dumb!” and with that he left the stage, after which a raucous applause erupted from an otherwise unresponsive crowd. Concave Earth seemed to hold little appeal to anyone there.

Mark Steer

Mark Steer was the undeclared guest of honor. He was the biggest draw because of what his video series “Flat Earth for the Clueless” did for the layperson’s understanding of the Flat Earth model. He had a knack for making the complex understandable and for avoiding the intramural disputes which have fractured the movement since its inception. He presented a distilled version of his famous videos, closing on a slide depicting the Earth as he sees it: a flat disc under a glass dome.

“Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for your time and attention. I would now like to open up the my final ten minutes to fielding a few questions. So if you’ll please raise your hands.” Every hand shot up. “Haha, okay, I’ll be selecting you at random. You first, lady in red.”

“Hi Mark! It is so good to meet the man that woke me up,” said the lady wearing a red coat with black leggings, and stilettos. She did not look the way the most people would expect a Flat Earther to look. She was gorgeous, assertive, and confident.

“Thanks, you too. What is your question?” Mark Steer asked. He was a tall, powerfully built man, a taller, better looking version of Tom Cruise with twice the charisma and way better teeth. He was now wearing a black Stetson style cowboy hat. He looked more like an Indiana Jones than a basement dwelling conspiracy theorist. The more time I spent around Flat Earthers, the more I realized how little we fit into the stereotype created for us.

“Mark, I want to know what your thoughts are on the subject of global warming. I hope that’s not too broad a question,” she said.

“Globe reinforcement. It’s that simple. Global warming and climate change are the apocalyptic end times scenarios of the religion of NASA. NASA is a religion, no mistaking it. It’s a religion of Scientism, of revealed truths. There has long been this plan to use the fake threat of alien invasion to unify the world. Well, global warming is their Plan B. If they can’t convince us that aliens of space are invading then they can use climate disaster in order to unify all the governments. And the belief in a Globe is the unifying belief of the New World Order. The one world religion IS the belief system promulgated by NASA and the rest of the state sponsored pseudo-scientific organizations.” Mark had the audience transfixed. He needed no notes and no teleprompter. He just spoke from the heart.

After fielding a few more questions, Mark gave up the stage for one of the more enigmatic figures in the movement. Whereas Mark was candid, approachable, and coherent to anyone with an open mind, the next speaker, Matthew Byrd, was secretive, aloof, and unpredictable.

Matthew Byrd

Matthew Byrd paced for several minutes before speaking. It's like he was feeding off the crowd. He was intoxicated by their energy. Clearly, they adulated him more than the other Flat Earth leaders. Oddly enough, the women seemed attracted to this unruly character. Whether it was an act or the real deal I could not say. As he paced he ran his hands through his messy blonde hair, muttering to himself. His jeans were covered in paint splatters and were torn at the knees.

He may have been in his thirties, but emotionally, his bratty tone and outspokenly contrarian rants placed him in a much younger bracket. There was something rebellious in every idea he put forth. It's like he existed for no other reason than to overturn every appletart in sight. An anarchist for the sake of anarchy. A nihilist.

"It's not a ball. People, listen to me. It's not a ball. You all got that." Matthew Byrd paced the stage, microphone in hand, ranting and raving. "Mark Steer, Derrick Dubai, Tim Ozman, and all the rest of them are shills. Agents. They aren't Rh negative! Monkey men!. They know it's flat. Earth is flat as a pancake. But what they all miss is the biggest thing of all. The real purpose of it all."

Matthew intrigued me. Was this a performance art piece or was he serious? It was hard to tell. I got up close to the stage. If he would be taking questions I wanted the best chance of being picked.

"Fact is, dum-dums, there is no glass dome. No inverted globe, we're not in a hollow sphere. There are no spheres. No balls anywhere. You ever wash an apple? Does the water stick to the bottom or does it drip off of it? Now, spin the apple. Does the water cling to the surface? Or dry faster. Think, people."

"If there's no dome then what's beyond Antarctica?" a woman called out.

"Well, honey," Matthew replied, "We don't know. The Antarcticans have made a secret deal with the leaders of our world. We aren't allowed to go see. And I think that those other speakers here who say that there is a dome, well, they're just tricking you into not exploring the boundaries. That's why I need your support. We're raising money tonight for the Flat Earther with the most revolutionary idea. Derrick Dubai, Mark Steer, Lord Steven Christ---they aren't going to get us out of here. I am."

"What is the point of keeping us here?" I call out.

"Uh, where do I start? Artificial scarcity. Resource control. Slavery. Mind control. They own us. If we find out that we've been packed into ghettos when there's a world of abundance, then they wouldn't be able to goad us into fighting over scraps." He pointed to the screen where his slide show left off. It was an image of the Blue Marble, the most famous photograph of Earth as seen from space. "This is the world they put you in. This is the Matrix they created for you. And I painted it. I tricked all of you. With that. That circle," he traced his hand around its edge, "is your sheep pen. Beyond it is more land. Other suns, other worlds. That's what they are hiding and I am the only one here who can take us there. To a world not at war with itself."

I had to admit, of all the presentations I heard tonight, Matthew Byrd's offered the most compelling explanation of all. If there is a dome over our world, then why would they try to keep us from it? If it's impassable then why bother hiding it?

Having heard all five of the presenters, it was time for the audience to decide who to support. We

could rule out Bill Tyson "The Astrophysicist Guy" because none of the evidence he brought in support of the Globe Earth Theory impressed anyone here.

I approached the stage and unfolded my hand written plan. It was time to ask the audience who they thought should be the beneficiary of Flat Con's crowdfunding campaign.

"Ladies and gentlemen, you may not know who I am. I am like you. A recently awakened soul," I began. "We've just heard three or four compelling arguments warranting a further investigation into the Flat Earth. Sorry Lord Christ. Sorry Bill Tyson. We think it's flat. Am I right?" The crowd cheered, whistled, and applauded.

"As per the plan, the next stage is simple. We have set up three Gofundme.com pages where you can vote with your dollar. With each donation to Flat Con, the individual you choose to support will be able to carry out their experiment in their own way and hopefully arrive at the data needed to draw their conclusions. Would Mark, Matthew, and Derrick please come forward?" Mark Steer, Matthew Byrd, and Derrick Dubai joined me on stage.

"Mark, please give us a brief summary of how you are going to prove the world to be a flat, enclosed system." I handed Mark the microphone.

"Hello again, ladies and gentlemen, globe heads and flat earthers. My experiment is simple. I want to launch a weather balloon into the sky at night with an infrared camera on the side, looking into the horizon. If I am right, two things will be demonstrated: one, the horizon will remain flat no matter how high it goes, and two, the top camera should be able to see much further than should be possible on a sphere with a circumference of twenty-five thousand miles. Maybe we'll see China from here. Who knows, maybe the balloon will stop when it reaches the dome?....." Mark handed the microphone to Derrick Dubai.

Derrick snickered at Mark. "Well, what does it matter? If the same Jews who are hiding the dome control the media then whatever we find out will get buried under more Miley Cyrus and football. My plan doesn't require money, which is ironic since we all know that the Jews...well, let's just put it this way: the Jews did it. They did 9/11, they killed Kennedy, they did all of it. Donald Trump is a Jew, and you, Tim, asking for money? That makes me suspicious of this entire event. I don't want your money. I know the world is flat. It's the Jewish problem we need to deal with. We need to come up with a final solution before we can talk about taking Flat Earth to the masses." Derrick handed the microphone to Matthew Byrd and skulked off the stage.

"This highway leads to the shadowy tip of reality," Matthew began. "You're on a through route to the land of the different, the bizarre, the unexplainable...Go as far as you like on this road. Its limits are only those of mind itself. Ladies and Gentlemen, you're entering the wondrous dimension of imagination. . .Next stop The Flat Earth Zone." This drew laughter a light clapping.

"Let's make it simple. The best experiments are simple, ruling out all unnecessary assumptions. I plan to take an expedition south. That's all. We're going in a straight line. I will lead the charge. I am ready to be the tip of the spear. Support me and I will drive that spear into the heart of the Globalist. I will take us over the Ice Wall and onto the Infinite Plane. As many of my followers know, I don't believe there is a dome. A dome? How is a dome not a globe? It's just, no disrespect Mark Steer, a dome is merely the tool the Globalists used to enslave us before science and physics gave them new mumbo jumbo with which to dazzle us. In the past, the blinded us with religion. Today, they're blinding us with science." This drew a surprising amount

of applause.

I took back the microphone. “There you have it. You can support Mark, Matthew, or Derrick. Go to the web link provided on the Flat Con website and donate accordingly. In seven days, the Gofundme accounts will be withdrawn and the money will go to the appropriate leader.” Bill Tyson “The Astrophysicist Guy” elbowed and shoved his way through the crowd, shouting when he reached the front. “You want to say something, Bill?” I held the mic down for him to repeat what he had been shouting.

“Yes. If any of you morons come to your senses, the International Space Station is broadcasting live all week. You can see the Earth, from space, and it’s not flat!” He was red in the face, clearly angered at how little attention anyone gave him. At any college campus, he would be treated as a celebrity and a genius, but here, he had less credibility than Lord Steven Christ.

Mark Steer closed cheerfully with “Okay people, Flat Earth Con is over, but the journey is just beginning. Thank you for supporting your vendors. Let’s make this the year of the Flat Earth Revolution.”

Five minutes later I was in my hotel room showering. Ten minutes later found me dressed and ready to step back out and see how the funding was doing. I opened my door to see Victoria. She had a gun held low and pressed it into my gut. I stepped back and she followed me in.

“Special delivery, from your friend Mark Steer,” she said, raising the pistol up to my face. She failed to close the door behind us allowing Agent 33 from the DIA to silently slip inside, where he darted like a snake. Victoria’s eyes glazed and blood flowed freely from her mouth. She fell to the floor, a knife protruding from the back of her neck.

“Thanks, brow.” I saluted my good friend Agent 33, and left him to the duty of body disposal. The agency would send backup.

He handed me a large gun. I placed it in front of my pants and pulled my shirt over it. “Try not to get yourself killed before you pay the bill,” he said.

“No problem. I’ll wire it tonight. Thanks for saving my life again.” I said.

“Anytime,” and with that, he started rifling through the dead woman’s pockets.

Chapter 14: Coffee with Karlee

The vendors every t shirt, Flat Earth clock, and Flat Earth bumper sticker remaining before the event hall had emptied out. Karlee Moonshine, one of Mark Steers friends who was managing a couple booths approached me.

“Hey Tim, great job. The funding campaigns are already going crazy.” She said.

“Really? I haven’t had time to check. Who is leading?” I asked.

“Matthew. He’s already drawn in three hundred-thousand. Mark is at half that, and Dubai hasn’t received any money.” She said. “Hey, want to join me for coffee?”

“Sure, of course.” I patted the handle of the weapon, reassuring myself that if this was another trap, I could handle it.

“Great. I’ll drive. I’ll pull my car up front. See you in five, Tim,” she smiled.

She picked me up in her Prius and we drove to the closest Starbucks. She had spoken with Mark and he agreed to appear on her Youtube live stream that very evening. She invited me to appear on the show as guest--briefly--in order to talk about the expedition. I agreed.

“It would be great to be able to thank the donors who have contributed to Mark’s balloon launch and the Antarctic expedition,” I said, handing her a five dollar bill as we arrived at the drive thru.

“I got it.” She paid for our drinks and we started back towards her apartment in downtown Dallas. On the way there we talked about Flat Earth and what it meant for our futures.

“We’re both obsessed, you know this?” I remarked as we reached her apartment.

“Yes. It’s splendid. This is the biggest thing ever to happen in our lifetimes. How many thousands of years have passed where this knowledge was suppressed, and here we are, twenty-sixteen, at the cusp of a mass awakening. It’s awesome. And by the way, I’m going to Antarctica with you as a witness.”

A witness? Or an assassin? At this point I had no choice but to feign trust.

I wanted to ask her about Mark Steer but thought it better to avoid bringing up anything in the proximity of the would be assassin. Her body would be quartered, packaged, and removed from the hotel by now. The DIA works fast.

Karlee hit play on a video and had it play on her big screen television. “This is the preliminary test Mark sent me. We have here footage of mountain peaks in Colorado, visible from Canada, some 700 miles away.”

I was awestruck. This was nail in the coffin, globe-killing, conclusive evidence.

A few moments later she was live on the Internet, chatting about Flat Earth. Then, Mark Steer called in. “The biggest success of this experiment,” Mark was explaining to Karlee, “is that we caught a glimpse of what appears to be mountains in Colorado from Canada. Seven hundred miles. But wait until you see what we attempt next.”

“Yes Mark. Very compelling evidence. Now I am going to hand the phone over to Tim. You met

him at the conference, of course, and as you know, he's going South. Deep, deep south. Into terra incognita." Karlee handed me the microphone.

"Hey..Mark.." Funny. He could not look more innocuous, yet there he was, probably surprised that I was still alive. Also, probably clueless about the fate of his assassin.

"Hey Tim. Is it true that Tila Tequila woke you up?" he asked with a fake chuckle.

"To be quite honest, it was Stephen Hawking that woke me up. But listen, I have to make preparations for the trip. I'm turning the show back over to Karlee." I was nauseous.

I quietly excused myself from her set and let myself out of her house. I had my thumb on the Uber app but decided I needed to walk some more. I had so much to think about and also wanted to take some time to look at the stars.

Millions of light years away or not, they still filled me with a sense of something greater than man's perpetual war with man.

Chapter 15: Meeting Christ in a Dark Alley

It was a clear, cold night and few people were walking the streets. It was a perfect night for sitting by the television underneath a blanket, engrossed in something entertaining and reassuring. But not for me. At this stage in my life, I couldn't afford to relax and unfocus my mind.

The only thing I knew for certain is that I had no idea where I would end up. Uncertainty, that demon who had kept me in line my entire life, was still at my side. Only now, I ignored him. Even now, when he seemed to have a point, when perhaps it made sense to start avoiding him in favor of a more prosaic life, I still found it in me to give him the finger.

Uncertainty may have plagued my steps but he no longer had the power to influence my direction. I inhaled the cold air and stared at the brightest of the stars. Sirius. And to think, just under a year ago I was planning to send cargo to Saturn.

Mark Steer's experiment had an interesting parallel with a movie he often references when explaining his concept of the Flat Earth. He talks about *The Truman Show*, a movie in which a man learns he's lived his entire life inside of an artificial construct. His awakening was precipitated by a stage light which fell to earth in front of him. It was labeled Sirius. I didn't believe in coincidences.

Were we, of the Flat Earth Revolution, a part of some cosmic scheme?

Maybe the builder of this artifice was somehow guiding our awakening. It didn't sound so far fetched to me. The coincidences were adding up. This sense of destiny was almost palpable, as though there was a cord fixed to my chest, pulling me ever onward, showing me that no matter how convoluted the present might be, I was nonetheless being steered in the right direction.

I passed a Taco Bell and decided to get dinner out of the way now so that I could go straight to sleep once I got home. I stepped inside and instantly regretted my decision.

"Tim, you Flat-Tard!" a man's voice called out from across the lobby. It was Lord Steven Christ, the Concave Earther.

I ignored him and went to the counter. I ordered two tacos and a large beverage. I faced the front hoping that the Lord would leave me alone.

"Your ticket sir. You're number 237." The cashier said, handing me my receipt and my coffee.

I sat down near the front, determined not to engage with the Lord.

"Tim, I know you can hear me. I am a god. I am in your head." He was clearly deranged. I glanced over my shoulder.

Lord Steven Christ looked like a man strung out on meth, high on bath salts, and coming down from an ayahuasca trip. He had a crazed look in his eyes.

"You're a shill, Tim. You're working with the other government agents. Do you really think that the Illuminati is going to allow you to reveal a millennia old secret?" He asked.

"Lord," I began.

"Christ. Call me Christ." He said.

"I don't know you. I'm not a shill. I don't work for the government. And frankly, I don't believe in the Illuminati." I said.

"Tim, you ignoramus. Look at the logo. Taco Bell. Three sixes and a reptilian eye. This is their world. Satan's world. Christ alone can liberate you from this deception." He held up a spiral notebook.

"NUMBER 237..." came the voice on the intercom. I went to the counter and picked up my tray.

"Fire or mild?" asked the cashier.

"Fire please," I said. When I sat back down at my table Christ was nowhere to be seen but his notebook was on the opposite end of my table. I didn't want to touch it until after I ate. Lord looked unclean and the notebook looked as though it spent a great deal of time in his grimy hands.

I stop at a park and under the light of a lamppost I open the spiral notebook. In it there was a diagram of a wooden structure, a fence of some kind but stretching out across a long distance. The crude diagram had notes regarding elevation, length, and incomprehensible mathematical formulas.

It demonstrated a curvature in the Earth, only it was a concave, not a convex one. I flipped through the pages. More diagrams and illustrations. One page had the heading "Could it be a Hollow Earth?"

A chill breeze took me by surprise. The temperature had dropped significantly since I left the restaurant. I cut across the park in the direction of my neighborhood.

Just as I left the light afforded by the lamppost my assailants were upon me. I saw two in front of me, but felt the one behind me first, his fist crashing into my lower back. One of the others jabbed my face with his fist and the third tackled me into the grass. I fought to catch my breath and guard my face.

I drew the large gun out of my pants and shot the first one in the masked face. It was the Guy Fawkes, Anonymous style mask. Then I shot the one beside him in the heart. I could see the traffic lights across the street through the hole in his chest.

The third was smart enough to run. I fired the remaining rounds in his direction but I was still dizzy from the blows to my head. One seemed to have clipped his shoulder, but he got away.

It was over as soon as it had begun. I patted down my pockets. Strangely they didn't take my phone or my wallet. Not believing my luck, I got back to my feet and palpated my face. Okay, so my nose wasn't bleeding, but I'd have a fat lip tomorrow. Overall, nothing of value was lost.

"What the heck was that about?" I wondered aloud. I considered calling the police but I requested an Uber driver instead. A driver was dispatched instantly and I wouldn't have more than two minutes to wait. I walked back to the lamppost.

The Uber driver pulled up onto the curb. A sense of relief washed over me as I approached the

silver SUV. I nonchalantly daubed the sleeve of my jacket on my lip and opened the door. “Good evening. Take me to the Marriott please.”

As we drove away from the park I realized what had been taken from me: Lord Steven Christ's spiral notebook.

Chapter 16: Preparing for Antarctica

The next few days went by without incident. I had been off and on the phone with Matthew and Karlee, about the upcoming trip. We would be on a 747 leaving from Australia where we would first take a one day tour over the continent---or supposed continent.

This initial flight would be attended by Bill Tyson “The Astrophysicist Guy,” a television crew, and the team of experts who would be guiding us on the ground. We all agreed that a one day tour would be a good way to get ourselves mentally prepared for the journey south, and more importantly, the media exposure would ensure a high level of public interest in our expedition.

In three days, Karlee would be driving us to the airport. Then we would be meeting Bill and Matthew in Australia. Matthew was in charge of hiring the team of explorers who had the training and equipment to take us south across the ice. Karlee’s role was that of an independent media representative and journalist. Out of all of us, I was probably the most expendable.

I spent these days reading about travel in Antarctica, hoping that the knowledge I crammed into my head would push away the doubts. Who was I anyway? What kind of person just gets up and decides to explore dangerous, isolated terrains? Was I any less crazy than Lord Steven Christ?

My mother sent a text. It was straight to the point: “To be quite honest, I kind of hope you’re right, but....come on. Flat Earth? Anyway. Take care. Say hi to the penguins for me.--Mom”

I found it uplifting.

Karlee Moonshine called immediately next. “ Did you hear the news?” She sounded depressed.

“What news?”

“About Christ,” she said.

“No. What about him? I saw him the other night. He heckled me at the Taco Bell by your apartment. Did he finally prove the Earth is concave? What’s the news?”

“No. It’s quite frightening. He was found in a motel. His body. They said it was a suicide but none of it adds up,” she said.

“Suicide? How? Did he leave a note?” I asked. I had a sinking feeling in my gut.

“No. No note. Nothing at all. Which is strange. The guy was a copious notetaker. He often said he ‘didn’t trust the Google’. Tim, I don’t think he would have taken his own life. Not an egomaniac like that.” She sounded scared.

“Uh, Karlee. Can we talk? In person? I have something to tell you but I don’t think we should discuss it like this.” I felt paranoid all of a sudden.

“Coffee?” She asked.

“Yes. The cafe by my apartment. Meet me in thirty?” I asked.

“See you there.” She said at a whisper.

“Tim. Your lip. Those guys could have killed you. Have you gone to the police?” she asked. I had just explained to her about the attack.

“I don’t trust the police. They are the enforcers of the this entire world system. I don’t think they’re on our side,” I said.

“What was in Lord’s notebook?” She asked.

“Gibberish. Although to be fair, all Flat Earth research looks that way to outsiders. But it was all concave Earth nonsense.” I said.

“Are you worried that we’re all targets? Matthew Byrd was nearly killed about a year ago. A car tried to run him down. He even said that the police were somehow in on it. Tim, I think we may have planted targets on our backs.” She stared out the window. It was late in the afternoon and the February sun was already close to the horizon.

To change the subject I pointed at the sun. “Karlee, isn’t it interesting how all of our lives, we’ve been told that the Earth was tilting away from the sun, thus accounting for its southward trip each winter, but that now we know it’s actually circling above the Tropic of Capricorn?”

“Yes,” she nodded. “Right now it’s coming back north, spiraling up the face of the Flat Earth, and by March it will be over the equator. The better I grasp the Flat Earth model, the more it makes sense to me.”

“Ditto. And even though the sun is so much smaller than we’ve been taught, it feels more powerful to me. I look at it and see this massive heating light circling above us, driven by some mysterious means. I’m expecting that once we’ve crossed far enough over the ice wall that we’ll see another sun and maybe another moon.” I was fascinated by the sun, mesmerized by the moon, and dumbfounded by the stars.

“I think we’re so close to an answer...” she began. “....I have this fear that they won’t allow it to go on. I mean, what we’re involved with could literally tear down the entire edifice of modern science. It could negate the authority of the world’s governments.”

“I agree. Maybe they want to take out all the leaders. Christ, as wrong as he is...or was....he still had a huge following. Twenty thousand people listening to his every word, all of them challenging the dominant paradigm. He was a threat,” I said.

“As are we.” She looked me in the eye. “Those thugs, or hitmen, whoever they were, they followed you from Taco Bell, but they were obviously stalking Christ. It makes me wonder....are they watching us right now?”

I stared into her clear blue eyes. I felt like she was telling me something.

“Karlee, do you remember elementary school? How the last day of class would just crawl by so slowly? We’d all be watching the clock, waiting for the bell, which signified that our teachers no longer held authority over us? Then we’d all flood out of our classrooms, merging in the halls, screaming, cheering, laughing, racing to the buses?”

“Yes,” she smiled, enjoying my analogy.

“We’re at that point now.” I sipped from my extra black coffee. “We’re watching the clock. The

bell's going to ring, and when it does, none of this is going to matter. The uncertainty, the fear-- none of it. The bell's going to ring and we're all going to be set free."

CHAPTER 17: EXIT

Karlee, Bill Tyson, Matthew, and I sat near the front of the 747. The MSNBC news crew were closer to the middle. The rear was cleared of seats and set up as a stage for the reporters. The entire event was being treated as a documentary. It was nowhere near as circus like as I had imagined it would be.

We were touring the region above first then we would be meeting with our tour guides at the base camp tonight. Tomorrow morning, the expedition would begin its journey south.

“Bill,” Matthew was saying, “join us. You could go down in history as the leader of the anti-Copernican revolution. This is a big deal.”

Bill Tyson rolled his eyes. “Matthew, I have to admit, I am impressed. This little social experiment or performance art piece, or whatever this is, I have to admit you succeeded. You’re getting all the attention your parents denied you. Congratulations.”

Matthew laughed. “Can I at least get you to look out that window and point out to me where the Earth curves?”

“The burden of proof is on you Flat Earthers. This event will only bolster my reputation. I’ll probably sell a book about this modern resurgence of mediaeval thinking, and the issue will be put to rest for all time. I hope you’re still able to sell your schtick after it’s over.” Bill stood up and moved to the back of the plane.

“Nice guy,” Karlee said. “A paragon of skeptical inquiry.”

“Karlee,” Matthew replied, “Bill Tyson’s entire career, his entire education, and his entire self-image is built upon the models upon which all his theories rest. Shifting sands. No foundation at all. And once that house of cards comes tumbling down, he’ll be asking me to tell him how to find his own ass.”

They both laughed. I was too caught up in the view to say anything. Flat or globe, the Earth is breathtakingly beautiful. No amount of brainwashing can take that away from it. From our point of view it could be either, but in both cases we’re living upon a potential paradise. I could have kicked myself at that moment for all those wasted years of working a dead end job. I should have traveled more. Until I discovered the Flat Earth theory, my entire world may as well have been a dome ten miles across.

"Fifty one nations are united in this deception," Matthew said to me. "Think about that. And seven of those nations have overlapping jurisdictions. We're surrounded by a wall which is itself surrounded by military power. The one world order is not a conspiracy. It's a fact. They have gradually put the noose around our collective necks and one of these days," he made a gesture of a rope tightening around his neck, then yanked on the invisible rope, "...and then they got us. Divide and conquer was part one of their plan. Unite and rule is the second."

I enjoyed his rants on Youtube but in person he was overbearing. "Yeah, sure, Matthew, I get that much. They have it in for us. But my question is, why? That's the one part of I can't understand. I grasp the mechanics of it, the history of it, but why?" I returned my gaze to the window at the distant, flat horizon.

“Tim. Don’t be a dum-dum,” he said. “Do you believe in evil?”

“Sure, I guess.” I shrug. Then more affirmatively, “yes.”

“Evil is that which restricts the good. And vice versa,” he said. “That’s how I see it. Life is not possible without options. A life without free choice is not a life at all. There was a reason why you never looked outside your reality bubble until just now.”

“So are you saying that by living a dull, mediocre life I was serving evil?” I asked.

“No. I’m saying that the ones who have deceived the masses have learned to conceal their handiwork so well that you weren’t aware of its existence. The Matrix is invisible until you’ve been enlightened about its existence. Then, it’s inescapable,” he said. He pointed out the window at the endless sea of white. “See that? You wanna know what it all means? Carte blanche. That’s what. The zero sum game which has defined all of human history can be replaced with an infinite win-win situation. True abundance. Paradise....”

Bill Tyson had crept as silently as a spider upon us during our conversation. Neither of us noticed him until he spoke. Startled, we turned around at his words: “Idealism kills, said the philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche. What you fail to grasp is that human nature doesn’t allow win-win situations to exist. Nature punishes the prideful and rewards the cautious. If you think that war, strife, and hatred wouldn’t exist on an infinite plane you’re mistaken.”

“I disagree. Wars are the result of manipulations from the same forces that engineered the Globe Delusion,” Matthew responded.

Bill Tyson shrugged his narrow shoulders. “We shall agree to disagree then. You can blame hidden elites all you want but you can’t take away the fact that every individual has free will. Free will, as can be observed, doesn’t always lend itself to good ends. Infinite possibilities would only magnify man’s capacity to destroy, to enslave, and to dominate. It’s what we are.”

I spoke up. “This debate doesn’t seem to be about the Earth’s geography anymore. It’s more like a conflict between two worldviews, one which thinks man is an animal to be locked up and another which sees man as destined to evolve spiritually.” They both looked at me. At that instant, Bill Tyson resembled a menacing prison guard and Matthew Byrd, an affable tour guide.

Tim, you seem like a nice guy,” Tyson said dryly. “Why don’t you focus on delivering pizzas on time. Don’t let this walking messiah complex distract you from your life’s purpose.” And with that, he moved back to the rear of the plane. The television crew was about to record the first segment.

“What an ass,” Matthew muttered. “Karlee, did you get any of that?”

Karlee grinned, holding her iPad up in front of her. “Your very existence threatens his. Did you see how red he got?”

“He knows. He has to.” Matthew looked in Tyson’s direction. “Something doesn’t feel right.”

“What do you mean?” Karlee asked. “We’ve made it. We’re in a plane taking a tour of Antarctica. We’re going to show the world the truth.”

“No, that’s just it. There isn’t an Antarctica, Karlee,” Matthew replied. “There’s the ice wall

surrounding the entire world. We're merely at one section. And they are using their globe to describe our location. This can't work."

I chose to remain silent. We all have our doubts. That's what differentiates the Flat Earthers from the believers in the Globe. We don't know all the answers and that leaves us wrestling with uncertainties. I could relate to his frustration. We were facing more than an ice wall. We were standing up to centuries of entrenched dogmas, lies, and fallacious arguments embedded into the very fabric of our society.

The plane was closing in on our destination. We would be visiting the Terrestrial South Pole before traveling to the basecamp where the real investigation would begin. At least that was our plan. Bill Tyson and his film crew had another plan altogether....

Chapter 17: Betrayal

“THIS IS YOUR CAPTAIN SPEAKING....For the safety of the crew and passengers, please take your seats...please shut off all electrical devices”

We moved into our seats. I suddenly felt very isolated.

“I can feel that Astrophysicist Guy’s eyes on the back of my neck. I think he would have us all burned at the stake if he had the authority,” Matthew said, echoing my thoughts exactly.

“Hey Tim, quick question,” Bill Tyson called from his seat at the rear of the cabin. Three of his film crew members weren’t sitting down. I was suddenly aware of how muscular they were. Since when do television crews pump iron and take steroids?

“Sure Bill,” the nervousness showed in my tone.

“How is it that you raised the hundred thousand dollars for this expedition? Do you really think that your little convention had such an effect? That you experienced a groundswell of grassroots support? That this is a movement?” He stood up in front of his three crew members and together they advanced towards us.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about Bill. This is just a science experiment so I’m not all that personally invested in the outcome.” I noticed that the crew members were holding stun guns in their hands.

Matthew, Karlee, and I unbuckled, stood, and faced our adversaries.

“What the hell is this?” Karlee asked, holding her iPhone in front of her like a can of pepper spray. “This is all going on Youtube Bill! You won’t get away with whatever you’re planning.”

Matthew held up a backpack like a shield and withdrew something from it which surprised all of us. A can of spray paint. This stopped the advance of the mad scientist and his goons temporarily.

“Who raised the one-hundred thousand dollars Mister Byrd?” Bill Tyson said shrilly. “We did. We. We financed this mission. It would not have gotten this far we not arranged this.” He produced a handgun.

“Who is we?” Matthew asked.

“You know who we are. And right here, in this plane, we have isolated you, the head of the serpent. We decapitate this movement here, now, and forever.” Perhaps it was the emotionless, cool delivery of those words which triggered Matthew to act. Something about Bill Tyson’s demeanor suggested that he relishing this psychopathic game.

Matthew struck at Bill Tyson’s hand with the spray paint at the same instant that Bill pulled the trigger. With a bang and a loud hiss, the pressurized can exploded into a black cloud of sticky paint. All six of us dived to the floor.

The others were coughing, someone was gagging, and a Karlee screamed. “What the hell?” Karlee sounded more angry and indignant than terrified.

The paint was all over my face and hands where I had held them up, but my eyes were unaffected. I crawled under three rows of seats and stood up behind Bill Tyson, who was doubled over, coughing. The three goons had already advanced on my companions. Two were dragging an unconscious Matthew to the front and the other was wrestling with Karlee, whose face was black aside from an outline from where her glasses were. She was slapped at the large man with her iPhone, rapping his knuckles with an audible crack.

“You bitch!” He yelled in a familiar Samoan Accent.

“Marcus Goldfanny? Is that you?” I asked, and the goofy, droopy lipped brute smiled in response.

“You didn’t think I’d allow someone else to have first crack at your head, did you?” he asked.

I kicked Bill Tyson in the posterior so hard I felt his tailbone through my shoe. He plunged forward head first into the floor. I searched for his gun and found it near where I was standing. I picked it up and pointed at Marcus. This was not a warning shot type of situation.

“You care to tell me who else in the The Collective?” I asked. Not that the information mattered anymore. They failed in their attempts to stop me. Here I was, hours away from finding out what the big secret actually is. I pistol whipped Marcus across the skull. He stood stunned for a moment, his mouth bleeding.

“Tim, or Alan, you should know by now,” he said, spitting out a tooth. “We are everywhere. You Infinite Plane heretics will precipitate a mass exodus. My life’s purpose is to shut down explorers, such as yourself.”

Now it all made sense. The Collective represented the true powers behind the scenes, as the enforcers of that power.

As soon as I pulled the trigger my body began trembling with adrenaline. The bullet struck him between the eyes and he fell over the seat in front of him. Karlee stared at me wide eyed.

The other two had left Matthews inert body to come to the side of Bill but it was too late. I perceived them as dangerous whereas Bill Tyson was a weak, pathetic old man. I had no choice.

I put two rounds in the first one. He was built like bouncers but his juiced up bodies had no way to stop the lead slugs from cracking through his sternum, ripping a hole through his heart.

“Bite the arm of the chair, Marcus!” I commanded. There were no sidewalks here, and I would much have preferred to curbstomp the creep, but I settled for what I had.

Marcus bit on the arm of one of the seats. “Hold my gun,” I said, handing it to Karlee.

“Finish him!” she yelled.

I brought my boot down on the back of Marcus’s head, and jawbone broke off his skull. Two more stomps, and the top of his head ripped clean off the spine, blood gushing like a fountain.

“Karlee! Go untie Matthew. Use those straps to tie up this creep,” I said, pointing the gun at Bill Tyson who was groaning on the floor, his face black with paint and his hair standing up straight.

“He looks like a dipstick,” Karlee said with a laugh. She just finished wiping the paint from her

glasses.

I entered the cockpit of the plane. One of the pilots was instantly recognizable to me from my research. He was an astronaut who was featured in several videos shot from the International Space Station. Many of those space station videos are suspected by Flat Earthers as being fakes, shot in terrestrial film studios designed to look as though they were shot in lower orbit. This is why Flat Earthers call them “actor-nauts”.

I let the gun do the talking. When it was clear I had their undivided attention I proceeded to explain my expectations. “Land us at the regularly scheduled destination. Do not sound any alarms. I’m going to monitor this flight so don’t think you’ll get away with any of this.”

Chapter 18: Luxaria

The pilot had informed me that we would be landing within half an hour. Fifteen minutes later, Matthew Byrd joined me in the cockpit. He had a bandage on the left side of his head. Luckily the bullet had merely grazed him.

“We have a slight change of plans, Tim,” he said. “Landing at basecamp is a bad idea. The guides awaiting us have to be in on it and they’ll be expecting us dead or bound up. We’re not in friendly territory.”

“Then what do we do? I don’t know how many more rounds this thing has in it. Maybe none,” I said, shrugging.

“But we still have stun guns Mister Pilot,” Matthew said into the ear of the co-pilot.

Bill Tyson was tied up but not gagged. He yelled at us from his seat in the third row, “Where the hell are you taking us? You’re going to get us killed.”

“We’re going straight to Hell, Bill. We’re going south until we run out of fuel, or we cross over the ice wall.” The word crazy doesn’t even begin to describe the gleam in Matthew’s eyes. I was the one with the gun, but he was the one with the power in this situation. I was in over my head.

“Tim, they were going to Andrea Barnes us. We were going to be Amelia Earhart-ed. Down the memory hole. We have long since passed the point of no return.” His paint splattered face and wild eyes panned across the cockpit, into the cabin where the astrophysicist was bound to the seat, and then to the endless expanse of clouded sky and icy planes before us.

“I hope you know how to crash land this thing,” I warned the pilots, hoping for an optimistic remark. No. Just silence.

“Don’t you fret dum dum. We’re going to Luxaria,” Matthew said.

“Where is that?” I asked. “What is it?”

“Luxaria, my friend, is the kingdom of the Antarcticans. They’re the ones Bill Tyson serves, though he doesn’t know it,” Matthew said, pointing at Bill.

Karlee joined us in the cockpit. “How are we going to get help? How are we going to notify anyone about this? Is there an Internet in Atlantis?” she asked.

“Luxaria. Not Atlantis. Atlantis is on Earth’s side of the ice wall. They just don’t put it on the maps. Atlantis is where the rulers of our world vacation. Nobody goes to Luxaria. It’s closed off to Earth’s inhabitants. Our rulers are charged with one task: to keep the rest of us within their designated boundaries.”

Karlee and I exchanged glances. Without words we knew we had a mutual understanding of the dilemma: either we were heading to a certain death or we were going to another world where death would be only slightly less certain.

Chapter 19: Over the Rainbow

I left Matthew to monitor the pilots while Karlee and I interrogated Bill Tyson. “Bill, we don’t have a lot of time here. You’ve already got the blood of your three companions on your hands. You need to tell us who you work for. NASA? The government? The Illuminati?” I asked.

Bill Tyson shook his head. “Go watch the video on the laptop over there. We have a prerecorded message from one of our agents which can explain your predicament better than I care to.”

I figured he had no reason to lie to me at this late of a stage in the game and I took a look. There was a makeshift film studio rigged at the back of the plane. Among the equipment there was an open laptop computer. I brought it forward so Karlee could watch it with me. I saw a familiar face on the screen and hit play.

“This is Mark Steer speaking. Game over guys,” he said. Karlee and I again exchanged nervous glances. Come to think of it, one of the reasons I trust her is that her reactions are consistent with the kinds of unexpected developments we’ve experienced thus far. Matthew still seemed a little...rehearsed. But the fact that Bill Tyson tried to shoot him dispelled most of my suspicions about his role in this movement.

Over my thoughts, Mark Steer’s pre-recorded message played on:

“By the time you get this message, you’ll be tied to your seats, listening to Bill Tyson breaking down for you the reason why your revolution is futile. You know by now that the controlled opposition had you from day one...Matthew? You need to hear this. The Flat Earth does not exist underneath a dome. You were right. The dome was the lie told before the invention of the globe deception. The dome is the original prison system. There isn’t a dome but there is a ceiling. A firmament. The firmament is parallel to the infinite plane....And to you, Karlee Ossman: the Department of Homeland Security is paying me to drone strike your Youtube followers, one by one.....” Mark Steer laughed.

“NO!” Karlee screamed.

I closed the laptop. This was too much.

The 747 continued on its course which was one-hundred and eighty degrees from the north pole. The term “southern” lacked a precise meaning on a flat world. The occupants were silent, each lost in their own thoughts.

The pilot and co-pilot were obedient, neither protesting what should to their minds have been a suicidal course of action. This confirmed for Tim, Matthew, and Karlee that this would not have been their first trip over the ice wall.

“We can’t just abandon the world,” Karlee was saying. If Mark is taking out Flat Earthers with government sanctioned drone strikes then we have an obligation to act. Those are my subscribers. Probably yours too Matthew. And Tim, you’ve been attacked by the same hitman who took out Lord Christ.”

“Relax, Karlee,” Bill Tyson said from the seat he was strapped to. “Everything is under control.

Your followers cannot co-exist with the rest of the world. Your revolution is doomed to fail. We write the narratives which frame this reality. Flat Earthers and other malcontented shit disturbers will never reach a critical mass.” Bill was no longer playing up his “Astrophysicist Guy” persona. He went full evil-villain on us.

“Tim,” Karlee said, we know now that Mark Steer was an agent. Derrick Dooby is either an agent or is too focused on Jew-bashing to unite and catalyze a revolution. Lord Christ is dead. And now, we’re staking our very lives on this crazy notion that Matthew Byrd is the real deal and not another mis-leader.”

I nodded, shrugged. “That about sums it up,” I said, walking back into the cockpit where Matthew was pouring champagne into plastic cups.

“Champagne to our real friends,” he held a cup for both Karlee and I. “And real pain to our sham friends.” The three of us raised our glasses. We stared out into the night. By the time we finished our drinks the sun was rising again. Only it wasn’t the same sun which had lit the world we inhabited earlier in the day.

This sun was rising up from the west, to our right. The snowy horizon was replaced with a vast blue ocean. We could see an outline of structures. Tall buildings and impossibly gigantic statues blended into the skyline ahead.

“Look,” Karlee whispered, but I was already looking. We were approaching what I first thought was an island but could now see was the tip of a peninsula. On its tip was a sculpture of a man holding a globe. It had to be the size of a fifty story building, the globe taking up the upper half. “It’s the Blue Marble.”

The immense stone figure was facing away from us and sure enough, the globe it held was the representation of Earth which we had all been taught to accept as a map of our world.

Matthew was calm, almost melancholy. “No dome. The land, the sky, it’s parallel. Forever.” He caught a tear from the corner of his right eye. Infinite plane. Infinite sky. We’re just a forgettable cul-de-sac in a vast network of kingdoms.”

“God,” Karlee said, “is a slumlord. He subletted this mess to Satan. There’s no other explanation.”

I said nothing at all. I remember reading once about the astronauts describing their first view of the Earth as seen from space. Their descriptions were couched in mystic terminology as though they had attained a cosmic consciousness. Now, I am aware that they were lying. That they were feeding into the government created hippy drug culture. It was all part of the narratives the rulers had created for us. But in that instant, I completely felt what those astronauts had said. Perhaps they were shown this very sight.

Despite the veneer of lies and manipulations, the deception itself paled in its significance when contrasted with the reality of a flat, infinite plane. Unlike infinite space, man can all travel an infinite plane. Space confines us to a globe. A small sphere of activity. A dome accomplishes the same thing. But an infinite plane truly redefines everything about what it is to be human.

All it will take to create a paradise on Earth is awakening the vast majority of the human race of the fact that we’ve been tricked on a fundamental level. We’re enclosed in a matrix of lies, not a

glass, impassible dome. We're not isolated bits of debris passing through a meaningless universe. We, the human race, are the center of everything there is. We are the center of creation and our significance has been hidden from us.

Chapter 20: Behind The Curtain

The 747 passed between twin pillars and we descended onto a runway. There were no signs of life but the tarmac runway was immaculately scrubbed of any trash or debris. The pilot and co-pilots revealed nothing about their knowledge of this place nor about the east with which they brought us to a landing zone. Clearly, they were insiders.

Meanwhile, Bill Tyson was in a fit of rage and Karlee had to stuff a dirty sock into his mouth. The sock had belonged to one of his dead goons. Apparently he called her a “Globe-denier” and she was left with no choice but to gag him. It was either that or slap him and she abhorred violence.

“Karlee, please tell me you’re not an insider to any of this,” I said. “Nobody here seems overly shocked that we just arrived in a continent which should not even exist. This is kind of a big deal.”

She looked out the window at Luxaria’s sun. A brighter sun than ours although it wasn’t discernibly larger. It had a purer light. Or maybe it was the atmosphere over here.

“Castles. It’s like a fairytale,” she said breathlessly.

I looked out the same window she was staring through. The city just a few miles away had the stature and size of a modern metropolis but the architecture and the massive statues were something from a fantasy novel. There were bizarre, obsidian black towers with multiple spires reaching from the ground to the clouds like colossal hands punching out of the earth. There was a Poseidon of marble atop a squat building in the center of a lake. It looked, from this distance, to be the size of a twenty five story building.

“Greek gods. Weird alien things. Look at that one,” Karlee pointed at a blob with an octopus head. This one was on top of a pentagon shaped building. “We need to get someone to talk. The pilot, Bill Tyson, Matthew---just someone. We don’t know where we are or how we’re going to be treated.”

Karlee looked scared, like a cornered rabbit. I didn’t quite share her fear. Somehow I imagined that we’d be reprimanded and sent back. But on reflection, perhaps there was reason for panic. After all, I had already killed three servants of whoever it is in control of the Globe Earth deception.

“Matthew? We need to talk.” I said.

“Relax Karlee. Tim, you have nothing to worry about. Do you know who I am?” Matthew said. I prayed he wasn’t going to rant and rave. His sandy blonde hair was speckled with black paint and he was looking less sane by the hour.

I shook my head. “If I knew anything at all, I would be delivering pizzas in Albuquerque right now.” I said.

“When I was two years old,” he began, “I woke up not as Matthew Byrd, but as someone else. A past self. As a child, I was considered to be a prodigy but that’s not quite it. I am an old soul, Tim, and my immortal soul has become self-aware. I have rejoined my past lives. I’m ancient. A king in fact. The people here will accommodate me, elevate me, and follow my directives.” He

ordered the co-pilot to open the door. The co-pilot opened the door and lowered a rope ladder for us and vanished back into the cockpit.

Karlee and I followed blindly behind Matthew Byrd as he descended the ladder. I thought of Neil Armstrong stepping off the lunar lander: "...one small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind.." Those words resonated with me and again, I considered the possibility that the astronauts were illuminated about the Flat Earth, and perhaps revealed their genuine sense of awe through carefully contrived scripts.

A self-driven fuel truck was making its way down the tarmac. This runway looked to be decades old. The truck had emerged from an opening on the face of a cliff which extended for miles, disappearing into the city. We were on a strip of land several hundred yards wide, running up and down the cliff wall as far as the eye could see.

Together we walked in the direction of the city, the cliff face to our left, the ocean to our right, and the landing strip behind us. By abandoning the 747 we were crossing another point of no return.

"Matthew, could you spare a moment of lucidity? I am totally lost here." I said.

Matthew lengthened his strides and started talking. He opened up to us about his motivations: "I am a king. I have a soul which has been cut off from its home, stranded and lost in the ghetto known as planet Earth. I've dreamed of this. I've had memories of this place. I've painted that city there. That very city---I literally have paintings of it, murals of it--at my studio right now. I've been here."

Karlee and I were straining to keep up with him. "Hey man, can you stop power walking?" I asked, panting.

"You newbies. Ha!" he said, grinning and shaking his head. "You have no idea what you're in for."

"And you do? They're going to kill us," I said.

"No, Tim," Karlee said with a sigh. "They'll swear you to secrecy, put an implant in your arm, and you'll be set free. Violate the oath and you'll be given a lethal dose of whatever poison goes into their implantable vials."

I just stared at her. Was she serious? Then they both laughed at me. I was reminded that the two of them had a history. My feelings for Karlee were evolving. Now, in addition to being intrigued by her, I was also feeling protective over her. "Okay. I'm paranoid. If they wanted us dead they would have shot us down," I reasoned, feeling foolish all of a sudden. No question about it. I was way out of my league.

My paradigm had shifted so fast it was as though the fabric of reality had been pulled out from underneath me. I was groundless. And just when things kept getting stranger, the flying saucers arrived.

Chapter 21: Recording Angels

The metallic discs hovered above our heads as silent as clouds. Each had the diameter of fifty feet or so. Maybe the length of a city bus. They were about a hundred feet up and were clearly following us. There were three above us and about a hundred yards behind us was a fourth. This one was hovering over someone running in our direction.

“Oh God. It’s Bill,” Karlee said gloomily.

“Wait!” Bill Tyson shouted, hobbling towards us. “Let me come with you,” he said between gasps. We kept walking and he kept up with obvious difficulty. “I go back, they will----” He dragged a finger across his throat.

“Bill, get a life. We don’t want you. You were conspiring to murder us.” I said, nonchalantly. At this point in our journey, the television science celebrity was rendered too inconsequential to bother with.

“Yeah,” Karlee said. “You’re irrelevant. Go away. Go do a science experiment with something explosive.”

“Wait,” he begged. “You’ll be lucky if they let you live. You’re trespassers. Let me talk to them. They know who I am.” Bill’s voice was tinged with fear. “You don’t know what you’re getting yourselves into. The Atlanteans will feed you to sharks.”

It was Matthew who ultimately put Bill at ease. “Come along. As a returning King of Luxaria, a true bloodline descendent of ancient royalty, I shall, as a divinely appointed right, absolve you of guilt. You and these other peasants too shall be pardoned for their grievous offense.”

“This is no time for psychosis or for jokes, man,” I said. I wasn’t enjoying any of this. It was maddening.

“Tim,” Matthew said imperiously. Your life is in the balance. As it is with these other two. None of you have the right to be here. Bill, you’ll mind your manners and shut that gibbering mouth. You’ll address me, not as man or Matthew, but as Your Majesty.”

“Tim,” it was Bill. “Don’t go along with that madman. We’ll have to trust each other if we want to get out alive. See those things?” he pointed up. “They could vaporize us in a heartbeat for saying the wrong thing. They are unmanned but controlled by an artificial intelligence which exceeds anything you’ve ever heard of. They’re called--”

“Recording Angels,” Matthew interrupted.

“Yes....Your Highness,” Bill said. “Recording Angels. Every subject has one. Every ruler has access to what these devices put into the record. This is a three tiered society. Rulers. Subjects. And in between, the Enforcers. It’s a wonderfully efficient society. Some of the greatest political minds of our world have dreamed of creating the perfect state. This, is it.”

“Bill, tell me something. Why do you serve this....this cryptocracy? Why do you serve an overtly totalitarian system which operates in secret to imprison an entire world?” I asked, not expecting an answer.

“I didn’t write the rules. I just enforce them. I’m not a subject,” he said with no small amount of

pride.

“You’re an Enforcer? Why does that not surprise me. Typical media celebrity sell out,” Karlee spat.

“Shhh...” Bill smiled, pointing up. “They hear everything.”

“So then what’s the big idea, Bill?” I ask. “Why the need to quell the revolution? Why the deception in the first place? What’s the big agenda?”

“Quarantine. The human race is not a monolith. We’re not perfect. The worlds are separated for good reason. As the saying goes, good fences make for good neighbors. Trust me, Tim. You would not want to meet our neighbors. My advice for both you and Karlee: get over yourself and stop disturbing the social order.”

“Any advice for me you old charlatan?” Matthew asked.

“I’ve met several kings. They’re all assholes.” Bill said impudently. “You’re probably going to fit right in.”

The city became more colorful and vibrant the closer we got, yet there was no sign of activity. None that we could see or hear anyway. It was surrounded by a wall which had to be two hundred feet tall.

The city sprawled out as far as our eyes could see. As we came closer, we could see the sun’s light reflecting upon the sky over the city. It was underneath a force field and all the sounds of the city remained within it’s crystal clear boundary.

Above us, the saucers hovered silently, watching us, and reporting what we were doing, saying, and probably thinking to who, or what was behind that wall.

Chapter 22: Quarantine

There was a guard shack at the base of the wall. Matthew strode up to the stone, cube shaped structure, and pounded on the glass door three times. It opened inwardly and he slipped inside. Bill, Karlee, the flying saucers, and I remained outside of it.

“Now what?” Karlee exhaled, rolling her eyes. “Stupid Matthew. So grandiose. Jesus. I don’t want to go to Disneyland. I want to go home.” She said.

“Try clicking your heels three times,” Bill said.

“I should slap that smug face three times,” Karlee said, brandishing a open palm. “Meanwhile back on the globe, the Flat Earth community is being decimated. By Mark Steer. Tim, we have to get back.”

“Ditto. I want no part of this. I need time to think. I thought the infinite plane would be magical. This all seems very....What’s the word?” I asked.

“Bureaucratic?” Bill said. I nodded.

“Yes. It’s rigid. I came here in search of freedom. Love. And Instead I just found a vast, Disney themed version of North Korea.” I said, dourly.

Bill looked me in the eye. “It’s a lose-lose, Tim. It’s over. Mark Steer and the others are earning money for each successful drone strike. The world’s upside down. You don’t want to go back there.”

“And you do?” I asked.

“Remember,” he replied. “I’m an Enforcer first, television celebrity scientist second. What you and Karlee are failing to understand is that it is game over. Our world has built its Tower of Babel. When any society gets too sophisticated for its own good, a stronger force must act to level the playing field again. By the time you get back, you won’t recognize any of it. And when we’re done tearing down, contractors from other worlds will bid upon the wreckage for rebuilding rights. It’s an old, old story.”

Matthew stepped out of the guard shack brandishing a sword. “Bill?”

Bill looked up at Matthew and the curved blade in Matthew’s hand. I couldn’t watch. There was a swoosh, a thud, and Bill’s body collapsed, his head landing a split second later. It rolled to a stop at my feet.

“Karlee, Tim. Get the Hell off my island.” He gestured the weapon at us and then pointed it towards the saucer which had noiselessly landed behind us. An aperture had appeared on the inner edge, opening downward like a cellar door into a brightly lit interior. He was smiling. Not in a crazy, King Lear type of way, but like a man on a wedding day or at the birth of a child.

Karlee and I walked up the side of the saucer and down into the open hatch. We were going home.

“Karlee,” I said. “I think we’ve been quarantined.” The hatch closed over our heads as we took a look around.

“It’s like something out of Star Trek,” she said, utterly amazed. “That’s our viewing screen.”

The room we were in was semi-circular. The hatch was a simple staircase that dropped down from the ceiling but I couldn’t see any levers or buttons.

Perhaps voice activated? I wondered. It had all the hallmarks and characteristics of a comfortable hotel lobby. The screen which filled the outer wall was curved, matching the contour of the aircraft.

I sat beside Karlee on low black couch and together we watched the land below us get lower and lower as we moved up into the sky. “It doesn’t even feel like we’re moving.”

Flying saucers, hidden kingdoms, double-agents, evil villains, all these things faded into my periphery as I finally had a moment to let the facts sink in.

What did Bill mean when he said the world would not be there when we returned? What horrors awaited us? I leaned back on the seat and instantaneous fell asleep.

Chapter 23: In Medias Res

The screen and the circular ceiling lights turned off of their own accord. The craft responded intuitively to our needs. The temperature had increased as we sat, but now it was cooling. The lights were turning on gradually as we woke ourselves back up.

The screen turned back on revealing a bright blue sky, a sky we both recognized.

“Are you ready to save the world?” she asked with a smile on her face.

I briefly returned a smile but then we both faded into melancholy. “I’m ready to do whatever it takes. We’re obligated to warn people....” I said.

“That the secret rulers of the world are going to bring on the apocalypse?” She sounded incredulous. “That’s what the media does everyday. You think we can do anything at this point? And do you suppose we release a statement on Youtube? I don’t mean to be negative but seriously, I am wondering if it’s not too late. Damn, I wish I could access the Internet.”

The monitor switched to a Google Chrome browser. The logo looked like a Flat Earth map, with a white ring, and the three primary colors divided into three perfect sixes.

Karlee’s jaw dropped. “What’s a good news site?” She said. “My mind’s too blown to think of any.”

“Drudge?” I said.

The Drudge Report website appeared on the screen. Across the top was a headline in all caps. Besides the headline was an animated gif of a police siren:

THE SKY IS FALLING!

The headlines below were all variations on these themes: flying crafts burning down hospitals, mobs of people killing and eating one another, catastrophes, pile up’s, earthquakes, and bombs.

“We’re going to be landing soon, Tim. I don’t want to go down there,” She had that same terrified look she had when he had to exit the plane in Luxaria.

“It will be fine,” I promised her. “Fox Video,” I said. The screen responded. We were treated to a video feed of flying saucers as seen from the streets of Los Angeles against a foreground of burning buildings, screaming mobs of terror stricken people. “Next video,” I said, bracing for whatever it would reveal next.

Vatican City was in shambles. It was a war zone. The flying saucers were using some form of sound waves to cause upheavals in the streets, ripping buildings out like weeds pulled from the roots. People ran like ants.

Chapter 24: Ground Zero

The craft hovered in place above our destination. Google Earth revealed our landing zone to be in Denver, Colorado. We watched on the screen as the Earth came up to meet us.

The hatch opened up. The sounds of sirens broke our respite of peace and calm.

We looked at each other. A cold breeze entered the craft. “Unarmed, under informed, stranded, and underdressed. It’s freezing out here!” I said, ascending the steps. Karlee followed closely behind.

The world had fallen into pandemonium. It looked like every bad apocalypse movie you’ve ever seen. Cliche even. We were in a park, dead center, downtown Denver. The skyline was smoky. Cars were piled on top of cars, blood limbs stuck out at odd angles, and anonymous bodies lay face down on the street.

“What good is truth when people are focused on survival?” She asked. “Who cares what shape the world is in when people are fighting for their lives.”

As we stepped off the craft, its door closed shut behind us, sealing us to whatever fate awaited. One of the corpses in the street had a smartphone clutched in its dead hand. I took the device and searched the Google. Finding what I was looking for, I held the device for both of us to watch.

Donald Trump addressed the American people on a Fox News broadcast. “It’s live. Let’s watch this one,” I said.

“My fellow Americans,” Donald Trump said gravely, “as the only legitimate leader we have right now, I am offering myself at your service. Hillary Clinton has betrayed us. This is her insurrection. I ask that you restore order in your own spheres of influence. We must unite against our common threat. The invaders are working hand in glove with the Democrats.....”

“I can’t believe it. To get partisan at a time like this...” Karlee said incredulously. “They are making this into a left vs right thing?”

“...We do not know if those are aliens or terrorists. All we know is, they seek to destroy our way of life.....” Donald Trump’s speech faded out, to be replaced by more images of riots, burning cities, and pandemonium.

What could we do? We were only two individuals. There was no way our message could possibly be transmitted across such a distracted, divided world. What could we do but watch and wait.

Outside, the rain clouds gathered and thunder rumbled.

“Look at this,” she said, watching something on CNN. “The Chinese are sending drones over the densely populated urban centers.”

“What kinds of drones? Armed?” I asked, thinking of Mark Steer.

“No. These are dispensing poisonous gases. Zombie gas.” She pointed to the screen which showed a group of people on a subway attacking each other barehanded. These attacks were brutal and animalistic frenzies, literally tearing the skin off each others faces.

What else could we do? The zombie apocalypse had begun. Just then a wave of energy pulsed through us and around us. The power went off all around. The buildings went dark. The phone my hand went blank.

“EMP.” Karlee gasped. “Now we’re not getting the truth out to anyone. We’re done.”

“You know Karlee, I’ve always appreciated your optimism. And you seem to be naysaying quite a lot lately.” I was annoyed. “Don’t you get it? If we give up, the world goes into another dark age.”

Then, from the darkness up ahead, beyond an intersection piled up with crashed cars and dead bodies, we heard a rush of footsteps. Heavy, booted footsteps.

About two-hundred yards away, we could see squads of militarized police with glowing, chemical stick lights. As they approached closer, we could see they were wearing gas masks and brandished AR-15s.

We were right in their line of fire. I ducked behind a car as Karlee ran up to them.

“Help!” she cried out. “We’re lost, we need help!” She was there in the street waving her arms, right in front of the police.

Seconds later, all barrels took aim. She was painted in red laser beams. I slipped beneath a parked minivan. I knew what was coming and it was too late to stop it. I heard nine or ten shots fired rapidly, mostly in unison.

Karlee’s perforated corpse flopped about for a moment before collapsing like a sack of potatoes.

I didn’t move.

Chapter 25: The New New World Order

I thought back to the statues in Luxaria, the gods and goddesses. I was having recurring thoughts about the purpose of my life.

Once I reconciled myself with the fact that I could offer no assistance to anyone, I was able to let go of the stress of trying to save a world which isn't ready to be saved.

It was like living in the world of *The Walking Dead*.

I thought about the Luxarians. How they inhabit their isolated paradise while we tear each other apart over money, land, and cultural differences.

The Luxarian's are our zookeepers.

The cleanup continued. Military police patrolled the streets shooting anything that moved. Everyone following instructions, obeying rules, enforcing orders. Millions of witnesses in all major metropolitan areas were slaughtered.

Targeted drone strikes did away with anyone with a clue. Flat Earthers were number one on the list, a list which had been made possible by Mark Steer and his honeytrap operations.

I camped out in the Garden of the Gods, outside of Denver, surrounded by other survivors. Nobody knew what it was. Most thought aliens, others thought terrorists, but everyone agreed that President Donald Trump was the savior.

According to the news, the plague had reached its zenith and was in the process of winding down. No new infections were being recorded. Whether that meant that the populations had been dramatically reduced, or that the zombie gases were no longer being dispersed, it was anybody's guess.

What was known was that a new, even stranger development had overtaken the narrative. The flying saucers were gone, but in their stead was something even more unbelievable: dragons.

Dragons were spotted in the skies in every continent and country. They were arriving from the south. thousands of them flying in V formations. All of the news networks were showing live footage of the winged cryptozoological specimens descending upon the ravaged city streets, sweeping down and then back up again, clutching in their massive jaws the bodies of the living dead.

The United states was in a state of limbo. Donald Trump had declared War against the Democrats , Mexico, and China .

When it seemed things had pretty much bottomed out for everyone, Matthew Byrd landed a red dragon on top of the White House.

The shadow it cast with its outspread wings was sufficient to blanket the entire roof in shadow. It was treated as an impromptu press conference for the dozens of White House news reporters on the scene.

Matthew wore a bright yellow cape over a blue suit of armor. A sword was sheathed at his side and he wore a golden crown upon his head. He replaced the American flag with a banner

depicting the Flat Earth Map and another circular map but with different land masses. Each of these maps were placed within the loop of an infinity sign, symbolizing the union of our Earth and the lands of Luxaria. King Matthew Byrd delivered a video missive in which he declared himself the “King of the Worlds”.

“.....the world today is not the same one you knew. The Luxarians are introducing new technologies. new species, and a new system of Government. Our worlds are merging for our mutual benefit. This is the dawn of a new order. Follow me and we shall restore this world to a pristine state. This will be a peaceful transformation. There will be no more wars, no more plagues, no more mind control. I am declaring myself King and ask that you formally renounce your loyalties to Trump, Clinton, and all other illegitimate leaders.”

I decided to remain in Colorado Springs. I no longer watched the news and I gave up all hope. It looked the Old World Order just got a new facelift. Meet the new bosses....same as the old ones...

THE END

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