

(PAGE 29)

This is her first poem. She could not recite the words to you, but it still exists in her subconscious. I found it there.

"Dreamer's Fire"

There's a passion in me:
something free and loud.
It feels like trumpets, drums,
and shouts of dreams.
Forever it's been in me.
But know it's loud It's louder Now it screams

Then my mind spins and flips,
twists and turns.
I think of what to change.
When and how to do it.
I scar I bleed I live
For what I believe.

But at the end,
when the music is dead.
Guts Glory Integrity Honor
A man dies once.
Dream big.

(PAGE 59-60)

“Hammer”

The young man with the blue eyes
stood upon my street.

He formed the bland into beauty.

There was a grace to his tongue.

He spoke of the magic
trapped within dreams.

Of the heart. And of loving.

His voice knew freedom well.

It rang loud. It rang pure.

He was quite well defined.

Hours spent in study, I thought.

He must have a brilliant mind.

How he must have hammered
to develop such ideal.

Hammered all those thoughts,
with their malleable form.

Ready to recall,
for his speeches on the streets.

To hammer unto to us.

Hammer all his thoughts.

Hammer all his thoughts,
to a world which did not care.

Hammer. Hammering. Hammer.

Yes, I held it in my hand.

I held it tightly.
So I thought of it.
The handle in my hand.
I stepped to just behind him.
I cracked him in the skull.
Not enough to kill him.
But enough to rack his mind.
His mind so brilliant.
So developed. So right.
I killed that, in a single swing.
All which he thought he was.
He lay writhing on the ground.
With no name. With no past.
All that hammering gone.
Wasted time, I thought.
I smirked.
He knows only that he's here.

How fleeting is the mind?

(PAGES 193-196)

The Words Grow Fewer as They are No Longer Needed

“The targets of the assault are common in our minds. But they will be reminded to you now. No organization will penalize the people for their own financial advantage. No 'tickets' or fines shall be extracted from the innocent for the promotion of power. The policing for power will halt. The police units will be purified. Those organizations that have fed on the fortunes of others to promote power and tyranny will fall, taxes must return to a voluntary basis, and hopefully dissolve into its proper unneeded, independent status in the mind's of the Diseased. People must have the right to choose what they want to do with their moneys, if not, this becomes a land of slaves doing the bidding of the masters. It must also be trusted that their will always be those that will offer themselves for the ease of suffering in the world, people must not be forced to be anyone's perception of enlightenment, including our own. Remember through this war that there is always beauty in in this world, and it is there, in your-self, in your sacrificed hearts.

All organizations that manage land and penalize those that dare use it, will be destroyed. To deny any person a space to exist in is to imprison them to a system they may not wish to belong to. (And remember not belonging to the system is different than not wanting to live in a certain place in any imagined country.) To make someone a working slave so that they can simply and barely afford the rent on a place to exist is tyranny. Remember the

rights of man, “Life, Liberty, and Property.” There is a strong reason that Locke included property in his statement. All organizations that kill indiscriminately and cease the built lives of free people to place power and possessions in their own hands must be stopped. There are organizations in this Dark Society that are designated the false right to cease a person’s right to defense and the right to be dependent only on themselves, these organizations are so corrupted with the lust to sustain their place in this society that they can auction off the properties they have ceased to sustain their own power. All with complete immunity to their actions. Man has been placed above man and we are slaves for it. Once the tax organization even ran a brothel that they once condemned to gain more and more power. They must oppress to succeed. As do the organizations that deny the right to warp perception through the use of hallucinogenics. Their reason being that it would warp our sense of reality so much that we would see beyond the lies that their way is the only way to see. We are also granted the right through our very existence to pursue happiness by whatever means necessary. It is our will that makes all of these things possible not a decree. Our will to be free is what must make us free. Remember that it is your choice and no one else’s. These organizations remain nameless to us because they are the same branches of tyranny that have appeared in all societies that the Disease takes. They merely have different names. We will not enforce the illusions the Dark Society has built around these names through endless years of propaganda and publicity. We will stop what has become. We will end what should have never been. If it seems like our numbers are few, if

you feel like we may not succeed, then remember that you have nothing to lose you already don't have freedom. So you do not have yourself. You are not your own master. And remember that the majority of all revolutions, including the one that first founded this Dark Society from light was led by less than one percent of the population. So have faith and fight strong. Fight for yourself and all that you will never imprison. Destroy. And cease no power. For Freedom, end all that assume authority over anything," Zarat.

The true heroes appear from a force unrecognized and barely identifiable. These servants create techniques in those that have the will to fight. They offer the techniques of hope and faith for those too weak or ignorant to know how to create it themselves.

Peace overcame the girl as she knew that her cause had been passed to another. To another seer, one of great talent and a fine user of the world. Her work was nearing its end. Soon she will be free, again.