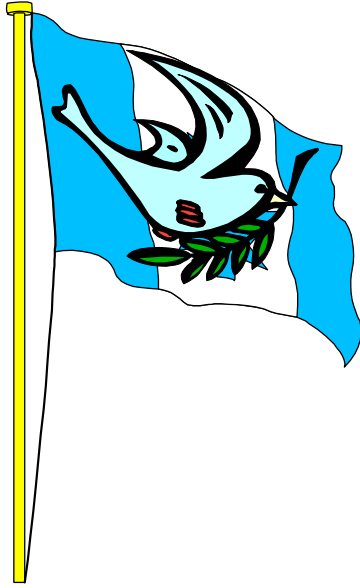


# THE NEW AMERICA



By ron allen

This book is a fictional work; it is based on my personal opinions of the state in which our country may be headed if allowed to remain on its present path. The facts contained herein are only as factual as the news media had reported. Form your own opinion, as I have. Do not take all here in, as factual material after all the news media is not infallible.

It is written for your enjoyment and to stir your emotions.

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Pine Mountain Publishing  
Medford Oregon



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Published by  
LuLu.Com

## **DECICATION**

This story is dedicated to all Americans.

To all those who stood up and fought for our freedoms. Those who died and those who came home to a changing country.

May god bless you and may God bless our country.

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## **THOUGHTS FROM THE PAST**

**The old man is sitting at his dining table staring out the window at the cloud filled sky pondering the fate of his beloved nation, thinking of its past, present and dreading its future.**

**His tired old mind is remembering a time when he would gladly give his life for the country he so dearly loved and the principles for which it stood or maybe the principles he thought it stood for. He was no longer sure.**

**As he sat alone; his thoughts wandered through history.**

**Our fore fathers came to this unknown country to find freedom from oppression and build a country on strong moral values and the right to practice the religions of choice, most of which were built on Christianity. They wrote the governing documents of which our country was to be built upon and the standards of which we were to live by. Freedom of religion, the pursuit of happiness, and liberty and justice for all.**

**The old man thought about these documents and pondered what they meant and what our fore fathers wanted for this country. As his thoughts wandered he started thinking thoughts he had never thought before.**

**We stole this country from the Indians; we brought people from other lands by force and forced them to become slaves of labor to gain financial goals. Were we really the country of true Christian beliefs as he had had always thought?**

**The old mans mind was in a daze of confusion and unknown answers. He remembers a time when he could not wait to fight for his beloved country on the rivers of Vietnam while other, unpatriotic scum were protesting his patriotism to fight for all that is right and the beliefs of the greatest country on earth. Could they have been right? He can not accept that. This is the greatest country on earth. It WAS founded on Christian beliefs. We as a country have done more good and more charitable works than any country in the history of man. We made mistakes from the very beginning but have tried to make amends for those mistakes made. We, as a**

**nation are mostly a people of faith though our government may not be.**

**WE THE PEOPLE must fight back and bring our country back to the principles of which it was founded and demand the morality of government and the right to pray any where we choose including schools and all government facilities. Those who wish not to pray need not do so. We do not have the right to force our Christian values on any one but they do not have the right to oppress our beliefs.**

**If we continue to allow the governing factors to march forward on its present heading our country will be destroyed as all countries before us have, when they turned away from God.**

## **THE BATTLE BEGINS**

**The old man turns off the T.V. and slowly walks to his bedroom, sits down in front of his computer and starts the task of putting his thoughts in print.**

**The president and his constituents had released vital information on tactics used to interrogate suspected terrorist and the liberal left were screaming for the heads of those responsible for such inhumane tactics. The old man was almost in a state of tears as he started putting his thoughts in print. He recalls his S.E.R.E ( survival, evasion, resistance, escape) training; remembering the days without sleep and very little food, the small, but very strong young man who grabbed him by the shirt with one arm and throwing him against the wall and slapping him across the face with his free hand.**

**“What is your mission?” The young man asks.**

**“My country will not allow me to answer that question sir.” He answers.**

**The small, strong young man slaps him a few more times and asks him a few more questions. He answers in the same manor and then the guard calls for another guard to take him away and puts him in a small wooden box where he is placed curled up in the fetal position. He tries desperately to get a small amount of sleep, but his efforts are futile as the guards are kicking the outside of the box every ten minutes or so to assure that sleep does not come.**

**He does not know how long he spent in that small, dark, cold box but when they finally removed him his limbs were weak and wobbly from the extended period of the cramped quarters. He could barely stand upright as the guards marched him to the line where the rest of his team mates were gathered. He regained his composure and stood straight and tall next to the other men.**

**The guards marched them for what seemed like hours on end. One of the older officers fell from exhaustion and the young man tried to help him up.**

**“What are you doing?” Screamed one of the guards. “No one gave you permission to break ranks, you American scum!”**

**“I’m helping my team mate. He is older than most of us and weak from exhaustion he needs help.” The young man answers.**

**“Yes, you Americans are a weak, worthless race.” The guard replies. “Carry him.”**

**The young man does as he is told and carries the heavier officer on his back for the remainder of the day.**

**It is now day five of the training and all the men are exhausted, hungry, and worn too a frazzle and the worst is yet to come.**

**One of the guards grabs the young man and places him on the ground putting a towel over his face and starts pouring water on the towel. The young man holds his breath and only a small amount of water reaches its objective.**

**“Why are you here, scum? What is your objective? What are doing in my country?” The guard asks.**

**The young man gives his name, rank and serial number and repeats that his country does not allow him to answer any further questions.**

**On the final day of training all the men are gathered in the court yard of the compound and given a bowl of some kind of hot cereal that has a consistency of course sand. It was warm and delicious to the starving men.**

**After the meal was eaten, the young man and one other teammate was escorted to the flag pole and allowed to bring down the communist flag and raise OLD GLORY in its place. Tears well up in the young mans eyes as did in the eyes of every one of his teammates. He and one other teammate only gave there name, rank and serial number throughout the entire duration of the training and thus were allotted this privilege.**

**As the old man remembers this time in his life his anger toward the liberal left increases. “How dare they say such tactics are torture?” He endured them through training and does not believe he suffers any physical or physiological effects from**

**them other than the possible physiological effect of the left screaming that our country is torturing the enemy. “GET OVER IT!” We are more humane than most any country on earth. We DO NOT chop of heads, break bones, shove splinters under finger and toe nails, use hot poker, imprison the enemy in rat infested confinement or use any other inhumane tactics that could be considered torture. We are America and even in times of war conduct ourselves as humane individuals. How dare the present government give up our secrets and apologize to the enemy for our past indiscretions. We ARE NOT perfect. But we are far more humane than most every country on earth.**

**The battle begins; we must stand up for our beliefs and stand up for a government that rules by the constitution of our country, FOR THE PEOPLE AND BY THE PEOPLE.**

## **TRAITORS???**

**The definition of a traitor is as follows:**

- 1. One who betrays trust or is false to an obligation or duty.**
- 2. One who commits treason.**
  - 2 A person who betrays his or her country, cause, friend's ect; one guilty of treason or treachery.**

**The Constitution of the United States, Art. III, defines treason against the United States to consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid or comfort. This offence is punished with death. By the same article of the Constitution, no person shall be convicted of treason, unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open court.**

**During my tours in Vietnam all of our operations were of a covert type and were considered at the very least confidential and in most cases of a secret or top secret nature. If I was to disclose any information about any of those ops I would have been found guilty of treason**

**and branded a traitor. I would have most likely been shot for my indiscretions, a punishment I would have deserved. You do not give the enemy any information about any operations, number of men, weapons or tactics used for interrogation purposes. YOU are at war. Your movements and tactics must be kept unknown to the enemy at all times. Your life and the lives of other men and women fighting for the freedom of this great country depend on it. Surprise is one of the greatest tools for victory.**

**I am sick of the liberal left demanding that we give terrorist rights equal too or even greater than those of us who are citizens of this great country. THEY are the enemy. Treat them as such.**

**I personally slapped a prisoner across the face a few times and obtained information that lead to the capture of two anti aircraft weapons, three AK47's and three additional prisoners. I am proud of my service. Perhaps those minor slaps on the face (that left only minor redness for a very short time) saved the lives of some of our sons. I would like to think so.**

**The methods used by the U.S. for interrogation of detainees or prisoners**

**are quite humane, much more so than any other country. In my two tours over seas I NEVER saw a prisoner being mistreated or any interrogation procedures used that would cause any permanent injury or even a blow hard enough to cause bleeding. How more humane can one be in a time of war?**

**I would dearly love to see all those liberal left cry babies spend just a week or two on the front lines and get a small taste of war maybe they would change their tune and wake up to reality.**

**I am not a cruel person. I would not ever choose to strike another human or cause any living being pain. Most Americans are in agreement with that. Our service personal are not sadistic murderers as some may think. The U.S. fighting personnel is for most part a compassionate, humane; being. Unfortunately during a time of war one is forced to do things he or she would not do in civilian life but they do regulate themselves. They do not inflict torturous methods.**

**Giving away the methods used is a grave mistake; and in my opinion is a threat to**

**the security of our great nation. If the service personnel and the C.I.A. are afraid of being reprimanded or incarcerated they will simply quit interrogating prisoners altogether. I know I would. Without gathering vital information from the enemy we can not win the war.**

**I do not believe in HARSH interrogation methods or cruel punishment of any human and in my four years of service I never saw any methods used that I myself did not endure in training. Sometimes the methods were affective, such as a few slaps across the face. Sometimes they were not and in those cases the men in my unit never pushed the envelope.**

**I am not saying that our government leaders are traitorous. I am only questioning their reasoning behind some of their decisions. Are they putting politics ahead of national security?**

**Why are they releasing secret information? Why are they cutting the defense budget instead of pork? Why are they getting cozy with enemies of the U.S.? Give me an honest and straight**

**forward answer and maybe I'll stand with you.**

**I am for my country, not against it. I want the best for my country and all of its peoples. I AM A PATRIOT! Stand with me and bring back the country are fore fathers had envisioned.**

# THE FIRST AMENDMENT

**The first amendment states:** Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

Freedom of religion, what a wonderful right we have, or do we???

Many years ago I saw a bumper sticker on a car that read, "Russia put GOD into schools and we kicked him out." I pondered over those words but did nothing to stand against them. I should have and so should have every Christian in this nation. We have let the government go to far with taking

our rights away. It's time to stand up and be counted. They teach evolution in school but not creation. I DON'T want my children to be taught evolution. I AM NOT descendant of some ape but a descendant of Adam and Eve.

They say there must be a separation of church and state but are they not teaching anti Christian values when they teach that we as a race are direct descendants of apes and evolved to our present state of being. This is a teaching contrary to the beliefs of church and therefore constitutes a non separation of church and state as they are teaching an anti religious theme. If there truly is a separation of church and state they should not be allowed to teach religious or ANTI religious subjects.

I heard recently on the news where a young person informed the school he attended that he was forced to go to Church three times a week and felt that was to much.

The authorities stepped in and a judge ordered his parents to cut his attendance time down to no more than once a week. I searched diligently online to find this article but was not able to verify it but I do believe it to be true.

We, as parents have the obligation to raise our children up in the best manner we see fit. If they mess up before their eighteenth birthday we are held accountable for their mistakes, yet the government is and has been taking away our parental rights believing they can raise them better than we can. We can give them time outs and that is about the jest of our form of punishment for a wrongdoing.

When I was a young boy I stole a candy bar from a local grocery store and my punishment was grounding for the entire summer. Yes three months of no friends allowed over and my not being allowed to venture off the property. I accomplished a lot that

summer, building a three story tree house and various underground forts. If my father imposed such a punishment today I would have been a ward of the state and forced to live with foster parents I would not know. I thank GOD for my loving, fair, wonderful father. I DO NOT STEAL. Lesson learned.

One of my step children took my classic car for a joy ride with a friend and crashed it. I had the police take fingerprints and told all three children I would find out who stole my car; be it one of them or some other unknown person. All three denied they had any thing too do with it.

I told them that the police would be investigating further and we'd find out who the guilty party was. Shortly there after one of them confessed stating that she wanted something from the shelf above the car and was afraid she might drop it on the car and damage the hood. I thanked her for her

honesty and told her to wait till I got home from work if she needed something that she could not reach and I would get it for her at that time. No punishment was set at that time as I felt I needed to think on it because of her honesty, but felt some punishment was necessary so she would learn.

A couple of days later a neighbor informed me that he saw her and another young girl driving my old classic.

I confronted her and told her she would be punished for the act as well as for lying and told her the possible consequences that could have happened. "You could have been killed or your friend could have. Your mother and I could have been sued for everything we own. We'd lose our home, our cars and all your toys." I believe she understood and I know she listened.

I felt six week grounding was very lenient, after all I was grounded for the entire summer for the theft of a nickel candy bar and this wasn't even summer time.

The authorities informed me that such a lengthy time was far too harsh for an eleven year old and thus the grounding was shortened.

I was totally in disagreement but let her mother set the punishment, far to little in my opinion.

The young girl is a young woman now and recently told my older brother that she thought I was her best step dad. She remembers my birthday and Christmas. She is a decent young lady and I am proud of her. She realizes that all I done I done in love even though we only had a few years together before her mother and I got divorced.

**WHO KNOWS BEST FOR OUR CHILDREN? WE THE PARENTS, OR BIG BROTHER GOVERNMENT?**

I just red read through a new bill passed by congress. Bill H.R. 38.

The bill requires any one taking student loans and others to VOLUNTEER for a period of at least three months as a part of the brigade. In doing so they are not allowed to do any of the following: Engage in religious instruction, conducting worship services, providing instruction as part of a program that includes mandatory religious instruction or worship, constructing or operating facilities devoted to religious instruction or worship, maintaining facilities primarily or inherently devoted to religious instruction or worship, or engaging in any form of proselytization.

Under section 6104 of the bill, entitled “Duties,” in subsection B6, the legislation states that a commission will be set up to investigate, “Whether a workable, fair, and reasonable *mandatory service* requirement for all able young people could be developed, and how such a requirement could be implemented in a manner that would strengthen the social fabric of the Nation

and overcome civic challenges by bringing together people from diverse economic, ethnic, and educational backgrounds.”

A mandatory service requirement for ALL able body young people???

I have nothing against starting the draft again to protect our country in the time of war, but mandatory service for civilians and NOT allow worship.

IT IS TIME TO SAY NO AND  
STAND UP FOR OUR FIRST  
AMENDMANT RIGHTS.

# SOCIALISM???

**According to Webster's dictionary the definition of socialism is as follows:**

1: any of various economic and political theories advocating collective or governmental ownership and administration of the means of production and distribution of goods

2 a: a system of society or group living in which there is no private property **b:** a system or condition of society in which the means of production are owned and controlled by the state

3: a stage of society in Marxist theory transitional between capitalism and communism and distinguished by unequal distribution of goods and pay according to work done

**A few months ago I was talking with my local banker about the interest rates for a new car loan and during the course of the conversation I asked if my bank was included in the TARP program. She**

**informed me that they were, not by choice but by FORCE. She told me the bank was in stable condition and had even paid back several hundred million dollars but did not have a choice in the matter of accepting the TARP funds.**

**I have since done some research on line and have discovered that numerous banks were FORCED to take the money no matter what their financial condition was at the time.**

**FORCED to take money even though they objected? Selling off their stocks against their will. Is this the America we know and fought for, some dieing for? I think not.**

**One of our largest automobile manufactures is in the hands of the government with over fifty percent of its stock owned by them.**

**According to one source the bond holders own twenty seven billion dollars and are receiving ten percent. The UAW owns ten billion and is receiving forty percent. The government will own fifty or more percent and there will be no bankruptcy judge thus making this a government**

**restructuring and not a rule of law  
bankruptcy – court reorganization.**

**Another source reports that eighty nine percent of General Motors will be owned by the government and the UAW. They are pretty much the same as one scratches the others back.**

**Warranties on new vehicles will be covered by the government, meaning that we the tax payers will be paying for repairs on the vehicles of those fortunate enough to own one.**

**On the presidents one hundred day speech he mentioned that the U.S. had TWO auto manufactures that built quality vehicles. HUH??? What happened to the BIG THREE? Oh yes; FORD did not need to take there bail out money. He claims he has no interest in the becoming a auto manufacturer as he has to much on his plate as is, but yet he puts a big plug in his address for the two that the government owns shares in and says nothing about the one that is surviving on its own merit. Maybe FORD should have taken some money as well and then they too would get free government sponsored**

**advertisement. NAH! They are better off without the government telling them what they can produce and how to do it. I am sure they have too many restrictions without being in bed with the government.**

**Chrysler is now filing for bankruptcy. The stock holders did not accept Obama's proposal to accept thirty five cents on the dollar while the U.A.W. would get a higher percentage. GOOD for them. I hope the judge handling the case goes by the law and distributes the assets according to the law and not as the President wishes.**

**If it goes as the president wishes the corporation will be owned by the government, the U.A.W and FIAT. There goes another American icon to foreign interest. And FIAT, come on; they produce junk. (My personal opinion you do have the right to challenge it, at least for the time being, but as we head more towards socialism who knows what rights we may loose.)**

**I was sent an email recently that states our president is going to have the military**

**pledge a loyalty oath directly to the president and not the constitution. The author of this article states it is only a satirical article. Thank GOD.**

**Even though the article was satire, it got me thinking. At any other time in the history of our nation I would have shrugged it off for what is was. I did not simply shrug it off. I investigated the article until I found that it was indeed only a satirical writing that shows how others may be thinking.**

**The mere ideal that I question the possible validity of the article shows where my worries for our country's future lay.**

**As a military person I had to take an oath as all military personnel must. The following is that oath.**

I, (*NAME*), do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; and that I will obey the

orders of the President of the United States and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to regulations and the Uniform Code of Military Justice. So help me God.

**You will note that you swear to support the CONSTITUTION of the United States, and the last four words are; SO HELP ME GOD.**

**I have and gladly would fight again for my country, but not for one man or his liberal cohorts. I will not bow down to any man, but only to my God.**

**It also states that a military person is to obey the Presidents orders. I would agree until such orders conflicted with the constitution of this great nation and more importantly the beliefs instilled in me by God.**

**The takeovers of the banks and other privately owned business has caused me great concern. If a business fails, so be it. This may cause great losses of employment but as in the past someone**

**will step up and restructure the business and employment will return.**

**It has been proven that the private sector is far better at handling business than the government.**

**Are we headed toward socialism? God help us if we are.**

**Personally I feel the writing is in on the wall and unless we stand up that is exactly the direction we are headed for.**

**Many of my friends think there is no need for concern as God has it under his control. I do believe that God knows all that was, is, and will be.**

**I also believe that we have free will and God does not control what we do or in what direction our paths take as a nation or an individual. IF we stand for godly principles and IF there are enough of us THEN we can make a difference and get our country on the right track. IF we do nothing then we will head down the path chosen for us by the liberal left, not individually but as a nation.**

**PRAY for our nation and that God will  
open the eyes of its people to do HIS  
WILL.**

# SOCIALISTIC PRACTICES

## **The fairness act:**

The **Fairness Doctrine** was a policy of the United States Federal Communications Commission (FCC) that required the holders of broadcast licenses both to present controversial issues of public importance and to do so in a manner that was (in the Commission's view) honest, equitable and balanced.

Honest, equitable and balanced??? From my observations of the media I have seen the dishonesty and unbalanced format of the liberal left. Their love affair with the present administration is by no way balanced as they report only what the government wants, or possibly allows. Their agenda is to scare the public and at the same time paint a rosy picture of the future; IF we are in agreement with THEIR policies as their policies are the only ones that will work. OPEN YOUR EYES PEOPLE! Their policies WILL take us to a socialized government.

The supporters believes that since the airways are a scarce source they should be policed by the federal bureacrats to ensure that ALL viewpoints are heard.

Evan Pelosi (according to one source) wanted to use the fairness act to knock out conservative radio and Harry Read supported her on this.

FREEDOM of speech is a constitutional right and it seems, at least in my opinion that the government is attempting to take that away.

The White House was accused of using STRONG ARM tactics in the bankruptcy of Chrysler. The lawyer for chrysler stockholders stated that the white house threatened to use the full power of its press corp to tarnish the reputation of his client if they did not comply with their restructering plan. Because of this the client dropped its opposition. We the people should not be afraid of the government, but should make them afraid of us. Threaten them where it hurts the most. Make them understand that if they continue to do as they please and not as the people wish. They will be standing in the unemployment lines.

Are we headed towards socialism?

The government is in ownership of two of the major auto industries. They have a major interest in many of the large banks. They have control to some extent of the media which is for most parts very liberal as the government wants it to be. They control what can and can not be taught in our schools. They control to some extent HOW we are allowed to raise our children and if we are not in agreement then they simply take them away. They are proposing taxes on U.S companies that have subsidiaries over seas. These companies pay the taxes in the country of residence, usually those taxes are substantially lower than those imposed here in the U.S.

According to one source imposing a 200 billion dollar tax would make it impossible for them to compete in the foreign markets which amount to about 95 percent of its consumers. Such a tax would cause the loss of AMERICAN jobs.

It is my thoughts that we are headed toward a socialistic form of government and we MUST fight back and DEMAND that our government rules by the articles of the Constitution of The United States.

It is not too late if enough of us stand up for the rights that GOD gave us and those written by our fore fathers.

I am not a radical right winger. I am just a concerned citizen who believes our founding fathers had a pretty good idea and we need to get back on track with those principles and laws on which we once stood.

I have never attended a protest rally or voiced my opinion other than to those friends close to me or to relatives.

I WILL NO LONGER BE QUIET.

WE MUST STAND UP FOR OUR VALUES. THE LEFT DOES!! AND THEY WILL WIN IF WE DO NOTHING!!!!

## TOO LITTLE TOO LATE

As the months rolled by the government obtained more power by fooling the public into a false sense of stability offering large incentives to purchase new cars and destroy older ones, they cut interest rates again and again to make housing affordable and provided the loans through government agencies. They now owned your car, your home and most likely your job.

They had more control over the media, live talk shows were not allowed. The government recorded the shows and aired the new censored version several hours later. People became afraid to voice their opinions. The ownership of hand guns was illegal and proposals were on the table to make ownership of any gun illegal.

Some felt the new government was just wonderful and didn't see their rights being stripped away but seen a bright and rosy future. The old man was NOT one of these people. He could imagine the future and could not accept what his imagination saw. HE HAD TO LEAVE; while he still could.

## THE NEW AMERICA

The old man picks up his weapons and walks to his garage for the last time. He neatly stows the two rifles in the trunk of his Mustang and conceals them with blankets and his luggage. He puts one forty five under his driver's seat and the other in the glove box. The nine millimeter slips perfectly in the console. The weapons must be concealed as they are now illegal in the U.S.A.

His one registered nine millimeter was confiscated by the government, but of course he was dully compensated for its value.

“Get in, old girl.” The old man says. His voice slightly choked from the tears welling up in his throat.

His dog jumps into the passenger seat and lies down on the cool leather, as if she knows this is not a pleasure ride.

The old man takes one last look at the home he had grown to love. He glances around at the majestic mountains surrounding the serene valley where he had lived all his life.

In his heart he knew this was not home any more. It was a part of the old America. The one of change. Change he could not live with.

He did not know where he was headed, only that he was going south, and then east. Away from the only home he had ever known. All the west coast states had succumbed to the new government laws. Laws he could not and would not abide by.

Arizona and New Mexico were the closest states that had not yet succumbed to the government wishes. They had not yet succeeded from the U.S. as several other states had, but both had declared state rights under the constitution.

He headed for Arizona, keeping within the legal speed limits most of the time. He did not want to get stopped. He had illegal weapons and if the government found out his true intentions, he would be arrested.

He had sold his home to the government for a fair price by convincing them that he would purchase one in California or Nevada where the weather was more suited to his medical conditions, and also that a much smaller home purchased from the

government would suit his needs and leave him with a small nest egg so he would not be a burden on society. He also pointed out that his present home would be suited for a family of five or six and thus be one more government home for a large family.

They fell for his lies as it sounded reasonable and would benefit all.

The old man had to sign a contract stating that he would purchase a smaller government home not exceeding 750 square feet in one of the United States. The contract also stated that he must put the excess funds in one of the nationally run banks or invest it in one of the federally approved corporations. He convinced them that he felt this was a very reasonable request and thanked them for purchasing his home and giving him the opportunity to move to a more desirable location and invest in his country.

He took all his funds and invested them in a foreign company that was on the government list. He chose this particular one because it did business with the U.S. and also the New America. He could sell the stock in New America and have a small nest egg to get started with his new life.

He would be a fugitive in the U.S. and never be able to return and would lose all the social security benefits he had worked for all his life. He would have to return to work in the New America. He would have to work for the rest of his life to survive, but freedom was well worth the price.

## ARIZONA

The old man crossed the border into Arizona just as the sun was rising. His heart skipped a beat. He was safe, at least for the time being. He may stay here and settle down if Arizona joins the New America. If not he would travel on. That decision would be made later, he was just glad to be in a neutral state.

It was his first time in Arizona and he knew he would at very least stay a while and see what the state had to offer.

After a few weeks in Arizona he found it more pleasant than he had expected. There were some very beautiful places to see.

He visited the Tonto National Forests and was impressed with their beauty. The cactus and other vegetation had a beauty quite different from what the old man was use to and the sunset on the rocky peaks was a sight to behold. He missed the tall pines of home but yet this new adventure was intriguing to him.

As he traveled through monument valley he could not help but feel a sense of a new

beginning and the wind swept formations stood in a testimony to that new beginning.

Just outside of Sedona he viewed some trees he thought to be pines along Oak Tree trail. The terrain was much rockier than the mountains of home but yet had a very peaceful sort of beauty. The old man and his dog sat down and just took it all in for a spell, something he had not done in quite some time. It felt good to be free and take in God's beauty.

Over the next few weeks the old man and his dog visited many places. They enjoyed a sunset over the Sonoran Desert and a sunrise over the Grand Canyon at Yavapai Point, it was breath taking.

He had done more sight seeing and visited more places in Arizona in just a few weeks than he had in a life time in Oregon. That thought saddened him. He had seen some spectacular places such as Crater Lake, The gorge, the lakes but there was so much he never saw and now he could never go back. What had happened to his country that caused so much loss of freedom? The old man started to cry as his memory races back in time to what HIS country was and what it

has become. He prays the new America will be as the old America once was.

Tomorrow he and his dog will leave Arizona to see what some of the New America states are like. Perhaps Arizona will become one of them but the old man can not take the chance that it might also become a loyal state of the U.S. and become socialized.

## TEXAS

Texas was the first state to secede from the nation which is not surprising considering its history. Texas was a territory of Spain and Mexico and in 1836 became its own nation for ten years and then annexed by the U.S in 1845 It existed under the auspices of France, Spain, Mexico, The Republic of Texas, the U.S.A and the Confederate States of America. It's no wonder Texas has such an independent spirit. Texas secession was followed by Wyoming, South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Alabama, Utah, Mississippi, Arkansas, North Carolina, Kentucky, Indiana, and Missouri. Many others had declared state rights under the constitution but had not yet succeeded.

The old man planned on visiting as many, if not all of these states before settling down to his new life in the New America. He did not know which state would become his home or if there would be more states that followed suit, thus offering more choices. He only knew for a fact that he would become a citizen of the New America.

The old man loved the constitution of the New America and all that it stood for. In layman terms it simply stated that all people would have the right to bear arms and protect their lives and property, they would have the right of free speech, the right of their choice of religion, the right to work and prosper regardless of age, race or religious beliefs.

The tax structure was simple and was set at ten percent of ones total earnings no matter how small or large those earnings might be. There would be no deductions as in the U.S. tax codes. It would be just a simple 10 percent of profits for everyone.

Medical care would be provided to those who could not afford it and would be paid for from the 10 percent taxes as would all government jobs, buildings and projects. If money was needed for any special project such as roads, bridges, ect; and the tax collected was insufficient then a special vote would be taken and would have to pass by a two thirds majority of the people.

All government employees would receive no more than a standard cost of living raise based on the annual cost pricing index decided by an independent civilian

accounting firm. Each state has the right to make and enforce their own laws so long as they are not in direct conflict with the constitution.

Basically it was a simple document that gave its people the right to live free of over bearing government interference with enough government to provide protection from enemies of the state, and the basic necessities of clean water and food supplies.

Most states in the New America had a simple tax structure of 6 to 7 percent of ones total earnings and again with no deductions. A single person paid the same percentage as a family person no matter how large the family.

This system worked quite well as everyone who earned even a dollar paid his or her fair share, and with the unemployment rate in most states well under 3 percent there was ample revenue to support the needs of the people.

The states of the New America were flourishing as the U.S was struggling and this caused even more stringent laws and fewer freedoms for those states.

The old man crossed over the Texas border just about sunrise and continued his journey until he reached El Paso where he enjoyed a Texas size breakfast, too heck with the cholesterol count; it was goooood.

The old man headed east on interstate 10 towards San Antonio, stopping at Fort Stockton for a quick lunch and some exercise for his dog.

They reached San Antonio in the early evening hours, checked into a low cost hotel and relaxed for the evening. Tomorrow he would visit the Alamo.

As the sun rose so did the old man and his beloved pet. They strolled the grounds of the hotel for exercise, also giving Cinnamon the opportunity to do her duty which the old man promptly cleaned up and disposed of in a proper manner.

After having a hearty breakfast and feeding his dog the old man headed for the Alamo. As he walked the hallowed grounds and read bits of the history; he could not help but wonder what would be going through the minds of those brave souls if they could see the state of our country today. It saddened him.

He spent several days in the area of San Antonio and took a drive down highway 37 to Corpus Christy where he and Cinnamon enjoyed the beach for a few hours. The old man got great pleasure watching Cinnamon play in the surf and chasing the seagulls.

Early the next morning they continued on interstate 10 towards Houston. Upon arrival he checked into a budget motel and then looked up his old commanding officer.

“Hey Lt!” The old man yells. “How the heck are you?”

“I’ve seen better days.” He replies. “I never thought I’d see the day when our country is in such a sorry state.”

“YA!” The old man replies. “It’s truly heartbreaking!”

The two of them shoot the breeze, discussing the war in Vietnam but mostly the state of our country. The old man explains how he pulled the wool over the U.S. government’s eyes and how he was now a fugitive.

“What’s in your future plans?” The Lt. asks.

“Not real sure.” The old man replies. “I have to settle down somewhere soon and start earning a living. I lost my V.A. and social security benefits when I left the U.S.”

“There’s plenty of room here in Houston,” Replies the Lt. “and jobs are fairly easy to obtain.”

“The job outlook sounds inviting,” the old man exclaims; “but it’s the room that bothers me. I’m small town. I’m thinking, maybe some small town in Arizona IF they join the New America. I’m thinking they will and so will several other states. The people are finally waking up to reality and they don’t like what they are waking up to.”

“I think your right.” Says the Lt. “I believe the New America will consist of the greater majority of the states.”

The two finish their dinner and once again part ways too separate paths.

“It was sure good seeing you again Lt.” The old man replies. “I’ll keep in touch.”

“Make sure you do that.” The Lt. says, and they part ways.

The old man drives to the motel, greets his dog giving her a pat on the head and a large piece of the steak left over from his meal and settles in for the night.

## THE GULF STATES

Cinnamon jumps up on the bed wanting out.

“O.K.” The old man yells, sleepily. “Give me a second to get my britches on.”

The old man starts the coffee pot brewing with the complimentary coffee. While this is going on he commences getting dressed so he can take an inpatient dog for her morning walk. The coffee stops perking just about the time he gets his second shoe tied. “Perfect timing.” He says to himself. He pours a cup, puts the leash on his girl and heads out the door for their morning walk.

The morning was beautiful with a slight breeze. The breeze felt refreshing on the old man’s skin, already starting to feel the heat from the relentless Texas sun.

Upon completion of their walk the old man starts packing the car, wanting to get on the road before the day gets to hot. He checks out of the motel and heads straight for interstate 10 East, stopping at a fast food restaurant just before the freeway entrance. Cinnamon made quick work of her breakfast

burrrito and was eyeing the old man's with eager anticipation.

“You, done ate yours!” The old man says. “Let me eat mine in peace. Have some hash browns.”

Cinnamon eats the hash browns and settles into a comfortable position on the passenger seat and is soon snoring away.

The old man was hoping to make Baton Rouge by lunch time. The freeway construction made that a pipe dream and therefore he found himself pulling into the parking lot of the Baton Rouge Hotel and Casino around two p.m. The complimentary stay and play coupon he had, made the decision for him.

“Why spend good money for a so, so hotel when we can stay here for free?” The old man questions Cinnamon. She barks in approval.

The old man checks in, leaving Cinnamon in the car as he does so. Once he acquires the room key and stores their belongings in the room the two of them take off on a short adventure walking along the Mississippi river.

The afternoon breeze coming off the water was refreshing and the sights were as pretty as any the old man had seen in any other state. He was starting to realize the different types of beauty in each state, be it Oregon's forest and lakes, Arizona's desserts and canyons, Texas's mere vastness of space or the Bayous of Louisiana.

They walk back to the hotel room, stopping along the way at a fast food place where the old man purchases a hamburger for Cinnamon. "Hold everything except the meat please." The old man says. "Make it a double."

After putting his dog in the room, the old man ventures down to the main lobby and casino area where he plays for a short spell before hitting the buffet.

The buffet was excellent, though some of the choices were a little spicier than the old man was use too. He enjoyed them anyway. After finishing his meal the old man headed to the room to retire for the night. They would be on the road early the next morning, destination; New Orleans.

The trip to New Orleans took a little less than one and a half hours. The old man

drove around the city for a short time just admiring the different sights. He eventually found himself in the French quarter in the vicinity of Armstrong Park.

He parked the car and took Cinnamon for a stroll through the park, picking up tad bits of information about its heritage as he went. The park was created to honor Lois Armstrong and preserve the sight of Congo Square, a historic meeting place of slaves in the 1800's.

They strolled leisurely through the park enjoying all the rich heritage it had to offer going full circle, finding themselves back at the car.

“Well girl.” The old man comments. “What you say we find a home for the night and then grab a bite to eat?”

Cinnamon barks in agreement.

They manage to find a reasonably priced motel and after checking in they stroll the city streets listening to the jazz from various areas and eventually purchase some Cajun treats from a street vendor.

“Whooooooooooooo!” The old man says.  
“That’s some real spicy Vidal’s.”  
Cinnamon didn’t seem to mind in the least  
as she ate it hastily and barked for more.

They continued their walk until the early  
evening hours enjoying all the diversity that  
the city had to offer.

Upon returning to the motel room the old  
man devoured a handful of anti acid tablets,  
enjoyed a little T.V. and the two of them  
retired for the night. Cinnamon snuggled up  
on the pillow and started snoring almost  
immediately. The old man nudges her, but  
his efforts were in vain. She moved slightly  
and continued her obnoxious snoring  
throughout the night.

After a breakfast of ham and eggs. (“Hold  
the hot sauce. Please!!!”) The two of them  
load the car and head for Montgomery  
Alabama.

They arrive in Montgomery around 1P.M.  
and grab a small lunch before finding a bed  
for the night.

Alabama was one of the first states to  
secede from the union and followed suit in  
its seceding from the U.S. and Jefferson

Davis became the president of the new confederate states standing on the steps of the Alabama state capital.

The first flight school was founded in Montgomery where Orville and Wilber Wright conducted night flights in 1910. It also was the first city to have electric street cars and of course everyone knows its fame for the refusal of Rosa Parks to give up her seat to a white man and where Martin Luther King ended his civil rights march from Selma.

The old man thinks back on his adventures of the past few weeks, and all the trials this country has endured and overcame. He wonders what will become of the U.S. and how many more states will secede to become a part of The New America.

## THE EAST COAST

The drive from Montgomery to Orlando was a little longer than the old man had expected. They made only one stop in a small town in northern Florida for a bite to eat and a potty stop for Cinnamon, but with all the road construction in various areas the trip took a little over nine hours and the old man was pooped.

They found a hotel close to Disney world and after a small dinner they both retired for the night. Disney World would still be there in the morning.

The old man wakes up full of energy with the eagerness of a young kid on Christmas morning. He can hardly wait to start exploring the many attractions of Disney world. Cinnamon seems to be excited as well.

They enter the gates and almost immediately kids are coming up to pet Cinnamon and offer her treats. She loves all the attention and the treats as well.

Eventually the old man has to politely decline the treats offered by the children,

stating that she has had too many and might get sick if she consumes any more.

Cinnamon gives him a look and barks with disapproval. “Why can’t I have them? You’ll hurt the children’s feelings. Meeeeeeeny!”

“Don’t you give me that attitude girl!” The old man snaps back. “I can take you back to the room and enjoy all these rides by myself.”

Cinnamon straightens up right away and the two of them enjoy the day immensely. She conducts her self as a perfect lady on every ride, after all she is a service dog and trained to do so.

When the day became night, both of them headed for the room to get a good nights sleep. The old man wonders who enjoyed the day more, him or Cinnamon? She took in every sight and sound with a look of astonishment and often bewilderment, just like a kid. The old man felt blessed to have such a great companion.

The next day they went to Epcot center to enjoy some of its sights and sounds.

When the old man saw the American pipers it reminded him of George Washington; and he wondered what George would think of the state our country is in today. He felt that he would not approve.

The two of them enjoyed walking through the American Adventure Pavilion and going back in time, The Imagination Pavilion, The space Pavilion and others. They could spend days between here and Disney World and still not see it all, but tomorrow they needed to be on the road again.

The old man and Cinnamon get an early start the next morning heading north to the little town of Goose Creek South Carolina. They skip breakfast and by the time they reach Jacksonville Florida they are both hungry and so they stop for a quick bite, a short rest and back on the road they go.

They arrive in Goose Creek around one P.M. and the old man calls his old Navy buddy.

“Hey old friend!” The old man barks. “I’m sitting at a gas station just outside of town. How do I get there, from here?”

His friend gives the old man directions and he and Cinnamon are soon knocking on his door.

“See your still driving a Mustang!” his buddy says.

“Yup!” The old man replies. “How about you?”

“Mine’s in the garage.” He answers.

“Don’t tell me!” The old man says. “Back in the day, I had a 69 Mach One with a 351 Windsor and you had one with a 428 cobra jet. I suppose you have a Shelby GT 500 K.R. so you can blow the doors off my G.T.C.S.!”

“Nopel!” He replies. “Just a little six. But I did put dual exhaust, cold air and tweak the chip a might. I’m pushing about 230 horses. I think you might whoop me this time.”

“What’s the matter?” The old man asks.

“You ain’t getting old, are you?”

“We’re both getting old.” Comes the reply. “It’s just economics, I can’t afford a hot rod any more but I still get some kicks four wheel drifting through a corner now and then.”

They both laugh, understanding perfectly what each is thinking.

The two of them sit around on the front porch enjoying the cool breeze over an ice cold lemon aide and watch the weeping willows bow gently to the caressing wind.

They shoot the breeze about their days in Vietnam but mostly about the state of the country.

“Yup!” The old man agrees. “It sure isn’t the country we fought for. That’s why I’m traveling all around it now before it becomes too late and none of us are allowed that freedom. I hated giving up the only home I ever knew, but I had no choice. It’s become one of them. I have to live in a free state. I haven’t figured out which one yet but it’ll be in The New America.”

“Ya!” His buddy sighs. “I’m praying that the good old state of South Carolina will secede like some of the others. If it does, you’re more than welcome to stay here for a while until you find a place to call home.”

“Thanks.” The old man says. “I’ll keep that in mind. I do like the small town atmosphere. Where ever I finally settle down will be a small town. No big cities for this guy. The Lt tried to talk me into settling in Houston but I politely declined. It’s waaaaaaaaaaaay to big for a country boy.”

The rest in a real home was a treat for the old man and Cinnamon but neither felt they should outstay their welcome so early on the third day they said their goodbyes and once again hit the road.

## NEVADA SECEEDS

More and more states had threatened to secede but the real shocker came when the old man picked up a local paper and the headlines read. Nevada secedes from the U.S.

It reads further. “The governor of Nevada announced today at a press conference that it would no longer abide by the unconstitutional laws imposed by the U.S. government and furthermore will secede from the U.S. effective immediately and has petitioned the government of The New America for statehood.”

The old man was pleased at the news he read, partially because Nevada was one of his choices for residency; but mostly because his wishes was for all the states to secede and become a part of The New America and enjoy the freedoms that the original founding fathers of the U.S. had intended for all to have.

As the old man read further in the story he was overjoyed to read that the Arizona house and senate had passed a similar bill and was awaiting the signature of the Governor to make their secession complete.

## THE MID WEST

The drive from Goose Creek South Carolina to Milwaukee Wisconsin was very long and tiring for both the old man and Cinnamon. With only two short stops to eat and take a nature break the trip took around seventeen hours.

The first half of the trip was enjoyable with both of them enjoying the cool air blowing across their faces and admiring the various scenery the states had to offer.

The last half was long and tiring with the top up and little scenery to be seen in the darkness of night. They were both happy to find a motel just outside of Milwaukee and they hit the sack almost immediately upon arrival.

After the old man and Cinnamon ate a hearty breakfast, he made a phone call to an old friend and arranged to meet her on the shores of Lake Michigan.

“It’s been a long time.” The old man says.  
“You’re just as beautiful as I remember.”

She laughs. “Not hardly.” She says. “The years, the children and grand children have

taken their toll. I appreciate the compliment any way.”

We talk and walk along the shores of the lake reminiscing about the first time we met on these very same shores and wondering what might have been, not that either of us were unhappy about where life’s path had taken us.

I tell her about my military experience and how after I left Great Lake Ill. I was sent to Coronado CA. to train in special warfare and work with the Navy S.E.A.L.’s and making three tours to Vietnam.

She told me how she raised three children and lived all over the U.S. and even a couple of years in Japan traveling to various Naval bases with her husband.

That evening I had dinner with her and her family at a nice restaurant. Her grand daughter was the spitting image of her and just like her grandmother, she had the voice of an angel as I found out when she graced us with a song.

After dinner and some lengthy conversation that went well into the night we said our good byes and I drove myself to the hotel.

The next morning we got up, ate breakfast and made the short drive to Great Lakes Ill where I took a tour of the boot camp facility and the engineman school I had attended so many years before. The modern technology was astounding.

Around noon Cinnamon and I started the drive to Hannibal Mo. The place my father grew up. I had never been there and had a strong desire to visit my father's childhood stomping grounds and also visit a while with some relatives.

We arrived in Hannibal around 6:30 pm and found my aunts home shortly thereafter.

After long hugs all around we all settled on the front porch with a glass of iced tea, enjoying the sounds of evening and talking one another ears off.

The next morning we all went downtown, leaving Cinnamon home to keep their dog company.

The old man was somewhat surprised when they arrived in the city. It seemed more like a Mark Twain theme park. Every where he looked there were museums, Twain period

buildings, wax displays and even the Huck's taxi service.

The day was very enjoyable as well as educational concerning Mark Twains life.

The group took a ride on a period style river boat. Something the old man's mother had always wanted to do but never got the chance.

The old man spent several days in Hannibal exploring different places and trying to walk somewhat in the footsteps of his father's child hood years. He realized that little was the same as it would have been some 80 or so years prior, but it still felt wonderful and brought a feeling of renewed closeness.

The governor of Arizona had signed the documents and Arizona would soon be a state of The New America as well as Nevada. It was just a matter of formality before each was instated.

The old man had plans to visit more of The New American states but his funds were running short and he felt it was time to head home, where ever that might be.

That evening he explained his situation to his aunt saying that he had a set amount of money to spend on his adventure leaving him with a small nest egg to invest in a home and live on till he found employment, and the set amount was dwindling a little faster than expected. He'd be heading to Arizona in the morning.

## ARIZONA HOME

The old man pulled onto Interstate 35 south and headed toward Kansas City. His destination was Sierra Vista Arizona, a little over 1400 miles away.

Over the past few days the old man had been applying for various jobs via the internet. He received a positive response from a body shop owner in Sierra Vista Arizona who wished to interview him for the position. It was the only positive response he had received so far; in fact it was the only response he received, period.

Being over sixty and retired on social security for the last few years did not make a good resume. The old man was thankful for even one positive response.

The old man drove through Kansas City without stopping and continued until they came to a small town where they pulled off to eat and gas up the car. They continued driving until late evening when they came to the town of Lawton Oklahoma, where they spent the night.

The next morning they continued their trip at a more leisurely pace. All the driving was

starting to wear the old man out so he decided a ten hour day would have to suffice. This put them on the outskirts of Juarez New Mexico and within one short driving day before reaching their destination.

The old man and Cinnamon slept in the next morning until after 8 A.M. and thus got a late start. After packing up the car, eating a small but adequate breakfast, and taking their morning walk it was around 9:30 before they hit the road.

They arrived in the city of Sierra Vista around a quarter past two. The old man drove around the city awhile to familiarize himself with the streets and local establishments.

He located the body shop where he was to have an interview and found a hotel close by. He felt an early morning introduction of himself would be more positively taken by the body shop owner and also it gave him the evening to explore the town, get himself cleaned up and well rested. He wanted to present the best possible HIM as he could.

The old man arrived at the body shop around 8:15 A.M. giving the owner ample

time to open up, make coffee, and turn on all the necessary equipment. Upon entering the door he introduced himself.

“I’m Mr. Johnson.” The old man states. “I had inquired about a painting job and you requested an interview. Being a body shop owner myself at one time, I felt I’d give you a few minutes after eight to get the place opened. I know I didn’t want to be bothered until I had my first cup of coffee after opening the doors and I wanted to give you that same consideration.”

“Boy! Howdy!” The owner replies. “I don’t do a thing until after at LEAST my first cup of Joe. Tell me a little more about yourself.”

The old man tells the owner about his business experience, painting and other credentials as well as why he left his home state and is now in search of employment.

The owner is understanding of his plight and is in agreement with him. “I’ve been listening to the news and it just seems to be getting worse every day.” The body shop owner replies. “It was sure a blessing when Arizona seceded. I expect several more states to follow in the near future. You probably done right by leaving when you

did. I've been hearing rumors about some states considering closing their borders."

"I heard that too." The old man replies.

"Yep, it's a sorry day for the U.S." He says.

Both men are silent for a short time, just staring out into nowhere.

The owner speaks. "About that job, I like the Idea of having someone from the old school that has the ability of laying out enamels as well as base coats. I do a fair amount of late sixties; seventies and eighties cars and some of the owners want originality. Not too shiny and with a small amount of orange peel, just like the factory did back then. I have a couple more interested parties that I have to interview and the job won't be available for six more weeks, that's when my present painter is leaving."

The owner sighs and then continues. "Will that present a problem?" He asks. "Are you in need of immediate employment?"

The old man answers. "Naturally, I'd like to get employment as soon as possible but I

have prepared myself financially to get by for several months with no income at all.”

“That’s good.” The owner says. “I’ll make a decision within the next two weeks. How do I get a hold of you? I will let you know one way or the other as soon as that decision is made.”

The old man thanks him for his time, gives him his cell number and heads back to the hotel.

He feeds Cinnamon and then the two of them start exploring the town a little more. They take a drive up into the surrounding mountains. They’re not like the ones he is use to but yet they have a different beauty all their own.

Upon arrival at the motel the old man starts searching the real estate listings and finds several possibilities. The next morning he and Cinnamon set out to find a home. After looking at several prospects the old man settles on a small one bedroom house that has a reasonable lease price with an option to buy.

After signing the lease and getting the keys to their new home the old man locates the

nearest Salvation Army store and purchases the items they need to make it a home. A small T.V., a bed, an easy chair, one end table and a night stand. The man at the store agrees to deliver them for a small fee.

They leave the store and go to a Thrifty Mart where he purchases a microwave and a week's provision of groceries.

“Well old girl!” The old man comments. “What do think of our new home?” Cinnamon barks with approval and investigates the back yard.

The next morning the old man finds a part time evening job at a local fast food establishment. He's grateful for any work he can get and this job will pay for the essentials and the rent will have to come from his savings. He's praying for the job at the body shop and in a few weeks his prayers are answered.

## BORDERS CLOSE

The old man arrives home from his night job a little after midnight with a sack of food for him and Cinnamon.

“Hungry old girl?” He inquires. Cinnamon responds by jumping around with her tail wagging vigorously.

The old man sits in his easy chair and pulls out two hamburgers handing one to Cinnamon which she promptly devours giving him that look of; “How about sharing yours?”

The old man pats her gently on the head stating, “You had yours! This ones mine. How about some fries?”

Cinnamon accepts the fries with very little eagerness and eats them slowly as she eyes the old mans hamburger.

After the meal the old man turns on the news and is surprised to hear that Oregon, Washington and California had put guards on all the main highways and roads leading into and out of their borders. It further stated that their intentions was not to keep people out but rather to keep their own residents in

as a migration of their residents to The New America had started and it was inevitable that it could and most likely would generate into vast numbers as more of their rights were being taken and government restrictions on everything was growing.

There were rumors that several of the east coast states had started a similar program but as of yet not in as great of a scale.

## THE JOB

The old man reported for work about 7:40 Monday morning and after a cup of coffee and a brief tour of the facilities he went straight to work sanding and prepping a 1970 Mach I.

It had been a long time since he had his hands on a D.A. or any power tool for that matter, but it all came back to him as if it was only yesterday. He worked at a steady pace, not near as fast as his younger years but his boss was pleased with the precision in which he went about his work.

The prep work took the old man about two weeks. There was a lot of priming and hand blocking to get the body in as close to perfect shape as humanly possible and the car was ready for paint early Friday morning.

This particular car was going with a stock color but using the modern base coat, clear coat method. This pleased the old man because he wanted to get at least one paint job under his belt before he attempted the more difficult and less forgiving acrylic enamels. If he made a mistake with the

clear it most likely could be buffed out and mistakes with the base coat rarely happened.

It took the old man a little over four hours in the booth, allowing adequate time between coats and applying four coats of clear instead of the usual three.

After an hour of bake time and a half hour cool down the old man unmasked the car and pulled it out of the booth. He was pleased with the results and that feeling of pride he hadn't felt for a long time rushed over him like a refreshing breeze on a hot day.

“Looks pretty good!” The boss remarks.

“I didn't see you standing there.” The old man says. “You kind of snuck up on me.”

“I've been known to do that from time to time.” He replies. “Keeps my employees on their toes.”

They both crack a little smile and continue inspecting the vehicle for any flaws.

“Looks to me like a little bit of buffing and we have our show quality job.” The boss

says. “How long has it been since you’ve had a gun in your hand?” He asks.

“Five or six years.” The old man replies.

“Looks to me like you still have the touch, or maybe its beginners luck.” He says. “The next one is going to be a challenge. It’s gold acrylic enamel and the customer is a fanatic. I’ll shoot it if you feel it’s a little too much to take on until you’ve got a renewed confidence in your abilities.”

“You’re the boss.” The old man says.  
“Whatever you say will be fine with me.”

“We’ll cross that bridge when we come to it. Have a good weekend. See ya Monday morning.”

The old man goes home tired but happy. He feels like he accomplished a good two weeks of work and it felt good to be useful again.

The old man did end up shooting the gold car and it met the customer’s satisfaction even though the old man himself thought he had done better jobs in his day.

It was a very nice job but the old man thought it had just a touch too much orange peel. The customer thought it was just the right amount to give it that factory look and did not want it buffed. Who was the old man to argue? That saved him a great deal of work and put more profit in the pocket of his boss.

The old man started writing greeting cards and short personalized stories for children as birthday or Christmas gifts. It started out with a few a week then became more involved, so he cut his hours to four a day at the body shop to devote more time to this new endeavor and also to give his knees a break. Eight hour days on the hard concrete was starting to bring back the limp he had almost forgotten he had. The limp usually was only noticed on cold days and that wasn't much of a problem here in Arizona, like it was in Oregon.

He continued working at the body shop for another six months and then gave his two week notice.

Within a month he hired three employees and started shipping greeting cards and short stories nation wide. He had several stories pre written that a customer could purchase

requesting the names of their choice for the characters or for a slightly higher fee he would write a more personalized story based on the information provided by the customer.

The business was going great. The old man wasn't getting rich but he was earning enough to have a decent and enjoyable life and also provide a good living wage for his employees.

From time to time he did shoot a car for his old employer when he was in a bind and the old man enjoyed that opportunity as well.

## REBELLION IN THE U.S.

The U.S. was getting more and more socialistic day by day and the people were starting to rebel in vast numbers in many of the more controlled states.

Martial law was in acted in nearly every city in these states and a curfew was set after dusk. The streets were patrolled by armed government officials and most people were afraid to venture out except to go to their place of employment all of which were government controlled.

The quality of life had dwindled significantly from the days before extreme government intervention. Food and most every other commodity were rationed. Gas was almost non existent except for the chosen few. Very few could afford cars anyway.

The dollar had become almost worthless and the price of everything became very high. The people were taxed at astronomical rates and wages were low for almost every one that had an ordinary type of job. The government officials and there henchmen were the only ones living a relatively decent

lifestyle and even the majority of those did not compare with the average life style in The New America and NO ONE was truly free. The most prominent leaders were the only ones who could actually enjoy the finer things.

More of the states were declaring constitutional rights and threatening to secede.

The government tried hard to reassure them that would not be necessary and tried their best to paint a rosy picture of the situation, stating that the martial law was only a temporary thing because of a few individual citizens that were causing problems for the decent law abiding ones.

Most of the states didn't buy their explanation and several applied for statehood in The New America and asked for protection from the U.S. for making that choice.

## NEW AMERICAN IMMIGRANTS

The New America was pleased to accept the states for statehood.

The number of states joining The New America was significant, leaving only a handful of states in the U.S.



Black The New America

Gray The U.S.A.

The New America was facing an immigration problem. Not from Mexico but from the U.S. as people were trying to leave and regain the freedoms they once knew.

Those that were fortunate enough to make it across the borders were asked to report to the nearest Police station, Immigration office, or any government facility they could find. They would have thirty days to apply for citizenship if that was their desire. All those who were former citizens of the U.S. would be granted citizenship after a thorough background check.

Those that were caught crossing the borders were taken to the local immigration facility for processing and granted the same rights as those who had managed to find the proper facilities on their own.

Illegal immigrants from countries other than the U.S. or those from the U.S. that were not legal citizens of that country were granted temporary visas to live and work in The New America but if they desired to stay longer than six months they were required to apply for citizenship and must pass a written test of it's laws and have an understanding of it's constitution. All tests were given in English, which was the national language of

The New America. If any failed the test they were deported back to their country of origin and were allowed to come back in six months to try again. They could do this as many times as they wished until they passed all the tests with a satisfactory score.

Any illegal that were caught without a work visa were immediately sent back to their country and if they returned without the proper visa they would be imprisoned for no less than thirty days for their first offense.

The laws discouraged illegal immigrants from entering The New America while encouraging them to go through proper channels and many became legal, hard working, Tax paying citizens of the New America.

As the years past The New America became a very wealthy and powerful country just as the U.S. had once been. The hard working citizens enjoyed a good life of freedom and little government intervention. They proved again that people who are aloud to work and prosper according to their individual skills and intelligence without overbearing government rules, regulations, and high taxes will become a great nation.

The New America became such a nation with high moral values, not implemented by the government but by the choice of the people. They became a nation of great generosity in giving to less fortunate countries, including the U.S., again not implemented by the government but by the choice of free people with kind and caring hearts.

They were a nation feared by those who would be enemies and loved and admired by those who were allies.

They were a nation UNDER GOD with the freedoms all nations desired but few had achieved.

They were a nation that lived by the constitution from which they were formed. A constitution very similar to the one written many years ago by men who had a dream of another once great nation.

They were Basically The U.S.A. renewed to the principles of the founding fathers.

The money had these words written upon it.

IN GOD WE ETERNALLY TRUST

The word eternally was added as a reminder of what the U.S.A. once had and seemed to forget somewhere over the passing of time. This was voted on by the people and passed with an overwhelming majority.

The schools did not teach evolution or creation. The people felt that such things were best taught by the parents or churches of ones own choice.

The only mention of either Christianity, or other religions and the theory of evolution were taught in the history classes of different countries including the U.S. and how it slipped from a country based on Christian values to its present state.

## THE NEW U.S.A.

The new U.S. was now a third world country. Poverty was the way of life for almost all of its citizens. Crime was rampant. The military was of little use if they were attacked by an enemy country.

They were of insignificant importance to most countries as they no longer imposed a threat and had little to offer in the way of needed goods for the rest of the world. They were basically forgotten. The once greatest country in the world had ceased to exist in the eyes of the world.

They had forgotten the principles on which they stood and had left God behind. As all countries before them, that led to their inevitable failure.

## AFTERWORD

This short story is fictitious. In no way do I believe our country will fail and become the one described in this story. However I Do believe that we are and have been for some time heading in the wrong direction. The new administration is taking us there at a very fast pace and I believe the people of America need to stand up and be heard. WE MUST get this country back on track with the rights our constitution gives us.

I believe this will happen as the people of this great country will only put up with so much BIG GOVERNMENT before they demand to be heard.

Speak up. Be heard. Do it in a polite and considerate manner, but DO NOT lie down and except the government as all knowing. Only GOD is all knowing. Put your faith, prayers and trust in him and this nation will once again be the greatest nation on the face of the earth.