

## 5. Helping others, helps one's self ; Freeing the mind, frees the body.

The fifth part of the code is very simple to understand - no part of it's meaning is occulted or hidden. However, as often stated, simple rarely implies easy when it comes to performance of a task. Chopping wood is simple to explain, however, it's not easy to do. The ministry of The Pirate Church is to exchange information that would otherwise be hidden from the public. In this way, we help others by shining a light on to things that are hidden from them.

On the surface, if you help a person, down the road, they are in turn most likely to help you - that's the simplest meaning. The later is multifaceted, however it goes back to slavespeak and negative self talk, when you practice the techniques needed to eliminate slavespeak, your ability to understand the physical solutions at your fingertips broadens.

In the allegory of Plato's Cave, the man that questioned the shadow play in front of his mind, was the first to literally free himself. This is what it's meant by this part of the Code.

The two parts of this piece of our code are actually reflective and they represent a greater principle. To a Mate, the meaning is perfectly exoteric - nothing more needs to be added, it's on the whole, self evidentiary.

However, to the Pirate Minister, he or she knows there is something deeper represented beyond the helpful, but obvious prima-facia.

When the internet is fully censored one day, someone will come to you and ask for a piece of information. You as a Pirate Minister will begin the task of going to find that information. The entire process is an experience that teaches you more about the subject and yourself.

To illustrate, I will start with a story (which when written, oddly proved to be prophetic in some parts – unopened, archived documents are on file to prove this was the case);

-----Begin Mental Exercise-----

*The year is 2025, the supply chain within the United States has crumbled. With most of the military in shambles, Washington appeals to the European Union for assistance in maintaining order. The newly formed European military troops occupy key areas of the Carolinas, Maryland and Virginia to help 'facilitate distribution' and to assist with 'citizen health initiatives'. The Davos Accord and COP28 'helped' to ensure road closures for those passages once going into the national forests - including a permanent shutdown of the Blue Ridge Parkway - all in the name of 'climate change'. The new water restrictions and private well removals have deeply affected the Appalachians. This has forced most of the outlying mountain communities to move into the new high density complexes that were built around cities like Asheville back in 2015 - 2022. Asheville is crowded. While most of the north western area and lower Montford fell to gangs, the Mayor and her community were able to arm and outfit crucial operations at religious centers in North East Asheville to help protect distribution centers. West Asheville also succumbed to gang activity and during the flood of 2023\*, most of the River Arts District was wiped out, displacing a huge section of the homeless.*

[ \*To the reader; *all of this part of the Bowditch was written well before Helene in 2024, on 12/25/2021 and oddly enough, the damage by Helene flooding the River Arts district was 'predicted' (intuited) by the Reverend Captain when writing this initial illustrative narrative three*

*years before the hurricane hit Asheville. Jones, the editor of the original Bowditch still has his copy to prove this 'prediction' was true within the Pirate Church.]*

During the eradication, many middle class families, artists and well meaning community members were forced out of certain areas of the city and adjacent surrounding areas. Thanks to propaganda articles geared at community solvency, racial relations have completely broken down and all of the non-African American business owners have been removed from historic Eagle Street. Wiser, older leaders from that community argued against the action saying it would only cause more racial tension, but the Mayor insisted they 'deserved' the space. Likewise, in West Asheville, while feeling the pinch of water restriction, an attempt is made by the European Military to remove most of the Latino community in this area. The community was to be assigned high density housing in the 'heart' of the city. Not only refusing to move, they began to buckle down and fight back - the Latino community turns to members of the CNJG and the Iglesia De La Santa Muerte for guidance and help. CNJG decides that yes, there *will* be a relocation of the Latino and Mexican community, but not to the city - however they planned to take over Biltmore Lake and a flooded quarry nearby. No longer will they put up with the forced city water plan and the poor well situations in their mobile home park communities - no, the wealthy were to pay the price. Squads of CNJG members - assisted by religious members of the Iglesia De La Santa Muerte - quickly over take the security force at Biltmore Lake, go into the neighborhood and force the removal of the community there. Unable to match the Cartel on the ground and not really caring to lose members, the European Military does not respond. Those that do not comply at Biltmore Lake are executed. The lucky have their bodies hung outside of the entrances for display, and as a warning.

Movement of the Latino community is checked by the surrounding traditional Appalachian communities. A begrudging truce is formed since no one trusts the community leaders of Asheville, the county politicians or the members of the European Military. Often times, forced removals of the Appalachian communities are met by members of the CNJG, The Red Hand (a Scots Irish Appalachian para military group also called 'The Mossy Oak Militia' and the Katuah Alliance (a mix of Cherokee Nationals from the Eastern Band and the traditional community at Snow Bird Creek). The Mayor and County Council's plan to sew racial division through the local news papers in order to facilitate the forced migration of communities, has failed. Their own red leftist philosophers were right - oppressed communities will tend to team up regardless of tribal affiliation - unfortunately, this new confederacy will not be on the Mayor's, County Council or European Military's terms.

Near Black Mountain, the Beetree Reservoir has begun deteriorating after the US Military could no longer make a presence there, the retaining wall broke and flooded a former Superfund site's 'storage' downstream where government hallucinogens, made back in the 60's and 70's, entered the river system. The Corp of Engineers retaining wall does not hold, causing *XZ, a powerful psychotropic drug that is a top secret water soluble version of BZ, has unknowingly made its way into the city's water supply\**. Those relying on city water are affected. Additionally, mismanagement of the sewer facility north of city has caused leakages into the French Broad River. This toxic mixture of sewage, benzines and psychedelics have poisoned this main water artery flowing into the Appalachians. The town of Marshall is heavily affect by both the flood and the chemical agents. While the local newspapers have dubbed this a conspiracy theory, water tests performed by both the University of Tennessee and Mars Hill confirm the validity of the water concerns about the river.

[\*In actual year of 2025, the water was proven to be poisoned by a defunct chemical weapons facility in Swannanoa and additional sources of contamination].

Farmers near the river are also deeply affected and are just now returning to sow 'advanced' permaculture crops, use alternative farming techniques and to deploy Appalachian hardy plants.

A member of Hawks Feather Organic Farm north of Mars Hall has reached out to the Mountain Pirates seeking information on two rare fruit tree varieties that they have found on an remote orchard that was abandoned around the 1930's. As part of an effort to 'stop global warming', a mixture of silver, barium and aluminum is sprayed as an aerosol over the South Eastern Region of the Blue Ridge. The impact of the spraying has weakened the health of all spruce trees at the highest altitudes, an infestation of a rare insect has destroyed most of the spruce trees in the Appalachians alpine forests. The impact of the spraying is seen in other aboral species, and the crops. The location of the forgotten orchard makes it a bit of shelter against the spraying due to the wind patterns. Since food is in short supply, the Hawks Feather community believes that these fruit trees will prove beneficial.

However, local botanists and area libraries do not have information on these trees, so little is known about their proper habitat, propagation or cultivation. The farming community heard that the Mountain Pirates could help – so that reached out to a local mate living near Marshall. The Mountain Pirates in turn contact The Pirate Church for assistance since they have no idea where to local such information - you are their local Pirate Minister. In exchange for their help, the Pirates, including both the Church and the French Broad Mountain Pirate crew, will receive food from the farm for their efforts. The Church and the Crew agree to the deal.

You are given the location of the farm's newly acquired orchard, pictures of the trees and some drawings of the fruit. The month is February, so Green Pass vacationers are no longer coming into the area. After researching local records, your own library and stolen microfiche newspaper copies - you realize that only three places will have any possible records on these trees. The species are a rare cultivar developed by the Duke Family. Of those three places, one is the Biltmore Estate library, which given their Eurocentric bent, seems appropriate, however the Estate is now the regional headquarters of the European Military and is ran by Victor Slovenko, a genocidal Czech military officer, so that's a no go. The other two places are the Bent Creek Library at the Aborituem and the Dupont Experimental Forest. The Cradle of Forestry library is a possibility, however, it is one of the few places that the newly militarized US Forest Service controls, so that would be off limits. The Dupont Experimental Forest library is a possibility, but since most of the USDA satellite offices were decommissioned, the location of the library may no longer exist at their location. You mark the location as a possibility should the Bent Creek location fail.

Bent Creek and the NC Arboretum appear to be the best location to search. The Mountain Pirates will assist the Pirate Minister to get to the Parkway, from there it will be a motorcycle ride through to West Asheville. From the Parkway, the Brothers of Iron, a motorcycle gang affiliated with the Red Hand, will allow the Mountain Pirate bike convoy through their area for some silver. Once near Bent Creek, you'll have to stow your bikes until you leave. A Latino Cleaning service, contacted by The Pirate Church through the Inglesia, will help the Pirates get their bikes hidden at a local CJNG member's house. Even though, you despise them, it was the only group providing the service that you needed. A cleaning truck will serve as a bike drop, one of the Pirates will stay with the bikes and be available on the 2 Meter band. Analog 2 Meter is fine for emergencies, but not for operations. There are options though and encrypted communications are bet. Instead of the widely available DMR radios or DES, you opt for an encrypted 256 AES radio that will facilitate direct communications with one of the pirates on overwatch. You personally load the keys into both radios – it's too important to leave this step to just anyone.

From there, the Pirates will go overland to the Hardtimes Trail into Bent Creek. Once they are in, they are to connect with Cameron, a member of the facility that will help the Pirates into the library, from there, they are on their own.

Before you begin your journey, you outfit your adventure bike for overland travel. Yours is custom black Honda Africa Twin with saddles, a rack sack and panniers. Additionally, you outfit the bike with a 'tank vest' – this is a molle load bearing attachment surface that goes over the tank and allows the ability have a holster.

You begin to check your maps.

The state of the Parkway, sideroads and the tunnels are unknown. However, The Pirate Church backed up most GIS, survey and travel paper maps before the collapse, so you have plenty to go on - still you don't know what you will find. When you don your mjolnanchor that morning, you consider your load. Standard 'bushcraft' gear, tools, extra fuel, medical kits, infrared lights, rations in biodegradable packing, radios and the like cross your list. Also included is a convertible 10MM to 45 ACP 80% G20/G21 go-kit with dual slides, a packable .308 AR style semiauto rifle and a backup .357 snub nose hammerless revolver. You opt for the G20 configuration since you will be traveling by bike. You also include your frequency jammers, your own personal radio as a backup, a single PVS-14 with skull cap, A FLIR breach monocular and lockpicking kit. Despite your concerns, you opt for a 3A shirt vest that looks like motorcycle armor, instead of heavy ballistic IV+ plates – your motorcycle helmet is just a converted ACH, so you have that as well. A compact digital camera with SD cards makes up the rest. You then add some waterproof archival bags. You've made destroyable copies of the information about the two trees just in case things go off the rails.

The very last step is to affix the holster to the tank vest while you test out your load balance – the angle of the holster easily matches your braking hand.

Now, it's go time ...

Everyone gathers, does a gear and an additional bike check, then they go over the plans (again). A local HAM operator has given you a window to avoid an overhead military satellite that has been assigned to the area. He doesn't read any return signals from the LEO MILSAT, so that is a go. Fire will not be used at all since the nightly run of the USFS satellite will catch the flames, so it's just cold chow for you and even a colder ride. On that, you notice some of the Pirates opting for pouches or a nicotine patch. The lead bike has a radar detector jammer built in, however on this trip, blue tooth is forbidden and radio silence has to be maintained. You are going old school, hand signs only. All bikes include frequency jammers in case sensors are on the Parkway. Since fuel has been so high, the remote areas aren't always patrolled by air. If you run into the Virginia Feds, your goal is to retreat. If it's Scots-Irish scrivers, you'll fight through. You carry brass lathed monolithic bullets - the kind that makes a truck engine go ouch. Your goal is to steal intelligence and bring it back - the long term goal is keep the Pirates fed.

You bless the Crew with all of your spiritual convictions, both the stars and synchronicities look right for this one. A quick glance at a skull and crossbones reminds you that you need to heed the Momento Mori it offers as a symbolic lesson. The goal today is to 'pay attention' and 'play cool' - plus to trust the Creator.

All packed up, you start the ride next to the lead bike. The road to and onto the Parkway is pitted, but drivable. For miles, nothing happens ... however, that's not how life works is it?

A beat to hell F150, probably on bandit patrol comes in from an old side forest road that meanders into to a long forgotten primitive campground. They run right up on the Pirate convoy in attempt to intimidate the rear rider. In classical mountain fashion, they toy with the rear rider, bumper glancing his rear tire, almost causing him to wreck. You signal for everyone to pull over, but the truck pulls through and stops. The driver, ironically driving the kind of truck you hate the most, pulls out a truck gun. You don't know what the model of the gun is, you just instinctively draw your pistol from the holster on the bike's tank vest and shoot. You've trained for years doing this exact shot from a bike, it's all instinct. The 10mm 200 grain bullet rocks the valley with noise, while traveling at over 1400 feet per second on its way to it's intended destination and then destroys his skull. The other redneck exists the side with a shotgun in an ill planned drunken show of bravado. No one can tell which Pirate's bullet killed him first. With the bandits dead, you say a quick prayer to their families in the hopes they won't come after you, this is Appalachia. Besides, it's just standard business in ZomboApoc. Between being high on both meth and the fent, the two bandits had it coming to them. Everyone picks up their brass, patches up any of the tree trunks with the holes (using a mixture of mud and bark) and then cleans up any particulars on the scene. The other Pirates ditch the bodies and truck near Mt. Little Pisgah, you and the leader ride forward just in case there are more bandits.

The Iron Brothers meet you down the road and escort you through rest of the Parkway and around the shithole that is Enka-Candler – you consider the idea that you all could have used their help earlier, but oh well. The lack of European Military and USFS patrols makes you realize how bad the situation has become. You are lucky, maybe insane or are you just blessed?

Other than a shoot out with two belligerent redneck fucks who insisted on recklessly tailgating you through the pothole ridden Parkway, the trip ahead goes smoothly. Since you, as a Pirate Minister, speak Spanish, you let your drop campanito know that one Pirate is staying with them. He agrees, the Cartel has no intention of stealing the bikes. They too value the information provided by The Pirate Church. Plus, the campanito does not care to cross the crazy Brujas who set this deal up. On that thought, he eyes you up and down. To him, you are no different than the spiritual leaders of the Santa Muerte group. You eye him back, but smile. You both laugh. Again, it's just business.

The Pirates are dropped at the park where the hidden trail leading into the Arboretum starts. The drop off isn't stellar, as you look around, you notice that the homeless at the camp are peculiar.

One of the female Mountain Pirate takes your sleeve. She whispers "Praetor, the Spirals". Then it dawns on you what she means and you nod your head.

A person lays passed out on the ground, they are not moving, eye's half opened, barely breathing.

Years before, the R.C. told you of a trip he and the Good Captain that they took to a hippy school outside of Black Mountain. In the Lore of both the Church and the Pirates, the stories of both men are often repeated for fun, but often, each tale contains a lesson.

In this story, they were heading to go to a waterfall that the students used back in the day to find hellbenders. The entrance was near an old fence by the college's organic farm. The trail lead by a citronella bush and down to the river. The R.C., thirsting because of the trek, bent down to get water from a tributary spring. The Good Captain, in his gruff voice said;

"Studied the place for years, read most of the books on this area ... Captain, don't drink that water." Ed explains to the 'Bubba' Captain that most of the water in Asheville is poisoned, entire communities die of fast moving cancers, but the City and the County Council did pretty well to cover it up and avoid lawsuits.

You think more on the story and consider all the details ...

What an overpriced shithole, you think, recalling the tale. Probably fucking helps the Mayor of Asheville is a lawyer *and* a politician.

How many people have died here because of her mistakes?

In this present day, you are reminded of the Good Captain's story's finer points. Almost all of the surrounding rivers and Asheville's water supply have been poisoned with a slow neurotoxin from some forgotten military chemical warfare facility upstream of the town. You've seen the haz maps, read the news articles on it and often pondered "It was almost intentional that Halliburton, the US Military and Northrup Grumman put that there for purpose of poisoning people in the future." You had often considered the tertiary effects as well.

"And by the Creator, they put that water in everyone's beer!" you realize.

Another Pirate gets your attention, "Praetor, the homeless", you shake off the suggestion as he pats an unholstered, suppressed .45 ... two dead bodies are enough for today.

"No need to worry about them, they can't tell on us nor will anyone believe them - they are having a great time, kinda like being at a Phish show" you say.

A nervous laugh ripples through the Pirates as you make your way into the reserve along the hidden trail.

Still, it doesn't make sense, why were the homeless getting juiced on that part of the river, was there contamination in other places? The 'Spirals' as they are called, are symptoms exhibited by people drinking this very same water.

The final incoming stretch of the overland trip into the research area goes well, it's not as cold, but the sun will set in a couple hours. You want to get the trip over with, but you remain calm and act like it's just another day breaking and entering into a library.

Once over the mountain, you make it to a maintenance road entrance and then go over to an abandoned ranger shack that used to greet Green Pass visitors. After a few hours, while meeting at the agreed rendezvous point, you meet Steve. In exchange for the key and some Bent Creek research facility uniform, badge with key and additional clothing articles. You then give Steve what he wants and all he really cares about; an SD card full of 1970's full bush porn, the kind where people left their socks on for the dirty deed.

Oh well, some addictions are easy to please. Steve grins, gives you thumbs up and heads along the road. The Pirates are going to stay put, you'll be going at this alone.

You think about the exchange as you head towards the research library. You begin by reflecting on Steve's chosen vice of choice – porn. Few males know that the amount of spiritual energy lost by whacking the monkey is almost tantamount to losing a couple days off their lifespan. During Pirate Minister training, the R.C. mentioned it as something to keep in mind. Also, the degree of spent semen simply left in some sock somewhere, psychically attracts all kinds of high weirdness – plus it's bad for DNA security protocols. Then there is the Diabolical, the Others - they seem to be attracted to a single person alone, hell bent on a fappfest. This was crazy for you to consider years ago, but as the R.C. said, it's better to get a hooker than to just spill it on the dusty ground.

Just look at what happened to Crowley, he'd say - think about your energy, your Yang, it's important and it frees your mind to think about things that matter.

Also unspent males are more attractive to females. Women just seem to kinda know when a man guards his load. Plus, there is something that balances out when energy is exchanged between a man and a woman during coitus.

"This isn't the time" you think inwardly and drop the inner conversation on wasteful fapping.

Free the body, Free the mind – you clear your head and consider the next steps.

You decided to use some of the clothing Steve gave you to blend in and you don the articles just behind a Rhododendron stand. The card and key hang around your neck.

As you approach the the library, you take a quick look around for anything that may need your attention. The library is a converted food hall that was formerly used by ranger – that was before half their staff walked off the job a few years ago. Books from the Arboretum are stored here, along with the items that you hope to find. A quick glance towards the door and you notice a camera. You pull out your SIGINT detection tool and scan the area for additional cameras, no more cameras seem to appear. As you look further, you notice the camera has antenna and no wires.

"That's stupid" you remark to yourself. Pulling out your jammer, you attempt to set dual frequencies just in case they have one of those new 5G wifi cameras. The jammer shows it's broadcasting. You notice the cameras wifi signal blink solid - it's not longer transmitting. With any luck, if there is someone watching the camera, they won't notice that the timer has stopped. You make a note to take any micro SD card that may be installed before you go.

Trying the key to the front door of this glorified chow hall proves to be a failure, it doesn't work. That's OK, Steve did mention that he wasn't sure if it would be the right one since they had at least been changing locks on a quarterly schedule. The homeless were raiding any building they could since the churches had been shutdown and the trucks stopped rolling a few years ago.

You start to work your tools and notice the type of lock, it's just a cheap one that can purchased at any discount dollar store - times must be hard for the facility. A few brushes and the lock is open. You push on the door and go inside. The interior smells like pinesol, dusty old books and cheap lava soap. There is no particular order to the material, but you do see section of books on fruiting trees. You start there.

You find *The Pears of New York* by U.P. Hedrick, the book is from the 1800's, discusses alot of varieties and one chapter covers pear cultivation - this will be useful. Instead of trying to locate the pear and damage the book, you take it and put into a waterproof bag. Several more titles stick out to you. A more recent notebook on 'Pears of the South East' looks important, it's not too long, so you photograph each page. You take a book on South Eastern berries and pick up one research paper from the university on Paw Paws. Clients like value added information, so it could be valuable.

Finally, you dust off a copy of *The Apples of the South East* by Charles Boyen and finally *Old Southern Apples* by C. Lee Calhoun, Jr., must be right because that's the most Southern sounding name you've heard in a while. Feeling successful, you gather up anything else that looks like it might be useful.

Your intuition is drawn towards a folder that looks like it contains flight schedule. Your body feels tired, but you know you need to get over the stacks of papers to grab it. Once you do, you notice that it's climate/weather modification schedule for the South Eastern US put out by the USDA, with NOAA assistance and partnered with the South Eastern Research Institute - it is marked Controlled Unclassified Information - this should answer a lot of questions.

"This has been successful, almost too good" you think. Your intuition is ringing out 'danger'. Your senses did not lie, something is terribly wrong.

Your body begins to shake, but you've practiced for these moments – enjoy the adrenaline rush, channel it, use it. Your mind begins to clear.

As you pack out and ready your gear, the door opens and blue headed, pimply faced metro with sharp eyes and an overly decorated nose comes through the door. He has on a cheap tourist shoppe styled pentacle, horned glasses and a Cocteau Twins tee shirt, his pants and shoes are the same as your own borrowed uniform.

"Toodles!" he says, feigning surprise.

You immediately sense that he knows who you may be, or at least what you are doing. Someone must have tipped him off you were coming.

A split second memory pops into your mind. Years ago, Captain Ed told the R.C. that "Two people you never trust. Folks with short, colored hair & people who look like a fish or a rat." The R.C. chuckled when he passed this information on to you during your training. This was one of those silly tropes that seemed unrelated to the work of a Pirate Minister still ...

This guy was one of those people - and he was hitting on all four cylinders.

"You know, I always thought of you guys would look a little more like the guy from Vampire Hunter D crossed with Johnny D. of Pirates of the ..."

He playfully pauses, then painfully upseaks the last part while he stares off into the rafters, placing his hand on his face and tapping his cheeks as if he was pondering a question that both of you know the answer to ...

"Nope, you are just plain janes" he continues and spreads his hands apart as if to say "oh well."

In all your life, you've never met someone who was more stereotypical. You don't know if you should feel pity or laugh. As the Good Captain often said, the system breeds these kinds of people like it was an assembly mill (or a rat farm). Cookie Cutter People is what the Pirates called folks like him. They were also ironically named CCPs.

"No, you are just all just overly glorified book worms - nerds with a penchant for guns and magic, with some weird nautical bent" he continues. "I was looking for someone more exciting, oh well, they'll reward me anyway."

What's this fuckwit coming on to you? You don't know. Fucking Asheville ...

As he begins to pick up his phone, you press a button on your other jammer - it begins to heat up and a befuddled look crosses his face as he panics, pushing each virtual button more furiously.



You notice a map roll tube near your right, instead of maps, it's been shoved full of trash.

A look of disappointment crosses his rat-fish face as he attempts to use the phone again.

"Fucking wifi and 5G is out, oh damn, they said it would be better."

You pause and comically reflect on the unintentional irony. As he holds up his hands in disgust, you notice the stint.

Save for 'purebloods' like yourself, most people had opted for the stint. Every since the vaccination schedule went to 24 hours, it was more convenient. The regrettable part was that they could never be without it. The rapidity of that schedule had so suppressed their natural immunity that it was almost like an addiction. Past 24 hours, they would fall ill, flu like symptoms would occur and in sort order, the lungs would fill with water. They literally could not leave the city or even go out into the mountains for some short camping trip or even a hike to just 'get away'. Shots were also regulated since every one had to be recorded, so there was very little in this regard for a black mart.

He was probably due for his booster this evening as well ...

You feel pity, but not too much. Everyone has a chance to rethink and find the truth. As the great One said, "Know the truth and it will set you free."

If you treat your body like a chemical waste dump, a waste dump it becomes ...

You step forward, shove the shorty you loving call 'La Chata' into the map tube and raise it to his heart. For a split second his beady eyes widen - no one will see the cell ping, no one on his chat app will get a message and the camera will record nothing of what happened to him. The neodymium magnet, attached to the knife in your boot, will do the rest. Within split seconds the Fates have changed ...

... and third times a charm.

Setting fire to a library is not your first choice, it never is - however the risk of discovery isn't either and survival takes precedence. Sure it would have been easier to dispose of the body, but he would have been noticed as missing. Plus, the sun has set - too many factors open to make a major mistake. Steve, if you ever find him, has some questions to answer.

Also, you know that the US Forest Service satellites are definitely going to see this weenie roast.

The other Pirates have recrossed the mountain to the river. Not wanting to waste time, you jog on foot to the river and down to the hidden trail. You meet the Pirates there at the trails head.

You toss the cell phone, cameras and SD card into the river, along with a very strong nickel cadmium magnet. If they ever find them, it will show nothing. As firetrucks arrive on scene, you ditch the uniform too, handing it to a Pirate. No one can see the Crew assembled under the bridge, next to the river. You assemble your radio and it goes to the preset offband channel. All you say is 'Test, test, radio test over' and you key down the mic once more.

"Praetor, a diversion?" one of the Pirates asks, "Yeah, think so" you say.

As much as you'd like to tell him what happened, situational security protocols dictate otherwise. No one will ever know. The Pirates hand off the uniform to one of the homeless, who seems appreciative.

When a short beep comes from a beat up Nissan truck just off the road, you pull out your FLIR to check. Yep, it's them, the Pirate and the campito. You pull the spent shell from the revolver and put in a fresh one. After a gear check, everyone approaches the truck to load up. You motion for the Pirate in front to take a place in the back. Everyone lays down and covers up. Two go in, two go out - atleast that is how it should appear.

As you and the Campito pass the commotion at the Arboretum, his eyes widen and he crosses his chest with a "Mi Dios". Cops and firemen fill the intersection - you'll have to ride through Enka to get back home tonight, this way will be closed, oh well. The European Military are sure to arrive.

After the Campito has shifted gears, you reach into your pocket and pass him the chata. You mouth 'Gracias' over the sound of the engine with no muffler. He smiles and accepts the pistol. By this time, it's cold, so there is not any reason for suspicion. You have no doubt he knows why you gave it to him.

It's just business.

With the ride back over the frozen mountains, uneventful - you and the Pirates are grateful not to find either ice or patrols on the road. Riding at that high of an altitude causes issues, but the bikes have real, however illegal, carburetors that have been moded for such weather. Upon arrival at the Cove, you and the Pirates strip down your gear. Any evidence that may need to be removed is destroyed and you start the process of deciphering the treasure chest of information.

The next day you arrive at Hawks Feather farms. The farmer's eyes widen at the sight of the books, you place all information before him including print outs of the photos that you took. After a few hours, he deduces that he has both a Lucy Duke Pear and a Junaluska Apple orchard. He's excited. The hybrid pear is a rare breed that combines blight resistant Winter Nelis with a delicious Bartlett fruit. The variety was developed by some Illuminati member back in the late 1880's and proved itself resistant to the mountain's changing weather. The apple is just as resilient and equally valuable. Developed by the Cherokees themselves, the apple was named after their great leader, Junaluska. All of the data given shows how to breed, cultivate and use the fruits. The farmer is very happy and he asks you to come onto the porch to smoke. He gives you a warm cider and the conversation drifts to small talk.

In the distance, you hear the laughter of children playing near an apple tree. Their breaths are etched across the cold air -they are a boy and a girl, most likely the farmer's own. As they play, you are reminded of the story of Líf and Lífþrasir, playing near Mimmer's Tree at the end of time. In your minds eye, you say a blessing for both the children and the trees. They look happy, and hopefully if all goes well for the farm, they'll stay that way for as long as they desire.

This is how it should be you think ...

You know that everything will work out for the best.

As you ride home, you think about the aerosol schedule you picked up. How long have they been modifying and changing the climate. Your 1920's Americana Encyclopedias include a passage on Charley Hatfield's weather procedure that nearly flooded all of San Francisco. However, today,

such talk is considered almost conspiratorial Still, by all that you can tell, they've been doing this for well over a century.

During the supposed pandemic of the 2020's, the media trotted out pictures that showed how much better the green growth was since most country's had locked down. However, as was noticed by some keen sky observers, weeks before, all aerosol schedules had been stopped, no one saw any tic-tac-toe patterns across the sky and for a while, the sky's were true blue again.

The same thing happened before the flood.

The whole thing is starting to seem like a large, long con on Humankind. Are people so evil that they are willing to do this to themselves? Why lie to the public and try to convince them that little Tommy's lawnmower or Farmer John's cow is the cause of all this mess? More restrictions? Who does this benefit you ask ...

Your thoughts are interrupted by something.

In the distance you see three men in an antiquated black car blocking the road, they are facing away from you. They are wearing uncomfortably, ill fitting thin suits not suited for the harsh Appalachian climate and one of their windows is down. A mental pain in the back of your mind assures you something is terribly wrong. Thankfully, your muffler has a sound arrestor and the noise has not reached them, so you throttle down.

Your senses tell you not to interact with the men. A USFS road appears to your right, just before the sandstone out ledge - and unfortunately, it's locked. They won't see you if you take the turn. While this may be a trap, your intuition tells you to take the turn regardless ... there is enough room for the bike and panniers to get around the gate posts. You thank the unknown mountain bikers that cleared the brush around the posts years back.

Just as you slip up the trail, you shift to first - one of the men starts to turn, but you are already out of sight.

No time now ... with a flick of your wrist, the engine roars and the mike barrels down the mountain's trail ahead.

----- End Mental Exercise-----

In that apocalyptic story, we used extremes in order to illustrate the points within the fifth principle of our Code. All elements of the story are designed to reflect the wisdom of the fifth principle.

As you may have been able to see, a great deal of attention is placed on intuition. Intuition is something that comes through the mind, from the spirit. Often times, our body's are sore and we are lazy, refusing to listen to that inner voice – but training ourselves to do so is crucial. This can make the difference when the stakes are high.

Your actions as a Pirate Minister in the tale ensure that your congregation is fed, that the Crew has what they need and that the farmers will be able to produce more food. Also, you've developed a strong tie with a farming community that they soon will not forget. As things worsen in this world, the farmer will be there to provide and you, will be there to protect, minister and give information.

In the final scene at the library, we are presented with the free mind confronted by the unfree mind. The unfree mind of course, has a body that is now fully enslaved to the system in our dystopian narrative. The logic behind the encounter may not have been obvious, but the reason the unfreed mind is confronting you is really envy. He knows that he'll never be able to leave, but you will - he'd rather see you destroyed than watch you live.

People with unfreed minds will always act this way, this very important feature of human nature is often overlooked.

In the movie *Easy Rider*, the protagonists are told that the reason the locals hate them isn't because of their bikes and the beautiful women they enjoy, but simply because 'they are free'.

The antagonist in your story is no different than the 'locals', he showed both signs of an unfree mind and his body was proof he was truly a slave.

You need to pay attention to this important lesson; always keep your cards close, don't discuss your business and be careful who you trust - trust is currency in the times to come.

The role of a Pirate Minister is not always easy to describe, allegories and stories provide more insight into the blatantly fantastic visages that our own Founder imagined that we would face one day.

Still, it's just a story. Take from it what you will.