

OUR KIND

NIM

Here I stand, eight feet tall and with thirty three degrees of knowledge running along my spine. Secreted knowledge, handed to me by the Gods themselves. They know everything, or rather, everything that they know. And that is a lot. Those of us, like me, born of a certain blood, those of us with the extra genes and the larger craniums, have received all of this knowledge. I am Nim, from Sumer and it is 2000 years since the Gods procreated my race. We are favoured, and in return we call upon the lesser beings to worship the Gods. This is easily done. We, the enlightened Cro-Magnons find no problem in inventing various belief systems, my cousins in the four corners of the Earth do likewise. Each region's version differs significantly, even though they all worship the same Gods. We are as clever as we look. We plan far into the future. When the regions move closer as travel becomes more sophisticated the variant religions meet each other. Arguments and fighting will ensue. The unknowing populations will be in a permanently near, or actual, state of war and of stubborn confusion. We ourselves will laugh and be very much entertained by their foolishness. We will arm both sides, for a price of course. We will have no particular interest except to collect the interest. We will feed and prosper on their entanglements.

Our future is great. We will order the construction of a tower that reaches towards the Sun. We will reduce the ordinary human's speech to babel. We will own most of the gold and silver. Even now, we invent weapons of poisonous powders and machines that throw great boulders many miles. We are very patient. When precious metals are matched by paper, we will print the paper with our own designs of occult symbolism. We will hide our influence in plain sight and snigger at the blindness of the masses. But, here I am getting ahead of myself and must take three steps back.

Already we own more than we can spend. Our knowing, converts to power like our Sun and water converts to the Tree Of Life. It is nature. We praise water especially. One day we will invent electrolysis and fuel horseless chariots at fantastic speeds. Sorry, too far forward again.

Understanding the true nature of nature enables us to perform conjuring tricks with nature. We can turn water into wine. We can walk on water. We can raise huge stones with the sounds of trumpets. Who will build the Pyramids? We will.

The Gods often talk of the necessity of inverting science, to confuse, for the mass of their subjects have been made potentially too intelligent. Only yesterday I listened to the Gods toying with the idea of teaching a false idea of the Earth itself. They considered making a new belief, that the Earth is round, like the Sun and moon and that the Sun, which is, after all, a God, could be promoted to the centre of everything. They laughed their heads off at the thought of this. And then carried on partying as if there was no tomorrow.

But I think that this is going too far. The people are not that bright, it's true. But they are not that stupid! Not yet, anyway.

News is that the Gods are to be leaving Earth for another place, not tomorrow, but soon enough. This will be a challenge for my kind. Can we manage the project without them? Of course we can. We, of the chosen genes, have both the wisdom and the experience. The truth is that the Gods have

played a secondary role for these last generations. I say this very quietly and will hide this essay in a secret place. We will manage things very well indeed, from the perspective of an all seeing eye, from the top of a mountain and in the sunshine of Heaven upon the Earth.

When the Gods leave, the mighty, such as I, will reign as kings. I will wear a golden crown. In this life, or in the next, for my lineage ensures my reincarnated return. Thus, for me, it is not only a wonderful life; it will be a wonderful abundance of new lives too.

ROD

Its 4000 years on. I am king Rod. I rule one third of Mesopotamia. I have astronomers, advisers, attendants and slaves. I have concubines and, of course, my wife, who is of my superior equality. My favourite of this entourage is a mad old astronomer called Aristar. I love this old rascal. Even at the age of 127 years, he is full of ideas and esoteric experiments. Let me tell you of his latest. I must say at the outset that Aristar is a 'Sphere-Earther'. I know! He's completely insane! Yet Aristar is eccentrically endearing, none the less. His latest experiment then, I will describe to you.

In Egypt, 100 miles apart, are two obelisks. One is in Alexandria and one in some other provincial town or other. Let us call this second one the lesser obelisk. Aristar positioned himself at the main one, as befitted his seniority and a student of his was given his station at the minor post. It was noon during our Summer Equinox. The Alexandrian obelisk cast no shadow. Therefore Aristar had no work to do, again, as befitting his seniority. At exactly the same time (A sundial being in close proximity.) the student measured the length of a considerable obelisk shadow that was thrown out by the sun. Back in Mesopotamia, Aristar positioned his wandering mind to the results of his test. He reasoned that the round Earth caused the different angle (As only he would.) And then he set to work with his trigonometry.

Next, my favourite astronomer visited me and I had to endure the fellow furnishing all of the results, measurements, equations and the conclusion of his experiment. I will spare you all of that, since it didn't make any sense, as it was based on the false premise of a ball world. Instead I will give you his conclusion. It was that the circumference of the ball is 25,000 miles. When Aristar finished explaining and I finished laughing, I set my ludicrously daft astronomer a new task, to take his experiment to the flat Earth of reality and to come back to me with the result.

Aristar went back to his study and began the work. This, he had to do. I am his employer. A week later he came back to me with a rather sad look in his normally starry eyes. He informed me that on a flat earth the sun is about 4000 miles away. It was exactly as I already knew. This finding now coincides with the teaching of the ancient Gods and the knowledge of all the other astronomers in all the courts of all the kings in the civilised world.

I sent my friend away, not with a flea in his ear though, but with every encouragement to carry out new experiments. I did so, because this latest episode, had given me much amusement. The twinkle in the old man's eyes re-emerged and off he went. Oh! Happy days!

I sat back and ordered truffles, a delicate wine and a dancing girl. My goodness, she was young! Yet, still I pondered this 'round thing'. I considered that it was not quite new to me. I remembered how I once meditated in the innocence of youth, when in the soothing mind zone of the Great Pyramid. I swore at that time, that I heard the Gods whispering and chuckling at the circular thought of the

very same phenomena. And so, now I'm thinking that, this spherical shaping thing, may indeed, have value. If we could just move forward, one tip-toe at a time. If we could employ our most persuasive scientists to gradually weave it into the fabric of society. There could be no finer example of mind control. What a great example of a grand secret it would be for our secret societies. Because, to hide the obvious, what is there! When it's for everyone's eyes and senses to plainly see, these are the funniest and the finest secrets of all. Yes, there is mileage in this sphere idea, there really is.

Ah! Now she's down to the last veil. My writings have to come to a timely end.

ZBIG

It's 1540 A.D. and we are in Krakow. I am Zbig. I am the Cardinal of Poland. Well! The Jesus madness went a bit wrong, it started to believe in its own momentum and it set itself against our kind. These backward steps happen. So, what do we do? One, we organise a long term strategy to take back control. Two, we take immediate action by infiltrating the opposition. It works every time, in the end. I am of the ancient royal line. I am a member of a secret society. We have dozens of them. There are many hundreds of us now, so, obviously we can't all be Kings. Still, Cardinals are the next best thing. Of course, it's inevitable that one day one of us will be made a Pope. Who knows! It could be me! Think of it, Pope! It would trump all the Kings and Queens put together.

In the meantime I am masterminding a great work. It's a really neat scam. You see, our kind, specialise in deception and this is the mother of all deceptions. A heliocentric globe! A distant cousin of mine, Kopernic, is a first class mathematician. I am not going to lie to you though (There would be no point in that, as no one is going to see these writings, at least, not until it's too late.) I confess that this idea is not mine. This marvellous scam has been hovering around the scientific universe for centuries. Pyth and Aris tried it out ages ago. It didn't fly then, but now, who knows! The common people are that bit more mesmerised now, since the Renaissance.

Anyway, I have ordered Kopernic to map out a scientific (The word 'Scientific' is very important, science is fast becoming the new religion and it's entirely controlled by our patronage.) to map out a scientific theory, that we live on a ball, in a ball filled solar system, with the Sun at its centre. Kopernic loved the challenge. He is working, all through, every night. He's so excited, you should see his equations. He's having an absolute 'ball' with his equations. He's half way to finishing a whole book full of them.

Yesterday the great mathematician came to see me. He looked rather ghostly though. I asked him if he was getting enough sleep. He told me that it wasn't that. He said that he was frightened of the Inquisition and that that was because he had just heard that Brun, a man of science whom he'd studied with, had just been frightened himself, to death! Kopernic insisted that he would only publish his book posthumously. He naturally wanted to avoid any such problem. I gave him permission to do so. I did not want to give him any excuse not to finish his book.

It occurred to me that it would be very awkward for a Cardinal, if he was to be connected with the ball earth thing. Who could possibly make that connection, only Kopernic. So here we have two problems, the delay in publication and my involvement. I could see the same simple solution to both problems. Isn't it lovely when that happens? It is so elegant! True, I lose a distant cousin. Unfortunately, we do this sort of thing whenever it's desirable. It's sad, a dark little arrangement on a sunlight flat horizon. Never mind, for us, darkness can only be a fleeting moment. We see ourselves as holding lanterns and torches and dressing the world in dazzling whiteness, like snow on a mountain.

This evening I'm helping boys to sing like nightingales, among other things too illicit and flirtatious to mention. And the next day is---? Ah yes! Tomorrow is Sunday, a day of rest.

ERTEIN

It's 1940 and we are in America. I, Ertein, have become the world's greatest scientist. Here, I point my finger at my mind, reinforcing the mythology of my extraordinary brain. My standing in the affairs of man is far more prestigious than that of a mere Pope (Who, incidentally, is also of our persuasion.) I have helped to create a weapon that can destroy Mankind. Now that, is power! My kind, are everywhere. We run the mainstream newspapers and radio. Pictures will follow soon, already we have Hollywood. We own the banks and print the paper money and thus reserve our fractional accumulation, what a neat caper that turned out to be. We have compromised or corrupted all the politicians of both parties. In short, we have more power than we know what to do with.

The average citizen knows nothing of how they are deceived. If we were to say that white is black, when really it's as white as pure cocaine, they would believe us. If I were to lecture to an auditorium, even though it were filled with bright young scientists, and I told them that the vacuum of space could be bent over like an envelope to create short cuts, they would believe me. (Myself, I can't even believe that I just thought of that!) So, no wonder that the spherical model is today's reality, if only in their programmed thinking. We control their minds. And that is, truly unbelievable power!

Of course there is the occasional blip to our progress. Isn't it always so! For instance there was the Mickelson-Morley experiment (Oh! How I detest actual experiments!) These two up starts, bounced light around from mirror to mirror on a turning table and thought that they had proved that the Earth is absolutely still. It was a narrow squeak! Some scientists, not yet embraced by our societies, were thrown into confusion for a time.

Naturally they came to me. I came up with my Theory of Relativity. And that was it, crisis over. Brilliant! In one fell swoop I proved that hardly anything can be measured and that, therefore, nothing can be proven. Of course, no one could understand my theory as it is immensely complicated. I explained that, as everyone knows, I do have a brain that is beyond understanding, 'relative' to anyone else's. So, my theory left M & M (Mickelson and

Morley.) without proper names in the scientific community. It was game set and match using a round fluffy ball, or, more accurately, on a multi continental and flat, tennis court.

I have two sayings which make me smile like a concave vanishing point. 'If one of my theories doesn't quite work, blame it on gravity.' This works because gravity can do, well, what can it not do? And secondly, 'You couldn't make it up, but, I do.'

I am encrypting and miniaturising this --- I suppose it's something like a confession. It will be hidden somewhere under my skin. When my time is up, I've given orders to embalm me and then to eventually to send me up to the Firmament, or Heaven, in a rocket. Any one reading this must be, in spirit, up there with me.

There, above the Sun on the Earth's only vast symmetrical curvature.

Dave Patchett 4/7/2015