

Chapter One - Facing the BEISTE

*You've got to stand up; you've got to be proud
You've got to believe in this world right now
Every second counts, so don't hesitate
Or one day you're gonna wake up
It'll be too late*

-Song Lyrics by Dennis Smith

Just within the city limits of Barboursville, West Virginia, Baker's Hardware stood like a beacon of insolence and determination in a world dominated by the large chain stores. It was an early spring morning and Baker's had just opened their doors for another day's business.

The old beat-up, red Ford F150 pickup pulled up to the curb across the street about 100 yards north of Baker's and turned off its engine. There were three people in the truck - a woman and two men - and each looked as though they had been through some sort of living hell. The man on the passenger side of the truck, a frail and haggard-looking man with long hair and a long beard was Keith Coltrane. His sad and sallow eyes saw that the street was empty except for three elderly joggers dressed in matching warm-up suits, talking solemnly to one another as they passed the truck. None of them even glanced at the old truck, although it was the only vehicle visible on the street. As they jogged by, Keith noticed how white their jogging shoes were, right down to the shoelaces. Even the soles of their shoes were clean. He thought to

himself, "What a strange thing for me to notice at a time like this." The joggers were not smiling, even though it was a beautiful spring day, with the sun shining and the birds singing. Loss of humor – Keith Coltrane considered that the greatest of all things lost during this dreadful time.

Keith's eyes scanned north and south as far as he could see. Across from the hardware store was a small park, completely enclosed by a low concrete wall. Another elderly couple was walking on a cinder path that spanned the circumference of the park. He thought perhaps they were talking to one another quietly, but if they were, they were trying to keep their words from being heard by anyone else. Strange. There was no one else in the park. Perhaps they were afraid the birds might hear them.

He found himself wondering if their shoes were clean and shiny, too. Even though his heart was threatening to beat right out of his chest, he caught himself smiling. The female passenger, Keith's wife Betty, noticed the brief smile and for a split second, a look of bewilderment replaced the look of abject grief she had carried for the past two weeks.

Betty Coltrane's clothes were old and worn but spotlessly clean. Through the signs of obvious wear on her face, the beauty of the woman within was easily visible. Keith loved her more at this moment than ever before. Instantly, the love was replaced by dread – the dread of her sorrow should they never again be together in life.

The vehicle's driver, a man of slightly larger stature than the passenger, was Keith's and Betty's best friend, George Everman. George was almost as hard-looking as Keith, the only real difference being that George had cut his hair and beard before making this trip.

Staring straight ahead, his face expressionless, George said, "You know, we don't

have to do this. We've survived this long and who's to say how long we can keep right on surviving? We can turn this truck around and be back in Carter County in less than an hour. Look at these people walking around in a friggin' daze. They either don't know what's being done to them or they don't give a shit. Either way, what's it to us - really?"

There was no reply from his two friends. George had not expected one.

Keith closed his eyes in an attempt to quell the deafening sound of his heart pounding in his ears. Everything in him wanted desperately to agree with his friend and simply get out of this town and back in the country where he belonged. But they'd been all through this time and again since they had decided that this course of action was the only one they could live - or die - with.

After a few moments, Keith said, more to the windshield to anyone in particular, "No, this deal is done. Let's get it over with." He thought he heard a quiet moan from his wife, but wasn't certain. "Every minute you guys stay here puts you in graver danger. We sure can't have you running into any problems between here and home. So beat it, you hear?"

George nodded his head ever so slightly as he opened the truck door and jumped out. He was tall and thin and knew he probably looked like hell warmed over; he hoped he didn't stand out too much. He made another quick scan of the area to make certain there weren't any nosey cops around and then motioned for Betty to get out of the truck. She slid under the steering wheel and jumped lightly and gracefully onto the pavement.

They walked to the back of the truck and lifted out a large wheelchair. Keith watched through the rear-view mirror as his wife and best friend wheeled the chair around to the passenger side of the truck. One last time, he fought down the urge to give up on this idea and run back to

Carter County. But instead, he opened the car door and swung his legs around in the seat.

Unlike his friend, Keith had decided to keep his hair and beard. For him, it mattered not whether he was noticed now or later in the store. Being noticed was all part of the plan. For a second, he smiled again as he thought about what the joggers would think when he wheeled his chair down the sidewalk. Living as a forest dweller for a long, long time takes a toll on a person. He had lost a lot of weight and his hair and beard were both prematurely gray.

George and Betty helped Keith into the chair and as soon as he was seated, he spun the chair around so that his back was to them. He would try for a quick getaway and no tears.

"I love you both." With that, he started moving down the sidewalk. His wife grabbed the handles and turned him back around, a little gingerly, he thought. They looked at one another for several seconds without saying a word. Tears were flowing freely down each of their cheeks and were pooling together on the concrete sidewalk. He knew a goodbye like this was bad for each of them and, after a few moments, he waved them off.

"Guys, get outta here. Your safe return is the most important thing here. Go on."

Betty and George laid their hands on Keith's shoulders, placed quick kisses on the top of his head, then got back into the truck and drove away. Keith wheeled his chair around quickly and headed down the sidewalk towards Baker's Hardware Store. He could not bear to see them leave. He stared straight ahead and didn't take a breath until the sound of the truck's motor was no longer audible.

He looked at the old wind-up Timex on his wrist. It was 8:00 a.m. The weather was splendid. The sun was already making its way across the sky and its heat on his face felt wonderful. The birds were singing and he was

already missing his wife, his friends, and Carter County. The grass and the trees in the park across the street were green and lush. He could actually smell the freshly mowed grass from where he sat.

He looked down the sidewalk toward the entrance of the store. The windows were decorated with colorful signs touting sale items and Items of the Week. He had not been inside a store for a long, long time and it was funny, but he hadn't missed stores all that much. He had learned that self-sufficiency was difficult but not impossible. You could learn to live without almost anything. "Except freedom," he thought to himself. Sure, there were things that they had needed over the years, sometimes in the worst way, that could only be bought in places like Baker's. Today, if all went well, he would buy something in Baker's Hardware Store that the whole world could use.

He watched as a maroon Mercedes Benz E-class pulled into Baker's parking lot. An elderly man got out of the Benz and started slowly walking towards Baker's. As the Benz owner started his approach toward Baker's, Keith started his own approach, as well. The wheelchair rode smoothly and quietly on the sidewalk. In fact, he noticed that the sidewalk was not only smooth - it was also clean, with no cracks and a gleaming white appearance. He looked up and down Main Street. It looked totally different now than the way he remembered it back when he used to shop in this town from time to time.

That was back before ... before the entire world had been so drastically changed in the interest of progress and efficiency.

Baker's and all the other storefronts were immaculate. Nowhere was there an abandoned or closed building. There was no trash to be seen. There were no homeless people cuddled into cubbyholes between buildings or within

doorways. Everything looked alarmingly sterile.

He timed his travel so that he got to the store entrance at exactly the same time as the man from the Mercedes. He had intended to enter the store immediately behind this fellow, but changed his mind at the last second and spun the chair around ninety degrees so the back of the chair was against the wall of the hardware store. Second thoughts? Maybe, but then again, what would be the point of that? His ride home was gone and he was all alone. Too late for second thoughts now.

He looked up and down the street, pulled a small cloth bag out of his jacket pocket, and started rolling a cigarette. The town was slowly coming alive and a few more people were starting to mill about. He was getting his share of attention, and no wonder. Besides rolling a cigarette - which he figured no one did anymore - he had lost nearly 100 pounds since his last trip into town. He was balding badly on top but his hair was shoulder-length on the sides and back. But he was clean and his clothes were clean. Betty had insisted on that.

Most of the handful of people who were out and about glanced his way but seemed afraid to approach him or talk to him. He noticed the expressions on their faces. Not a single person looked happy. The expressions on people's faces ranged from distraction to desperation to helplessness. It seemed that everyone's mouths were tightly shut and he could imagine that behind their tightly closed lips, their teeth were probably clenched. Each set of eyes seemed to be asking the same question, "How did we ever get in such a condition?"

He was sure his face probably looked helpless as well because he damned sure felt helpless when it came to figuring out how human beings could have been so collectively stupid. Why couldn't people understand what they were doing to themselves by refusing to see what was

really behind the *BEISTE* organization? They had refused to see the truth until it was much too late. Now they seemed to know that they were being systematically screwed but were helpless to do anything about it. Unfortunately, “they” now included Keith Coltrane, as well. But where he came from, you weren’t really helpless unless you were planted six feet under. He currently resided on the surface of this Earth and, as long as he did, he was willing and ready to fight. He was certain he looked ridiculously small in the oversized, motorized wheelchair, but that couldn’t be helped. The wheelchair’s size was a gamble they had been forced to take in order to accommodate the chair’s oversized battery compartment.

He and his friends had charged the chair’s batteries for two days with an old solar battery charger they had managed to hold onto. The charger was seriously undersized for the task but it was all they had. Over the past few years, they had actually gotten pretty good at getting by. Getting electricity any way other than from the sun without possessing the *BEISTE* chip was impossible. You must possess the chip in order to set up an account of any kind. Even if you were able to finagle an account, you wouldn’t be able to pay the bill. And not paying a bill was the kiss of death in the modern world of today.

Hopefully, the batteries were sufficiently charged to get through what he figured to be a long day. He reminded himself that he’d have to be as saving with the electricity as possible. He would need a pretty good spark to carry out his plan if things went as wrong as he expected them to.

As he finished his cigarette, he allowed his mind to drift back to last night. His two companions and he had spent the night in their old truck. As it turned out, the night had been more memorable than they had anticipated.

To be honest, it was nothing short of a

miracle that their old Ford truck ever got them here in the first place. It had not been driven or even started for a long, long time. They had tried to charge the truck's battery with the solar charger but that hadn't worked; the battery was just too far-gone. So they had been forced to get another battery through the only means available to them – they stole one. Even with the stolen battery, they would never have gotten the thing running without George. George could fix anything.

He found it strange that he could consider himself lucky at a time like this, but he supposed he had been. At least he and his friends had seen this thing coming and had had a little time to prepare. Most people had had no time to prepare. Keeping the truck hidden turned out to be a stroke of genius.

He had bought the truck at an auction just before “The Day” as he called it and had not even bothered to get it titled in his name. Instead, whenever he or George had needed to drive the old truck out on the main road, they'd used the license plates off his wife's car. That was a little risky, but back then – before Winfield had played his latest and greatest trick on humanity – you could get away with a few small infractions. Mostly, all they had needed the truck for was to haul stuff to their cabin in the woods of Carter County.

When it became obvious that they would soon have no further need for an automobile, they asked a neighbor if he'd let them store the truck in an old unused ramshackle barn that sat on a far corner of his farm. Fortunately, the neighbor had no objections. One morning almost five years ago, he pulled the truck into his neighbor's barn, covered it with a heavy tarp, some old tires and wheels and whatever else he could get his hands on easily, and there it had remained until last night. His efforts at disguising what was under the tarp must have

paid off because it had avoided the notice of roving patrols that were specifically trained to notice such things.

Just before dark yesterday evening, George siphoned the gasoline from the tank of a Hummer left unattended by one of the forest patrols that hung out more and more frequently in their neck of the woods. He left just enough gas in the Hummer to get the patrol a mile or two. Hopefully, the occupants of the mini-tank would then have to walk a few miles to get more gas or at least be forced to make the embarrassing call to their office for help. If they left the vehicle unattended for any period of time, other members of their group would be able to strip it of something valuable. Little things made a world of difference to the holdouts of Carter County, Kentucky.

They carried water in buckets from the creek and washed the dust off the pickup before they left. The tags on the truck last belonged to his wife's Pontiac Bonneville and were, of course, long expired. They were depending upon a little luck to get them some place where they could steal a new license plate. Now they wished they had thought to steal the plates off the car when they'd taken its battery. There was just too much on their minds.

They got the truck washed and running just before midnight. They drove out of the barn and across a logging road toward Route 986, commonly referred to as Airport Road by the natives. None of them had seen the fellow who owned the barn since the day Keith had parked the truck there, so they didn't know whether he had succumbed to *BEISTE* or had somehow managed to hold out. Probabilities favored the former over the latter and therefore, they considered it in their best interest to get gone with as little notice and delay as possible.

They hit Route 986 about 3 minutes later and a few minutes after that, were heading down

Route 7 for Grayson. The night was pitch black with no moon whatsoever. Hopefully, the darkness would give them the edge they needed.

Their luck held out as they made it to Grayson without seeing more than half a dozen cars total and no cops or Ranger patrols. They pulled the truck into the parking lot of a 24-hour Wal-Mart right outside of town and turned off the headlights. George got a screwdriver out of the glove compartment, did a quick visual scan of the parking lot, stepped out of the truck, and walked in a crouching position to an old rusty Toyota Celica sitting directly in front of where they had parked. George began loosening the screws that held the license plate to the Toyota. He and Betty were giving all their attention to what George was doing and that turned out to be a bad thing!

About the time that George removed the second screw, someone slapped the side of their truck. Betty grabbed Keith with both hands and that was probably the only reason he hadn't hit the roof of the truck. Before he even turned around to see what catastrophe was awaiting them, his right hand found the Smith and Wesson .357 pistol in his pocket. "Don't move," he told Betty, "don't even turn around."

Ever so slowly, he turned his head around and had his worst fears confirmed. A Wally World security guard, a white-headed man who looked to be at least 75 years old, was standing behind the truck, staring at the license plate. Obviously, he was not used to seeing expired tags, especially not tags that had been expired for as long as these had. The guard looked up and saw the passengers in the truck looking at him. He started walking toward the passenger side door. Keith struggled to convince himself that this old man's life was not nearly as important as their mission. He pulled the hammer back on the revolver and held his breath.

As the security guard's hand touched the door handle, Keith pulled the .357 up and pointed it directly at the guard's face. The old man's eyes flew wide-open when he saw the gun, but had enough wits about him to reach for his own pistol. Just as the guard's hand found his holster, George slid out from behind two parked cars. Time seemed to stand still as George grabbed the guard around the neck from behind and bent him backwards, snapping his neck. The guard gasped and went limp. George dragged the man behind the truck. He pulled a large tarp off Keith's wheelchair and wrapped the guard completely in the tarp. He jumped onto the bed of the truck and half lifted and half dragged the dead guard into the truck. Keith and Betty stared straight into space and said nothing. After making certain that no body parts were left exposed, George jumped off the truck, ran back to the Toyota, and finished the license plate job. Within seconds, the Toyota's plates were on the pickup, George was back in the driver's seat, and they were on Interstate 64 East, heading toward Barboursville, West Virginia.

Just before they reached Ashland, Kentucky, George made a quick exit off the Interstate, pulled to the side of the access road, shut off the truck's engine, and killed the headlights. Not one person in the truck had said a word since leaving Grayson, and they weren't about to start talking now.

George got out of the truck, went around to the back, lowered the tailgate, and dragged the dead guard off the truck. The passengers watched as he used bungee cords to hold the tarp together. George then dragged the body to the edge of the road and rolled it down into a small ravine, out of sight of traffic in either direction. George walked to the front of the truck. He told Betty to turn on the headlights and then come out and make certain he had

none of the dead guard's blood on his clothes. After Betty pronounced him clean, they got back into the truck and reentered the highway.

The tension inside that old Ford was so heavy you could almost see it. After a few miles had clicked by, George turned to his passengers and said, "Look, shit happens. We all knew this was not going to be no cakewalk and that people might well get hurt. Innocent people get hurt all the time when evil people pull the strings. The important thing is that we break the strings. Let's go break the strings and leave this ugly mess behind us."

Keith wanted to smile at his friend and tell him everything was okay, but the words simply would not come. Betty said it for both of them as she reached over and put her arms around George and kissed him on the cheek.

Each of the group was simultaneously happy and sad when they saw the road sign proclaiming that they were entering the city limits of Barboursville. They pulled the truck into the parking lot of yet another of the "open all the time" stores that literally speckled America's landscape. It was about 2 a.m. and they tried to sleep, but it didn't take long to see that wasn't going to happen. They tried to talk of pleasant things in hopes of finally getting sleepy. But still, no sleep would come. Only pain. And then tears. They were still wide-awake when it was time to make the two-block trip to Baker's.

"And now I'm here," Keith thought to himself, "and hopefully, George and Betty are safely on 64-West." He crushed out his cigarette and nudged the wheelchair to the front of the hardware store.

He looked through the plate glass window and saw that the only customer in the store was the elderly man that he had originally intended to follow inside the store. The only other people visible were a pretty young girl behind a

computer and a stock clerk with a dust mop cleaning an already clean floor. Neither of them could be more than 15 years old. That was not surprising since, according to the newspaper George had pilfered out of a garbage can at Wally World last night, the national unemployment rate had just dropped under 2% for the first time in the history of the world.

He had to hand it to *BEISTE* – they had kept their promise on the employment situation. Actually, the promise had come from President Winfield during his inaugural campaign many years earlier. The traditional lower paying jobs everywhere were being filled by the younger workers and three years ago, Winfield had caused the legal employment age to be dropped to 15 in order to meet the increasing demand for workers. More workers meant more products and more revenue for Winfield and his Inner Circle.

The shelves were fully stocked and immaculately clean. As he gazed through the window at the high tech goods, he realized that there were no cash registers in the store and it reminded him of what his dad had had to say about why that would eventually come about in stores like this one. That seemed like a million years ago.

He closed his eyes and his thoughts returned to his father's words of wisdom. Although it seemed like an eternity ago, he could remember his father saying, "Son, I've been readin' the Bible all my life. Some things I think I understand a little bit, but sometimes, it seems like God is hidin' the truth from me. Then, somethin' will happen that makes things look a little clearer to me. Sometimes, it seems that little things can help us understand bigger things. Like last week, a pack of chewin' gum helped me understand somethin' about the Mark of the Beast."

His father continued, "When I was in town last week, I noticed somethin' strange on a pack of gum that was on a shelf in Mrs. Adkin's grocery store. The package had a bunch of strange marks on it that I'd never seen before. I started wonderin' what the markin's were all about, so I asked Mrs. Adkins about it. She said the markin's were called bar codes. She'd been to a convention of some sort or other in Pittsburgh and had seen someone run a machine over those markin's. Just like magic, the machine told the people all kinds of things, like what the package had in it and even what the price was. And them marks could even track where the package was. She said she didn't really understand all the things they were sayin' but lots of people seemed pretty excited about it. Some even thought that, someday, these things might even replace cash registers." Keith could still see the thoughtful but troubled expression on his father's face.

"Well, I started thinkin' pretty hard about the trackin' part and for some reason, it made me think of somethin' from *Revelation* about the Mark of the Beast. The Bible talks about how everyone will have to take the Mark to buy and sell things. I suddenly realized that these markin's could be the beginnin' of the Time of the Beast and that we may all be tracked someday, somehow, by these same blasted machines."

The vision of his father was interrupted by another car pulling into the parking lot of Baker's. A man got out of the car and approached the door of the hardware store. He knew it was time. Any further hesitation could cause too much curiosity from passers-by or policemen. The fellow glanced briefly at the wheelchair and its strange-looking occupant but quickly turned his eyes away and continued toward the store. As he entered the store, Keith wheeled right in behind him as closely as he

could get without running over the fellow's heels. Keith noticed that a bell tinkled when he entered the grocery's turnstile but had made no sound for the man preceding him.

He stopped for a brief second to run his fingers through his thinning hair in a vain effort to quieten the roaring sound in his head. He could feel the sweat begin to form on his upper lip. He quickly wiped away the sweat, determined that he would never let the bastards see him sweat.

The infrared sensors in the doorway of the store knew immediately that there was no enabling chip in Keith's forehead and therefore he was not authorized to buy or sell goods.

The young girl entered a special security sequence into her computer and within seconds, the doors locked behind him. Keith's image was transmitted via satellite to the central headquarters of the organization formed to *Bring Everyone's Individual Strengths Together Electronically*, or *BEISTE*, in Washington, DC.

She smiled with pleasure when she realized that she, a mere clerk with only six months experience, was going to help *BEISTE* rid the world of another dirty, thieving dissident. Once all the dissidents had been captured, *BEISTE* promised that every citizen would share equally in the benefits of no longer having to guard against such outcasts as this lowly creature sitting in front of her now. All citizens could then live in a utopia, watched over and protected by *BEISTE*.

Bright orange letters glared across her computer screen "*DETAIN THE TARGET(S) UNTIL THE PROPER AUTHORITIES ARRIVE!*"

"Excuse me, sir, but could you please come over here for a moment?" Keith fought down the urge to turn his chair around and head for the front door. He knew he would find it locked if he did. Anyway, he had played out this scenario in his mind for two weeks and he knew that he had

no real choice now but to go through with the plan he and his friends had worked up. He had somehow known all his life that his destiny was to come face to face with the power behind the *BEISTE* Corporation.

Keith wheeled himself over to the young lady's desk. In her best customer-service voice, the clerk said, "Please wait right here while I go ask the manager to come out and speak with you." The girl was positively giddy as she got up and briskly walked toward the manager's office. Keith actually expected her to start skipping at any moment. Of all the treacherous and inhumane acts *BEISTE* had perpetrated on the unsuspecting human population, Keith considered *BEISTE*'s efforts to "recruit" young people into their fold as their most sinister. Young people had adopted the *BEISTE* philosophy in a big way. "Winfield probably got that idea from Hitler," Keith thought to himself.

In the manager's office, the young receptionist was using both hands to tell her story. Under different circumstances, it would have been comical. The manager looked nervous but excited as he quickly dialed a number on his office telephone.

As Keith watched the scene unfold, his thoughts began to drift back in time and relive the events leading up to this fateful day.

Epilogue

"This year will go down in history. For the first time, a civilized nation has full gun registration! Our streets will be safer, our police more efficient, and the world will follow our lead into the future."

Adolph Hitler, 1935

Hitler was right on his second point; the German police was definitely more effective. And

if Hitler had been smart enough to listen to his subordinates, this book may well have been written in German. Fortunately, the world came to its senses in time and decided that it was *not* all right that Germany was invading its neighbors and killing their citizens.

We shifted from a “wait-and-see” attitude about Hitler to a proactive strategy just in the nick of time. We almost waited too long. Today, my greatest fear is that all human beings, especially those in the most highly developed nations, will continue to substitute political correctness for good sense and wait too long to take action.

We cannot allow our guns to be taken from us. Walter Mondale once said, ‘Gun Bans don’t disarm criminals, gun bans ATTRACT them.’ He could not have been more correct. Few serious criminals use registered firearms during their crimes, so what would change if the government outlawed guns? Nothing, except the criminals could rest easier when they break into your house, knowing you are not allowed to have a gun to protect yourself.

Want to test your resolve about not having guns in the house? Picture yourself and your two children being held hostage by a drug-crazed hoodlum (who will always have guns, by the way). The perp shoots one of your children in the head and points the gun at the other child. How would you feel about gun ownership then? Can’t actually picture yourself in such a gloomy situation? Ask someone who’s been there. There are thousands and thousands of victims who would have loved to have been given at least a fighting chance. And there will be more, especially if we allow our right to bear arms to be taken away.

Everyone I knew as a child had a gun, even the children. The difference was that the children were trained about guns at an early age and knew they’d get a butt-whippin’ if they

touched a gun without permission. We never heard of a kid getting killed because they were playing with guns. And, as children, we certainly didn't kill each other, except with pretend guns made of wood and, even then, only for reasonable cause.

Don't make it easy for them. Don't let anyone take away your right to own and possess firearms.

Neither can we allow hard currency to disappear. Cash money means freedom. I can buy whatever I want from whomever I want and no one need be the wiser. Don't fall for the widespread opinion that 'if you are not doing anything wrong, you have nothing to worry about.' Ask the descendents of approximately six million European Jews about the accuracy of that statement.

With all forms of self-government, there is an inherent requirement for self-discipline. The small percentage (and yes, it is a small percentage) of our population who indulge in the cash-only world of drugs and other crimes or engage in terrorism will ultimately make it easy for the government to do away with cash. It's logical. It's efficient. It's also the beginning of the end of freedom as we know it.

Resist. Slow the process whenever and wherever the opportunity avails itself. We owe that to one other. Perhaps a cashless society is imminent, but it doesn't have to happen today, tomorrow, or even next year.

Research. Study products such as the VeriChip and Mondex. Being ignorant of the facts is unconscionable. We depend on one another, whether we like it or not.

Look beyond the surface of this issue. Don't be fooled by the obvious benefits of having an electronic chip imbedded within your flesh or anything else that allows you to be tracked electronically. Just as with gun control and electronic currency, the benefits of imbedded

chips are obvious. The costs are not at all obvious.

Think. It is not too late for humans to step back and reassess our current situation relative to electronics and our escalating dependency upon them. Few would argue that we have developed such a dependency upon electronics. Why, then, it is so hard for us to admit the ease with which some determined person could control the electronic networks that are rapidly gaining control of each and every one of our lives.

Benjamin Franklin once stated, "*A nation of well-informed men, who have been taught to know and prize the rights that God has given them cannot be enslaved. It is in the region of ignorance that tyranny begins!*"

And from Adolph Hitler, "*How fortunate for rulers that men do not think.*"