

When given the task of writing a final message to you, it would have been easy to slip into the Meier people remember. But it has occurred to me that you, the anonymous person on the other side of this screen, may not remember that Meier after all. For if a nation state can erase from the minds of its inhabitants their history, their dignity, a letter from the language they speak, then what couldn't be stripped away?

There was a time when America shook from the wounds our revolution caused—when people stood in silent solidarity, waiting for their time. But I am of the unfortunate opinion that that time has since passed. When the memory of the images we broadcast nationwide slipped from the people's minds, perhaps there was still a chance. When President Thompson ordered public executions for the rebels, perhaps there was still a chance. When they televised an AI-generated hanging of Cassian Meier to the homes and streets of everyone in the country, perhaps the American people on our side still clung to a thread of hope. All it takes to start a revolution is a spark, but that spark can fizzle as fast as it is struck.

Trust when I say that biding our time in the shadows has been torturous—watching the slippery slope of fascism take an authoritative hold while we held our cards close to our chest. But our reclamation is long overdue. And that, dear media multi-hyphenate, is where you come in.

In the time since I watched my own public execution on a box television inside a bunker, I've had lots of time for thinking. And I believe I've found it—the way through to the people, to who the people used to be. See, when we broadcast America's war crimes back in our infancy, that was merely phase one of a multi-step plan to get the American people armed and ready for rebellion. But in the frenzy, I think I misjudged the power of media. We are entrenched in a media-driven world, and trapped in a country whose government and military have full control over said media. Imagine the utter power that lies in a book, a song, a film, a game. In fact, you needn't imagine it after today.

We hold the key to rebirth. We've spent our time wisely, sneaking our way into every sector of the government-distributed media machine. We have moles and whistle blowers across the country, infiltrators in high-level authority positions, even entire businesses at our mercy. Partisan Print. Patriotik Harmony. The list goes on and on.

We will be in contact with you soon, friend. In the meantime, prepare yourself for revolution. And never forget: they can strip you of your media, your memories, your language, but they can never change the past. The truth. No matter how hard they try.