

War In
Colours

UNITED STATES PEACE AMBASSADOR QUOTA THE APPLGATE PROGRAM



AN EARL DOUGLAS "DOUG" APPLGATE, JR. STUDY
CORY ANDREW HOFSTAD

Table of Contents

<i>Self Defense</i>	3
<i>The Applegate Program</i>	5
1. MRICYL BABY	7

Self Defense

I befriended a girl named Natalee Rowley, a girl from my school that I saved from a bully who lived 5 blocks from my house at 644 W Emerson St. in Seattle, WA. Natalee was a very beautiful young girl that was abused by her father, both physically and sexually. Natalee's father would bring her to his Freemason Center in Magnolia and use her as sexual offering to share with his friends for whatever social or economic benefits they gave him. Because of her looks and because many older men knew who she was Natalee became a target. Natalee became my first rescue; I took care of her and learned the tactics of pedophiles and how to defend against them from my experiences with her. Natalee spent every night at my house for years, either by sneaking out of her room and traveling at night through our neighborhood, or with permission from her parents.

I was afraid to stab people using the Swiss Army knife given to me by my grandmother. When a baby sitter of mine named Mel heard of the things Natalee and I went through she became very irate. She was from Liverpool and had come to America to do music. My father introduced her to my mother and she agreed to watch me part time. Mel started yelling "Why do you let the man do that to you?" "You have to fight, you have to keep your knockers on you!" She yelled in her British accent. "Or a knife or something!" I told her my fear of stabbing people. "Well you don't have to stab the man, you could carry these" and she pulled out brass knuckles from her wind breaker. I had learned about brass knuckles from my dad's friends. These were Mel's "Breakers".

"We are not allowed to carry the breakers." Natalee said in tears. "Then carry a rock" Mel told us. "Kids collect rocks, say it is your pet." "Then when a man tries to touch or harass you bust his fucking head with the rock." "And you Cory, you need to start protecting your girlfriend, I can tell she means a lot to you. If you want to stay with her, you have to stop what's happening to her or someone will swoop her up in their car and you will never see her again." "She's so adorable; she will be on the front page news."

Natalee and I started cracking skulls with rocks. We would place large stones in places where we would frequent, along our daily walking routes, at school, at the park, between her house and mine, in our friends yards, in gardens, and in general any time we had free time we would stash rocks.

At John Hay Elementary, on the East side of the playground was a large overgrown garden. Pedophiles used to hide in this garden to snatch kids. As pine cone wars were our main pastime, we were excellent at throwing rocks at moving targets. We killed any vagrant or bum we found trying to harass kids in our garden. Our teachers originally thought people were overdosing or at least told us that. The fact that we would hide the rocks afterward and never get in trouble made us bold. A fellow student named Corey was extremely wealthy and would sometimes bring a brick phone to school. Natalee provided a list of her father's Freemason contacts.

We started setting traps and killing wealthy Freemasons in suits in our garden. We at that age, did not understand the difference between killing bums in bum clothing and killing bums who were well dressed Freemasons from Natalee's rapist phone book. We only killed those that Natalee confirmed were rapists and came to meet up for pedophile sex. I became the leader of the assassinations as I was the tallest, I

was Natalee's boyfriend and I knew how to fight. We killed almost 20 people in total before I got caught. The rich people with gaping head wounds got attention of the US Marshal Service.

It was early in Spring and I had intended to walk home from school, leaving the North side of campus, walking Westbound in front of the School. A Humvee Swerved in front of me screeched to a halt and soldiers hopped out with pistols, a M4 and hard knuckle gloves all focused on me. A man jumped out of the back and ran at me wearing military BDU's and a green beret. "What the fuck are you doing kid!?" he shouted. "I'm walking home" I squeaked to him. "That's not what I'm talking about." "You know what I mean." I did not know what he meant. "What about those kids, what about you throwing rocks at those people's heads. Kid you're killing people and we need to know what's going on to help stop this from going on." "Somebody's out their Cory, and they are either going to catch you or have you killed." "You probably aren't going to be arrested or the police would be more involved..." he said while waving a car around the Humvee sitting in the middle of the street in front of the School.

"How do you know my name?" I asked "Get in the car" he said and instructed me to get in the Humvee. "How do you know who I am?" I asked him as I jumped in the Humvee. "I know Margrett, she told me everything" Margrett was my neighbor who was in Natalee and my "Click". We told Margrett everything we did, she knew it all and she told these men the whole story.

To my right side a man still had his gun on me. "Specials Steve" sat on my left, the man who jumped out and started talking to me in the street. "Why are you killing people and not calling the police?" questioned me. "The police did not help us in New York City." I explained to him that I had to shoot someone while waiting in the van before we set the charge in the parking garage to rescue our kidnapped classmate. "Only your people helped us" I referred to the Military in NYC. "I know, shit I was there." "Look kid, just because we run around with big guns and tattoos and show them to you does not make you one of us." "You do not get to run around shooting people." "You do not get the chance to kill people without us getting involved."

Steve explained that one of the men I killed was a Nova Scotian and that they planned to kill me. He told me I was being given a second chance and that I would have to stick with them from now on. "We have a special program for you, and your little friends can come with us. It's going to be called the Applegate program" he told me. "It's called the United States Peace Ambassador Program" the soldier in the front passenger seat corrected him. "You're lucky you didn't get your head bust." The man in the very back said while holding his rifle. "Now you're a peace keeper, we might as well get you a blue helmet, you're going to need one."

The US "Marshals" which looked more like Green Berets drove me to a location which I wish to not disclose, handcuffed me and put a black bag over my head. I think I pissed myself. "You want to act like a hostage, then we are going to treat you like a hostage." "The things you are doing make you look desperate, you don't bust people's heads open with rocks unless you are kidnapped." "This is what it feels like to be kidnapped." Specials Steve told me through the black bag. "You have a knife on you, why aren't you using it?" he asked. "I don't want to get in trouble." I told them. He pulled the black bag from my face and said "So you hit the men with rocks, so you don't think you'll get in trouble?"

"We hide the rocks, I don't want to lose my knife, and my Grandma gave it to me for emergencies." I explained. "Oh so your Grandma gave this to you?" "Did she tell you to kill these men too?" he asked. "Mel" I told him "She's British" I told him about Natalee's abuse and how we were trying to make the men stop hurting her. The special services men stopped pointing their rifles at me and introduced themselves. They gave me a terrible bologna and sweet relish sandwich and a larger locking Swiss Army knife and started talking about the Magnolia Freemason's and tactics and spy talk I did not understand yet. I heard something about body bags and parked cars at night.

The specials dropped me off behind my house after the sun set and told me that they would be watching my every move and to not worry about the Freemasons anymore. They told me that "They are more afraid of you than you are of them." I asked if I was scary and I was told "Yes Cory, you are scary as shit, those rifles were for you, why do you think we came armed to the teeth for a kindergartener?" "get your ass in the house before we are seen, don't forget your new knife" Steve said. He handed me my new Swiss Army knife and I ran up the stairs to my house. "You don't know us, remember we don't exist." My grandma saw them and I told her that they picked me up because I ran into the street and they almost ran me over.

The Applegate Program

As a young child a man named John Landcaster took me under his wing as part of the National Peace Ambassador Program (codename "Applegate Program"), an Ender's Game type youth selection program designed to test whether children could benefit from military training. The mission of the program was to create soldiers with levels of training which other nations would be unable to compete against.

I was selected for the Applegate program for my intelligence, fighting ability, beliefs in America and loyalty. I believe the lack of both parents in my life made it easier for military officials to get parental permission from my mother who was easily persuaded.

During initial interviews, the selected children were shown a variety of movies related to military service including Full Metal Jacket, Top Gun, James Bond, Blood Sport, Etc. We were then ask a series of questions regarding which lives we would like to live if we could choose any two movies. I choose BloodSport and Top Gun. My interviewer stated "Top Gun and BloodSport? We can make that happen." He asked if I was sure and I assured him I was.

Within the week I was training at Martial Sports in Queen Anne and had been introduced to "Bog John" Landcaster, call sign "RudeBoy". I excelled at Tae Kwon Do due to the daily fights with my neighbor Natalee which we got in using my landlord's boxing gloves and whatever padding we could find. Natalee was the biological twin sister of Jon Benet Ramsey who grew up with her biological parents Vincent and Rebecca in an extremely abusive household. Natalee's aggression helped in our training and we became the most violent fighters in our age group, which I brought to the Martial Sports studio.

For the most part, Natalee lived with me, sleeping in my bedroom and spending most of our time together. Natalee was also selected for the Applegate Program and selected a naval movie and Starship Troopers as her selection. Our training was for the most part separate although we did have some

overlap in our naval training. I was training in naval warfare and Naval Aviation while Natalee was trained in the mechanics of Naval Marine Vessel operation and ship combat.

I trained heavily in Tae Kwon Do for the Applegate program and joined a youth fight team called the "Calvary Kids" hosted out of the Mission Calvary church in North Seattle. We were coached by Ivan Sallavery, a future UFC fighter and John Rineheart, a military instructor and handler who now works in the Navy and occasionally with NASA. John brought my daughter Olivia up with me for her first space mission to observe me install a new space station module and test a new child's space suite in July 2018. Olivia witnessed me struggle with a torn glove and trying to maintain suit pressure while installing sections of the International Space Station.

My fighting Skills were put to the test in the World Tae Kwon Do Federation annual championships where I won my first World Championship under the name "Sam" against another child of my weight class. The first fight was among the less violent and easier fights of my career with the WTF. As I grew up I had to deal with fighters who seemed much older than me and whose families and alliances were extremely hostile to myself and my country.

My military training involved learning the basics of naval warfare, tactical command, aviation and small to large squad based infantry combat. John Landcaster AKA RudeBoy was my "Big Brother". He took me for my first flight training missions, teaching me the basics of navigation, throttle control, altitude, rotation, dealing with G-Forces, flight procedures and landing and aircraft. While I learned advanced warfare tactics, and the basics of tactical warfare, the navy began taking me aboard various naval vessels and engaging me in actual strikes and missions as a co-pilot in various aeronautical configurations.

I was told that I had begun to make the most progress of all the individuals selected for the Applegate program. I was told that Natalee was not performing well because of a man named Bill who she had been given to for "training". Bill was a member of the CIA that a man named Sol Smith introduced us to. Bill was very abusive and would regularly rape Natalee along with multiple other young girls. Since Natalee wanted to be a "Starship Trooper", the government gave her to CIA for experimental studies. The government did not have anything like "Starship Troopers" so Natalee was used for other unrealistic government activities (unrealistic meaning that these actions were not really sponsored by legitimate government purposes, they were criminal activities pushed onto children who were gullible enough to believe in fantasies.)

Bill worked for Scotiabank and gradually Natalee and I became more distant. Natalee believed that having sexual relationships with grown men in the CIA and members of the "Bank" was a realistic method of attaining power and rank within society and government. I on the other hand was taking part in real-life combat missions such as fights, intelligence gathering, NASA training, war games and tagging along with the Striker Fighter Squadron 14. It would later be found that Bill gained access to CIA and associated personnel with a phony CIA identification card which he made in his dorm room with equipment given to him by Scotiabank.

1. MRICYL BABY

I gained my current naval call-sign during one of my first carrier missions in the South Pacific. I was riding co-pilot in a F-15 with Bog John on a covert strike mission in Chinese airspace as a response to an ongoing conflict with Japan. We were supposed to enter unguarded airspace and deliver-drop ordinance on a naval target and return to our carrier. WE launched at 06:52 in the morning on my last flight with Bog John "Rudeboy" Landcaster.

We dropped our package at 07:22 and confirmed the target was destroyed. As soon as the ordinance detonated and John let out a radio yell to confirm our successful strike a Chinese MIG appeared in the horizon in front of us. He was headed to engage us and I asked John what we were going to do.

John told me that we could not outrun a MIG and told me to be quiet. He radioed the Chinese pilot and told him that he had a small child aboard. The Chinese pilot returned in Chinese. I asked what the pilot said and John told me "Die Slow". John told me to hang on and jammed the throttle to engage in a head to head dog fight. I was afraid, but I had up until that point never experienced death in combat or dog fighting in the military. To me at this point this seemed like a school yard fight. I did not get the feeling I do now when I engage in Combat, only a nervousness of something I did not understand, it was nothing like the fear I had when my dad took me around certain gang areas and I was completely unprepared for what came next. What to me seemed like a roller coaster ride or movie experience became a real life experience which was nothing of such.

John lit up the cannon and the MIG evaded to its left side, still coming at us. John yelled "Fuck" as the MIG fired a cannon back ripping into the front of the jet right as John told me he was firing a missile. John pulled the trigger as the console in front of him exploded into shrapnel into his chest. The missile hit the MIG and I watched the Jet blow up on our right side as we flew past a growing ball of flames. I immediately got excited and started cheering, not understanding what had happened to my pilot. He told me "Be Quiet...", I replied "but we just blew up the Chinese person". He gritted through his teeth "My wife is Chinese. Cup you're not going to live."

He started apologizing and telling me that he failed my family. I asked what he meant and he told me "You are not going to make it, I'm dying." I suddenly realized what all the smoke and debris in the cockpit meant. "I'm hit" he gritted through his teeth. "It's bad" he told me. "Can we make it back" I asked him, "We can go to the hospital" I said. He answered "There's no hospital, there's only the ship". "I can't feel my wrist Cory." "My hand, I can't feel the stick, Cory I think he hit my spine." I asked if he was bleeding a lot. He replied "I can't feel my chest. My heart beat, that's all I can see or feel."

I wanted to help him "Tell me what to do, I can help you" I cried to him. "There's blood" he said "I'm going to die soon; you have to get back to the ship." "I can do that, I can, just tell me what you want" I told him. He replied "You have to get back to the ship, you can't land this thing but you can eject, they'll pick you up and you'll have to dry off but you'll survive." "You'll get married, you'll have children. Cory you can save the world. You will save the world you and the Applegate program can end all of this." I told him "I don't want it to end; I want to keep fighting until we win."

"You have to stop them from taking over the planet." "Take the stick and I will tell you how to get back to the ship." I pressed the switch to take control of the jet as I had done in training and he told me to turn on the radio to the ship, it was already on. "Now what" I asked.

"The ship is to the west". He said. I turned the Jet to my compass and headed west. I was terrified and shaky. "You're not going to make it Cory. If you can't stay stable, I want you to live, please stay stable. It hurts when you don't stay stable." It was the last time I ever wobbled in the air, I straightened out and kept my bearing. "Rude Boy what's going on up there?" the ship radioed to us. "That Chinese pilot blew out my breastplate through my back." "I'm hit, I'm going down." He told them. "This is Cup, I'm flying. I'm making it back to the ship." I said trying to sound optimistic. "What the fuck happened? I heard you had an encounter." "Are you going down or what? You look good on our radar." "Repeat, are you hit?" "We had a close call" I said "Cup, I'm dying" John cut in "Cup and I are headed west, trying to get back to the ship." "I think he is going to make it, Cup he's a good soldier, he says he wants to stay on and fight for as long as he can." He coughed up blood and said "He's my miracle baby" "yea..." The ship replied "Fuck" "God damn, you sound bad up there, this is shit. We have a medical team enroute to the deck." "He can't land" John said "When we eject I'm not going to live." He started crying. I could tell he was in pain.

The ship gave me course correction to get back to the carrier. As the crew guided me back to the ship I was given my first executive decision of my military career. "Now Cory I need you to start making some choices." "Do you want me to call you Cory or Cup?" Cup was my callsign back then because I arrived on the ship with an oversized Winnie the Pooh Coffee cup from the Disney store that my mother bought me from the Disney store which I used to hold all my meals, cereal and whatever I was drinking in the ship. "Cup" I told them.

I was afraid of the Chinese and told them so. "You don't have time to be afraid of the Chinese Cory, I need you to stay focused so we can figure out how to save your partner." "Yes Sir" I replied. "I know I asked you to make some choices but I need you to do me a huge favor." I asked what they wanted me to do, they replied. "It's a favor for Cup and your family, it's for Rude Boy and his family. Cory You can't eject." I did not know what to do and replied "But commander John Landcaster told me to eject." They radioed back "John's trying to save you Cory, but right now Cory I need you to save the boat."

"Cory two people left today off that deck in that jet of yours and if two soldiers don't make it back, these people won't be able to live with ourselves and the project will be cancelled." "You see you're a child, and Big John is a good friend of ours who took a big risk up there today to teach you a lesson in how to fly and how to bomb a short ship." "You see, John Landcaster up there could have brought one of the more experienced pilots up with him who would have been able to land if he got hurt."

"Cory he chose to take you instead. We can't keep taking risks if you have to eject every time you can't land. Your big cup ain't getting us by out here and you sure as hell ain't taking a bullet, or shooting one." "You have to save your commander, I need you to land that jet." John cut in "You need to watch how you speak to my co-pilot. He's trying and he's a very bright student." "I can't feel my neck now." "There it is" John said. The ship lined me up to land and told me just to hit the runway, but as slow as possible.

As we approached the ship John told me "You need to know about the Nova Scotians. They are who the Chinese are supplying weapons to." I asked him who he meant and he told me that "The ship we just bombed, they were delivering weapons to the people who kidnapped you and your friends." "They have my family scarred shitless, they robbed me for everything I own and they will do it to you too if you let them." "Cory, tell my wife I love her." John yelled before I hit the deck. I used the yokes to align the jet with the runway like in the wireframe simulator, bumping, hopping and jumping and hitting the tow line. I landed and John was silent as the ship's crew rushed our jet.

John Landcaster survived the immediate landing and lived long enough to see his wife and family. John later died of complications related to his injuries from the dogfight. My call sign was changed from "Cup" to "MRICYL BABY", which I still go by when flying for the United States Navy with the Strike Fighter Squadron VFA 14. John Landcaster's niece Magrett Johnson who was a neighbor of mine was extremely upset at the funeral, blaming me for her uncle's death. Margrett eventually realized that I was just another soldier who had lost a brother in Combat and I did the best I could to protect her uncle. The death of John Landcaster and the associated landing of an F-15 by a seven year old child secured my position within VFA 14, the Applegate Program and was a part of my selection as President of Executive Actions and Trusts and a 40 year military commitment.



R.I.P. Big John Landcaster
Callsign: "Rude Boy"

