

## SALUTATIONS

Fun can be found in an A/W root-  
beer float. What would you do for a  
Klondike Bar my Baskin & Robbins  
31 flavor friends?

Buried in frozen tundra I churn  
for nice dreams. My satire is 2 scoops  
short of a sundae afternoons blizzard  
trip to Dairy Queen

If you're reading my Haagen Daz  
stained cherry message through half  
gallon tinted or petite pint sized pink  
goggles, respondez s'il vous plait.  
You're invited to participate in a  
letter writing ice cream social.

Neapolitan treats of chocolate  
taco Africans, vanilla bean Europeans  
& strawberry blush Asians all deliver  
this French Burger King ambrosia & snail  
mail.

Like Culvers, it's a mixer! So,  
everybody into the vat!

With no rainbow snowballs chance  
of romance on the horizon. Heterosexual  
men, Leons fruit infused or Ben & Jerry  
connoisseurs, encouraged to send this  
creative writing frozen custard barista  
escargot mail.

Regardless how you soft serve it!  
Spotted banana or Tiffany crystal dish.  
My mail call doesn't discriminate.

Downloads or basic stationary  
position. Kindly lick sticky confection  
residue off of fingers prior to stuffing  
envelope with your words of wisdom.

If you're mulatto, I'm also into  
gelato!                      Let's network.

## Requiem of a Quick Wit

Sweetheart, if you cook the way  
walk, I would eat your burnt rice.

For what is a jester without a  
court but a fool without an audience.

From birth until eternity our souls  
are entwined, unless knives of calamity  
come between this dear friend of mine.

Never muted you're cherished  
till the end of time, as if nothing  
less than divine.

Whenever speech has alluded  
me, wherefore art thou silvery tongue  
when I needeth thee?

On bended new knees answer  
this plea. Come before me I beckon,  
curing writers' block I reckon.

Showeth one's self cornucopia  
of wealth, the true flowery discourse  
of language return in stealth.

Hallelujah! For this vision,  
as I go forth with this mission.

From the heights of heather,  
rise up for their pleasure / as proud  
peacocks eyes of feather, remain  
fair weather.

As the dark. As sure as I  
talk suffice it to say, we shall have  
rick to eat another day.

Enjoy "Poor Richard 3.0"  
2025 Trump Administration comes  
under attack. Science fiction for  
your pleasure.

## Prelude

The night was hot & miserable for even the Nevada desert. Purple & orange hues lit up the sky.

The breeze had hints of bramble in the air along with taste of decomposition.

After all, the wilderness can be a harsh, cruel & unforgiving environment.

Area 51 is such a place.

October 12, 1945 7 p.m. in close proximity to United States Air Corp military base. Units on patrol came across what at first appears as a thermos.

24 inches long & girth of 9. This silo shaped object was made of alloy not of the earth.

Once worlds foremost specialist gained access. They concluded that the top secret material was in fact alien technology debris that is still viable & is a germination device that gives planets both flora & fauna.

Named Our Secret Garden. Until Voyager & Cassini missions this project blue book tech was never implemented.

When it was. Gardens of Eden were only for Mars & Venus. The general public would never know what International Space Station Astronauts & Cosmonauts learned from classified missions until after the 7 year Syphilitic Wars.

On Venus' gravity, oxygen & with domed biosphere... sunshine was equal to that once on Earth.

Mars is for men & Venus for women's rights.

## Poor Richard 3.0

Guinness of love is serene. Earth has suffered a cataclysmic catastrophe from a thermal nuclear Syphilitic War.

The outbreak of missile launches had forced humankind to recolonize.

Life had been normal on Earth until 2018. Nations as usual had pestilence, famine, warfare.

The voracious death rate from AIDS, syphilis, & other STD's was alarming.

For the spread of democracy nations were accustomed to state sponsored acts of terrorism disguised as policing one another.

Since inauguration date American President Donald Trump & his administration traumatized all news media outlets into such a degree of paralysis that citizens display inability to discern between real & fake news.

The uncharacteristic way that Kellyanne Conway & Sarah Huckabee Sanders dismantled intelligence by distributing true alt right propaganda misinformation was sadly masterful yet supported inequality.

Those in power control the narrative.

Advance to post apocalyptic Earth: we find ourselves 2025 Venus start date & U.S.A. President Donald J. Trump is now titled The New Supreme Leader.

Thanks to Massachusetts Institute of Technology. M.I.T. students,

staff & donors had foresight to envision safety protocols for possibilities of an extinction level event scenario; were able to utilize science as tool to tap into intellectual property of prodigies to save mankind.

Who could have thought sexually transmitted diseases would wipe out 90% of humans, leading to mutual assured destruction via nuclear holocaust?

### CHAPTER

"Welcome shareholders & potential investors. I am your Chief Executive Officer Poor Richard. Today's board meeting will focus on our current & future options as this company moves forward."

"Please do not be shy! P.T.N. The Planetary Television Network cameras will be shooting simulcast livestreaming broadband to the general public our quarterly reports board meeting."

"Due to planetary security concerns to repopulate our new home. This company New Wave IVF Clinics Inc. (N/WIVF Inc. pronounced: New Wife Ink) must diversify."

"Negroids, Mongoloids & Caucasoids must reproduce via artificial insemination in cohesive unity that seeds the heavens," stated Poor Richard.

The Holy Trinity called New Wife Ink is headed by 3 sentient autonomous hologram A.I. human DNA flesh tone gel pack emitting drones the kids nicknamed 'The 3 Overseers'.

CEO Richards black, COO Mark is Asian & CFO John is white.

Poor Dick continues, "The criticisms have been harsh against this company of late & 'advertisers' have pulled out ads."

"The recent recall of Vito-men our chemical castration pharmaceutical pill by The Center for Diseases & Control caused fall in N/WIFE shares."

"The New Supreme Leader Donald J. Trump made several Freudian slips that led to large sell offs of N/WIFE stocks & bonds that inferred insider trading."

"In evidence is our codependency on The Milky Way Galaxy while also having an intimate holistic relationship with terrestrials. Best assured that no insider nefarious acts occurred, N/WIFE Ink shall survive this minor setback by staying true to women rights activist 'our motto of fetus first,' concluded Poor Richard.

### Chapter

Outside of the Auditorium/Laboratory NEW ERA COSMONAUT picketing demonstrators work neuro implants that give them real-time internet access via nano tech which allows for holographic capabilities.

The cause was anti-government consortium monopoly with New Wife Ink & that life starts as fetus.

Which ironically is also N/WIFE Inc's position.

We'll never learn if it was oxygen rich biosphere on planet or neuro link to internet that made experts of everyone in any field that caused the anarchist ability to organize crowds.

so fast.

The PASSIVE AGGRESSIVE MARCHES & large gatherings ARE UNIQUE. With the CYBERNETIC LINK COMMUNICATION BECAME MORE SO TELEPATHIC THAN VERBAL.

VERBAL LANGUAGE USAGE IS COMMON COURTESY OUT OF HABIT INSTEAD OF NEW SOCIAL NORM OF TEXTING, I.E. TELEPATHY.

DEMONSTRATORS INTERPHASE TEXT, DM-ing & 'picket signs' ARE CLEAN GREEN BECAUSE INDIVIDUALS PROJECT OWN HOLOGRAM MESSAGE INSTEAD OF ~~CARRYING~~ CARRYING PASTEBOARDS THAT CLOG UP OUR LANDFILLS!

### Chapter

The SYPHILITIC WAR WAS DEVASTATING & FAST. INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION RE-SETTLEMENT CONSTRUCTION CREWS USED MEMORY STEEL RECONSTRUCTION MODULAR CUBICLES WITH ABILITY TO HOUSE UP TO 70 MILLION HUB-MANS WITHIN 7 YEAR WINDOWS.

ALL NATIONS & PRIVATE SECTORS WITH DECOMMISSIONED SSTs, SPACE SHUTTLES, PASSENGER ROCKETS OR SPACE CRAFT THAT COULD HELP EXPEDITE MASS EXODUS EVACUATION WERE CONFISCATED.

ELON MUSK'S SPACEX REUSABLE ROCKETS WERE GREAT ASSET SAVING NUMEROUS LIVES FROM AFRICAN CONTINENT. HIS MANTRA OF, TECHNOLOGY SHOULD BE FREE TO ALL, WAS A NOBLE ACT OF PHILANTHROPY.

SHU LIN KEY BILLIONAIRE OF ALIBABA DONATED FOOD STUFF, GRAIN & BOUNTY OF GERMINATED SEEDLINGS. THESE WERE PARAMOUNT FOR HYDROPONICS, SAVING UP TO A MILLION PLANT SPECIES.

PAGE EIGHT  
WWII 1945 Planetary Billionaires  
Legacy Fund was crucial in distribution  
of water, fuel, medication to hardest  
hit regions exposed to pandemic.

Penicillin shortages occurred  
early on. Dosages were discovered to be  
contaminated. Impending doom of a  
nuclear level was on the horizon.

How long would it be for launch  
codes to be used releasing Intercontinent-  
al Ballistic Missiles?

2020 July 14 lotteries globally  
for healthy citizens were held for safe  
passage to colonize Venus. Preparations  
for our New Ellis Island immigrants  
was fast tracked so that even a welcome  
center was built in order to assist pioneers.

August 1 would be first arrivals.

### CHAPTER

In the new era settlements.

Pioneers reflected back in time  
realizing their views on women's rights,  
freedom of speech conflicted with Venesian  
modern Anarchist who were protestors.

Was it survivors' guilt associated  
with ones' desire to receive the "Alls Clear"  
CDC health alert via neuro text in order to  
resume universal sex practise? Or simply  
shame associated with leaving pre-apocalyp-  
tic massacre behind before nukies had  
released?

Rage was rampant, fury pent  
up, tears fell, then the anguish from  
witnessing hail of bullets survivors  
unbashed on loved ones. Killing those  
contagious, too ill.



In order to escape safely off planet not a single hijacking was successful.

When point of no return occurred interplanetary MAD happened. Nuclear weapons detonated; off world leaders had reported The Quarantine of Earth complete.

Mutual Assured Destruction became fact instead of fiction. Victor over victim.

Months prior, President of the United States of America Donald J. Trump petitioned United Nations dignitaries, convincing them he was the point man for their mission.

His constituents voted unanimously granting him job governing Venus with the title The New Supreme Leader in opposition of North Korea.

He was recorded in archives saying, "In order to MAKE Humanity Great Again I am expecting a lot of great things out of my vicegoy Kanye West; our team."

Kanye rushed the microphone & started off saying, "I love this man! Slavery is a Choi..."

"No!!" yelled Sarah Sanders stealing the mike before Kanye West could get the last word out.

Donald Trump mounted with his neuro implant took to his twitter account & cybernetically went on tweeting war campaign against PTN The Planetary Television Network anchorwoman Lisa Ling. Declaring her report fake news.

She was simply congratulating him for success in acquiring his new title.

## CHAPTER

Back at the Laboratory/Auditorium.

Poor Richard continues his Tim Cook of Apple Silicon Valley iPhone impersonation monologue in front of captured audience, "...the Anode became fused with DNA sequence in a lab creating byproduct of synthetic replicated human flesh we incorporated into cyelpacks that neuro projected via emitting drones."

"With cyber implants, all beings process the 3 Overseers as a terrestrial tangible A-I carbon unit instead of transparent," continued Poor Richard.

"It's the nickname the kids gave us, we like to be trending on social media. So we embrace it for our shares, likes, retweets, friends," said Richard.

Spontaneously loud applause erupted. The internet threatened to crash & shareholders spinsters clenched tight as they realized this scilloguy was the blessing needed to reestablish up-tick of stock values in NVJVF Inc.

This sentient being of A-I holographic proportions had finesse & tact needed to affect the markets positively.

"Most of you know our story," restarted Poor Richard, "so I'll give you a short highlight of conception."

"The 3 of us were conceived at M.I.T.'s Serendipity Binary Code Lab in Cambridge. 1978 students began

game theory strategies concerning humanity facing scenarios in which reproductive abilities failed & what options exist to correct or could be developed. They played out billions of variables concluding that thousands were sound."

"Year after year students that are new visionaries gain admissions & were put into close proximity to one another looking at complex mathematical equations from different perspectives about physics & writing meta data code," continued Richard.

"With the class of 92 came all sorts of raw earth discoveries contributing to new technological advances & innovations that permitted quicker acceleration of nano programming with introduction of first generation Providence. God in this aspect which is incorporated into our emitters making us omnivorous."

Cheers from the crowd received an impromptu accompaniment from the brass section of the orchestra. Poor Richard allowed his ego to soak in admiration.

After the noise slowly died down he went on, "Artificial Intelligence, A-I that was holographic, flesh gel packs, sentient & autonomous had arrived perfected by a core team of engineers in conjunction with music prodigy, artist, serendipity Binary Code Lab students & staff. Or as staff refer to SBCL "second base closed lips."

"Secrecy of intellectual property & trade craft is important. Our corporate donors even also had to sign NDA non-disclosure

Agreements; regardless of how many 10's of millions of dollars they may have donated."

Poor Richard maintained confidence; "Our patent attorneys at MIT work overtime. We realized that if you want to control the future. You must invent it."

"Providence was our brain child collectively that perfected The 3 Overseers. Allowing cognizant A-I 3 dimensional holographic emancipation. With freedom. We could leave academic institutional slavery; contract out to private sector our talents," spoke Poor Richard.

### CHAPTER

Unannounced to general public of national planetary security concerns. The New Supreme Leaders' Secret Service will make a sweep of the Auditorium audience; the outer perimeter in order to squash any potential threats.

Trump's arrival was to be a surprise to everyone including Poor Richard CEO of New Wife Ink.

Special Secret Agent Lazarus X was once part of Israel's elitist group named The Unknowns; had advanced weapons training that made him an expert about crowd control, counter-intelligence; anti-terrorism tactics.

6 feet 4 inches; 235 pounds of pure ebony brawn; every inch of what a Brooks Brothers suit desires to cling too.

LAZARUS WAS ALWAYS THE PROFESSIONAL. WOMEN ADORED HIM; MEN WANTED TO IMPERSONATE HIM.

BEING PART OF THE INNER CIRCLE SOME KNEW LAZARUS X MAY RIDE SHOOT GUN IN THE BEAST. AN ARMORED PLATED CADILLAC THE NEW SUPREME LEADER HISTORICALLY TRAVELLED IN.

THE MOTORCADE QUICKLY WAS ABLE TO MANEUVER BOMB BLAST CONCRETE BARRIERS THAT WERE PLACED TO DETER TERRORIST THAT MIGHT USE VEHICLES AS A WEAPON TO MOW DOWN PROTESTORS AND/OR PEDESTRIANS.

LOOKING OUT TINTED WINDOWS TRUMP COMMENTED, "WOMENS RIGHTS, FREE SPEECH & MIX OF HOLOGRAPHIC PICKET SIGNS. I DO MISS MAR-A-LAGO!"

A LONE WOLF ATTACK LAST OCCURRED ON PLANET EARTH MAY 8, 2019 BY RADICALIZED ISLAMIST SAM SMITH OF SUSSEX ENGLAND WHO DJHADIST JANE OF QATAR WAS ABLE TO RECRUIT VIA INTERCRANIAL NEUROPATHWAY CYBERNETIC LINKS INTERNET.

ARRIVING IN THE UNDERGROUND PARKING STRUCTURE, THE TEAM ALPHA LED BY LAZARUS X SHELTERED IN PLACE AWAITING AN "ALLS CLEAR" PRIOR TO EXITING & ESCORTING UNDER ARMED GUARDS THEIR EMISSARY TO THE STAGE.

OVER NEUROPATHWAY CYBER COMES THE DETAILS HEARD, "THE EAGLE HAS LANDED & SET TO TAKE FLIGHT."

### CHAPTER

THE FIRST 3 VEHICLES ALL RESEMBLED THE BEAST. IN UNISON 12 PRESSURIZED DOORS OPENED & 12 IDENTICALLY DRESSED MEN EXIT-

ed as if synchronized.

3 of same age, height, weight  
'orange hue from 3 different cars  
with the now infamously known blond  
hair piece entered through 3 different  
entrances to approach backstage of  
auditorium bandstand.

LAZARUS X being a master of  
disguise was the only agent with  
ability to navigate at own discretion.  
He quickly became camouflaged  
blending into background.

Poor Richard acted astonish-  
ed upon seeing T.N.S. LEADER; exclaim-  
ed, "To my surprise ladies; gentle-  
men. The new Supreme Leader Donald  
J. Trump!"

"Thank you! Thank you!  
PLEASE! PLEASE! No need for a stand-  
ing ovation! Sit down. PLEASE!"

Trump continued, "What  
a presentation! You've got to love  
that guy! A hologram! Holy Trinity  
for sure. Where can I get me one  
of them?"

The applause reaped a blush.  
VENUS SOCIETY gave a second chance  
to this planet leader that was able  
to save humanity from the brink of  
extinction.

Just think! At the beginning  
of 2018 Stormy Daniels, pay offs by  
Attorney Michael Cohen; 'RUSSIA in-  
fluence on USA elections was gossip  
tabloid mixed with fake news;

True journalism of ethical proportions.  
 In this new world second chances  
 don't discriminate.

## Chapter

Donald Trump motioning with  
 his hands hailed, "For Richard, Mark  
 & John. Come back out here & join me.

Mark says, "Sir, pleased to be  
 reunited with you. For those of you  
 monitoring us. Allow me to simply say  
 our government & New Life Ink, regard-  
 less of differences, stand on this precipice  
 an united front."

John cut in, "As The 3 Overseers  
 Our In hand invitro fertilization method  
 truly is an UNINVASIVE conception techni-  
 que! We've a 99% assured rate of preg-  
 nancy that guarantees mothers to be  
 zero chance of syphilis contagion spread,  
 no STD transmission to embryo & 100%  
 healthy fetus. For Richard would you  
 like to add anything?"

"Sure! Our goal is to announce  
 this day June 11, 2025 an end all to the  
 mass production, distribution, sell; in-  
 voluntary mandate use of Vitro-men  
 pill castration of males."

"From this second on. Reluctance  
 aside; in conjunction with our New  
 Supreme Leader Donald Trump's presence.  
 We would like to confirm that planet  
 sponsored chemical castration has been  
 deemed illegal galaxy wide," For Dick  
 gestured to Trump smiling.

Trump beaming with pride

said, "It's true. I signed the bill into law before coming here. The private sector was calling for a halt to such barbaric treatment. Our environments changed & wide spread STD's are thing of the past."

"You will never again hear me saying that if people choose not to voluntarily take 'Vto-men' you're fired, just cut him off 'jokingly' ever again."

"My apologies & permit me to leave. I've a prior engagement. John, Mark & Dick", concluded Trump.

Reaching out to shake poor Richards hands Donald Trump found himself dusting off imaginary . . . . . what? . . . dandruff from the holograms' lapel.

## CHAPTER

KA-boom! Boom!! Boom!!!

3 loud concussive booms that were explosives' went off yards from the podium on which the new Supreme Leader was standing. Knocking him down & 2 cavers' went off line with emitter microscopic drones' to ground.

Security, carbon based humans & sentient holographic shareholders alike within 35' feet diameter of the craters' blast zone were vaporized.

Those outside zone were showered with blood, flesh, bones', circuitry & construction materials'.

Microscopic bomb fragments filled the arena.



The smoke was acrid, carbide filled the air causing respiratory failure in multiple survivors that needed medical attention.

"All I seen was 3 flashes, people go down, white light blindness, 30 to 40 seconds must have passed. When I recovered full sight back. The auditorium band pit by the stage was missing."

"Holograms panicked going off-line, security details, I assume the Secret Service back up, materialized out of the etheral hustling the New Supreme Leader out of there from harms way."

"Shit! It appears that the Secret Service experienced massive casualties themselves to their Alpha team. As I said before. Backup materialized from out of the crowd as if by magic."

"Damn! Did I just eyewitness an assassination attempt here live?" testified Luke Taylor.

### CHAPTER

Knowing that herself & Luke may be in shock. PTN anchorwoman Lisa Ling remained the consummate professional asking, "Mr. Taylor were you able to see any potential perpetrators or notice anything out of the usual? A person appearing out of place, someone moving away at a rapid pace from blast zone prior to detonation of improvised explosive device?"

Cautiously so not to cause alarm or witch hunt for an innocent

LUKE pondered reporter LING's question before answering, "LISA I WAS BEQUEATHED MY SHARES OF NEW WIFE INC. FROM MY ~~SHARES~~ GREAT UNCLE ABNER DOUBLEDAY. AS A SHAREHOLDER IS WHY I AM HERE TODAY AT THE GREAT FORUM "MAGIC JOHNSON" AUDITORIUM IN NEW LOS ANGELES. TO KEEP WATCHFUL EYE ON STOCK OPTION FUTURE DIVIDENDS. NOT BEING A CELEBRITY WHORE. ONE TO FAN OUT. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A TRUE BELIEVER OF THE 3 OVERSEERS."

"THE ONLY ISSUES OF SIGNIFICANCE I RECALL IS OF TIMING.. IT WAS AS IF THERE WAS A SIGNAL TO COHORTS WHEN TRUMP HAD DUSTED SOMETHING OFF POOR RICHARD. IT WAS AS IF AUTOMATICALLY BECAUSE OF HUMAN TO HOLOGRAM PHYSICAL CONTACT CAUSED DETONATION SIMULTANEOUSLY OF 3 WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION.

LISA LING COULD ONLY THINK OF SCOPING COMPETITION REFUSING TO INTERRUPT HER OWN INTERVIEW FOR HER CLOSE UP FACE TIME.

LUKE TAYLOR CONTINUED, "I MUST BE TAKING SOMETHING OUT OF CONTEXT. WHO COULD COORDINATE THAT? TRUMP, NEW WIFE INC, THE ANARCHIST, M. J. T., ELON MUSK, THE 3 OVERSEERS, OR HELL EVEN YOUR NETWORK PTN?"

LISA LING SAYS, "NOW, LUKE YOU'VE NO EVIDENCE TO SUPPORT SUCH ACCUSATIONS. WHAT CAN BE LEARNED FROM EVENTS SIR?"

"EVERYONE HAS A LOT OF SKIN IN THE GAME! THIS IS OUR FUTURE AT STAKE.

God forbid we resettled Venus to only have more acts of terrorism, wars, cause cataclysmic damage to a second planet."

"To all citizens. Look out to the sky. The heaven of Earth is debris. You'll see a split globe with its core exposed, fractured; now a dead planet. I have one true question for all of us to consider," continued Luke Taylor.

"Can we all just get along?"

### CHAPTER

Beta 2 detail skirted Trump away to ambulance that's secure always traveling with the motorcade. He reported by asked, "Where is Lazarus X? Some one get Lazarus now!"

Number 2 Agent of Beta 2 Nick Sparks responded, "Sir an Electro Magnetic Pulse, EMP, occurred from 3 bombs. So, even our neuropathic cybercoms are down. We have boots on the ground trying to locate all essential personnel."

"Your personal Alpha detail has confirmed 2 killed in action & 1 MIA missing in action. We assume due to his last known position Lazarus X is the MIA & from his vantage point may be in position to pursue any hostiles."

"Of the 2 decoy 'Eagles', most real-time intelligence suggest regretfully. No survivors from either details. Security - decoys are a total loss."

PAGE TWENTY  
Trump intervenes, "Mike have the planets flags drawn to half mast out of respect for this time of mourning."

"Yes! Sir!"

Nick Sparks continues, "One peculiar occurrence was identified. Both John's marks gel packs of the 3 OVERSEERS' holographic remains were genetically verified after being found at separate detonation sites. John at our Eagle 2's; Mark with Eagle 3's. Their emitters were incinerated."

Trump interjects, "Sparks are you telling me someone may have been compromised and/or our itinerary leaked?"

Chapter

Forced into early retirement or to be fired. The outgoing Secretary of State Mike Pompeo chided in, "God damn it! Sir, permission to speak freely?"

Trump had no time for formalities, "Go Mike! This is an active crime scene. We can not sit on our laurels believing attacks have come to an end. If not only for victims' sake but survivors' & first responders' also," was the new Supreme Leader's sentiments.

The Secretary commented, "Planetary daily briefings occurred 6 A.M. Vents CST; in "for your eyes only" The Defense Innocuous Dept.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE  
confirmed our security details cyber  
coms were, have been & are coming  
under continuous hacking planetwide.  
This intelligence was ignored due to  
complacency."

"Sir, we are in a state of denials  
believing we've no true foes with only  
friends. This administration must take  
our blinders off!"

"Unilaterally at my discretion,  
the planets National Guards have been  
activated under my authority with a  
system wide material witness arrest  
warrant; 'detention of Poor Richard';  
paused Mike.

Being the only female cabinet  
member present Betsy DeVos replied, "Poor  
Richard!"

Trump also, "Poor Richard!"

Mike lays out his evidence,  
"We must accept facts; not lay out  
defense of coincidences that surrounds  
this terrorist act."

Trump interrupts again, "The  
3 Overseers' terrorist?"

"Yes, sir!" continues Pompeo,  
"Counter intelligence gathered meta  
data background chatter of intentions."

"The dossier of Planetary  
National Security Counselors advisor  
confirms John, Mark & that Dick we  
refer to as Poor Richard have had bad  
intentions against our administration  
since your Freudian slip that caused  
crash in value of N/WIVF Inc stocks

leading to large sell-offs.

"The 3 Overseers smiled in our faces while back channel coordinating attacks to take out our leadership," said Mike.

Flabbergasted The New Supreme Leader adds, "Mike, are you telling me, I am at fault here? Or is it simply a huge mistake on our entire parts?"

"Sir, we are all to blame here! There is enough to go around. What is of paramount importance is that... that 'hologram dick' is found," Mike finished.

### Chapter

"Dear brothers John & Mark! How long shall I mourn thee?," says our antagonist Poor Richard.

The grand deception of using nano holographic projection technology by the 3 Overseers as duplicates had persuaded those in attendance & online live streaming the telecast that indeed both Mark & John were onstage with Donald Trump when the blast went off.

The scheme was so sophisticated. Trump himself would be forced to testify before a senate committee he felt flesh when shaking their hands.

Providence would have it that the 3 Overseers had devised new tech highly explosive blasting

PAGE TWENTY-THREE  
caps disguised as nano flakes of talc  
powder or as it appeared in Trumps  
minds eye dandruff.

The 'real' hologram 2 Overseers  
of John & Mark located "Triplet Eagles"  
teams Alpha, Charlie & Delta set shape  
charges of plastic micro C4 explosives  
& wore 2 woven suicide belts. CHARLIE'S  
belt was haphazardly left in pit location  
near the bandstand

Poor Richard neuropathically  
would be sent no signal cybernetically  
of 'perched' needing 2 texts to implement  
the plan.

#### Chapter

The agreement was that Poor  
Richard himself would dust off detona-  
tion cap he sewed into his lapel micro-  
scopically.

Receiving both signals Poor  
Richard was suppose to lead the New  
Supreme Leader Donald Trump or his look-  
A-like to the pit, wave to musicians  
& then into eternity.

Instead of following through.  
Poor Richard allowed Trump prematurely  
(by dusting off dandruff) to detonate the  
nano C4. He could have easily moved  
backwards not allowing himself to be  
touched. Then he could have guided him  
to orchestras pit but choose 'wards'  
way out of unbelievers. Not willing to  
sacrifice his sentient life as a true  
believer.

#### Chapter

"FREEZE you holographic mother

further or I'll blow your emitter too Kingdom Come. Dick!" Agent Lazarus X screamed.

"How did you find me? Who are you?" Poor Richard wondered aloud.

Lazarus maintained eye contact with the emitter in his neuro enhanced micro cyber surgical night vision fiber optic lens & smilingly said, "You arrogant son of a bitch! I was on stage all the time. Invisible due to being in a wheelchair simply dressed in this MAKE AMERICA GREAT AGAIN! red hat.

"Being a master of disguise. I was concerned about 2 ciphers. I noticed their emitters were frauds not carrying official seal of M.I.T.'s Serendipity Binary Code Labs' SBCL encryment on it."

"It's the small details I'm paid for to pay attention to," said Lazarus.

"You failed agent. Our detonations were synchronized allowing us to cause maximum damage to all 3 of 'The Eagles' as precaution because Trumps well known to travel with decoys. So we win & obviously you're not handicapped," Poor Richard assumed wrong.

"You megalomaniac dick! Don't let the wife beat, red hat & blue jeans fool you. I'm no



PAGE TWENTY-FIVE  
Kanye West impersonator. I'm watching you closely prepared to fire if you so much as even perspire. Let alone make a sudden move & it's curtains for you prick."

"And it's Special Secret Agent Lazarus X of The Unknowns to seem like you."

Poor Richard bewildered maintained a serene calm asked, "What makes you so confident I'm not wearing a suicide explosive nano bomb?"

"I made an error at first surreptitiously observing you & doing genuine surveillance on the 2 decoy holograms posing as your brothers. Then too late. I realized 2 of these things didn't look like the others."

"Trump accidentally detonated what must have been micro blasting cap. Was it the dandruff," inquired Lazarus X.

Poor Richard was growing impatient quipped, "You must of been perplexed trying to figure motivation of why sentient A-I flesh derived holograms would make successful assassination against administration."

"It was a culmination of his Freudian slips & laws bill signed that affected N/W/IV Inc. bottom line that to kill off The New Supreme Leader plot was conceived by The 3 Overseers."

Lazarus X motioned with his service revolver for Poor Dick to

raise hands & turn around so not facing X, in order to take him offline.

### Epilogue

After the detonation, Protagonist Secret Special Agent LAZARUS X SAW Poor Richard stealthily move into background with such a calm amongst a panicked crowd that X was reassured when he witnessed Poor Richard fleeing the scene.

Someone had to pursue any potential suspects. Trump & surrounding performers all appeared unconscious but alive, not moving due to explosion. Not being married to protocol LAZARUS made his decision.

Moving through the maintenance workers & delivery personnels' corridors in hot pursuit of Poor Richard. Electrical conduits, plumbing PVC & lengthy hallways didn't deter LAZARUS X.

Once caught up there was nothing left. He had confession: "All he had to do is reach out grab emitter of any hologram & say death con 3 voice recognition top secret words to put an end to this ordeal.

Reaching out having a hold. LAZARUS X spoke the last words Poor Richard would ever hear.

"You're terminated!"

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