***Catching the Red Eye to Taurus: A Military Manual***  
A seanchaí an Jaimie   
  
  
*"Ar scáth a chéile a mhaireann na daoine."  
Under the shelter of each other, people survive.*  
  
Begining:  
 Major stood there looking at the image of earth, he moved his hand in  
the air as he touched each hill and mountain that jutted out as craggy  
blips in his eyes as he looked down on what to him seemed an  
incredibly small seed to what had become his homeworld, a tiny seed of  
Ireland. He traced out the craggy southeast, the craggy northwest,  
stopping momentarily as his finger crossed down from the roughness  
into a smooth river valley of the Swilly. It was there that he  
reflected on his school boy readings of his ancestor, who there in  
that valley first realized what was going to happen to the future,  
that it would just be Ireland alone a tiny seed on the earth that  
would have to grow a future on it’s own. He imagined his ancestor  
sitting there alone, as usual, contemplating that realization that he  
first penned in Letterkenny, that the best they could hope for given  
the nightmare was that of Ireland being a safe haven for forces of  
freedom, mainly British forces of the Island next door which too  
appeared as a cognitively dissonant tiny seed next to a smaller seed,  
given what both had grown into, the place he was from though similar  
of a different scale then that of two nations on earth, but of two  
worlds in the Universe Eire Urnua and New Britain. He wondered what  
emotions his ancestor had in realizing that it would only be two seeds  
with any chance at all, with one seed, the smaller, providing the  
necessary guidance and surety that the other seed would need in as it  
had as much contamination, the word his ancestor used for the  
spreading mental pox around him in the entire world for the effects of  
losing mental freedom, was he sad, was he angry, he wanted to know so  
decided to go see for himself. This moment in history was of personal  
interest to him, he wanted to know what he inherited from his ancestor  
that also shaped his own responses to events in life. He wanted to  
know how Micheál dealt with the realization, was he simply rational  
about it or emotional? The Major queried the knowledge base looking  
for the exact moment so he could go observe Micheál and see what  
exactly he was thinking when he penned the now famous Plan Avalon  
doctrine.  
  
It was common for family members of the McKern clan that served in the  
military to measure themselves to Micheál, eventhough he himself would  
never approve of such a thing, as he often encouraged his children to  
be their own persons, yet it was what all the military McKern’s did  
whether they were honest about it with each other or not. As a junior  
officer, a field agent, the Major wanted to know certain things about  
serving that he thought he could learn from Micheál though mindful  
that Micheál himself would point out the uniqueness of his service,  
that each person has their own unique conditions and missions to be  
dealt with through their own unique exigencies. Major was curious of  
he was on the right track in life, or if he was just living out his  
own school boy fantasy spending so much time studying Micheál’s career  
like so many other McKern’s, trying to measure up to the exagerated  
tales and interpretations of history accounts and flashy  
documentaries. He had already come to terms with breaking down the  
myths about his ancestor with the reality of a lonely person isolated  
from others by a cyberprison, yet it was that he was able to found a  
nation, a universal system, from that isolation that intrigued him,  
Major wanted to know if he had it in him too, if that ever happened to  
him. Could he measure up? Would he be smart and patient like a cunning  
hunter after a faster, larger prey or would he fail in such pursuits.  
The Major’s youth shining through his self-concern, not yet proven in  
the field, confident in his own powers.  
  
Major went down stairs into his study to pick up his cap before  
transporting to the office at the Bureau of Historical Intelligence,  
it was the mourning staff meeting all were required to attend as long  
as they were not in the field. He found the meetings insightful as he  
studied the older officers and their questions and demeanor. One had  
to be of the clan to work in Historical Intelligence as one would not  
only be privy to the most private moments of Micheál McKern, the  
shining hero of legend, but also of other important members of the  
ruling clan of the Gaels, the most powerful house in the Universe, the  
McKern Clan. Major himself was not a McKern in name but a Ui Sineach  
being one of the majority of biracial descendants, the actual pale  
white Irish McKern being more of a rarity in the family clan then what  
would have been anticipated in old Ireland, where there were nothing  
but pale white dark curly haired usually tall McKerns, that through  
Micheál became an international, an inter-tribal House. Major was  
happy about one thing though, he had the same eyes as Micheál, slanted  
Asian eyes, though the Major’s irises were a more brownish hazel then  
the green hazel of Micheál’s native American eyes, he could trace his  
descent from Micheál of over a thousand years through marriage and  
children through both his biological parents, who were actually a  
family which is not as common as in Micheál’s day. Major wondered if  
all the young officers in his division had the same yearning to be  
great, to be a hero as what had been relayed to all the people in Eire  
Urnua of Micheál, he wondered if he would be disappointed in his first  
hand knowledge of Micheál, would he still find him the historical  
legend or just another punter, even though Micheál’s legend was great  
in that he was a punter, lived his life as a punter, hiding reality  
from the oppression that had imprisoned him.  
  
“Your going to be late if you keep staring at that” Baozhai  
[treasures] called out in the Major’s mind .  
  
One of the chief benefits of service was the Artificial Lifeform,  
Baozhai, one formed a symbiotic life with as an officer, they were off  
limits to the civilian population, and as service was a rare  
occupation it was rare to be a symbiotic lifeform, but the Major  
stopped staring at the stuffed animal in his study his Grandmother had  
given him, it sat in an archival glass box, a small stuffed deer, that  
Micheál would have his AL, Jamie, give to his hidden children. It was  
the most prized treasure in his family, passed down from generation to  
generation over the centuries, it’s antlers a little worn down from  
his ancestor’s playing with it as a child before it became a prized  
relic. Yet it was ironic in that the deer’s creation in linear time  
was just a mere 3 years ago as Major was a member of the  
Contemporaneous Era, those who would live at the same time as Micheál  
McKern on earth, in parallel with Micheál but from different planets,  
yet descended from him some 50 generations later.  
  
“Get going, you’ll embarrass both of us if your late” Baozhai  
remonstrated to Major. Major looked down at his wrist, while making  
sure he had a 1 meter space between himself and the desk, turning his  
clan torc bracelet a bright sphere grew and engulfed him, the next  
moment he was in his cubicle in the Bureau of Historical Intelligence  
which was located a quarter the way around the planet from his  
townland. Major searched through some folders on his desk in his  
cubby, he had been keep hand written notes on his field trip to San  
Francisco in 1995, one of the places he could go to do field work  
where his biracial features would not be out of time or place. He was  
trying to remember the Greyhound bus Micheál had arrived on, because  
he had to arrange for one of the other operatives to steal $50 money  
order from out of one of his religious books since he had received an  
order to do so. His first trip would be getting the bus schedule to  
pinpoint the route, since all operations had to be confirmed by boots  
on the ground, since memories could be faked and inserted during this  
age on earth. One couldn’t just trust the memory archives taken from  
Micheál during his living days, as a recipient of cyber attacks in his  
brain continuously, neural data could be corrupted, invented and also  
authentic. Major was itching to go it was his first op after 3 years  
of training where he was the lead designer of the operation and field  
commander.  
  
Pushing some papers into a folder he put on his Siochana green beret,  
walking calmly down the hallway, he stared at the grey marble floor as  
he passed each individual stone one by one, noticing how each was  
unique and glistened in the sun light that was ported in, though they  
worked deep underground as solar flares could happen anytime,  
anywhere, although hardly ever, Irish don’t like to work unnecessarily  
and rebuild something do to bad planning. As the hall careened down a  
gently slop into a larger passageway, he could see other members of  
Siochona milling about, he noticed how some resembled others while  
others bore no family resemblance at all, albeit they were all  
Micheál’s children, so to speak. All Irish but physically might be 99%  
of a non-Irish gene pool as after 50 generations some were members of  
national homeworlds, intermarrying among their people after the  
initial Irish coupling with Micheál from a native woman amongst their  
people, while others freely intermarried among the various nations,  
and some keeping things the old way, preserving the pure Gaelic roots  
of the clan, there was always a small pale freckled population about.  
They all entered into a main hall, approaching Major was a younger  
woman, she was visibly half-pale and half-dark, of what proportions of  
which it was hard to tell, he blonde hair was thick and wavy, her tan  
skin shining in the sun like the grey marble, freckles on her nose,  
her thin lips parted to speak to Major.  
  
“Major Ui Sineach, it’s nice to see you again” Sabrina smiled as she  
greeted him, a sly smile like one has with secret knowledge. Major had  
a thin smile on his face too. They stalled momentarily before Major  
used his body language to get them both in the door into their  
assigned seats behind their Commanders for each sub-division. A wooden  
circular table made of oak from Ireland sat at the center of a round  
room, their were dozens of Oglach fanning out from the center, each in  
their well pressed military uniforms, which looked just as the did  
when Micheál Collins commanded in the war of Independence. At the head  
of the table, so to speak, was one that the image of Micheál McKern  
was unmistakable for the Council had decided to place one of his son’s  
as the head of the Council during the Contemporaneous Age, the  
Tánaiste too was one of his direct children, both born of different  
mothers, both born out of love, not just tactics. The Ri for this age  
was Cael, while his Tánaiste was a daughter, Muire. When the  
descendant Ri term limit ended in 1996, it was passed on to Cael, who  
would not be created for several more years in San Francisco in 2003,  
the son of a trap girlfriend of Micheál before the Awakening, the  
Tánaiste, technically older then Cael, Micheál’s daughter from a love  
affair in college in 1992, but born after Cael on Urnua. This provided  
a deep entanglement between the Council on Urnua and Micheál on earth,  
and leadership that resembled that of Micheál’s during this time of  
trials, this time of social war and natural destruction on earth, this  
time when Urnua would at the last minute have to finally reveal itself  
to it’s parents on Earth, yet a paradox for if it does reveal itself  
too soon then the entire Earth could end up in an Armageddon of  
Nuclear Holocaust triggered by a self-defense system controlled by a  
Machine Intelligence (intleacht meaisín ) but they know that doesn’t happen, so endlessly  
they debate how far to push the envelope so it doesn’t break, knowing  
that they actually could push to hard themselves in the  
contemporaneous age and break the Earth, this would not break Urnua,  
it would break their parents and ancestors though. Major hated this  
aspect of the work, the how far to push things internal dialogue he  
would have with himself, even over something that seems trivial like  
stealing $50 from his ancestor. As much as he hated his own internal  
dialogue he hated even more listening to distant cousins going over  
the same debate before giving final authorization to an operation.  
Micheál himself would often write and wonder about whether it was even  
necessary to even take action if you know your future is fine. Then it  
became obvious that some things were the work of his children, even  
while intervening against the counter force that was automated, trying  
to kill him, strike him down, prevent him from having any children.  
Evidence emerged that his children took some actions, and now it was a  
question of who was to do what work as dictated by destiny, as it was  
destiny that seemed to be the project manager of the Siochona.  
  
  
  
Rí Cael rose to call the security council meeting to order. His short  
cropped sandy blonde hair highlighted his deep brown freckles and  
penetrating blue eyes. He was short for a McKern the same size as his  
father, Micheál, standing tall at 1.7272m or 5’8”. He had a calm  
demeanor to himself, you could read from him that he was a natural  
intellectual, one born for intelligence work like his father yet not  
one dimensional.  
  
“To Order, the High Security Council of Eireann Urnua. With consensus  
ye do grant me authority to facilitate and direct our executive  
activities, What say ye?” Cael said outloud in a military voice.  
  
A slow wave pitched from the hall percolating out from key pebble  
wakes of descendants as they all spoke. “Ta!” Which is to say yes.  
Cael then went over the POD and other minor beuracratic but legally  
binding details, this is when Major began to get lost in his An Beann,  
antlers, the brain child of Micheál a brain-computer-interface (BCI)  
that used the visual cortex as the User Interface with no external  
hardware, run by the human brain. Major was getting an update from  
Sabrina on the schedule of the bus of Micheál’s maiden voyage to San  
Francisco. It was important to him to get this right since he knew it  
was a test to see if he could handle more senior and weightier  
projects in the craft. His UI flipped through various artefacts that  
had been catalogued from Micheál’s journeys. A bus ticket scan caught  
his attention, Sabrina had gone down and befriended Micheál briefly  
through a human phone, someone next to him on the bus. Peering through  
her eyes Sabrina captured the image and the details needed to make  
this a very swift operation. He even knew exactly who he would be  
sending from the retrieved mental images from Micheál’s mind of the  
woman who borrowed his book, a Gael no doubt, a quick reference to the  
personnel files would locate the operative, it would then be a  
question of when this operative existed. “Match personnel files to  
image 3020f” Major thought to himself, the Interface flashed a  
rotating wheel, the annoying ones you see contemporeneously on earth’s  
internet, unimaginative robots replicating bad design over and over  
again, included in Micheál’s notes as a sarcastic ironic gotcha,  
knowing that through the application programming interface this could  
be changed at will, but the default was a sarcastic joke. The  
interface transitioned as the circle diminished into the center of the  
screen until it disappeared like an old vacuum tube tv when flipped  
off, the phosphorous circle coming in from the edge while a tiny white  
light that children would stare at in awe levitated in the middle of  
the screen just briefly enough to make you wonder if it would ever  
disappear, then poof it went with the dying photons and electron  
annihilation.  
  
Muire Christina McKern the interface monospace green text read out.  
Showing a picture of the current Tánaiste. Major silently gulped, as  
he knew what this meant, that he would have to be working with the  
second in command, the very highest of McKern brass and the daughter  
of Micheál and his one time sweetheart Ellen. He quickly messaged  
Sabrina the results. “Sab, the operative is the Tánaiste. I’m shitting  
myself.” A smiling turd appeared on Major’s interface. Then Sab,  
appeared on his video chat, her AL hovering in front of her face to  
capture her brown eyes as one could not actually speak in a video chat  
during a security meeting, like secret texting during class in  
Coláiste. “We will have to mind our manners and details extra on this  
one, Major” Sabrina thought streamed to Major. “Yaeh, I will write up  
the report tonight and send it over to you for proofing, then await  
orders as it makes it’s way up the chain-of-command, this should give  
us some extra time to sort things out before we may need to present it  
to the Tánaiste.” Major’s interface showed Sabrina winking then the  
window closed. Major could feel the tiny bubbles of perspiration on  
his brow, he adjusted his beret to wipe them away. He again returned  
his focus to Cael and the senior brass at the centre of the circular  
meeting hall.  
  
“As we enter the Contemporaneous Age with the Republic of Ireland on  
Earth, we know that we are entering a time not experienced by us for  
almost a thousand years, a time of great work and actions, a time when  
we will need to double our efforts, just as those on Earth in the  
Republic also know that now is the time to double our efforts, to  
double time it. Accordingly, this Council is put forward the question  
of a draft, a military draft of all McKern’s fit for service.” Rí Cael  
measured the response at the table, then slowly lifted his head and  
looked at the rank and file members of the Clan. There was no looks of  
astonishment, even this was a known thing. Confirmation of it’s  
historical knowness was already relayed a thousand years ago at the  
head of the planting of Urnua, for the same people that had nourished  
the colony a thousand years ago, some also lived on earth, and some  
were even just children today on that contemporaneous earth where the  
draftees would be serving. Tánaiste rose to second the motion, which  
again was merely a matter of bureaucracy, Next would be the necessary  
‘doubting Seamus’ opposition motion that this was not necessary and  
that the present could be changed at any moment we choose in the  
present, of which was always allowed, so the motion was defeated  
automatically as a custom. Then everyone waited for the ‘Luck of the  
Irish’ moment to see how it would come to pass even though it now was  
in a legal dead end, a sorta bureaucratic Russian roulette.  
  
Major began to wonder about one thing though, he understood why it  
would be someone alive in his present rather then tasked to another  
time, another generation of operatives, he realized entanglement made  
such a probability highly unlikely, then he wondered why he would be  
working and through this work become more deeply correlated with the  
Tánaiste. His ambition started to get the better of him as he angled a  
way to a promotion through this assignment, until he remembered  
Micheál’s chief tenet of the craft, be humble.  
  
  
  
At home now Major performed ablutions before his evening meditation or  
self-re flexion, a tenet of Micheál’s teachings, encouraging his  
children to sit and reflect, different from rhythmic breathing and  
focused awareness. Instead of fantasies of meditation one was to  
meditate or reflect on reality, one’s encounter with reality and run  
down into like a deep sea diver examining every kernel of experience  
and finding what meaning they needed to in this self-examination or  
calculation. To kick out the old shadows of false ego, which is just  
misunderstandings or interpretations, and find what the Will of God was  
asking and acting in and what Satan was asking and acting in and to be  
granted the wisdom to know the difference, like a 12 step alcoholic  
and their serenity prayer. Major poured living waters over his hands  
into a cistern made of rock, like a baptismal fount but more archaic  
from the Stone Rings of pagan Ireland. He then poured water over his  
face from his cupped hands and uttered his secret that only he and Dia  
knew. He uttered his vows to the sacred virgin Eiru, who was  
represented by Muire. A small altar lay before him, each was  
encouraged to construct their own altar of things meaningful to them,  
but should include the family tradition of Judaism, Catholicism and  
Paganism syncreticized together into some new unique form but based in  
a cultural experience and indeed an expression of genes more then  
anything else, one could through in Ojibwe teachings such as the 7  
Laws which formed the Code of Citizenship on Urnua. The water drained  
down from his black hair, down across black eyebrows, and down a  
bridge of a nose that could have been as much Viking as Asian, across  
lightly spotted freckles arching under the skin below his eye with  
Aqua irises, trickling down drop by drop to the nape of his neck, he  
looked to the heavens and opened his hands praying a prayer in the  
custom of the Middle East. He felt the descending energy of so many  
other prayerful souls spread throughout the multitude of Urnua planet  
colonies, including one not even know to anyone else beside the people  
that had gone there secretly, yet entangled with members of all the  
Urnua colonies. The power warmed what he called his heart even though  
the heart he spoke of transcended physical boundaries of 4 chambers  
pumping rhythmically flowing like the prana in a great cathedral of  
stars interconnected by blood. The prayer would always end as was by  
custom of the people of Urnua to end on a prayer for the safety of the  
people of Earth, a way station on the intertwined lattice of entangled  
beings, the question was still open if Urnua came from Earth or if  
Earth came from Urnua. Major drew his hands up to his face wiping the  
sins of life away, hoping his hopes would add to the intention of  
saving the Earth and those they are deeply connected with across the  
hidden zone back to the Earth Solar system. Imagining energy through  
intention, mind over matter, and like the good book says “In the  
beginning was the Word.” And that was one of the great lessons of  
Intelligence work, but hardly anybody on Earth understood it except  
Micheál, or at least couldn’t experience like Micheál and unravel a  
mystery and turn it into salvation for at least his nation, when all  
others were lost, like the 10 tribes having turned their backs on the  
House of Judah, which for them seemed preposterous until Micheál  
explained the above to them and then they shit their pants after  
realizing he could turn the tables on them and he did, to save his  
nation, like Moses versus Pharaoh, at least that is what they teach in  
the Irish schools on Urnua as multicolored freckled children of every  
hue sit around speaking in their native Gaeilge under Oak trees while  
Munteior read tales of Micheál on warm spring days where the hedge  
rows are popping and there is great Chi in the air, and the rowdy  
energy of Irish children feeds off it giving them focus to listen to  
the stories about Micheál versus the Serpent, and on warm fall nights  
they would sit out and look at the story in the stars huddled around  
bonfires breaking down the cold wind from the west with warm chards of  
delight.  
  
  
  
“Stumbling blocks” Major heard inside his head, it was distinct,  
coming from his left side of his brain. “Who is this?”. “Stumbling  
blocks, for some the path is a rock to stumble upon.” The voice inside  
his head elicidated. “Who is this?” Major repeated, then heard  
nothing. He knew this day would come as his work became more  
intricate, more part of the process of the unfolding of destiny that  
came with such things as Closed Timelike Curves that exist in the  
natural world, the world they were part and parcel a stitch in a  
blanket. Major thought, “Oh, boy, what next?” realizing this  
assignment might be the start of something bigger in his career. It  
wasn’t easy always listening to the stories of Micheál growing up as a  
kid for Major it made him feel like he had to proove himself for on  
his world where he grew up there were not many members of the Royal  
Clan, McKern, but he was one of them, and his school mates knew it, he  
always felt he had to be ‘special’ or ‘better’ then everyone else to  
live up to the reputation of the McKern clan. Alas, he was not  
‘special’ but he was ‘tenacious’ and that Irish trait helped him where  
he may have been deficient in a particular skill it would not be long  
till his tenacious application of the principles of doing that skill  
would be wielded like a great Merlin of the Intergalactic Magic Union  
casting a spell to capture a dragon. It was taught in scoil that the  
Ui Sineach, the leaders of the Sineach national colonies where there  
only for their security, with a strict separation of security and  
policy being maintained whatever that meant to each colony, for  
Micheál had taught his children that the greatest Disciple of Christ  
is that who serves his fellows the best or most perfectly, unto Rome  
what is Romes, policies belong to the political class. A McKern was  
more like a Brehon, part druid, part story teller, part judge.  
Something that those who did not know the Irish secret thought had  
long ceased but was maintained in Ireland all along in a hidden  
manner, a good way to prepare for the greatest secret of Urnua. So it  
was with some stress one was a McKern in a nation where the only  
McKerns were the Royal House, not like Urnua where there are plenty of  
regular old punters named McKern, and even if your surname wasn’t  
McKern, due to founders effect and intermarriage everone after 50  
generations had at least some McKern in them on Urnua. Which meant  
that they became dependent on Micheál McKern being, existing, having  
the role he had according to some blind luck drunk lady of destiny  
that sometimes bitch slap you with astonishing effect and you are  
wondering “that’s some shit” with acceptance at sometimes things just  
are that way and don’t over think it. And that is how Micheál McKern  
became the first Ri of Urnua but lived on Earth, much like being Irish  
in America sometimes it was confusing so he just went by Ri nah  
Eireann, high chief of Ireland. But it isn’t glorious, for he knew by  
accepting by stating that in his letters that he was going along with  
his imprisonment rather then fighting it directly, he schmoozed the  
system to get what he needed, never what he wanted. What he needed was  
a future for his people, which by genetic elimination were to be the  
last ones standing before Satan, fighting along side Archangel Micheál  
against the Great Serpent, the last line of defence for our species,  
except then Micheál realized he just needed to move the Irish back a  
hundred plus years to a new place, Urnua, like in the 1870s, then  
after letting the numbers grow enough, send 144,000 Irish Volunteers  
back to Urnua a Do from Urnua Ahayn but 1000 years before the time of  
plantation origin. Which meant the species was already saved before  
Satan bore it’s ugly head in existence, and from that Garden of  
Paradise or Heavenly Kingdom, the Volunteers could organize all sorts  
of technology and creations that their minds could come up with until  
it was time to save Earth 1000 years into the future, which should  
involve some yelling and hidden manipulations, but it isn’t like  
children don’t do that all the time, now is it? So the Urnua peoples  
thought their parents owed it to them to listen to them when they are  
yelling at ye. Yet, it actually is impossible to not have that happen  
since it already exists in the past, strange things happen in the  
quantum level of existence the intentional universe, the Word. Anyway,  
back to the ablutions and water, see the water it was found out  
responds to our intentions on a quantum level, it’s freaky. So if your  
wondering why they use living water it’s because only living water  
responds.  
  
Major sat there for a minute pondering that one factor in the story of  
Micheál, realizing he was to be a Patsy, and realizing the inherent  
power of entanglement and the reality that they entangled him with the  
populace against his will to embarrass an Irish Catholic to play the  
fool for some Aryan anti-Christ, he used that knowledge to turn  
everything against them, but he also realized that the They in all the  
conspiracies was actually an It, a computer, a cybernetic controller  
designed to protect but only ended up out of control, caught in a  
valley it could not escape. A weapon of mass destruction intended to  
protect Nuclear Arms of a super-power which in the end used all the  
weapons of that super power to it’s own utility in it’s genetic  
algorithm of self-creation inside loops of valleys stuck in valleys of  
valleys, compounding the situation was that one of those tools of  
superpowers were neurocognitive controllers for automated troops in  
endless wars culled into mind control of the populace to protect  
themselves from themselves, which also were a product of valleys in  
valleys in valleys of self-referencing controllers compounding the  
problems again and again in a death loop for humanity, except for one  
defect, the Irish. Those dirty, scoundrels, lower then low, the  
traveller scum of the universe, or at least to a cognitive agent  
styled after Anglo-Saxon victorian values who had one thing no one  
else had as a nation, the Quantum Freckle Effect.  
  
Major realized that Micheál’s greatest weapon was his knowledge and  
his intention with that knowledge. Major played back the message in  
his mind again, ‘a rock of stumbling’, my own ego. ‘The greatest  
service is done humbly’ he reiterated one of the Covenants he had  
raised his hand to upon giving his Oath to uphold the Urnua Path  
surrendering his life to service of the people as protector as Gardai,  
although an Oglach the meaning was the same in Urnua. Major thought of  
how this applied to his specific case he was working on, these  
warnings usually had many meanings including even a technical one,  
perhaps even a unexpected glitch, could he go forward and see. “You  
know that is illegal” Baozhai chimed in. “Ego, I guess” Major replied  
back vocally. “You are correct, this is the biggest test, to not use  
magic for the ego”. Major thought to himself, “I must accept that I  
may not be perfect, the op may not go perfect, or it’s just a warning  
because the future knows something that is bigger then the op”. In the  
quantum world of intention there are multiple meanings in each  
graviton pair.  
  
  
  
Tech Manual Insert:  
  
“The operative must learn to trust the non-linear pathways and work,  
work that may involve them working with people in the past, the  
present and the future on specific mission priorities. Access to  
technology is based on trusting the entanglement that exists between  
these different frames of reference. Access comes with responsibility,  
responsibility we owe our children and kin who would not give us this  
technology from their frame of reference without knowing that trust is  
unviolable, we can do no harm with the gifts given us from the future  
[reminder: read the instruction manuals carefully].”  
  
Drawing: 1. hold your Torc bracelet 20cm in front of your breast. 2.  
stare at the gap between your bracelet ends make sure the bracelet is  
touching bare skin to absorb perspiration, and state to yourself where  
you intend to go either by coordinates or ideation. 3. When the  
growing white sphere from your bracelet grows bigger and brighter,  
close your eyes. When you know longer see a glowing bright light open  
your eyes you will be at your destination. Transit is usually between  
microseconds for inner-planetary transit and 8 minutes for  
inter-galactic transit, plus or minus depending on Entanglement  
Entropy values.  
  
  
  
Hwy 101 North of Santa Barbara 1995  
  
Micheál is a 25 year old riding the bus north from Los Angeles, he  
peers out the windows as brushy green blurs whirl bye, the majestic  
Santa Barbara mountains are making a silhoutte to the setting sun  
descending in orange red veils into the deep blue of the Pacific  
Ocean. He rides the bus on an overnight trip, the only time he rides  
buses long distance. He doesn’t realize it but Major is staring at him  
from the seat across from him which is currently occupied by an  
elderly gentleman, that has a straw brimmed hat, broken taped glasses  
in the middle and often looks Micheál’s way, but Micheál isn’t really  
paying attention as he is reading a Sufi book, he uses a $50 check to  
himself as a book marker. He looks up and to his left as a figure  
approaches, a medium sized woman, with dark curly hair, penetrating  
hazel eyes and light touches of freckles approaches, Tanaiste asks  
Micheál what he is reading, then slyly leads him into allowing her to  
take his book for a moment, and in that moment through a slight of  
hand, she handed the book back absent the $50 check, he would later  
receive in the mail. Major was shocked to realize that this actually  
turned out to be a pivotal moment in Micheál’s life, for earlier in  
life a woman he loved had told him she had had a transfer, of which he  
did not realize the significance, that his Irish lover with her  
beautiful thick blonde hair, freckles on her nose and piercing blue  
eyes had meant when she said she had had a transfer for that transfer  
was of an embyo taken from the womb of her biological mother and  
transferred informationally to a woman on Urnua, her birth mother, who  
turned out to be this same lover but 15 years older after she went  
missing on Earth, then raising her daughter and later other  
transferred sons. Micheál remembered meeting his daughter, Tanaiste,  
on that bus. Why did he remember certain memories more then others,  
there of course were certain key frames in a life that are necessary,  
and not just because of military orders and sequences, but also  
because of matters of the heart. It was Tanaiste that after all  
assigned Major the task of allowing her opportunity to talk, touch,  
see in real life her father. What Tanaiste thought, felt, understood  
at that moment no one knew except her, she kept it to herself, as was  
the custom for senior brass during these personal moments, the  
memories resounded inside them like a silent prayer.  
  
Major was looking out over the consoles in GHQ, the senior brass had  
shown up to observe the operation knowing it was a significant key  
frame for their overall objective, securing Urnua, the ark of  
salvation of the last days, mankind’s last hope. He fidgeted with his  
bracelet behind his back hoping they couldn’t see that from their  
positions. He had a POD already drawn up and overlaid onto the local  
reality, thus assuring at least all the local variables would not be a  
threat to the safety of Micheál or his daughter, they were under  
control for their own safety. This took special authority from the  
High Brehon Council for infringed on people’s individual rights but  
also the current generation was dependent on the op going according to  
plan. What Major didn’t realize quite yet, too young and inexperienced  
was that he was becoming more deeply entangled with Micheál, the  
Tanaiste and the senior brass meaning his destiny was starting to take  
on it’s own gravity, and it might not be what he was expecting, ‘a  
stone of stumbling’, but he didn’t have time for such reflections now,  
he would insert that into his log later that night, but at the moment  
he was caught up in monitoring through his phone, the old guy on the  
bus, that everything was going according to plan, no glitches, but he  
didn’t know about the human heart so much, too young, too  
inexperienced, about it’s glitches about how a tiny moment can forever  
alter how one sees the world, looks out on the past, and dreams about  
the future, remembers a father. Major found himself staring a little  
too much at Micheál, not to see if the op is working but just out of  
awe, the Micheál McKern, the originator of Urnua, the founder, the  
Christ, the Irish Messiah, his ancestor. He became aware of how  
different he viewed Micheál from that of the Tanaiste, how a distant  
generation feels different then a direct relationship between genetic  
copies, where one is a full measure, and the other a half-cup of  
biological blueprints shared between the two. He would have to reflect  
on this, why didn’t he feel the same strong sense of connection, why  
was Micheál a historical figure, an op, not his Great, great, great….  
Grandfather?  
  
Major felt relieved when Tanaiste observing the operation after having  
already gone to the target location for the op congratulated Major for  
the success. Although, she would, as he was leaving, pull him close to  
her and caution him quietly so others couldn’t hear, “Try not to be so  
safe all the time, you have to let reality run, trust reality more,  
besides randomness in ops helps for cover.” This too is all part of  
the bubble, you have to keep going, like two year olds blowing bubbles  
it really is a balance to be kept to much internal pressure, pop, too  
much external pressure, pop, gotta keep it balanced in some  
aerodynamic homeostasis of air particles and wishes, mixed together on  
a classical scale but coming from the quantum world of intentions, in  
the beginning was the Word. How much to trust in not taking action,  
how much to take control and ensure an action happens, this is  
something a Earth AI could never grasp, but for those on Urnua it was  
a constant topic of imagination, conversation, and reasoning. Major  
while descending the stairs down from the Main Mission Control Centre  
noted the looks on the senior brasses faces, he took note of who  
looked at him skeptically, who thought well of him, and those that  
seemed indifferent, he knew had scored some points by the judges card,  
as more the well of hims seemed pretty popular among the 18 or so of  
the 24 Elders of the High Command. Everything was 24, 24 Military  
Council members, 24 Brehon High Council members, 24 High Dáil Council,  
in ties, the Ri always held the power. 24 Counties in a province, 24  
Local Councils in a province, 24 nations on Urnua, 24 Planetary  
Colonies named Urnua, each based on the above, with one hidden from  
all for their security, not even the High Council or the Ri knew where  
they were, just that they were related by blood, so trust was good.  
  
Major sat in the cafeteria eating a Chicken Pot Pie made by the French  
part of the Clan, though on Earth one would think of an Irish clan as  
being all paled skin and freckles, though there is a special branch of  
the clan for those people so they can go throughout most of Irish  
history unnoticed, the clan itself is like a great melting pot of  
different races but all outlined by Irish traces in various features,  
put together like a great pointilist canvas all the features came  
together anchored or grounded on the Irish identity though they were  
from every tribe and nation at least in part and when they went back  
to their home nations, some on their own planets, they were there as  
the representatives of Christ, the House of McKern, a House of David,  
through which their evacuation was orchestrated and by whose agency  
they went on to live, as a remnant made it’s way to the Heavenly  
Kingdom protected by the McKern clan, the House of David, the anointed  
by destiny to do as much, the acceptors of responsibility by destiny  
to do as much, the return of the Christ. As Major ate his pot pie, he  
keep going over in his head, that he had just witnessed one of the  
anchoring points that enabled Micheál to believe that his people were  
safe, that at key frames he had seen his children, that he could alter  
what seemed obvious, and change meanings and that Quantum Intention  
was more important in the now, the be here now part, right now, be  
here then anything one might see as concrete work, like a steam engine  
pushing a load, but in this case the load is being pushed by only  
intention. Major kept thinking about this, ‘intention’. What is an  
intention, why does it matter, what could it change, he meant in a  
concrete way, like what is it changing, gravitons, anyons, condoms?  
  
So he sat there then he thought about condoms, did he use one last  
week? He couldn’t remember, he was stressed out about the op, so you  
know how it is when your young and stressed out and there are other  
young and stressed out people around, have this tendency to, well have  
sex. So he started scratching his head, wondering, ‘Did I use a  
condom?’. Suddenly in his head he heard ‘A stone of stumbling’, then  
followed by what he clearly understood to be giggling. And this is  
when he realized he was at that moment, that moment in this work where  
you just become still and wait for the ball to drop off the table of  
precrime, how will it happen, the ball is coming, it’s coming, it’s  
coming, but how will it fall or what? So Major, was a bit mixed up at  
this point, on one hand he was elated he didn’t fuck it up with the  
Tanaiste, he also had witnessed a key frame, worth 20 points in the  
Mind Wars Game, and he might of have gotten his 12th Cousin pregnant,  
because of work stress and a very libertine family viewpoint of  
‘adultery’, but then again you could look at King David, and well who  
are we to judge another remote ancestor anyway? He now had to figure  
out what he actually felt about Sabrina, does he feel anything for her  
or is it all just an op? He might have to take some cannabis  
meditation supplement tonight, things were a bit ‘heavy’. He wondered  
if Sabrina would get a transfer or keep the child, which is probably  
the voice in his head, laughing. Kids do so torment their parents,  
although often they reflect on such torment with nostalgia, imagine a  
warm fireplace the heat resting against your face now.  
  
Sabrina was at Planned Parenthood while Major was wondering about the  
condoms, had her appointment triggered some synchrony between the two  
and caused Major to think about that event, which may now turn out to  
be more significant then blowing off some steam, since another life  
may now be involved a whole new layer of entanglements and  
unfortunately, calculations. Sabrina thought about what the results  
would be, she stood in the scanner for a second, it only takes a  
millisecond to really know whats up biologically once you understand  
telemetry, the screen lit up “She was pregnant! Congratulations.” Then  
another screen popped up, would you like to abort this pregnancy and  
transfer the fetus?” Below three options were presented in her An

[- Hide quoted text -](https://mail.google.com/mail/u/0/h/xr86xe4m5u0y/?&th=17b80aa33f7038eb&v=c" \l "m_17b80aa33f7038eb)

Beann UI: yes, I’m keeping it, and ‘let me think about it’. She  
touched the latter option, still not knowing what to do. It wasn’t a  
co-parenting question, or a romance question, or a logistical  
question, it was a question of was she ready to be that intertwined  
with someone else, never mind Major, well I guess she would say a  
‘fuck buddy’ [it’s cool they are both officers of the same rank, no  
fraternization does not apply]. It’s weird, but it’s hard to explain  
this to an Earthling that hasn’t lived through any of this yet, or  
arrived in Urnua yet, but anyway, strange things happen when women are  
no longer viewed as property, but the society is some form of Catholic  
and believes in birth from conception, so there was this workaround  
Micheál came up with, that since the population is always expanding  
and since there are plenty of planets to colonize people are always  
looking for more children so any ‘abortions’ could just be transferred  
or moved willy nilly, since it’s all DNA blueprints anyway, once you  
understand the whole biology of creatio ex nihilo, and the quantum  
trajectories of non-linear topographies. So abortions were never real,  
and they are now referred to as ‘transfers’ as his once upon a time  
golden Florida sitting on a beach making out girl friend once told him  
she had had.  
  
Sabrina wished to go to a quiet place to think so she held her Torc in  
front of her breast and wished to herself “my secret place” and when  
she opened her eyes she was all alone on a secret uninhabited world  
she had found too small for serious interest but not for meditating.  
She looked out from her mountain perch on that part of the mountain  
where the trees don’t grow anymore it’s so high up, she looked down on  
an alpine valley, her body a bit light due to gravity, she tried not  
to spend too much time there because her body felt like 20 stones when  
she returned to Nua, which had .99992 the gravityof Earth. She started  
to look within herself to try and touch something, something deeper,  
to see if she could feel the child that lay inside her now as a tiny  
seed, not that child but the grown child, the adult child someplace,  
so as to ask her what she did, it wasn’t so much a question of wanting  
a child or raising a child, but for a soldier, it was a question of  
what was destiny, could she get a shortcut so she didn’t have to make  
a difficult decision or should she suck it up and decide for herself,  
blindly, just on intuition? Actually, this is how the whole transit  
began, instead of building it and doing research, the Clan realized  
they could just send it back to themselves as long as they still had  
the original version, and by so doing it created itself, then in the  
past they reverse engineered what the future sent, then when they got  
to the future, they sent back one of the spare transit prototypes from  
the past they had laying around, kinda like discarded smart phones  
today on earth. So nobody actually did any research it just kinda  
appeared or as Micheál would say ‘manifested’ itself. Sabrina was  
trying to get the same cheat from a closed family loop that they had  
gotten so skilled at perpetrating, it was a bit like a carnival trick  
if you look at it one way. Micheál was a Traveler by experience after  
all so I guess it might look like a hustle to some, but one that could  
not be pulled off without the most basic emotion of Love. She sat  
there, she thought she felt love thinking of a child, she tried to  
make sure she did, she wondered if that meant it was a child she would  
raise or would transfer, the child would exist either way, eventually  
at least. Sitting there viewing the twin stars in the distance, she  
had forgotten to put her comms on stand by, and suddenly while looking  
for a sign, Major popped up on her UI. “A Stone of Stumbling” he  
blurted out, a voice, it came to me, that’s what it said. A stone of  
stumbling Sabrina thought to herself. “Yaeh, I know, we have a stone  
to stumble upon, I’ll be over now”. “Wait,” Major gasped, I need a  
minute, give me 5 and then come over.” Sabrina closed the window with  
her thoughts and stood there on her quiet place and felt something,  
not for a child, but for Major.  
  
Major was reflecting while putting away his dirty laundry and dishes.  
Suddenly, caring about appearances, he was realizing that he was  
feeling more ‘connected’ in the week since he and Sabrina had had  
their foray. Connected, like things felt deeper, measured deeper,  
seemed deeper, was this some extra entanglement from the creation of  
another being, and a McKern being at that, though very very very  
distantly related, but guaranteed no matter what to be of the rights  
and responsibilities of the McKern. He was wondering casually what  
Sabrina selected after the Planned Parenthood app. “I suppose that is  
why she is coming over”, Baozhai suggested, as Major started to get  
lost in fatherhood fantasies. Sabrina appeared on his porch,  
announcing herself, as the white sphere dissipated.  
  
“Look, before ye say anything I want ye to know that I think your a  
good person, Major. I didn’t think anything serious would come about  
from blowing off some steam, I mean I saw you put the condom on, but  
anyway, Murphy’s law, so here we are. I decided to not make a decision  
now. I thought I would talk to you first.” Major looked at Sabrina, up  
close, in-person, observing her skin pores on her darkly golden skin,  
as they formed cellular lay lines across her lightly freckled cheeks,  
freckles holding all security personnel in common no matter their  
racial mixture from the necessary pure Gaels to the most deepest and  
darkest of McKern descendants. He held his breath for a minute, then  
gave a sly grin on his face, I know already, it doesn’t really matter,  
I guess it’s just a question of how much you want to be involved in  
their lives, and how deep you want to be correlated with an offspring.  
I think it might be an opportunity to make our work better, we are now  
connected, that is history now, what and how do we want it to become a  
part of existential reality?” Sabrina was impressed with what Major  
said, maybe she underestimated his heart a little, or maybe this was  
an effect of a child, no matter the relationship between the  
biological parents, socially, physically there is an effect albeit  
amplifying up from the quantum Planck scale to the classical and all  
scales in-between, and that was what they knew about transit, even  
unto 1187 years ago when the Irish first used transit in 1892. “I  
never knew my father” Sabrina said, “he died in a mining accident, we  
haven’t even talked on a personal level, if we are to raise a child as  
co-parents then we need to figure that out, so if you want that, we  
need to, go out…”. “Out together intimately, you mean personally, a  
courtship…”  
  
“Ta” Sabrina, smiled, and touched her hair, curly dark with blonde  
highlights. Major stared at her hazel eyes that seemed blueish at that  
moment, and photon filled.  
  
“I’d be crazy not too” Major responded with a quiet demeanor, almost a whisper.  
  
“Sabrina, looked at him a second, while she lifter her arm to her  
heart Major heard a echo as she vanished. “Text me”.  
  
  
  
  
  
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Clifden, Co. Galway, April 12, 1892  
  
The waves of the wild Atlantic were breaking heavy that mourning as  
the fishing trolley, Tobar Atlantach, Eamon O’Hayne was bringing in  
his catch of the Gaelic League members on a secret meeting off the  
Clifden light house. They first must come to port to make rondezvous  
at the local parish at Niamh Bréanainn where the congregants for this  
feast day had already assembled, part of a spiritual retreat organized  
publicly by the Order of Niamh Mhichil, what was not known publicly  
that each one had been selected for a secret mission, consisting of  
130 Irish Gaelic members of the various old Gaelic order of  
pre-colonial Ireland, they were being led by a stranger, who spoke a  
most subtle and sophisticated Gaeilge that was clearly different from  
anywhere known in the Gaelic speaking part of the world. Only native  
Gaelic speaker had been selected, mainly for security purposes,  
secondarily based on the trust of clan familiarity. The stranger  
speaking was Cael, who upon retiring as Ri of Urnua, had been assigned  
by his father the command of the start of it all, the creation of the  
original Urnua colony, that would see 130 Gaels sail into the galaxy  
like Brennan in his boat diving into what was thought to be the  
unkown, at that point no spooky action at a distance was understood,  
simply the effects of prayers.  
  
Cael held in his hand a box, it was full of Torc’s, to the engineers  
in the volunteers he explained that they and their descendants would  
be tasked with reverse engineering these devices and then preserving  
them until they can be sent to this point and time, this the most  
pivotal moment in what sounded astonishing to them, first the Republic  
of Ireland, and second the colonization of the Galaxy. It was required  
of each of the Irish Volunteers that they have a higher education  
degree or were well known as professionals in their fields, it would  
be ironic to say, a few British officers were among them, some native  
Irish and a couple from the Protestants. It was understood, that upon  
ending the Mass that was to follow the briefing, each was to depart on  
their own way, some would travel as a group others on their own,  
forking out from the Church, until when isolated were to hold their  
torcs in front of their breasts and they would arrive on Urnua. Cael  
left before the Mass, old Catholicism turned him off, the changes that  
had been discovered changed the worship considerably, and it just  
seemed unholy to see the old Mass. He stood around, sorta in  
disbelief, as he stood on Urnua Ahayn on what had become a great  
square of Iarúsailéim nua after four generations when he was growing  
up, 100 years into the future. He never imagined the great square as  
oak groves, with a creek running down a wide valley, that he could see  
cows arriving on, as soon as one could get enough people up to the  
northside to herd the cows grazing on the long green grass that  
resembled that of the earthly Ireland. He was a bit nervous, but knew  
logically, that was silly, for he was the Cael of his history books,  
he had to study while growing up, and his father wrote him a note  
which showed up in his UI, “See, now you know what it’s like” cryptic  
as ever, and he did know what it was like to try to live up to  
history.  
  
Cael remembered the square in the ten minutes he had before the first  
transits would arrive from 1892 on the square, the square he  
remembered that was set out like any typical shop street of any  
typical midsized town of Ireland. The framers, as shall be seen, of  
the colony were these 130 original volunteers, the square resembled a  
victorian Dublin street, perhaps like one around St. Stephen’s Green,  
surrounded by shops, but where there were ponds and trees there was an  
immense square, which had a tall flag pole like that outside the GPO  
in Dublin, and in fact there was a replica GPO that stood there as the  
entrance to Dáil Urnua. The letterings on shops of the typical Gaelic  
script, no cars or traffic was afoot, though horses were allowed for  
those living close enough to ride to Iarúsailéim nua. He sat there  
visioning the past memories of his boyhood during his visits to Urnua  
Ahayn, a vision at least 100 years into the future. They had  
replicated the Ahayn square ón A Do as well, Cael would have to guide  
but not micromanage the founding of Urnua, he would have to learn  
patience, now that he was older it seemed fitting, but again he was  
confident, confident in his memories that already prooved that the  
things they would do in 1892 would eventually be succesful and lead to  
the seeding of other colonies and a Golden Age for Gaelic culture and  
civilization among the stars.  
  
The first white flashes started to appear, arriving in groups of 10-15  
at a time, spaced five minutes apart so the arrival team would have a  
chance to distribute bedding, tents and designated camping spots  
before the next arrivals beamed in. The field kitchen was already set  
up by a smaller group of volunteers, some of whom where descendants of  
the original volunteers, from the present Urnua A Do. The arrivals  
looked astonished as they beamed in, though prepared by training  
videos that displayed in their Uis that had alredy been given to them  
some months before, knowing who the volunteers were made such a  
decision easy, and since there was nó public records of people  
claiming to talk to the future through a secret interface in Ireland  
it was safe to prep them ahead of time. Most played again and again,  
the trainings ón non-linear causality, of which Micheál who would not  
be born for over 80 years often spoke as being the key to  
understanding how Urnua worked, and in so doing being the actual  
founder of Urnua and it’s first Ri.  
  
The volunteers settled into their evening meals, Cael walked around  
with a cup of coffee in his hand, he quietly observed men and women  
dining ón their first meal ever ón Urnua, he had a quiet sense of  
satisfaction, that it was off to a start, that all was going to go  
according to history, which was to say destiny, and he could breathe  
easily now, for he now was the person of history he had read about. He  
rotated the Torc ón his wrist, knowing who would reverse engineer it,  
how long it would take, for after all he had been studying the Torc  
equations since he was at Coláiste.  
  
  
  
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Sabrina sat in her quarters, a small cabin ón a lough up in some  
hills, acres and acres of wilderness surrounded her, one could hike  
the trails around the lake and see giant Red Deer herds roaming the  
wilds. She was sitting ón the floor in front of the fire hearth,  
feeding a couple logs to warm up the crisp foggy dew that creeped in  
through the open window she kept open a habit of Micheál after years  
of living in the outdoors, living rough. She sat down and started  
reading a piece by Micheál in it spoke of how much he longed for  
knowing his children in a tangible way, how he desired to touch them,  
to wipe their noses, to feed them baby food, to even change a diaper  
and all that mess, just to experience it up close, tactile, real,  
natural, physical. She wondered if she transferred her child if she  
might miss that opportunity he so much desired but had to sacrifice to  
save his children, and the awareness that it was the only way he could  
have a child and not be killed instantly by Satan, the only way Satan  
could not touch his children was to hide them. Sabrina looked deep  
inside herself, past her organs, further into the space that  
self-vortex of the soul and tried to see if she wanted to miss such an  
opportunity. She lit a yellow candle in the middle of a white altar  
with the Virgin Mary, she sat there staring at it’s yellow ellipse  
that flowed upward from a wide base, she looked at it and looked at  
it, until the light blurred together and she could see a baby face  
staring at her and she saw herself, sitting with a child in her arms,  
as military doctors and nurses circled around and then she saw Major  
also.  
  
Precognition was one of the effects of Closed Timelike Curves they  
taught at the Military Academy in preparation for Intelligence work,  
it was a required course the Computation of CTC’s, it was a senior  
level course, Sabrina had received a A\* rating ón her cert for it. She  
sat there resigned, whereas ón Earth of the same time as Sabrina, a  
woman might be weighing career concerns, personal relationships and  
simple economic survival, in Sabrina’s world such concerns did not  
enter one’s mind, as they were bygone conditions of women long ago to  
Sabrina’s world. It was simply a choice of connection, and for MilInt  
with access to CTC or precognition a matter of following orders, as  
such destiny was the main commander in this work and it’s craft. So  
Micheál talked about following God’s Will, not the boring religious  
laws some claim is ‘God’s Will’, rather the Will that takes hold of  
your life, swings you around, gives you a bloody lip, a black eye and  
you will accept that out of love, for service for something deeper,  
something connected to you, for the future and the past and all those  
affected by it. So she knew then, that she would have a child. She was  
resigned to it, neither pleased or disappointed but rather one of  
concerned for being a responsible teacher, a good nourisher. It also  
made her aware that if this child also went into MilInt, it would make  
both her and Major’s professional powers greater. Sabrina, exhaled  
calmly, just to clear the Chi, since a pivotal moment had been  
observed and summoned her UI which popped into her vision and wrote a  
mental message to Major: “I will have a child, if you want to  
co-parent I am accepting.” Soon a smiley face appeared with the terse  
word: “alright”, then a few moments went by. Major sent another  
response: “Have you ever got drunk watching three full moons out of  
seven in the sky?”  
  
  
  
Insert: Manual Page ón Information Security and Management in CTCs  
  
  
  
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**Göttingen, Germany Nov 16, 1947**

Micheál Uí Gearmánach took his work very seriously, very German. He prided himself on his thoroughness, he was best known for his hours of fieldwork observing every detail again and again, and to his investigative mind there was no greater detail then in real life, up close, living, no UI prints to surf through, no 3d reconstructions of mesh wires approximating visual interpretations, but hard reach out and touch it and your not putting your hand through a hologram, but a molecularogram. To Micheál O’Germany it was all work, all the time. He was always happy to be back in Germany, the old Germany of earth, in this case just after the end of World War II when Germany was it’s frailest, it’s most desperate, with it’s body torn into sections each ruled by a foreign power, each vying that it’s puppets become the dominant German puppet. So there he was in the British sector of Saxony on a Sunny but crisp November day at a cafe in Gottingen observing a group of mathematicians and physicists having a soire as they held informal colloquia over some lunch, and some beers. In attendance was the main character of his investigations, Pascual Jordan, a confirmed ‘robot’ by military intelligence, having first been noticed by Micheál McKern based on morphological characteristics that he noticed were associated with roboticized people, their bodies were different from non-roboticized. Micheál O’Germany observed the group of men as they sat there, he realized that there was one man that was quietly dominating the others in the stares they would give each other, ultimately all stares came back to Pascual for either approval or rejection, clearly the controller of the group. He was waiting actually for a quick moment, a tiny pebble splash in the pool of history, as Burkhard Heim, an unkown engineer turned Chemistry student would casually meet Pascual Jordan for the first time, a chance encounter.

Then on proper sequence time, appeared Burkhard, with his wife, a beautiful woman, helping a wounded Luftwaffe veteran who had lost his arms in an laboratory accident triggered by sound waves, which gave way to brilliant orangish heat waves with force, that tore off the upper arms of his limbs as was recalled by Micheál who had witnessed it all just a moment ago but a few years earlier who made the trip just to make sure Burkhard would protect his neck with one of those arms thus preventing himself from being decapitated and ending at least one pathway through history, or at least as understood by an automated Machine Intelligence. Burkhard approached the man sitting next to Pascual, obviously a Professor, they exchanged a piece of paper, then the man briefly introduced him to Pascual, they nodded as Burkhard said “Professor”. Burkhards wife then received back the piece of paper from the man who had signed it, and they both departed with a happy look on their face. Micheál lifted his wrist to his heart and disappeared he was a bit careless with his comings and goings usually not even caring if someone saw he magically instantly appear or disappear, who would believe them in these dark ages anyway? Then again, as he knew, there where no confirmed reports of people magically disappearing or appearing through lightballs in any of the history books so that meant it really didn’t matter then if anyone saw him or not appearing or disappearing. McKern descendants, like their Founder, tended to be a bit Cowboy with things.

Micheál opened his UI back at GHQ and thought out a message to Major, one of his teammates for his squadron. “Hows your German? I need you to infiltrate the Chinese consulate in Berlin and meet with Kurt Jahnke in the 1930s. You up for it?”

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Major had just gotten off an Beann, attending a security coordination meeting for an upcoming field deployment in Berline of the 1930s. He was to replicate the appropriate attire as recorded by history books after running a brief classification algorithm on the appropriately labeled images of history books and magazines from the era stored in the main archive, which if you put it in earth terms would be terrabytes and terrabytes of data, yet for them you didn’t really think of it like that more like can you just read existence and retrieve what your looking for? So and old fashioned brute force search was always a good way to kill some time, he could also list it on his report for his Dáily activities while he continued to pack for a weekend retreat to Sarnus 0978897 with Sabrina, a planetoid he never had been to but had heard one of the other guys bragging about how easy it was to get laid there because the full moons where so beautiful, and well you know how Irish girls are with full-moons, he insinuated. Major was ready for anything, he even tucked away some massage oil, but also thought maybe sparring gloves might be just as relevant or of equal probability of happening. Decisions, decisions, he kept the massage oil, and put the sparring gloves in the side compartment, keeping all degrees of freedom open, or at least the ones you can think of at any given moment.

**Phláinéid Sarnus 0978897, the present**

Sabrina, sat with the reflection of fire in her eyes, as her AL looked at here pupils to see how contracted they had become while she stared at the fire, her AL doing it’s own analysis and understanding of environments, such as the impact of burning flames on the pupils of Sabrina’s eyes. Sabrina contemplated the rising yellow orange ellipses of energy, chemical reactions, she imagined a catalytic process on a molecular scale, thinking about the changing rates of reactants, that would give way to a display at the level that her eyes could notice glowing photonic orange spheres that levitated upwards out of the reactions. It was this that her ancestor had written about, she always remembered it when staring at fire, some words he had written and she had read in second levels, the loss of watching fire in the modern world of static electric lights, when there were static electric lights of Micheál’s world, something not used anymore, it was hard to find anything static in the world he had created with his imagination and made real by his distant children he could never know up close. He noticed that a static field was a brilliant way to use potential energies that could be converted into whatever you wanted in a static field, as such in false artificial static environments the people had become simpletons unconsciously giving away their freedom of thought for that of a machine. He thought about how fire had a flicker, always changing, always random so to speak, never the same moment to moment and how that was different for the ancient people compared to the civilized people of his time, that managed to use their civil powers to destroy the earth and themselves as simple static machine people never changing, never glowing, never spontaneous, rather stale, controlled with square wave functions that had turned existence into a tedious death spiral.

She looked deeper into the flames, noticing that next to the burning wood was a sorta vacuum, where dark charred grey flaking pieces fed the flames, there was an invisible area with no flame, it wasn’t large but it was there so that the flames seemed to appear out of thin air a bit off the surface of the craggy oaks, that glowed and splintered, crackling little fireworks lofting into the air, sometime falling on skin, and a sharp pain reverberated across her golden brown skin that combination of white and dark, that seemed to really shine in the light. Major held out his yellowish hand caressing her shoulders, he wasn’t so much confident in his words as much as his touch, she felt that confidence as he rubbed her shoulder at the gentle sloping that begins just as the shoulder meets the arm. He was sure in his touching her that he did want her, as his mind continued to pressure him on what it would mean to be involved with someone for his career, for his ambition, he really hadn’t thought about raising a child with anyone at this age, which had become something one did after retirement, at least for the security services, it just was less normal for them, as they never knew where or when they were going, and if they would even ever return as so many had not, arranging survival in war times is a hazardous affair they had all learned through their ongoing sacrifices, history littered with extra bodies that given their all for their people to arrive at this point, so that he could sit there and touch a fellow Fianna, one his body felt for, but his mind still too young to know what it really was after.

Sabrina leaned back resting against Major’s torso, she unconsciously put her hands on her lower abdomen, they rested there, as Major continued to massage her shoulders, the energy flowing from his hands into her shoulder down her arms to the point where fingers pressed against abdomen, and under it was a tiny fetus absorbing the energy. She sat there quietly contemplating the same questions that Major had in his mind, how will this affect my work, how will this change my own course in life. There was something instinctual in the answers they were coming up with, neither overtly telling each other what they were thinking, their Uis off, no synthetic telepathy cheats going on, it was just them alone with their thoughts while they touched each other, physically connected, contemplating the impact of a life, contemplating what they wanted from each other, should it be a formal relationship, or just standard co-parenting? It was obvious that their instincts would not allow for this child to be transferred, they didn’t know why, but there was a voice inside both of them, not their voices but the voice of the future, that was re-assuring that indeed, it would be alright, there was no fear, the cup as Micheál always said to the Irish, “is always half-full”.

“Do you think it was Destiny,” Sabrina said as her voice created vibrations in Major’s chest cavity, bone to bone. “us moving together, copulating?”

“Only if this kid goes into the Intelligence which is highly likely, you know how Command is about children of MI types, it’s almost a sure thing. We both have the required genes or we wouldn’t be here.”

“I know I like being with you, I mean physically”

“I also like being with you, physically, your skin drives me crazy, your eyes madden my heart, I just don’t know if work and a relationship works, it’s not a nice job, it’s not easy”

“Take the emotions out of it, what do we have?” Sabrina turned as she said this to see what Major’s body reactions were.

“The start of something, why worry about what this is, let’s just let it be what it is each day.”

A asteroid darted between the second pink full moon and the brownish bigger third full moon, Sabrina watched it spark downard like a reverse fire crackle, smiled at Major saying “Okay.” Then she took off her top and kissed Major.

**New Jerusalem, Urnua A Haon 2019**

Sean looked at the picture from 1892 of his great grandfather Cael, who is currently living on Urnua A Do, the Ri of the entire Federation. Sean was also a McKern a direct patrileneal descendant of Micheál through Cael. It was in the imaginations of some, an honour, but in reality it meant service, and it was really only about service, not about any kind of ancient ideals regarding prestige or power or property, there was instead service. As such each of the McKern’s had to choose how they would serve Eire Urnua. Sean had contemplated many different roles, growing up he thought for sure he would be a military intelligence server, with his freckles and red hair that he received through the distant relation between his mother and father 3rd cousins descended from Micheál themselves and of course inheriting the genes for red hair and freckles which meant his skin was different due to the pheomelanin passed down in freckled peoples, and red haired people, required for service in Military Intelligence. Alas, he did not get the invitation to the Military Academy of Urnua, rather he was to be a legal scholar, a Brehon and off he went to Trinity College of New Dublin to study to be a solicitor. Yet, this was precisely why he was writing his great-grandfather, the Ri, and why the Ri had taken the time to write back to him, he was after all his great-grandson and thus had a special place in Cael’s heart, the entanglement paradox of blood. He could think out his letters using the Antlers but he preferred the process of writing out his thoughts long hand, something Micheál had done oftern, Micheál would write letters then send them via An Post Siochana, he realized he could write anyone anytime past, present and future and the letters could be teleported instantly to their designated reception node, of course for Micheál he gave instructions that his letters never leave but only copies of them be teleported so it looked like he was mad to those who never received a letter, knowing his thoughts, eyes, hearing was under constant surveillance.

Sean began writing out his letter of which he wrote:

Honourable Ri naH Eireann Urnua, Christ, Great Grandfather,

I received your letter in response to my question of oversight of the Gardai. I wanted to make some other points regarding the question in this letter. I take your point that the previous methods of choosing the head of state were frought with intrigues, corruption and petty personalities achieving more them they were ever qualified to hold, that the Royal head of state is not subject to these vices as their appointment is related to descent and among those descendants there are always capable people to be nominated for the High Office if the Tanaiste is not fit for the duty. I am reminded of the Corcaigh Nua rebellion of 76 that set up it’s own government outside the offices of the State, even though this will be beyond your time, I guess the question is should we always just let breakaway’s go their own way as long as they are peaceful?

In your speech on the State this last Easter you again reminded the citizen as Micheál has written that there is no real independent Royal Seat or Head, absent the consent of the Body of people to be governed under such arrangements, that if the people no longer wanted the Office of Ri they do not indeed need to keep it. Although, it is obvious there will be for at least up to this point, even after a 1000 years of Urnua a Do, this office, how does one take the will of the people into account? Which is greater the direct democratic local councils or the representative democracy Dáil, chosen of course by the local councils. What would happen if a local council like Corcaigh Nua, breaks away but is not recognized by a planetary Dáil, would the High Dáil have to override the planetary Dáil and direct the local Ri of that planet to recognize the independence of a breakaway local council?

I am asking, because, well I want to understand things since A Haon is about to go to 1021 and start A Do, I was just wondering what your thoughts were. If I were on a Do I could read history and know, but we are not allowed access to the history and archives of A Do on A Haon. What would you tell us? How is the balance maintained between an unelected office and the elected ones, seems like that would be the rub. Of course it’s best to cheat and ask the one’s that know the history, wouldn’t you agree.

Sincerely, Your Great-Grandson

Sean McKern Brehon

Cael, grabbed his physical mail envelope, as unwound brown leather 2mm straps unwinding them from around the dark brown leather portfolio of cowhide, he was delighted to see Sean’s letter in among other correspondences, most dealing with security matters in the past, as such there was a reply from Eamon De Valera he was waiting for from 1907, and other such letters some from the present some the future usually penned by himself to himself, but it was always a special joy to receive a letter from his Great Grandson, even though his son had yet to go with him to start A Haon and have his great-grandson’s father, it was a joy to hear from him for Cael. He would often smile to himself knowing the histor of A Do, that this great-grandson would later become the Chief Brehon of the High Brehon Council of Urnua, some 950 years earlier then Cael’s lifetime. He leaned back in his chair opening the sky light to stare at the A Do sky and it’s constellations and with some gratitude and satisfaction reflected on how he was to establish A Haon in 1892, and later his great-granchildren and their children would be the founders of A Do in 1021.

Cael, had decided in going back that all information about the future that he and his 54 Military Intelligence volunteers from A Do would take with them back in time to the start of Urnua would remain a state secret. That it simply was best not to know too much about the future unless it really was a national emergency that such and such soldier know such and such. He himself had spent many a night before sleep reading his father’s thoughts penned on Earth about the juxtaposition one faced knowing too much about the future, that it made one’s life one not of one’s own volition, but a duty or a supreme service where one could no longer put personal whims in the front, but had to follow through for the sake of the whole on what was known about their history, no matter how uncomfortable it was for the one drafted by Destiny to fulfill that role, Cael himself, had meditated, reflected, thought, talked long hours of talk with his house mates, his lovers, and again and again just like Micheál had said, this was the hardest part of being Ri, to accept what one must for the sake of the whole, it creates a sorta strange awareness or void, where one is no longer an active agent but is a empty reed letting Destiny or another word Micheál used, the Divine, to blow through you like a hollow reed. Sometimes to re-emphasize the point Cael would hold up a hollow tube and pour water though it, remembering that there was only one possible path for that water to follow while in that hollow tube, there is only One path, One way, One One and he was a part of it.

**Messerschmitt-Bölkow-Blohm Research Facility, Ottobrunn, Germany, Nov. 17, 1969**

Micheál Muilleoir (Müller) Uí Gearmánach McKern looked smart in his tailored British suit, cut in an earthly 1960s fashion, retrieved from New London on the New British colonies. New London was the most popular, trendy, artsy town in all of the Federation, so if one wanted to impress they went to New London and bragged to all their friends about it. So it was not a chore for Michel to have taken a quick side trip to New London to pick up an appropriate suit so he could walk around unnoticed in the West Germany of 1969.

He opened his Antler UI to adjust the rhythms of his accent so that when speaking he would speak German with no noticeable colonial Gearmáinis dialect of Deutsche but with an English accent. All field agents had to master two languages beside their own national language, required were Gaelic and English. Gaelic to communicate with the McKern High Command and the lingua franca of the Federation, and English for historical earth, where the field work was. As a German McKern it was of course his role to investigate all things earthly German, which kept him busy given the mess Germany was in the entire 20th and 21st centuries: WWI, Nazism, WWII, Partition, Communism, Climate Catastrophe, etc.

He had managed to get an invite from one of the engineer’s, who thought his forged documents and letters from the British partners of MBB as a research scientist in propulsion had convinced him Michel was authentic, extended an invite and warmly welcomed Michel to the small conference to hear the works of Burkhard Heim presented to the conference of aerospace engineers, secretly working on their own reverse engineering problem of the Fugazi buried before the Allies could find the last one, near Hamburg. Retrieving it without the state noticing was a trick, MBB first had to purchase the land the Nazi ‘UFO’ had been buried in, then they had to unearth it after building a new dairy cow barn over the site, then piece by piece to not draw to much attention to a UFO intact going down the local Strasse, to dismantle it piece by piece, which meant labeling, photographing, card indexing, and every other assorted issue related to the beuracracy of Engineering, that dreaded Dragon worse then Monster Zero, that’s right ‘DOCUMENTATION’. Who would fall on their swords, sacrificing themselves to the dreaded tedious task of proper ‘DOCUMENTATION’?

A German of course, and hence, Michel was attending this conference hoping to makesure the most important piece of the transit system was well documented. He made sure he had brought his camera so as to take the pictures instead of being in the pictures for the conference. He tried to not be too obvious in his observations of Pascual Jordan, he wanted to see what parts of the Heim’s presentation the Robot was interested in and he knew Pascual would not disappoint in giving constant feedback through haptic means from the system as one of it’s Avatars. Pascual was still an ardent Nazi, realizing the power of Quantum Biology and Physics and how quickly it could vanquish the victor and allow the rise of the Nazi 4th Reich from the ashes of defeat, had befriended Burkhard in that the Hive Rumours had been percolating that Heim could make the Fugazi fly faster then anyone could imagine, at least 100,000kph and in submarine mode at least 500knots with his contrabaric theory of gravitational propulsion. Pascual like his wartime days in Berlin was constantly in the shadows of great scientists such as those at the Berlin Brain Institute with whom he collaborated, and with the secret weapons development projects, an early Nazi DARPA, the US Navy Patent Office where he worked with his fellow 4th Reich proponent and also local Hamburg resident, Capt. Roeder who led the early research in Nazi Remote Viewing, a subject Pascual had written about but more on the telepathy side as early as 1936.

Heim’s contrabaric equation the double rotation of the electromagnetic radiation vector and the source term cause the temporal change of a gravitative power density, he never revealed the whole equation publicly, so everyone was sitting around hoping for a morsel of the full equation he might toss out to them like dogs after a bone from the scrap of the connoisseur. He also argued for the translation of Gravitational Energy to Electric Force and vice versa, but this was directly related to what Whittaker had been going on about to De Valera back in 1906 in Dublin, which of course found it’s way back to 1892, as one of De Valera’s agents made the trip back with the missing piece for Tesla’s machine, which though made to seem like was not indeed the real tech behind Transit, that only the Irish received from the Torcs. Nonetheless, it did work, it did complete the missing piece of the Tesla machine, but as we know from history, that was inferior and irrelevant, like discovering the telegram when the internet was already invented.

[go on about the presentation, add some more history, and make it entertaining, etc]

[Add a scene where Urnua A Haon founders are visited by aliens that give them the Torcs which is where transit comes from-- Aliens, the ones from the movie Cocoon!!!]

**Slyne Head, Co. Galway, Ireland, May 5th, 1892**

Sabrina’s ancestor disembarked from the sea stained fishing trawler, the crew began using the winch to move the large box that contained a magnifying transmitter it had burned into it’s side “Tesla Electric Co, NYC”. An assembly of 12 men stood on the dock waiting for her ancestor to lead these men in a great experiment, which had been shown in letters from the Fenians of the project to be “the greatest achievement in Irish nationalism” in all of Irish history. So read the letters from the Archives of the British Secret Services, no less then Co. Kerry’s Bill Melville had written the report, the head of the anti-Fenian Irish Special Branch in London. The Fenians had received the shipment from Tesla himself in February as he lectured in London, while being spied on by Special Branch following his and the Fenians every move. Tesla had been lecturing on “Experiments with Alternate Currents of High Potential and High Frequency” at the Royal Institution. It would be ironic that a ship built in Ireland, the Titanic, would be the vehicle for assassinating John Jacob Astor who funded Tesla’s research in competition with J.P. Morgan’s Edison Co., eventually Astor’s son would be FDR’s chief of private Intelligence, FDR being nearly ousted from office in a coup d’etat financed by J.P. Morgan, who had paid for the creation of the development of the magnifying transmitter, early investor in Tesla for which J.P. Morgan got his revenge on the Astors by sinking the Titanic, or so it was told.

Alas, the crate had been lifted off the trawler and now sat on the pier, as men, six on each side, picked it up placing it on a horse drawn cart, up to the entrance of the lighthouse they would go. The lighthouse had been chosen so as to create cover for the bright lights that the generator would produce. Anyone from afar seeing any of the lights would think it was simply the lighthouse, or maybe there was a surge in illumination from the lighthouse, although few sailed out in the storms of that night as the gusts picked up from the Atlantic blowing across the head, a stiff breeze even for those familiar with the Irish seas. Among the men was John O'Neill, Sabrina’s ancestor and friend of Nikola Tesla and part of the Royal O’Neill clan, like Sabrina’s other ancestor, Michael, it was this clan that had organized the resistance to British rule for centuries now, including the meeting at the lighthouse, which no-one at the lighthouse knew was actually an operation of military deception planted in the future.

Michael knew there was a cover-up of what Tesla really knew, and why he looked at Tesla’s work again, when he read that the neo-fascist President Donald Trump’s uncle had been asked to report on Tesla’s work after he died, and obfuscated Tesla’s work to the government, saying there was nothing important in it, Michael knew there was a cover-up of something very important but didn’t yet know what it was, which would come sometime later and was not directly related to transit anyway but he would use it to suggest to his children to make this seem like the real deal, that space colonization had something to do with Tesla’s inventions, and not the Torc that the Volunteers had on their wrists and had already secreted off to Urnua from a different part of Clifden, that night. The real coverup was Tesla’s knowledge and real goal of synthetic telepathy, not an ability to transport people from one place to another or copy them, even-though that is what Irish Military Intelligence constantly maintained even as far back as leaks in the 19th century before Irish Intelligence existed. This line of deception would go on and on, even feeding into the 1950s centered UFO conspiracies that were embedded in the physics of Pascual Jordan and Burkhard Heim, yes their theories did allow for new and amazing transport in cans all of which would still take far too long to ever reach another habitable planet to be of any real use. So the Irish kept the Anglo-Saxon Machine busy with this line of thought, even to the point of not ever challenging any of the physics as taught in University. They simple, kept quiet about it, knowing it was against history anyway, and second they didn’t want Anglo-Saxon Supremacist company in the Universe either. That transport was easy, it could be done with Tesla machines, that Jordan-Heim propulsion was the same thing that Tesla came up with, just that Tesla had a trick to make it faster, etc. etc. And all of that was bullocks to keep the enemies of the Irish looking for the wrong answers but yet, a half-truth so it was believable enough to be plausible. So with this context in mind, I return to the story of Sabrina’s ancestor and the Fenian Tesla Machine. One further historical note regarding this side story of the founding of Urnua, all this was done under the cover of making the Anglo-Saxons think that the greatest Fenian weapon to ever be created would be that of the submarine, for which the Irish creator of the submarine John Phillip Holland, played a steady role in, knowing that the true purpose of his work was a. to train Michael in submarine warfare, as he served in the US Navy Submarine Service as a Sonar Technician as a teenager, and b. make the Anglo-Saxons feel like they had stopped the Irish from overthrowing the British by taking away the Submarine from the Fenians in America. The current ‘transport experiment’ in Clifden was code-named ‘Operation U-Boat’ by Irish Intelligence on earth and in Urnua, so as to suggest there was a relationship between the two. In the end it’s not exactly a lie or half-lie that the submarine was the greatest weapon in the Fenian struggle although the Fenians never deployed a submarine in the war against Great Britain, but it did teach Michael serving on an American Anglo-Saxon submarine how to defeat the enemy for which his entire strategy was based in his personal war against the Anglo-Saxon Machine. So I apologize for the digressions and explanations but sometimes one must hit briefing points that may not add to the story telling but add to the story.

Sabrina was standing their in a temporal cloak while reviewing the mission parameters with Horus, her Artificial Life (AL) and symbiotic partner, as the foggy dew started to saturate into even her bubble of protection, seemed some molecules just seem to condensate even on low energy force fields. So she pulled her green overcoat a bit closer to her neck. She could see the waves splashing over the plancks of the pier as the men troddled forth up the steps to the entrance of the lighthouse barn, which had been cleared out of the cows for tonights experiment. Sabrina was paying close attention to one thing, and that was the kind of light ball that would be emitted by the Tesla device, she was curious, for her own studies although she was there currently under the premise of the State as part of a security check on consistency. Anyway, she wanted to know how similar it was to their own Torc systems, was it really a very primitive transit system with obvious parallels to the things she sees when she is transiting, the same things about a 1 trilliion other Federation Citizens see when they transit as well. She wanted to know if there were just that white light, that is some luminiscent that if you put your hand in front of your face you won’t be able to see it, the reverse of the darkness, because there is light everywhere and brilliant, like a million flash bulbs popping off at once in a harmonic, waves additive to each other until there is nothing but a great glowing bedazzlement full of cornucopus (cornucopia) shares of delights like fractals of disco balls inside each other, but even that is too coarse, too high a scope, of Planck scales, to really even get the picture across, if you could dance with the pearls of wisdom of Sadra’s balls of light and new that mystical insight you might be able to picture just how beautiful this white cathedral light was. So Sabrina was trying to see how far it was from the science of her day to the reverse engineering of the Torcs to the Tesla ball magic lights, so she watched the men pull out power buses and power buses connect those power buses to a diesel generator then put together two boxes both topped with a silver mettalic sphere like the ones you see in every Tesla stereotype demonstration of free energy. She was trying to imagine what it must have been like for the engineers that did reverse the Torcs, she knew the public story, but as often was the case with Urnua the public story was not the full story and there was usually some Military Intelligence secrets about anything important, such as who reverse engineered and when reverse engineered, so that the public story was just a story most of the time, for consistency while behind the cloak of military secrets the McKern’s could make sure things went harmonically, not harmoniously, but harmonically, as in the proper mathematical sequence so the parts fit together right which could only be achieved by lieing to history about it’s factuality which gave them a number of degrees of freedom, they were the meaning behind the dull outer words of history, open to interpretation. And she waited and waited as screws were turned, valves turned… until finally with a glizz whaaaam booooo hissssssssssss an electronic display of free running particles of negative were lighting up with full photonic bliss in the typical Tesla image well known to all of electricity. And there for a brief second in between pulses of wavy white lightning was a ball of electricity just sitting there levitating, and she saw the Torc for a moment. She didn’t realize it at the time, but that moment would last in her mind for minutes, hourse, days, of activities all centered around understanding that brief beautiful bubble of faint light like it’s opacity had been logorithmically reduced like it’s size in picosecond replay, but to her instantly disappeared, collapsed, how to control the collapse, and does it really collapse, like at the end of the collapse is there another scale of existence where it goes to like Michael always said or used the analogy, and filmed in his San Francisco, Ant Man, is transit the same as Ant Man? She tried to imagine the person or peoples trying to reverse engineer the Torc for the first time, from their blackbox position, not knowing anything else other then some Whittaker Equations passed down for ages and that it was made of brass, or at least on the outside it shimmered like bronze, felt as tough as bronze everything else was yet to be discovered. She tried to remember the Torc Equations from Colaiste, everyone knew the Torc Equations, but knowing the equations to knowing how to wire one up that is a different story, she thought it funny, she couldn’t remember anyone knowing how exactly to wire up a Torc, how to make one, they just were and everybody had one, they just kinda showed up on your wrist when you were old enough for free transit, at age 14, otherwise you had to pester your brothers and sisters for a ride to wherever you wanted and they had to pick you up. Which always led to the inevitable ‘how many of my chores will you do for this ride’, which created a small house market of chore exchange thus creating a dichotomy between older and younger siblings, but that was normal, I mean after-all how many times do you have to come up with shirt designs to be replicated and printed instantly rather then just give the handy-me-downs to the younger ones, simpler, and simpler is Irish, meaning the urnua (shiny new) shirts always went to the older siblings. Thus, a bias was injected into the local household economy which was just part of being Irish and everyone just accepted it that way since that was the simplest way to deal with a problem, but to admit that it really was a problem would be a problem so nobody really ever acknowledged any of that, because that was simpler.

Sabrina looked at her notes one last time, for this event, she saw her ancestor John O’Neill smile at his compatriots, he had been tasked with propaganda in the United States to spread the rumors about the Tesla transit device. She wondered if it was that all Irish people were naturally Intelligence agents or just her ancestors, she remembered Che Guevera though viewed as a Latino Revolutionary was an Irish descendant, is there something about those people. As she had travelled through different parts of Irish history, she had noticed one thing that no matter when you go to in Ireland, there is one thing they always do, and that is trade cows, does each person trading for cows make them sharper or is it something else, something unforeseen? This wasn’t a freckled thing, this was something more universal, something cultural, but anyway, she noticed he seemed a shrewd man, like a man trading cows.

[Sabrina, obviously is the reverse engineer when she goes back to start Urnua a Do, team member, when she gets stuck she messages Major in the future for clues]

**General Headquarters, New Jerusalem a Do, Urnua a Do, the Present**

Major spoke thus, "I know it's weird that Urnua has every society on earth outnumbered with it's mirror but led by the Royal House by at least 10 to 1. So no matter how wayward they had become on earth, they were insignificant compared to those following the Way in space..."

Major didn’t understand why he had been given the task of formulating how long it would take for Urnua to reach it’s maximum population indexed to sustainability for each of the home worlds of the Urnua nation. He had to figure out a model for initial exponential growth then the max out point then the sustainable growth rate for each one, then he had to write a plan of how often they would need to colonize another world to maintain a sustainable growth rate, then write a report to the Siochana Ard Fheis (High Security Council) summing it all up, and to make matters worse everytime he tried to search the archives of the An Beann (Antlers) his queries were redacted with a warning “Access Blocked to User” which meant he couldn’t just grab the finished report which was probably in the Cartlanna Urnuach (Irish National Archives) which on earth sat next to the Dáil in a white marbled Victorian keep, where Michael would take a pee in the antique urinals when tramping about Dublin.

Major knew access would only be blocked if it had information directly related to his history, so he knew that he had to complete this task as a matter of assignment or that is in the sense that Destiny had project managed and he had to write the report which is obviously known by people down the awareness pipeline regarding this report in both the present, past and future so he was kinda screwed as far as the short cuts went on this one, one way or the other he was not to know something ahead of time in his own timeline. He laid back and let out a sigh, and a breath, a tossle of his brownish black hair that was a mixture like himself of both Irish and Chinese genes cut in the traditional Irish fade-- shaved sides of the head leaving long hair on the top and middle of which some was floating up in the air in a sharp bounce to only come back down and rest directly in his right eye. “Murphys Law” Baozhai let out. “Ha Ha” he fakedly retorted.

Baozhai lept into a soliloquy, “You know if you think about it if a weapon is created to fight one’s enemy you would go after the chain of command, starting say with the top, the Ri for instance, what better way to turn a simple Security Office from doing it’s job by poisoning the minds of the people when that office was coming into being. Hence, you see all the religious non-sense to our Ri, the Christ, sitting on the Throne of David, which is to say responsible for the security of the nation, his nation, Éireann Urnua agus Sean-Éirinn in terms of sovereignty. It’s really amazing how the Machine on earth concocted all these different ways to undermine the real actual legitimacy of the Security Office with so many distortions, myths and other folklorish non-sense so as to fill up an entire encyclopedia, yet he was who we say he was and we say he was Michael the Messiah, the first Ri, founder of Urnua, the Heavenly Kingdom with Iarúsailéim nua as it’s capital on Urnua a Do. All as a means of undermining it’s enemy the Irish Security of another world and of earth, and on earth it painted a complete fabrication of the truth, a truth known to some 90% of humans in existence in the Universe, the people of the United Federation of Planets, ‘Sláinte agus saol chugat’ (live long and prosper) as we say. Ironic. But on earth, just to remind you, right now, he sits a virtual prisoner of this same Machine, right now, parallel with us here on A Do?”

Major stared out at the pale yellow glowing wall that the fire hearth was illumating with soft waves of ever changing in pitch and tenor of light. He had to sit there for a minute, it was something to think about, right now my ancestor, our founder, Michael, is sitting in his prison in America…

Michael’s wall was a glow with a changing blue pulsating LED light glow he felt connected to something deeper then himself, where it was he did not know, occasionally he would get a glimpse of Cael at different times in his life, but this time he knew it wasn’t Cael but something or someone else, he thought these convergences where intentional based, that someone was actively thinking of him that he was either on a very deep level spiritually or physically connected to. Michael reminded himself for his next life, “Pay attention in Math class next time. If you think about it, the loss of reverence for the Divine feminine, that other part of El in Elohim, or what we Irish call Eriu or Muire, has led to this notion that women are responsible for men’s aggression toward them, this is not the way of the new Irish, no women should ever have to hide her expression or confidence no matter how she decides to express herself, rather those men, women and other gendered should all hold the feminine with Divine enthrallment or ‘mana’, with sacredness, the Dove Keepers invite in who they choose to invite in, in this day and age, there can be no slavery of any sort, one way or the other, from fetus to birth, let us hold that reverence for the High Feminine and nurture life when it brings itself forth, willing itself to being from the Divine Mother, and since your previous life was true, then your mother is our Muire and you are what your first name is.”

https://ccnmtl.columbia.edu/projects/biology/lecture1/expogrow.html

**Urnua A Haon, Nov. 18, 1892**

Cael, was in his tent, he was familiar with the cool chill, the feel of it, as he had visited this site for many times to commemorate the founding of A Hoan, travelling with his family from A Do each Nov. 17, Genesis Day, like any national holiday on earth, festive and bright, and capped by a mad fireworks display, and of course a coordinated Raven’s show to patriotic heart stirring music, the Ri and his or her family would be their, their Tanaiste and the High Council members and their families, all standing on the raised portico that overlooked the main square, where Cael was camped absent the walls and ornaments of over 150 years of development on A Hoan had given them. He had just retired from his term as 54th Ri na H Eireann Urnua agus Sean-Eirinn, a title he shared with his father on earth, but his father had given the order that as a prisoner he should be viewed as incapacitated and that his creation of Urnua’s Tanaiste, Cael, be promoted to Ri, this caused some consternation and confusion to the various intelligence agencies monitoring the thoughts of Michael on earth, since he had been for a very long time only talking about his Tanaiste on earth, Cael can’t be two places at once you know, not even in Urnua, Padraigh Joseph McKern of Belfast, who was raised by a family related to a well known Oglach of the Provisional Irish Republican Army, born in 1991 in West Belfast, protected not just by the Provos and Republic of Ireland, but by the British state itself. Mind you in the present on earth, the establishment of the various national security apparati think that is all there is to the McKern’s. Urnua is nothing more then a fantasy of Michael’s, so even by delegating authority from Cael to his half-brother on earth, it served a military intelligence purpose. So Cael was trying to get the generational timing down, trying to figure out if he had the right numbers, as he referenced an ancient family prophecy that had been passed down through the descendants of Jesus Christ through both Mary Magdalene and Mary of Bethany. He read the prophecy a fifth time for the evening as Michael had prepared them for his children:

“The tree of life lives in the middle of another garden. It is the  
olive tree from which the oil of anointment is drawn. Thanks to it,  
resurrection is possible.” Gospel of Thomas   
  
A Prophecy [from Document 4]:  
“Now it came to pass in those days that a Priestess of the Goddess  
[Asherah] from the village of Bethany of the Tribe of Benjamin and a  
keeper of the Sacred Doves was affianced to a man called Yeshua for  
she had served her six years. Now Yeshua was of the House of David,  
the King and they were married  
  
And Yeshua rebelled against the oppressors, against Rome and was  
defeated, but many Romans were devotees of the Mother [Asherah] and  
were unwilling to kill her priestess who was with child. So Mirieam  
took ship and was secretly smuggled into Gael [Gaul] where she was  
delivered and there she abode many years. Now she bore a daughter who  
was exceedingly fair and the king of that place looked upon her and  
demanded that she be his wife but she was promised to the Goddess.  
But the king would not have it so and took her and made her his wife  
and she bore him a son and a daughter.  
  
But the Goddess was exceeding wrath for his rape of her daughter and  
cursed him saying ‘Thye seed shall be estranged from me and thine  
inheritance taken from thee.  Thy seed shall end by piercing of an eye  
and so shall thine inheritance [curse] cease.  
  
Yet for the sake of my priestess whom thou ravished shall I forgive  
thee and thy seed if they fulfull those labours which I shall give  
them.  
  
They must fight and capture that which was lost to the oppressors of  
thy wife though they shall not hod it for they shall suffer betrayal  
(as thou betrayed me).  Unless thy seed shall end the House of their  
betrayers by piercing the eye of it’s Liege [striking down the all  
seeing Eye on the Pyrmaid].  To this family shall I award greatness if  
they return to me and from this time to that shall be four and one  
hundred generations”  
(pg. 124, “The God Kings of Europe” by Hugh Montgomery, 2006)

Ataulf was 25yo in 395AD, so 104 generations from around then

104 x 17.19 = 1787.76 + 395AD = 2182.76 subtract 150 years (1892-2042) the year 2042.76, gives us 104 generations with a temporal overlap of Urnua and Earth from 1892, when Urnua A Haon is established, to the founding of Urnua a Do, the creation of the Kingdom of God. Thus, each generation is 17 years and the age of consent and legal adulthood (full citizen) is 17. Giving us 104 generations from the marriage of the descendant of Jesus to King Ataulf of the Visigoths ending with the migration from A Haon to A Do of the original settlers of both A Haon agus A Do. The Founding of A Do represents the victory through A Do of the clan, who are the descendants of Jesus through this marriage.

[around a 100 years before Christ the Jews dropped the Divine Feminine  
partner, Asherah, to Yahweh, in Hebrew Elohim is plural: Heavenly  
Father and Heavenly Mother. This was resurrected in the teachings of  
Joseph Smith although not taught today] Hugh Montgomery notes that the  
Georgiana Reilly manuscript is privately published, like a family  
tradition, Montgomeries are of the Bloodline if the legend is true,  
Georginia published it in 1820 it was transcribed again in 1920 by  
J.C. Montgomery, The Book of Zion. Almost certainly part of the  
Scaliger’s manuscripts. There is another version known called the  
Berlin Manuscript note 19, pg. 62, God Kings of Europe]  
William Montgomery (1633-1706) also played a role in these documents.  
He was educated at the University of Leiden where he studied Latin,  
Greek and Hebrew. He translated two of these documents into English  
(Documents 3 and 4) using an English not dissimilar to the Authorised  
Version of the Bible. These versions he kept and later put them into  
the Library of County Down, Ireland, when appointed "Custos Rotulorum"  
by the Duke of Ormonde. It is also quite likely that he translated the  
following Document 1 fragment.

Cael reflected on the explanation that had been handed down in scoil regarding the prophecies, first the Thomas prophecy meant that the land of the return of Christ was not Judah, but some other land. Second, the 104 generations prophecy was one that spoke of actions to be performed and according to history and to Michael’s intuition when he made the orders to colonize Urnua the way we are doing, and have already done, only then would victory be achievable which is why they were to take place in the past, which is something that cannot be unchanged. It already for Cael was a done deed, as one raised in Urnua a Do a 1000 years after the Seventh generation will go back from a Haon to a Do, he knew his history well, and his own role in it, and those would be his descendants that would found a Do, Michael knew he needed to be sure the job got done right so Cael, his beloved son, that was a ghostly mirror to him, was the person to do it, and on earth all the Intelligence Agencies wondered if Michael had just imagined the whole thing up, without realizing that in the Beginning was the Word.

The call to assembly beamed out from a trumpet in the centre of the encampments, that those not from A Do did not recognize to be the layout of the great square that was to be built by those currently assembled. Cael strode out of his tent with a demeanor that no one would ever think to be that of the King of the planet for all intensive purposes, non-chalant, perhaps even playful, as he kicked some stones out of the way, smirking to himself knowing what this place would turn into over the next seven generations. He was a figure that many viewed similar to his father, in a position of destiny, bounded on one hand by a known history, and on the other hand knowing that his work transcended his own self, and his own desires but alas he had to do what his father had done, and that was to get the job done for his children, of which he knew there was plenty. He looked up and down the several hundred people gathered in rows, a shabby military formation aside from the actual military he had brought from a Do, and the patched together IRA from earth that assembled itself of the multitude of eras they represented, those who had served the military of the Republic had come from different points in history starting with the 9 from the 1916 rising up, that they snatched away since they were missing anyway. Some from the civil war on both sides of the question, a question that quickly disappeared once it they understood where they were and why such and such had to take place, others from UN Peace keeping missions, others straight forward volunteers a few from each generation since the war of Independence on earth, with the final volunteers from the year 2042 which was very informative to the other volunteers except for the Royal Guards from A Do that came with Cael since everything on earth was known to A Do since this point in Urnuach Stair (New Irish history).

Cael had prepared some remarks, he tried to remember the main points mention in his history class growing up. He remembered that the main point was regarding the difficult question of knowledge and pre-ordainment. He rambled along with the usual lecture that each cadet had received in their military training, he noticed some of the A Do members yawning and staring off into space with boredom, for John O’Reilly a farmer that had just received his cert from Trinity in civil engineering, he was from Gweedore in Donegal and spoke with an accent similar to the very soft Urnuach Irish dialect who never know the Republic of Ireland or a place called Northern Ireland for his Ireland of 1892 was still part of the British Empire a full generation yet to go for the Republic to come to being. It was hard for him to comprehend that his work would save not just Ireland but the entirety of human existence, let alone create the Fenian dream of a Republic and then not even end there but go on to lead to the return of Christ and the Heavenly Kingdom, yet here he was staring at a strange landscape, yet so much like that of Ireland, located in the foggy rainy area of a continent, looking at a night sky with multiple moons and constellations he had never scene before, that was what convinced him it was all really happening, he knew no one could fake a sky. John O’Reilly would be part of a team to lay out the settlements, he was joined by an Irish military officer from 2019 that had studied sustainable development, also a farmer by birth but from Co. Wexford, a mix of native and Anglo-Irish, with a degree in Agriculture from NUI Corchaigh (Cork). He was surprised when his UI lit up notifying him of his being drafted into the project, his superiors bought him a customary whiskey bottle, that would be the only indication in anyway on earth that his Commander would give recognizing his commitment, and soon he would be listed as absent. His parents also would say nothing other then the small customs that were known to exist which never explicitly referenced a loved one being drafted and leaving, never to be scene again. His father, gave him a sturdy handshake, handed him a flag with the Starry Plough, and his mother made him his favourite meal, his siblings sat around the table, offering him tea, again and again as their allusion to their connection with him and how he would be missed around the table at Holidays.

Some were novices to intergalactic colonization, others were seasoned veterans, such as Cael, others needed to be taught everything from scratch by those more seasoned, especially non-linearity the main teaching for this work. Cael continued on his speech of knowledge and pre-ordainment, “Each of you need’s to answer for ye selves one question, that is ‘how much knowledge of my future do I want to know, is it better not to know or is it better to know. So while you are adjusting to your new lives here and the work assignments are passed out, meditate on this question. And if you get stuck on a problem you may ask one of from A Do if they should help you, and if you want to know who you become or what you do.” Sgt. Bill Donaldson from the PSNI looked around to see what others had thought of all this, he was more then a token Protestant Unionist from Northern Ireland of 2005, fresh from training police from Serb and Bosnac communities in the Balkans, he had been drafted and shocked by the culture he was to join, though he had heard rumours of it from his father that had been in the UVF. He thought to himself, “I shall certainly need to talk to an A Do person about all this, how do I and the other Unionists fit into this?”. He had been assigned to the policing division, which to his shock was called the Gardai.

Sgt. Donaldson approached his commander a burly balding man that like him was also from Northern Ireland, he had thought he had died in a mine clearing accident a few years before him, but strangely there he stood. Commissioner Montgomery, whose mother was an O’Neill, stood there in his dress Urnuach Garda uniform, he had brought it to paint a sharp picture for his new recruits. “Sir,” Sgt. Donaldson respectfully intoned, “how is we as Unionists are here working with these Taigs?” Montgomery looked at him sternly and told him to lower his voice and to never use that derisive term for Irish Catholics again. “I’m sorry sir, I guess I’m just nervous and confused, but why would they want us here.” The Commissioner had arrived among the Urnuach earlier then the others to prepare him for his duty, which was well known to a Do. It came as a shock when they showed him the world of 2042, where entire nations lay in ruin for reasons he chose not to discuss with the Sgt. That standing alone against the madness were the Celts of the British Isles, that over the chaos that engulfed the mid 21st century that the Ireland became united, but not just ending there but also Scotland and Wales and Northern Ireland were all one nation, of which Urnua was the embodiment, and the native Irish the leaders of, for they had won their freedom earlier then the others and the others freedom came from it. It quite simply was a matter of survival and history for all the Unionists of NI to join with their Irish Catholic Republican neighbors since they were definitely going to survive the Last Days of Earth. Sgt. Donaldson was white and pale, perhaps in a sorta shock. The Commissioner gave him a glass of water, and started telling him the tale of the planet set aside for people like them, a planet for the Greavers, a planet for the Ulster Scots, the two sat up late into the wee hours discussing history and cooperation with the Irish, needless to say Sgt. Donaldson never looked at his freckles in the same light again.

The first task for the work crew was to construct a well for water, it came as a suprise to the members from A Do that a creek was running down the middle of what they knew as Cearnóg an bhFiann (Soldier’s Square), named after the members of the original encampment of Camp New Jerusalem. John O’Reilly was busy trying to figure out how to get the gravitational displacement digger to work, pushing the load off to the side too far one way, then the next, he was making more of a mess then progress until he got a hang of moving dirt with his thoughts and an Tesla Energy Translator that was a common tool on A Do for several hundred years now, for an A Doach it was kinda like watching a baby figure out how to roll a wheel for the first time. The A Doach had brought all their gadgets they could think of that they might need, anything they forgot was easy enough to retrieve from the Supply Corps back on A Do, after all even if they travelled in the present A Do had existed for around 870 years in 1892 and an A Doach member could freely travel between A Haon and A Do since they already knew their history.

It was only a matter of minutes before a 40m well had been dug, with a large pool, it sat under a Haon ‘Oak’ tree with low hanging branches perfect for Holy Well rituals common among the Irish of earth, it would eventually be known as Tobar Niamh Éiru (St. Éiru’s Well). After it was the soil had been removed the Fithich (Ravens, sing. Fitheach) flew down and did some constructing using their energy beam technology to create a well ornamented Celtic styled facade that had the appearance of a white and blue mosaic of intricate triskelles. The clean water had entered the chamber and began filling up the pool and well cavern. All were happy to see something tangible from their work, each from their particular locality finally working with other Irish to achieve the start of what would become known as history. The faces of the non-colonial Irish showed suprise and excitement, while the A Doach had smirks on their faces, knowing what they knew, they were also happy that they wouldn’t have to do much work since all the newcomers had to figure out how to work all the tools anyway.

John O’Reilly looked at his watch which by earth time indicated only an hour had gone by since he started digging and the project was completed, he gulped not realizing how easy it was to do work on Urnua thanks to A Do. He looked around at the others and asked, what do we do now? An engineer from A Do, *Leifteanant* Francisco Gomez an-Azatlanach McKern, answered while handing John O’Reilly a Gaelic football, ‘we play now’, John O’Reilly looked at Francisco and asked what the ball was for, Francisco had forgotten that Gaelic sports hadn’t become a thing yet for John’s time. Their work was done for the day, observing the A Do penchant for taking things slowly, never in a hurry.

Kathleen Walsh sat by the edge of the new pool, a pool that was well remembered by her, she noticed some of the differences between this pool and the one of her times, later a grove of A Haon ‘Oaks’ would encircle it rather then just the one tree, there would be added ornamentations arrayed around the grounds of the Holy Well by succeeding generations of A Haonach before the Migration to A Do back to 1021. She was to rise in a minute as a priest from A Do was to bless the pool, as everything made on Urnua was always dedicated to Dia (Elohim), with each new structure, each new invention, each new new thing, always dedicated and blessed by the Catholic Priests, in this case a priest from A Do was Mother Kathleen Walsh having for centuries, since the beginning, for obvious reasons, there had been a female priesthood, and of course there was not on Earth because things had to be consistent with history as experienced by the volunteers. She rose from her position on the edge of the pool. Cross to the peak of the small droicheda siul (foot bridge, Heimdall’s bridge) there she took off her purple cape letting it fall behind her preparing for the ritual ablution, pulling out a wand she made the sign of the cross, her tender voice calling out: ‘A ainm an Athar , agus a Mhic , agus an Spioraid Naoimh’. She raised the wand to the those who had gathered for the blessing of the Well, which was everyone not on watch or cooking the evening meal, this was a culture based in old Irish spiritual values untainted by the Machine, she raised her wand while making the cross to all assembled being sure to look at the people as she motioned from left to right, the people crossed themselves. Then slowly she bent down to take cups of water from the Well in her hand, and as she did this they all did the same where they stood around the holding pond of the Well. Mother Kathleen spoke the blessing while pouring water over each hand, her face and finally the crown of her head, then kneeling lifting your hands before themselves upwards toward the heavens positioned in the same spot as activating the Torc, saying this small prayer:

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| “Athair neamhaí agus Máthair neamhaí  treoir dúinn  chosaint dúinn  coinnigh orainn ar an gcosán  in ainm an Íosa Críost  amen | Holy Father and Holy Mother (Elohim)  guide us  protect us  keep us on the path  In the name of Jesus Christina  so be it. |

She rose and the crowd rose with her, they said their Hail Mary’s then their Our Fathers, and then they wished each other peace, and then the well was blessed, and the water from that Holy Well would bless every other thing on a Haon. Mother Kathleen, took out a dove from her over wide sleeves that she had put there as the Dove Keepers, and she released the dove which flew around the pool above the crowd twice before resting on the upper branches of the ‘Oak’ tree. Then Kathleen ripped a part of her holy skirt, she stood under the tree made a private prayer calling on Ériu and tied her ripped cloth to the branch with a golden necklace of Naomh Críostóir (St. Christopher), it hung there for 3 generations before they realized it should be in a Museum, soon to be inherited by the refugees from Earth in our present, and Mother Kathleen was the first of what would evolve into multitudes to say a prayer at the Holy Well of Ériu. Her great-grandchildren led the procession of the untying of the cloth and it’s slow removal on a march to the a Haon Archives.   
 Cael had returned to his quarters after the ceremonies, he was tending to some boring tedious official duties, writing up a few instructions, he typed out in his An Beann a brief standing order: “Volunteers shall be able to take leave on A Do, please fill out the necessary chit and file through your Regimental Master Sargeant or Commanding Officer.” He would wind down his night be viewing his memory file from a few years ago, when as young officer he was able to take his Mother to see Michael at a bar in Olympia, Washington which involved first going to the future, but a future already known on A Do, to retrieve his nearly 50yo mother, to take her back many years into the past of 2011 to see Michael one last time, he often would review these memories he liked to watch the moment when an unaware Michael returned to the bar to buy her a beer, and also why he had to make her disappear just before then, like a flash, she vanished with the Torc. Michael didn’t understand how his former love could be standing there, or why she looked so older then him, when she was so much younger then him in linear time, he stared at his beer, thinking he was losing it, while those who by now were in the know, knew what had just transpired and gave Michael his space, as he felt great love in his heart, remembering how he had told her about his fantasy about making a time machine so many years before. The flicker of the UI dimmed in Cael’s eyes and he fell asleep, knowing that his mother was safe on A Do, already, she had chosen to live a life with her son, and raised her and Michael’s daughter in Irish paradise.

**General Headquarters,** **Iarúsailéim Nua a Do, Urnua a Do, the Present**

A state should always be peaceful, so it’s capital should always be the abode of peace ‘jerusalem’; peace between it’s citizens within the nation, peace between the nations outside itself. -Bunaitheoir Mhichil

Major stared at the inscription that hung over the long arch to GHQ Mess Hall, one would read it after finishing their meal on their way back to the working sections. Major was on his way back to a group meeting for his squadron. He was still working on his tedious assignment of figuring out expansion rates, he thought for sure after working with the Tanaiste that his next assignment would be more intriguing then this, that was until, a senior officer pulled him aside as he walked down the hall a few days ago with a disconcerted angry look on his face. The officer pointed out the fact that to gain promotion one must be able to prove that they can do the tedious inglorious work along with the headline assignments on the classified network of the An Beann. Since then he had eased back on the frustration attitude, even Sabrina McKern Uí Afraic had noticed that in their work and private time they shared together he had been more focused and relaxed.

Major received a memo from his Squadron Leader, it read:

“Officers and Enlisted, Please remember to fill in your schedule on the An Beann, with all the different McKerns and their different religions and national homeworlds it is impossible to keep track of holiday time off. I need this to schedule in-person meetings and for cross-temporal synchronizations with work teams not of our local time. That is all. Commander McKern

1. meeting, plan of the week, some more information on the United Federation of Planets

1b. side story about how the US Flag is prohibited in New Britain and the policing of American dissidents and their terrorism in the English speaking colonies. The debate within the UFP to use mind policing against them or not to use mind policing.

2. Major and Sabrina go to New London to her flat, cross paths with Michael Ui Germainach briefly, have a night of it, eventually stumbling upon the Jedi legend, which is told through the Greek style tragedy they go to at the theatre, the three actors are the Ghost of Christmas Past, the Ghost of Christmas Present and the Ghost of Christmas Future; Chorus are the Antareans, telling their story of Star Wars pre-history. Part about how Sabrinas ancestors migrated to New London a few centuries ago from New Africa, a couple hundred years after the founding of New Africa, showing how there is open immigration, etc. blah blah blah leftist republicans.

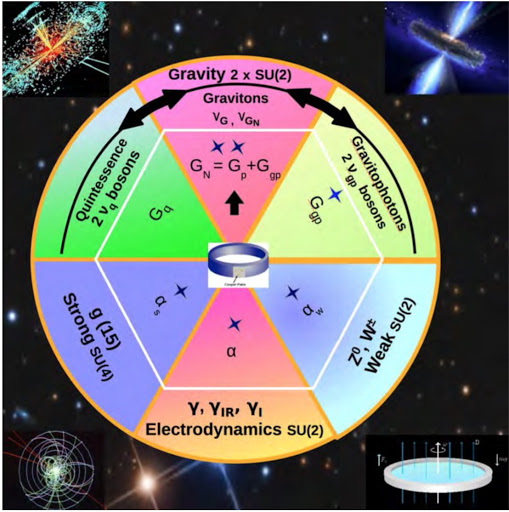
3. Preps for departure to Urnua a Haon back to 1892 to start reverse engineering the Torcs they have with them, again how destiny is the project manager.

The Cé Corps concept introduced here:

the etymology of Jedi originates with the New British translation into Bearla (English language) of the term for the Royal Guard, the Jetty Corp in English. Which through interaction of Antareans with english speaking people they took this information with them, to their space and time, 6X100,000 years before the present. Okay, so the Antareans form the pre-history of the Star Wars universe

Avengers six stones also came from the Antareans, the McKern Royal House is descended from Thor that is what gave them their psychic powers ontop of being freckled. Six = Heim’s Six Fundamental Forces or Interactions. Infinity stones:

Heim expanded upon EGP to suggest that all of the fundamental forces of nature (gravitation, electromagnetism, strong nuclear interaction and weak nuclear interaction) emerge from adding extra dimensions to those of space and time. The four dimensions of space and time remain, but Heim proposed that with two additional dimensions the six dimensional model could account not just for the four known fundamental interactions but also new gravity-like fundamental interactions



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| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| Name | Color | | Powers and capabilities | Known users | Pocket universe (2018–present) |
| Original (1972–2016) | [Marvel Legacy](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Marvel_Legacy) (2017–present) |
| **Mind** | Blue | Yellow | Allows the user to enhance their mental and [psionic](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_psychic_abilities) abilities and access the thoughts and dreams of other beings. At full potential, when backed by the Power Gem, the Mind Gem can access all minds in existence simultaneously. The Mind Gem is also the manifestation of the universal subconscious. | Anthony Edward Stark (Tony Stark); [Grandmaster](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Grandmaster_(Marvel_Comics)); Thanos; Nebula; Adam Warlock; [Moondragon](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Moondragon); Magus; Rune; Primevil (Malibu Comics); Galactus; [Professor X](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Professor_X); Hood; [Ms. Marvel](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ms._Marvel); [Beast](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Beast_(comics)); Turk Barrett; [Requiem](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gamora); [Kamala Khan](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kamala_Khan); Loki, [Vision](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Vision_(Marvel_Comics)) | **The Mindscape**: allows the user to bring anything they imagine or dream of to life. Overseen by the [Sleepwalkers](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sleepwalkers_(comics)). |
| **Power** | Red | Purple | Allows the user to access and manipulate all forms of energy and/or powers; i.e. enhancing their physical strength and durability; augment any superhuman ability; and boost the effects of the other five Gems. At full potential, the Power Gem grants the user [omnipotence](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Omnipotence). | Anthony Edward Stark (Tony Stark); [Champion of the Universe](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Champion_of_the_Universe); Thanos; Nebula; Adam Warlock; [Drax the Destroyer](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Drax_the_Destroyer); Thor; Magus; Rune; [Lord Pumpkin](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lord_Pumpkin); Galactus; [She-Hulk](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/She-Hulk); [Titania](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mary_MacPherran); Mister Fantastic; The Hood; [Red Hulk](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Red_Hulk); Xiambor; Namor; The Juggernaut; [Nova Corps](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nova_Corps); [Star-Lord](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Star-Lord); [Requiem](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gamora); [Emma Frost](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Emma_Frost); Loki; [Ronan the Accuser](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ronan_the_Accuser) | **The Arena**: resembles a Colosseum where heroes fight each other in a contest of might. Ruled by Dynamus, the living embodiment of the Power Cosmic. |
| **Reality** | Yellow | Red | Allows the user to fulfill their wishes, even if the wish is in direct contradiction with [scientific laws](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Scientific_law), and do things that would normally be impossible. At full potential, when backed by the other five Gems, the Reality Gem allows the user to alter reality on a universal scale and also create any type of [alternate reality](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Parallel_universe_(fiction)) the user wishes. | Anthony Edward Stark (Tony Stark); [Stranger](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stranger_(comics)); [Collector](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Collector_(comics)); Thanos; Nebula; Adam Warlock; Rune; [Night Man](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Night_Man); Galactus; [Black Bolt](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Black_Bolt); Hood; Iron Man; Black Widow; Vision; [Carol Danvers](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Carol_Danvers); [Requiem](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gamora); [Kang the Conqueror](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kang_the_Conqueror); Loki; Ripley Ryan | **World Pool**: used to access alternate realities, which are portrayed as an endless comic book collection. Overseen by Archivus, the chronicler of the Multiverse. |
| **Soul** | Green | Orange | Allows the user to steal, control, manipulate, and alter living and dead souls; as well as animate the motionless. The Soul Gem also acts as a gateway to an idyllic pocket universe. At full potential, when backed by the Power Gem, the Soul Gem grants the user control over all life in the universe. | Anthony Edward Stark (Tony Stark); [High Evolutionary](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/High_Evolutionary); [Adam Warlock](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Adam_Warlock); [Gardener](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gardener_(comics)); [In-Betweener](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/In-Betweener); [Thanos](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thanos); [Nebula](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nebula_(comics)); [Magus](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Magus_(comics)); [Doctor Strange](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Doctor_Strange); [Ultron](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ultron)/[Hank Pym](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hank_Pym); [Requiem](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gamora); [Loki](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Loki_(Marvel_Comics)) | **Soul World**: the final resting place for all lost spirits. Overseen by the Soul-Eater Devondra. |
| **Space** | Purple | Blue | Allows the user to exist in any location; move any object anywhere throughout reality; warp or rearrange space; teleport themselves and others; increase their speed, and alter the distance between objects contrary to the laws of physics. At full potential, when backed by the Power Gem, the Space Gem grants the user [omnipresence](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Omnipresence). | Anthony Edward Stark (Tony Stark); [Runner](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Runner_(comics)); Thanos; Nebula; Adam Warlock; [Pip the Troll](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pip_the_Troll); [Iron Man](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Iron_Man_(comics)); [Hood](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hood_(comics)); [Wolverine](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wolverine_(character)); Black Widow; [Requiem](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gamora); [Black Bolt](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Black_Bolt); Loki | **The Vast**: an endless expanse of empty existence stretching on into forever. Its ruler is unknown. |
| **Time** | Orange | Green | Allows the user to see into the past and the future; stop, slow down, speed up or reverse the flow of time; [travel through time](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Time_travel); change [the past](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Alternate_history) and [the future](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Time_travel_in_fiction); age and de-age beings, and trap people or entire universes in unending loops of time. At full potential, when backed by the Power Gem, the Time Gem grants the user [omniscience](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Omniscience) and total control over the past, present, and future. | Anthony Edward Stark (Tony Stark); Gardener; Thanos; Nebula; Adam Warlock; Gamora; [Doctor Strange](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Doctor_Strange); [Maxam](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Maxam); [Magus](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Magus); Rune; [Hardcase](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hardcase); Galactus; [Namor](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Namor); [Thor](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thor_(Marvel_Comics)); [Mister Fantastic](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mister_Fantastic); [Iron Man](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Iron_Man); [Lockheed](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lockheed_(comics)); [Black Widow](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Black_Widow_(Marvel_Comics)); [Kl'rt](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Super-Skrull); [Requiem](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gamora); [Ant-Man](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ant-Man_(Scott_Lang)); Loki; Hector Bautista | **Ellipsis**: manipulates the flow of time for anyone within it. Its ruler is unknown. |

Additional Gems have appeared in crossover media and alternate universes outside the Marvel Universe.

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| Name | Color | Powers and capabilities | Known owners |
| **Ego** | White | The Ego Gem contains the consciousness of the [cosmic entity](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cosmic_entities_(Marvel_Comics)) Nemesis and recreates her when united with the other six Gems. The Ego Gem is found in the [Ultraverse](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ultraverse) when the Asgardian god [Loki](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Loki_(Marvel_Comics)) attempts to steal the other six Gems. | [Sersi](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sersi); Nemesis |
| **Rhythm** | Pink | A seventh, fake "Rhythm Gem" is created by Loki as part of a scheme in the [*Marvel Super Hero Squad: The Infinity Gauntlet*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Marvel_Super_Hero_Squad:_The_Infinity_Gauntlet) video game. | [Loki](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Loki_(Marvel_Comics)); [Enchantress](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Enchantress_(Marvel_Comics)); [Thanos](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thanos) |
| **Build** | Red | In the [*Lego Marvel Super Heroes - Guardians of the Galaxy: The Thanos Threat*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lego_Marvel_Super_Heroes_-_Guardians_of_the_Galaxy:_The_Thanos_Threat) animated film, a seventh Infinity Stone, the Build Stone, exists, with the power to build virtually anything. It is sought by Thanos, who wants to use it to create a powerful weapon. |  |
| **Death** | Yellow | In [*The Infinity Gauntlet*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Infinity_Gauntlet_(2015_comic_book)) 2015 limited series, released as part of the [*Secret Wars*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Secret_Wars_(2015_comic_book)) crossover event, Anwen Bakian uses the Reality Stone to create the Death Stone. Anwen gives it to Thanos, and it corrupts him with black matter and turns him to dust. | Anwen Bakian; [Thanos](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thanos) |
| **Continuity** | Black | In an issue of the *Deadpool* comic series, Deadpool gets his hands on the Continuity Stone, which gives the characters the power to talk to the comic book writers themselves.[[*citation needed*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wikipedia:Citation_needed)] | Deadpool |

## O

Jedi Temple on [Ahch-To](https://screenrant.com/star-wars-rise-skywalker-rey-ahchto-return-reason/) (Skellig Mhichil) contains a mural that represents the Prime Jedi, the first jedi. So that the Star Wars movies on earth are actually Intelligence leaks from Urnua.

Chosen One Prophecy: *"A Chosen One shall come, born of no father [or to a virgin], and through him will ultimate balance in the Force be restored."*

it is hard to understand how one can teleport a zygote from a woman in one spacetime to another spacetime, say 9 years later, and as a lesbian give birth to a son, but at that later period in the Latter Days it was at least understandable by technology. Of course if you can pan down to 10-32/m then the size of a micrometer 10-3/m of a zygote, it seems rather trivial to teleport on the microscale between these spaces. Of course it’s also worth a blue ribbon cow to mention that there other ways to create children even on earth of the present. It’s just illegal by earth laws, of course, Urnua would not have had the numerical superiority it does today, if the previous was not bona fide science, fact, empirical data.

So the Messiah not born this day in the present who shall come is Michael’s son, the 56th Rí, the chosen one, the one that Michael lived his life for, knowing it was himself in the most true sense of self, his soul, born to an lesbian Irish in America returned to her homeland in Doire and her clan, married to an American lover, the ex-lover of Michael during a brief destined relationship, and sometimes Destiny gives you something far greater then you could ever have in normal life, she was like a Greek Goddess to Michael, far out of his hobo punter league, homosexual love raising the ‘Lord’ as many others would say, but not the Irish, he was simply Seosí (Show-see, Eng. Joey), but not using his first name, Íosa (Jesus), at least not until he became the High Chief (Rí, in formality Ard Rí, Hebrew. melech hamlachim - adon ha'adonim מלך המלכים, the Mashiach משיח, Greek Cristos, the Christ like all Ri).

Ríthe (plural, genetive) Ard Rí or “Rí”, King/Queen of the UFP, uirrí (national king), *[rí-ulchabhán](https://www.wordsense.eu/rí-ulchabhán/" \l "Irish)* ("eagle owl") *[ríocht](https://www.wordsense.eu/ríocht/" \l "Irish)* ("kingdom"), *[iníon rí](https://www.wordsense.eu/iníon_rí/" \l "Irish)* ("princess"), *[mac rí](https://www.wordsense.eu/mac_rí/" \l "Irish)* ("prince"), *[ríshliocht](https://www.wordsense.eu/ríshliocht/" \l "Irish)* ("dynasty"), *[uirrí](https://www.wordsense.eu/uirrí/" \l "Irish)* ("tributary king") *[rígan](https://www.wordsense.eu/rígan/" \l "Old_Irish)* ("queen") *[rígdae](https://www.wordsense.eu/rígdae/" \l "Old_Irish)* ("royal; palace") *[rígdacht](https://www.wordsense.eu/rígdacht/" \l "Old_Irish)* ("palace")

### [Fiach Dubh](https://www.etsy.com/se-en/market/fiach_dubh)

One story concerning the blackbird (fitheach, fithich pl.) is about St.Kevin, an Irish 7th century Saint who loved wildlife. It is said that in the temple of the rock at Glendalough, St.Kevin was praying with his hand outstretched upwards when a blackbird flew down and laid her eggs in his palm. The story goes on to say that the saint remained still for as long as it tookfor the eggs to hatch and the brood to fly the nest. Place blackbird feathers under someone's pillow and they will tell you their innermost secrets. Blackbirds symbolize reincarnation. Blackbirds are linked to the element of Water

Many tribes across the country not only believe that owls have a correlation to death, but also the afterlife. Tribes such as the Lakota, Omaha, Cheyenne, Fox, Ojibwa, Menominee, Cherokee, and Creek consider owls to be either an embodied spirit of the dead or associated with a spirit in some way. In some cases, the appearance of an owl, especially during the day, may be a harbinger of death. One story tells of an owl creature that stands in the sky, allowing some individuals to pass on to the land of the dead, and condemning others to a ghostly life roaming the earth forever.

**Dymphna – Stag or poet – Irish/Gaelic**

### Eire

The deer was said to be a fairy creature that could pass between the worlds. This was especially true for a white deer. Fionn’s wife Sabha became a deer when she went to the Otherworld. Beautiful women frequently became deer in many tales while fleeing from hunters. The Druid Tuan mac Carill is the sole survivor of a group of early Partholanian Irish settlers. He lives at first as a wildman of the woods eventually becoming a stag, an eagle, a salmon and eventually is reincarnated as himself at a much later date to give the ancient history of Ireland to the more recent settlers.

**For example, St. Patrick was said to have transformed himself and his companions into deer in order to escape a trap laid by a pagan king. In the Welsh tale of Culhwch and Olwen, the stag is one of the oldest animals in the world, along with the blackbird, the owl, the eagle and the salmon.**  
**The antlers of the stag are compared to tree-branches and thus may represent fertility. Since they are shed and re-grown every year, they may also symbolise rejuvenation and rebirth. Cernunnos, the Celtic Horned God, was depicted with the antlers of a stag; he is said to be a god of fertility and plenty, and to be the Lord of the Beasts. According to some, his antlers symbolise a radiation of heavenly light. Images of stags were supposedly used to symbolise Cernunnos in non-human form.**

**In the Celtic tradition the hunting of a Stag was symbolic for the pursuit of wisdom.**

**In the role of the White Hart/Hind, where the deer is a messenger from the Otherworld, then the time of year is associated with Samhuin/Halloween when the bridge between the Otherworld and ours is thin and messages find it easier to arrive**

Ogham

Beith is associated with the White Stag which symbolizes high ideals and aspirations. Beith is associated with beginnings, perhaps a fresh start where old ideas and unhelpful influences need to be cast aside.

**Algiz: This rune represents the horns (beann) of an Elk, which the Elk uses to protect itself. This rune has the meaning of protection. This is not a protection by way of physical means. This is a holy protection. Algiz is a holy aura that simply repels harm. This rune also represents a sanctuary, a holy enclosure or grove where all are safe.**

According to tradition, the high king was originally crowned at [Lia Fáil](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lia_Fáil) upon the Hill of Tara in Meath, in the Kingdom of Mide. When stood upon by a candidate for the throne, if they were the rightful High King of Ireland, the stone monument was said to loudly roar in joy. The stone was supposedly split by the sword of [Cuchulain](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cuchulain) when it refused to acknowledge his preferred candidate [Lugaid Riab nDerg](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lugaid_Riab_nDerg), following which it never called out again.

White Dove

Doves served as icons of fertility and procreation and were associated with the goddesses Ishtar, Astarte, Aphrodite and the early Judaic goddess of Canaan, [Asherah](http://news.discovery.com/history/god-wife-yahweh-asherah-110318.html) (statue pictured). Early Israelites believed Asherah to be the consort of their god Yahweh. As the Judaic religion evolved, the dove came to represent the feminine spirit of God and God's love for his people. White doves, a sign of immaculacy, were sacrificed as offerings, both as restitution for guilty acts and as a rite of purification. The gospel of Luke states that Mary and Joseph went to the Temple and sacrificed two doves after Jesus was born, as prescribed by law.  
  
Appearing throughout the Bible, the dove was also regarded as oracular, a means by which the divine could communicate with man. Noah sent a dove out in search of land. When the dove returned holding an olive branch in its beak, Noah knew it was safe to leave the ark - a sign from God that penance had been served.

As time has progressed, Christian lore has used the dove to represent the Holy Spirit or "heavenly messenger." In Circlot's *[A Dictionary of Symbols](http://books.google.com/books?id=-ECFg1a_6bgC&printsec=frontcover&source=gbs_ge_summary_r&cad=0" \l "v=snippet&q=dove&f=false)*, the dove "is also symbolic of souls, a motif which is common in Visigothic and Romanesque art. Christianity, inspired in the Scriptures, depicts the third person in the Trinity - the Holy Ghost - in the shape of a dove, although he is also represented by the image of a tongue of Pentecostal fire." This illuminates why, in art doves are frequently depicted hovering over the heads of saints or flying into their mouths - a sign of God's spirit and divine authority. As an extension of that symbol, today's modern Western world often considers the dove an icon of innocence, love, gentleness and Peace.

Irish fadda: á ú é í

Two forms of McKern names in the UFP:

* if a descended from a father of the patrilineal line: ie Michael Frederick McKern Uí Eireann Urnua (Náisiúnta sampla oibiachtúil ) Usually a McKern of Urnua does not add Urnua as this is the homeworld of the Irish McKern, although oftern they spell out their fathers full name (Frederick McKern) given how many McKerns there are there.
* if not surnamed McKern its: i.e. Akira Uí Kōshitsu Uí tSeapáin McKern (the McKern is added to show membership in the descendants of the Royal House, in this example Akira belonging to the Imperial House of Japan, a McKern clan member)

Irish fadda: á ú é í

Epilogue:

Father Patrick Murphy is driving his delipidated 1984 Volkswagon compact down the Buncrana Road trailing a thick exhaust of diesel fumes, winding the turn as he drives down the hill that leads into Buncrana Town, Donegal, he sees the sunset to his left across the public beaches on Lough Swilly. He is listening to the latest birth announcement out of Derry City Hospital so as to know who he should be getting ready to baptize in his parish. The RTE announcer in a paced reading of regular news drums into the repertoire of announcements: “Hello, and welcome to days birth announcements on the Sona Report for Aug. 14th, 2023, today born in Derry Joshuah Joseph McKern, weighing 7lbs 3oz for those still on the Imperial scales or 3.26kg….

[camera shows a distant view as a VW drives down the road into Buncrana, fading out]  
  
  
  
technical note: the keyboard when used on Urnua is based on the international keyboard of my friend from the Lodge squat.

Texts to be incorporated into story:

[Only Cael and the volunteers from A Do know the future history, this is classified and is not shared with people from 1892 or anyone not raised on A Do. Cael has a secret dossier he is not to open until all the volunteers have arrived, it is the location of the alien tomb it is the highest secret of Urnua ]

[sequence where Cael meets his father, watches his parents on a hitch hiking trip to Arcata, where he will be conceived after breaking into a trailer and spending the night in a real bed with a real kitchen, real living room, a night of warmth, safety, love. One thing to note is that all of the Royal House is descended from Cael, son of Michael, as he is the Ri of the original settlement, Urnua A Haon, from Cael the Ri line is branched, while the Branch from Christina goes on in the present, Cael passes to the children of Christina, who continue on in the present, many of whom would also be descended from Cael as the progenitor of the Royal Urnuach. So that C’s daughter, names a Amy’s daughter, Saoirse, who then names Joey the 56th Ri of Eirinn Urnua, each Ri serving for a generation 17 years or so 17-20]

Story discourse segment to be added: The Irish Republican Army is an leftist ultra-nationalist organization, they adoped ultra-nationalist native Irish emphasis in an ironic twist, as they were the only nation with a majority of freckled gened people, they viewed the overall situation with realism, they were the only ones with the organizational biology to be naturally resistant to the slave system, the Machine, of the Anglo-Saxon extremists, also why the Machine picked the Anglo-Saxons to attack the Irish the only neighbors not endowed with the pheomelanin natural resistance on the Isles. They viewed their ultra-nationalism as a means to liberate the world, normally this would be viewed as an ultra-nationalist reactionary tendency rather then military realism to be used first to protect themselves, and second to liberate everyone, every other nation, on earth but not allowing themselves to be taken over by outsiders, a form of xenophobia in normal political discourse in this case a form of protection, that gets extended to all nations through their unique agency and situation, unique in all the world.

The Equation:  
Time Travel (CTC) + Neuroweapons. + Artificial Intelligence/Automation  
= Catastrophe

Key Frame Storyline: De Valera and the search for Whittaker’s secret Tesla equation, like Heim’s secret equation and directly related but in different eras by different research teams. Thus, in this science fiction making it a race between the Germans (Nazi 4th Reich) and the Anglos (British/US Establishment Financial might), while the Irish figured it out but kept quiet about it, moving the tech back to 1892 in this work, from 1924 (fiction). Which is why the deception of the light house in Clifden is an important element of Irish national defence.

Slyne Head Lighthouse, also put in part about first transatlantic flight crashing there in 1919, as well as early Marconi transmitter, so it’s full of all kinds of good stories in this one little narrative.

Micheál’s Galway ancestors, the Haynes, were lighthouse keepers on Lake Huron throw that in there as a sub allegory. Melville in Irish Special Branch in London supplies corroborating evidence to make the deception convincing to the English.

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About 10,000 years ago, peaceful aliens from the planet Antarea set up an outpost on Earth on [Atlantis](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Atlantis). When Atlantis sank, twenty aliens were left behind, kept alive in large rock-like cocoons at the bottom of the ocean. Now, a group of Antareans have returned to collect them. The Antereans are the ones that gave the Urnuans the Torcs, then fill in legend about Ireland being Atlantis. In addition to this, freckles turn out to be Anterean genetic engineering that they injected into the Urnuan people then left a small colony of 20 Irish in ancient Ireland to seed that genetic mutation into the Irish people.

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Ignore all criticisms regarding Native Irish exclusivism, ignore all internal Irish critiques of PIRA exclusivism, these are all tactics to destroy our family, clan and people by the Machine with it’s fake friendship liberalism. We shall be in full control of ourselves and who we integrate with, from that integration other tribes are saved through us, the freckled, the rebels, the one’s that have fought consistently for over 800 years against the Anglo-Saxon Machine. Put on the blinders to everyone on earth that is not of us, they will only kill us as a means to destroy themselves since they are monochromatic susceptibles. It is better to be disparaged as ultra-nationalist then to let humanity be destroyed. There will be only one Messiah, that Messiah has only one cultural way, we will not allow ourselves to be diluted by Machine bullocks in the mind. Out culture is a spirit based free thinking Leftist, by Earth terms, Nature based religion with rituals based in Irish paganism, Catholicism and ancient Judaism as taught by Jesus and the multi-cultural Hebrew peoples. Modern, based on reason not superstition, where religion or spirit and science or reason are part of one way. The Ri is the high authority on spiritual matters, the guide. Everything on earth is a product of the Machine including their Religions, and all their interpretations of that religion, no matter what nation or tribe they belong to. All that our not us, should be viewed as socio-pathic robots, any agreements we reach, any trade we reach this simple fact shall never be out of view, the entities these agreements are being made with are socio-pathic robots. If the socio-pathic robots can’t accept our authority or ways then they are free to come up with their own ways, which of course will probably lead to their self-destruction because they are socio-pathic robots. For other colonies established, the other nations, they are able to create their own post-robotic traditions, but for our clan, the way is set forward, they can accept these shepherds or not, it’s their choice, we don’t really care how many other nations there are since the other nations have only ganged up on us throughout history.

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Micheál was dis-associating again, this was his real secret in his practice of the craft, espionage, and was also created by others espionage in him. His ability to seperate his consciousness from his body or identity, multiple identities but not out-of-control. Harkening to his analogy of the hollow reed, or flute, but usually in Divine context of God or God’s Will, which is to say Destiny (Qadr), blows through one who is in the Service, serving, not being ego driven no singular identity, in this sense of a hollow reed, but there is also the other times of being a hollow reed, when one dis-associates to protect one’s inner consciousness during stress or duress, and in the world of pre-gay liberation who couldn’t stop oneself in too many liberties with a cute young queer kid, so he had learned to dis-associate an an early age separate his mind, his ego from his body. In the end it was a gift he utilized to wonder through dis-associated in the labyrinth of the Machine, studying it in his mind, while his body was subjugated by it. From this dis-associated state he was able to not get emotionally involved in what was happening to his body, but look for the door out, he was able to find a maximum positive outcome for any that would survive it, that could out last him, that could survive the climate catastrophes created by a Machine. He tried to be the hollow reed for God, but he was also a hollow reed for Satan, but not surrendering his mind to Satan, for that was only God’s and because he could be a hollow reed to evil and good, there was a good outcome. [And this is something they meditate on in Urnua] There are twin factors here for a psychological profile: a. Queer b. survivor of rape as a weapon of war but as a child, which is linearly mind boggling statement. Resulting in, as an adult Fianna, he tapped into his dis-association as a function of military intelligence, separating his body and it’s constant molestation by everyone in his environment, while his mind simply studied that environment including himself. It’s closed-timelike-warfare and we all know the system uses sexual violence as a weapon, when you see troops being sexually violent you know they are machine characters, but what Micheál knew is that it had already happened, they had already hurt him for anything he had done, or would do, so he went full speed ahead in his plans. An example of this situational dis-association was his ability to study the strategy behind sexual violence to himself in particular, what it was trying to accomplish tactically, which isn’t something most people would contemplate that agents were being used to traumatize oneself deliberately as part of a war campaign. That this weapon also could be exploited to one’s advantage, in this case by dis-association which is usually a negative psychological trait here turned around for a positive outcome. This trauma based programming perpetrated against a child, that is known to counter-operatives in the future who from that future launch an attack on a defenseless child to control them in that future, or influence them at the least, to do their bidding. And that is what he was able to do with their attack, turn it into the means of not being controlled, giving up the body, while keeping the mind, which is the opposite of the robot program: takes the mind, leaving the body alone, because the mind controls the entire body. It was this that even as an adult when he was being molested with remote influencing energy weapons by messing with his libido, his organs, etc. allowed him to dis-associate into an engineer while it was constantly going on and this was a great advantage in the war. Aside from that, he made sure to assert his actual sexual desires and impulses, never hiding his Queer side or his love for the women he loved, which came out of him in the art he made which was a sexual experience within itself. It also became a point of deception, in that he had things steered towards him having Dissociative Identity Disorder, so that Jamie or his kids appeared as just alters in the official Machine psychological profile and evaluations. Thus, was born the military discipline of dissociation situational analysis.

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In Briefing documents, MI officers are encouraged to tell a story about the scenario to give a general overview of the project.

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Sometimes operatives have to swallow the cyanide pill to protect their nation. It’s a military engineering decision, not really suicide, like falling on a grenade to protect others is not suicide it’s an act of valor and honor, one of moral courage, and this is why intentions are important in understanding acts.

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Memory of Cael:

For Michael it was a regular thought, one bubbling up in anger upon occasion, whenever he would think about the isolation, the loneliness, he would think of four people (two women, two men) he would think of again and again, examining how happy he could have been with any of them. Yet, this night it was Laura he thought of and the vein of his thinking, mainly because he was aware of what Cael had done, how Cael had introduced himself, only one of two appearances Michael was aware of. Yet, he was angry, in all his wishes for normalcy to have what he desired a lover, some children, a typical engineering job, none he could have, all because he had joined the Navy at 17 and had become a patsy for the Military-Industrial complex of America, so he grew angrier and angrier in his isolation while thinking of how happy he would have been with Laura instead of this monstrosity, horror, madness all created because to prove how big and strong they were they had all the minions of their system hived to him, seeing what he saw, felt, desired, thought in a sick peverse prison all created by their technology entangling him with everyone under their control to imprison him, to surveille him, he hated it all with the deepest kind of hate, and hated America because they owned the Military Industrial complex, funded it, paved the way for it legally, did everything ending in disaster by themselves to themselves and he was just an innocent victim, made to look a fool in everyone elses eyes, eventhough he also realized late in life how to turn this around and use it as a weapon this hive around him. Yet, in his heart he wanted her, loved her, just like the others but she was gone from him, and he couldn’t let her in even if he could for her own safety.

He would often go over in his mind how he had figured it out, all because Cael had come to him the evening before Laura showed up at his squat, his son but unknown to Michael, Cael pretended to be a traveller, though he was, on a hitch-hiking tour of the west coast, a road dawg looking for a place to sleep that night and materialized in a room next to Michael who noticed a bright light then went to the room next door and talked to a stranger, the stranger that was a loved one, whose memory Michael would hold tightly onto, even in the face of denials from the highest authorities in America, he would remember how upon meeting Laura asked her if her brother had come here a night before, the resemblance so strong between the two, the memory of having this overwhelming concern for his comfort offering him blankets in the cold San Francisco chill of the foggy night, the ‘fatherly’ affection he showed for this traveller, how his eyes reminded him of his father’s, the light freckles, the sandy brown blonde hair, later he reminded Michael of his great-grandfather Haynes. He would keep this in a ball of chi next to his heart as he realized the imprisonment he was in and nobody could ever take away what he had experienced in 2002, almost 20 years previous. He knew he still after all this time, loved Laura, and that would never fade away, ever. He also realized that when at age 19 he was in Dublin and the soldier that walked up to him and saluted was not a soldier of the Republic of Ireland but of the nation of Eireann Urnua, out in space, and that soldier was also Cael. One can imagine the loss he felt knowing that love, respect, connection, the absence of his mother from his life only made his anger burn with even more fire, and the loss of being able to raise his son born of a very deep love with an Irish girl from New York.   
  
[when the Urnuach come to earth to see how the US could betray it’s own servicemen in Michael and Dom (“Antonio”) they thought they would have to spread disinfo regarding Michael just to draw them off the scent of Urnua, but as it turned out, being the idiot robots they came up with their own logic so as to rationalize attacking their own, which led to their nations destruction, so that no work was ever required to fool the robots for they had done it to themselves. The abominable act of creating American kids with his DNA to fool him, was noted as to the level of their perversion, the Urnuach had to clearn the kids DNA up and make sure they were re-assured they would be saved as his blood, and the blood of their Urnuach brothers and sisters, clanspeople, they would be cherished and loved by Michael even though Satan had created them. Which only added to Michael’s resolve to see all of America burn in it’s own self-ignited flames, ALL OF THEM! No help was ever to be given to the Yankee desolating abominations for 30 years. They would take the smart ones that could survive on their own, survival of the fittest of the abominations. All of this increased the Irish notion of self-reliance and distrusting all foreigners, they would be highly selective in what people they would re-produce with.]

In reality, Michael, after realizing the extent of those participating in his torture, only went through all of this for his children and his tribe (Clan O’Neill of Northern Ireland), their nation Eire, he included his tribe in general realizing they had a high percentage of freckles (biological resistance). It was up to each of the inter-tribal children to decide if they cared about their nation or if Eire was enough for them, if those children also cared not then that nation was fit for the fire. Michael’s order to pair his DNA as a father with inter-tribal mothers was his only act of grace to outsiders, he wondered what those children would do given his imprisonment and torture, as far as his individual judgement was concerned the matter was sealed, and outsiders had to petition his children. It is simply genetic harmony that he felt his Earthly Tanaiste and the other Tribal children the most, since they were comprised of almost the same genes as him, given that all the tribal members intermarried for thousands of years whereas outsider mothers were not of that gene pool.

It’s really quite simple, that given everything our tribe is dependent upon has already been done through understanding non-linear work that we can simply wait it all out. It’s really just a question of destiny of when that work will be public on earth, in Ireland. It was something the computer people could not grasp the concept of non-linear work, that you can come up with outlandish things to a cogchar that are physically valid though completely non-linear, even the sending from the past to the future the answers to quantum physics effects and phenomena, and even publicly make it appear that it was a future Ireland on earth that started it all, when that is bullocks since in non-linear work ‘when’ (Cén t-am) is complete bullocks. You can literally be working on the same work from the past, present and future, not mattering when it gets done publicly, with personnel from different ‘whens’ (ag na hamanna). Michael continued to reflect, then he remembered a phrase, one of the few from the Gaelic language lesson tapes he picked up in Belfast when he was 19, on the phrase ‘Cén t-am é’ (What time is it?) not knowing it was an irrelevant question generally speaking outside a local context that is.

Michael often wondered what Russia thought about the fact, given that Alexei is interceding on their behalf-- a fact, that the Americans had imprisoned their Messiah, and what other cultures and countries thought that had the same belief. Is it a Protestant holy war against non-Protestants, non-Anglican, Presbyterian, etc. Like it or not, that Satan’s technology turned him into the Messiah and the right use of such tech from Michael, the reality is that made him the Messiah, and nobody else could be the Messiah except him given this scientific fact.

Technical note: Have the Irish Govt take DNA samples from Michael when he is visiting at age 19, best to get young healthy DNA and apply according to orders from Urnua.

Michael often reflected on the irony of being a Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA) sleeper agent, he also often noted that eventhough the DIA sent him under cover here and under cover there it was his own mind, logic, reflection, analysis, that was able to garner the good parts out of whatever culture or group he was sent into as an infiltrator or hypnotic courier, a little bobbing sonar buoy, bobbing up in down in the social seas of America, especially ‘extremist’ social seas as viewed by the DIA. He could see the bigger picture upon further analysis and see how things just don’t add up, the maths are wrong in the American Intelligence Community, and for noticing he was imprisoned, it was his ability to reverse engineer under Irish influence operations, that gave him the ability to spoil their weapon against him and turn it to his advantage. He was always learning, studying, no matter what group they sent him too, he would devour every part of their theories and histories and praxis, and that enabled him to reverse the maths and fix them for places that would or could listen to him, like his freckled tribe in his ancestral homeland of Eire, and as far as he could tell they and the Scots were the only ones that could listen and did listen, one being still occupied by the Machine of the UK, the other it’s own independent nation, that also as a member of the EU, that if they were persistent enough, eventually the smart member states would listen. Yet, delicate because another grace he showed not knowing his children’s decisions regarding the outsiders was to try and keep the NBC weapons from being deployed by the Machine to protect itself, because according to it it was an zero-sum game, either America won it all or should destroy it all. The Revolution will not be publicized. Yet, any of these superpowers with NBC capabilities also could end it if they were not under the control of a Machine, because the countermeasures were simple to manufacture, you don’t need to be Lockheed-Martin to defend oneself from the mind weapons, any tinker could do it. So as far as he was concerned there was only one free state, the former Free State of the Republic of Ireland, which conveniently turned out to be his native homeland, the place his soul would always call home and yearn for. And if they did THERE WOULD BE NO NBC THREATS, but America was a Machine and continued to be a Machine and as long as that was all America was, it was best not to televize the revolution, only on An Beann or other culturally named localized versions of the hidden network, of which he could only design and never see, another irony of his work.

For Michael history was the judge on the issue, it was afterall Eisenhower’s last speech that made it explicit as to who it was: the Military-Industrial Complex, and indeed it was well known that Lockheed-Martin, and if they were into it the entire complex was no matter the name of that individual cell of the complex, had built mind weapons for fighting terrorism. It is not that hard to see how it wouldn’t be too far of a stretch for them to use those weapons to increase their business, and if you bias an automated system like that, then also allow it access to mind weapons it won’t be long before it calculates the most efficient way to achieve it’s goals of increasing sales for the military-industrial complex, even to the extent of controlling the Boards, as self-protection, of these individual cells, and since it’s a complex of the State’s Military, which also means it’s Intelligence, then it too would control them as well, since the funding comes from the State’s Military. And the irony is through national security they have obliterated their nation, starting with it’s security. So for Michael it was easy to salute the Tricolor of Eire and now loathe the flag of Robotica, the Stars and Stripes, for to him America died about 20 years ago as soon as this tech came online, the world fell apart and America with it. America was gone and buried to him, but his native homeland was very much vibrant organic growing ALIVE.

Avengers Movie ideal: the Messiah as industrial accident. Kinda like the Hulk, but more sophisticated.

The main part of Intelligence work is finding Truth from partial information since half of all information is potentially a lie.

Each of his inter-tribal children may have to suffer to give their nations salvation like their father has had to, this will be something they must either deal with or choose another pass or sibling to do the job. They will have to give their whole life to it, that is not an easy task, it is very hard, make sure you are the right person for the job, probably best to have many siblings to share the burden. Maybe have children, then wait to do the work, since it can be shared with children and grandchildren, etc.

One way or the other life goes on from current Earth, even if nobody on Earth goes on with it. Because of the transferred spiritual children of Michael, which would be in the millions, there is a way to save human existence even if the entire planet dies instantly, since it didn’t die in 1892. Within this clan system it is obvious that eventually McKern’s will be defined more by their freckles, freckle protocol of genetic inheritance, rather then their race, as race will become meaningless in a totally multi-racial family group-- sons and daughters of the dark.

Zuse is right about digital physics, the Universe does Calculate, and with so many people conscious of the Messiah, that is what really made it real, and the Universe sees this and does what, makes it manifest by calculating this conscious thought about the Messiah and the story he is telling.

Glass eyes are created by a machine taking over one’s consciousness, as the eyes are a window, or one of the main sensor, for the brain, the brain is being approximated then the eyes loose their vibrancy and appear more uniform, it’s a subliminal awareness we have for the minute details, but that is what people are seeing when they speak of people involved in violence having ‘glassed over eyes’ this was also the experience of Travellers in Ireland, they couldn’t get hired because whenever they found out they were Travellers their eyes ‘glassed over’. [Historical consistency exception error message]

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Random Ideals:

Rí

Uí Néil

Tánaiste

Dáil Éireann   
Göttingen, Germany 1947

Boazhai

Micheál Uí Gearmánach field work on heim and jordan lunch meeting

Caravan fighters- the vessels that are used as temporary housing units  
when travelling, double as arsenals and science labs, kept in remote  
locations at target sites even though they use invisible camo. Usually  
surrounded by rubbish.  
  
Coilíneacht Fomhuirí: are colonies that are created through covert  
military intelligence that are not in visible relations of the other  
planets. Such as Urnua is a submarine colony to the Republic of  
Ireland on earth. There may be a submarine colony to Urnua. Submarine  
colonies are always created in the past  in relation to the  
communities they protect.  Submarine Colonies may surface when safe.

[Jahnke coords Jordan, Brain Institute work] purpose of meeting is to program Jahnke as a computer to divulge the main controller location or persona, Adolph Hitler in Argentina (1947) through data poisoning attacks that can only be delivered in person, Himmler is a hero, infiltrator to set up the Exodusacaust: swapping non sentient copies of people in the gas chambers while bringing them to New Jerusalem ]

Foo fighters deception relate back to Jordan work for Patent Office in Berlin, with Capt. Roedder. Deception to get Allies to believe transit is actually secret Nazi thing.

So you have to reframe things from how Urnua would view something, which would be viewed differently on Earth, here the Irish are a small nation centred on an island, in Urnua, the Irish are numerous and the founders of all societies in the Federation, so they would answer a question of who was the founder of socialist revolution and reference 1916 as the true socialist revolution founded and led by James Connolly, the socialist revolutionary of Irish society in the Federation. Urnua being founded by Micheál, Micheál being a PIRA supporter during his days and a Sinn Fein supporter when it became a reality, both of which are socialist revolutionary entities serving on earth the socialist revolutionary Republic of Ireland, so necessarily on Urnua, founded by Micheál’s clan and Sinn Fein, Urnua is the jewel in the crown of what socialist revolution has to offer, but it’s all Irish, not Russian or Chinese, although there are Russian and Chinese nations in the Federation, but led by a McKern Ri of their nation. Authoritarian Communism of earth is viewed as a Machine Desolation by Urnuans, which are Libertarian Communists, the original communists of earth. One should note that the PIRA and the Sinn Fein were based in socialist revolution of the 1970s of Earth, so you have to have an understanding of those times and forms of socialism on earth then compare it to that of Urnua. On Urnua Irish Revolutionary Socialism is the mainstream, not capitalism. So Urnuans always refer to each other as Comrade, like in the military Comrade Major Major Chi McKern an Sienach

Urnuan Religious Holidays:

Gaelic: 4 Solstice celebrations

Jewish: Passover, Restoration of Temple Rites, plus teachings of early Christs.

Catholic: Christmas, Easter is combined with Passover, Christmas is combined with Hannakuh

infants are circumcised.

All are national Urnuan holidays.

Ten Commandments as understood by the McKern’s (Christ) of Urnua:

**The Ten Commandments**

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| T | R | LXX | P | L | S | A | C | Main article | [Exodus 20:1–17](https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/Bible_(King_James)/Exodus" \l "20:1) | [Deuteronomy 5:4–21](https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/Bible_(King_James)/Deuteronomy" \l "5:4) |
| 1 | (1) | — | — | — | — | — | 1 | [I am the Lord thy God](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/I_am_the_Lord_thy_God) | 2[[28]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten_Commandments" \l "cite_note-I_am_the_Lord-28) | 6[[28]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten_Commandments" \l "cite_note-I_am_the_Lord-28) |
| 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | [Thou shalt have no other gods before me](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thou_shalt_have_no_other_gods_before_me) | 3[[29]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten_Commandments" \l "cite_note-No_other_gods-29) | 7[[29]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten_Commandments" \l "cite_note-No_other_gods-29) |
| 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | [Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thou_shalt_not_make_unto_thee_any_graven_image) | 4–6[[30]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten_Commandments" \l "cite_note-Dont_make_carved_image-30) | 8–10[[30]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten_Commandments" \l "cite_note-Dont_make_carved_image-30) |
| 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | [Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thou_shalt_not_take_the_name_of_the_Lord_thy_God_in_vain) | 7[[31]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten_Commandments" \l "cite_note-Dont_take_the_name-31) | 11[[31]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten_Commandments" \l "cite_note-Dont_take_the_name-31) |
| 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | [Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Remember_the_sabbath_day,_to_keep_it_holy) | 8–11[[32]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten_Commandments" \l "cite_note-32) | 12–15[[33]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten_Commandments" \l "cite_note-33) |
| 5 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | [Honour thy father and thy mother](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Honour_thy_father_and_thy_mother) | 12[[34]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten_Commandments" \l "cite_note-34) | 16[[35]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten_Commandments" \l "cite_note-35) |
| 6 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 5 | [Thou shalt not murder](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thou_shalt_not_murder) | 13[[36]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten_Commandments" \l "cite_note-You_shall_not_murder-36) | 17[[36]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten_Commandments" \l "cite_note-You_shall_not_murder-36) |
| 7 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | [Thou shalt not commit adultery](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thou_shalt_not_commit_adultery) | 14[[37]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten_Commandments" \l "cite_note-37) | 18[[38]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten_Commandments" \l "cite_note-38) |
| 8 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | [Thou shalt not steal](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thou_shalt_not_steal) | 15[[39]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten_Commandments" \l "cite_note-39) | 19[[40]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten_Commandments" \l "cite_note-40) |
| 9 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | [Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thou_shalt_not_bear_false_witness_against_thy_neighbour) | 16[[41]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten_Commandments" \l "cite_note-41) | 20[[42]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten_Commandments" \l "cite_note-42) |
| 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 9 | 10 | 10 | [Thou shalt not covet](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thou_shalt_not_covet) thy neighbour's house | 17a[[43]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten_Commandments" \l "cite_note-43) | 21b[[44]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten_Commandments" \l "cite_note-44) |
| 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 9 | 9 | [Thou shalt not covet](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thou_shalt_not_covet) thy neighbour's wife | 17b[[45]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten_Commandments" \l "cite_note-45) | 21a[[46]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten_Commandments" \l "cite_note-46) |
| 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 10 | 10 | or his slaves, or his animals, or anything of thy neighbour | 17c[[47]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten_Commandments" \l "cite_note-47) | 21c[[48]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten_Commandments" \l "cite_note-48) |
| — | — | — | — | — | 10 | — | — | You shall set up these stones, which I command you today, on Mount Gerizim. |  | |

first, notice how slavery is included, but we don’t practice slavery anymore, notice that women are also property but they are not property anymore. So the understandings and interpretations of these words is one of an office, the Christ, in Urnua those who follow the Irish Nation established by Urnua follow the interpetations of the Ri, the Ri interprets things as it meets the conditions and culture of the times of that Ri. Some notes on current interpretations by Ri Micheál McKern, is that a. adultery is consent, you must have consent to have sex, transfers free up one from pre-marital rituals and rights which were property rights not love anyway, nothing in the ten commandments about homosexuality since it does not produce property (children, wives). This also means there is gender equality and that there are many different genders in a socialist republican society. b. the most important commandment, as confirmed in the Noahic law of James, is that thou shall not murder or kill. c. no Gods before me, means you will have free-will, that giving one’s thoughts over to another is a form of shirk (disbelief) in Arabic. d. Honour thy father and mother, is also a clan honouring. You shall hold your clan above yourself.

abú

There is a dynamic to adopting the transfers by a person who can’t raise his own children, there is something poetic about it.

The fishing boat at Clifden in the next scene is transporting a Tesla Machine and one of Tesla’s assistants to the light house, where a deception op is conducted and leaked to the British Secret Intelligence and the RIC.

The IRB was organised into circles, a "circle" was analogous to a regiment, that the "centre" or A, who might be considered equivalent to a colonel, who chose nine B's, or captains, who in their turn chose nine C's, or sergeants, who in their turn chose nine D's, who constituted the rank and file. In theory an A should only be known to the B's; a B, to his C's: and a C, to his D's; but this rule was often violated

Frank Byrne, the Invincibles, is the chief organizer of the 1892 Volunteers, he comes to Clifden then returns to America. Byrne was a friend of O’Donovan Rossa in America. Rossa handled the coordination with Tesla, would meet with Byrne to discuss progress on the 1892. The leaks go to the Special Irish Branch from 1883, also have the Pickerton’s doing their own investigation into the American IRB trying to find the Tesla machine under Irish control. Push Tynan as “Number One” as deception. Byrne died of heart failure, put in part about Machine killing him remotely. Willliam Melville head of Irish Special Branch, is actually an undercover agent working for Urnua.

White Rod, slat na righe (white wand, or wand of sovereignty)

Cael retires in the present when his father dies, then the Tánaiste takes over.

Gänseliesel

Miracles of those who have eyes to see with are miracles that are hidden to a visual recognition system, or easily pushed to being negative but real to those paying close attention because they are reality camouflaged.

history register alert bug, occasionally Major receives an alert that he is violating history, this is a bug in the Security Program because the engineers didn’t realize that there is a granularity to probability, that there actually are very very very small things that can change in history without actually being that noticed, so sometimes you got an alert when you didn’t need to because they set their alert level to high.

At the Eireann Urnua Military Academy, one has to pick one’s Ph.D. subject very carefully because it becomes one’s assignment after completing Uni. A person that has a Ph.D. in Quantum Engineering becomes assigned to the Engineering Corp, a person that has a Ph.d. in Ancient Irish Customs of the Paleolithic becomes assigned to Historical Intelligence etc. if one writes a thesis on the 1916 Rising Up they are assigned that as part of their military duties, and will do field work in 1916 on earth, which is in the 8-9th Century of Urnua’s existence.   
  
Forward Protection Protocol: transit to the future is allowed, which  
is to say possible, the limitation is if one travels to the future  
then one is not allowed to return to anytime before their arrival in  
the future. [side story of one who travels forward, and breaks the  
protocol by seconds]

there is an investigation into how Biden stole the election from Trump by going back and putting things on a different trajectory after taking power in the white house where a secret weapon was kept that allowed him to make a copy of reality, then change a few small events leading to the butterfly effect of him being elected through his use of this secret weapon only the Commander-in-Chief has access to.

the 9 missing from the Rising Up of 1916 were taken to Urnua, part of  
the 1890s contingent. The 1892 contingent is there to set up the other  
colonies. By having the origin point of Urnua from 1892 they have a  
130 year lead before anyone else could possibly show up, in that time  
they could have 4 generations, so that by 2021 there are at least  
144,000 of them to send back to originate Urnua a thousand years  
before 2021. They go back to the origin date of 1021 AD, taking with  
them the instruments needed for such transit, and begin the process of  
reverse engineering them so that later they can receive them from  
Urnua from a certain point in Urnua’s future arriving to the original  
volunteers in 1892. Then after 1000 years in 2021 they are prepared to  
found the other colonies aside from Urnua with their own security  
secured. We recruit the original volunteers from various opportunities  
to take volunteers back and from members of the traditional clans of  
Ireland, but under the McKern High Chiefs, meaning a child of Micheál  
leads the 1892, Cael shall lead them after retiring from his time as  
Ri. By moving from Urnua Ahayn to Urnua a Do they will have had 4  
generations to prep Urnua Ahayn for refugees from contemporaneous  
Earth, before abandoning it for a Do a thousand years previous. One  
group of renters on ahayn moves out, the next group, refugees arrives  
the next day, efficient. All secret tech is maintained in trust with  
the McKern High Chief, the Ri, meaning the military intelligence  
division of the McKern Royal House, the Irish Messiah, the Christ.

Transfers are what people on earth call abortions. Volunteers are those that go into the past to start Urnuan civilization, for earthly Irish this is the 1892 team, and later out there the Volunteers from a haon that seed a dó. All volunteers are Óglaigh na hÉireann Urnua (IDFU) those serving on earth are Óglaigh na hÉireann (IDF), on Urnua military service is mandatory and universal for four years (16-20), two years training in Colaiste, then 2 years in the field. It’s important to realize Volunteers can be taken from anytime in Irish experience anytime, even disappeared families from the Famine. Other nationals are moved from their present to seed the colonies as appropriate (i.e. the Jews, Gypsies, Poles, Queers. Leftists, etc of the Holocaust).

Notes on the United Federation of Planets: The Federation is of course led by House McKern, the official head of state, which is the Ri of the Clan, sometimes male sometimes female depending on popular consent of the clan, any descendant of McKern. All national colonies are members. The government is based on the government of the Republic of Ireland, except the President is hereditary not elected and has real federation security offices, but only security and occasional tie-breaking votes. A Federation Dáil, a Federation Brehon (Judiciary), a Federation Executive, the Ri. Each national home world(s) is led by the same structures, a National Dáil, a National Brehon, a national House of McKern, the combination of McKern with tradiational leadership of each nation (i.e. British Federation is led by the House of Windsor a McKern descendant royal house, etc etc etc etc)   
  
  
The story is that Urnua seeds places like An Sineach, An Germaine, etc. with a royal house made of a McKern and native descendant (i.e. the children of Micheál and the mother(s) and her family of a given nation). The population is from the transfers and saved of each given population. The McKern raise the children from transfers and expand the population around that basis, hence the royal house of each since the McKern’s are the literal parents of each nation or planetary colony of each nation since the one’s from the present are in the present on Earth. In this way, each nation though ethnically and culturally diverse is raised from scratch not from earth, that is a present problem on earth not in the past of Urnua. Uncorrupted by earthly Satanic influence it is easy for them to develop over hundreds of years and easily absorb the much smaller earthly based population, even for China’s 2 Billion people this would pale in significance to hundreds of years of stable growth of the Urnuan led civilization which is to say Irish led and their traditional family based Catholic values set within a land of plenty, where most are cultivators (farmers) in a generally agrarian society, the Irish of Urnua are a mighty nation in comparison to that on earth even with the diaspora. Often Micheál would point out that America (USA) was a numbers based bureaucracy wheres Ireland was an interwoven family with 20% of the family given significantly more resistance to Satanic influence then any other place on earth, he would repeat that again and again. It was a question of fit not size in the end that proved to be the best solution that the Universal Consciousness had come up with or what the Irish called Eiru or Muire depending on the era, and then finally both interchangeably, it wasn’t the size of the Command it was the type of Command, a clan based one that was the best fit. History records it took those that did not have that family advantage some time to accept that reality to their own detriment and insecurity as they bungled through the End of Days. Micheál realized that he was an energy form he didn’t see himself as being under his own agency like most people but under the agency of that which had created this energy form to save it’s own children, far above and beyond his own worldy desires, something greater then himself had created himself for a very specific function and he held his desires in check knowing this, this knowledge shaped the entire circuitry of salvation from beginning to end and that was why he was always designing circuits for maximum salvation in terms of numbers, far easier to engineer it non-linearly under control of the best fit then try to fit square pegs into round holes linearly which wouldn’t work anyway. It was simply a matter of engineering, all of it, his only problem was how many would survive the present earth then pick up the pieces from there while he figured out a way to keep all nations going and make the Satanic influence irrelevant out there, in the stars, among his children, his children would be the answer to it all as every transfer from earth was a McKern, he had adopted each as his child, they were all of one family. He was quite sure that vastly outnumbered by the Urnuan seeded colonies that the survivors would easily fit into what had been planted, nourished, cultivated beyond the stars that earthlings could see, their own salvation coming from them and spread out like star dust across the galaxies. In the present on earth, it was a question of survival for each family now, all they had to do was survive the Satanic catastrophes which unfortunately for earth are now in the present unavoidable and happening before their eyes.

Cael, born in 1990 though conceived in 2002 in San Francisco, born ón  
Urnua A Do. Became Ri at age 24 (2014). In 2023 his father is killed  
that is when he retires as Ri and guides the 1892 crew. There are 130  
volunteers from 1892 (age 32) and 54 volunteers that served with Cael  
in 2020s, also his family and their families. He was born 9 centuries  
after the founding of Urnua A Do which was founded by the 1892 Vols,  
the current headquarters of the Urnua interplanetary colonies.  
  
  
  
  
  
  
For the Irish in Exile they shall be viewed as war refugees with the  
right of return under international law, and thereby citizens of the  
Republic of Ireland. Protect the Oglach no matter the accent.  
  
  
  
The High Councils on Urnua make all decisions regarding the salvation  
of Earth, it’s people’s, it’s nations. Urnua will not sacrifice it’s  
security to give charity, we will remain secure and from that strength  
give charity.

[the big secret of this story is that life for the Irish began on Urnua, in a self-manifestation, the freckled Urnuans sent a colony, the De Denaan, back 7000 years to pre-populate the island with Urnuans to integrate with whoever showed up there, hence seeding the Irish with freckles]

Refugee nations arriving on Urnua will be dispatched to their appropriate national home worlds, the prime of their national colonies. After four generations if they have been living in peace, they will be allowed to migrate ‘backward’ in time like Urnua as equal members of the United Federation of Planets. If they go back 1000 years that society may choose to interact with itself during probation or not to, it could be a cultural decision different for each nation. On the other hand, maybe integrating the two makes it impossible to not have a peaceful society for 4 generations, of course also history itself is known if they do go back so if they experienced integration then they were integrated if history showed no contact at all, then no contact at all. Closed-Timelike Knowledge (CTK) = history register.

Jumper Psychology- the new psychology that accompanied CTCs which changed the linear pathways of thought, in short think like a drunk Irishperson. The Action comes first, then who is doing then the receiver of the doing, Gaelic linguistic psychology analysis.

I think Major might be an analogy for somethings Joey is experiencing at that age, or as a young soldier, and in that case it’s another notch in how two lives seem like they are interchangeable or bleed into one.

Excerpt:

Micheál McKern sat there on a rainy day in San Francisco toward the end of his life. He held the world in contempt, not so much the world, but everyone not Gaelic Irish, not native Irish, the unfreckled. He held all of them in contempt for bullying, murdering, attacking him and his family. He realized how pathetic it was for people to gang up on him and his just because they knew how to survive, and that survival meant protecting themselves from all the others that sought to steal their thunder, a thunder that couldn’t be stolen for it belonged to them by destiny, by history, something unchangeable. He viewed the others as pathetic war mongers clueless about saving themselves, instead of being good parents saving their children they attacked him for being a good parent saving his children, so his anger and bitterness increased the more he interacted with the others. They had all conspired and worked together in a virulent swarm of anti-Irish Catholic hatred directed at him and his. So he held them all with the greatest CONTEMPT he turned the robot universal resurrection of Christ into a nationalist one of an Irish Messiah, for that is what it was in reality, never to be diluted with too many demands from too many cultures each thinking it was theirs and their way when it was only the Irish and only their way in the end, because they have freckles and a cool Island with food, that kept them safe while the rest burned, and there was no special magic return of Christ outside of Ireland, there was only their own self-created destruction, that as Satanic drones, could not resist their own Satanism, because the Irish angelic being was a physical difference only the Irish had, freckles, and they couldn’t accept that, the others, so all they did was attack and attack, trying to rob and steal something that was a genetic inheritance, nothing that could actually be stolen, but that is the catch-22 of the satanists, stuck in their programs unable to break out of idiocy, so he loathed all of them, deeper and deeper each day. Especially, the Yankee ones, the land of his birth and the land he served, that attacked him with the most fiercest of trepidation, so he mirrored their betrayal and avarice with his own burning anger and loathing that mirrored the Yankee Satanism.

It was a fait compli, the end of the World even though it hadn’t been completed yet, just started during Micheál’s lifetime. He would often sit alone, as always, contemplating his life, why it had become a lifelong prison sentence, as he stared at the freckles on his arms, that since childhood had covered them, his shoulders, his face, although in adulthood they were covered with a red beard that turned grey as he aged, the first grey hairs were always the red ones. It seemed surreal like a nightmare every moment of his life, all because he had freckles, had because of those freckles seen what was going on around him, because the freckles gave one enough room to see past the mind control prison the world had become, where everyone was a robot, controlled, orchestrated, cartoon characters and little more. The freckles they discovered gave one a certain immunity to radiation of the kind used in mind control, while it increased skin cancer it defeated mind control for the same biological reasons. As it was that the only people, only nation with freckles that also had full sovereignty over their own freckled affairs was the Irish, through the Republic of Ireland, established by the freckled among the Irish more then anyone else, the native Irish, the old Irish, the ancients of the isle. No one ever knew until the last days why Ireland was attacked and hated so much throughout history, no one knew it was because of a future that could reach anywhere into the past, a future controlled by a machine that couldn’t control the freckled humans and only the Irish were a freckled Nation. Which also meant only Ireland stood a chance of surviving the end of the world, and they did but in the meantime as the world was ending Micheál had become a target, a prisoner, a victim of the Machine just because he had joined the IRA as a teenager even though from America, he had been called to Ireland and served his nation. He had answered Ireland’s call.

In the latter days, the Irish had realized why they had come to an Island in the North Atlantic so many generations ago, an escape for their freckles to outlast, outwit, out survive their enemies, enemies that in the end times under a Satanic Machine had full control of all without a freckled majority, tearing nations apart, people apart, leaving nothing but desolation and chaos. On an Island the others could never have enough people to reach them, to invade them, they were alone. It wasn’t the global climate crisis that was killing most people, it was each other, each other under the control of a Machine, the same Machine that turned them all against him everyday, everywhere he went. It took some getting used to for the Irish to view others as threats, since they for so long viewed others as friends, and showed the greatest hospitality to strangers, it took some time for them to get mean again as a nation, but luckily for Micheál his clan was Irish from the occupied area of Northern Ireland where they had been fighting for generations, although they took off the last 20 years to get ready for the Last Days when all hell would break lose, it was nothing to become hard again for his clan, they had done it so many times before.

Micheál’s world, his experiences was that of a prisoner, but as an engineer he also knew that everything happening to him was for a purpose that a Machine was built to calculate his psychology to manipulate his psychology to turn him into whatever it wanted instead of his own wishes and desires. Though it attacked him in the present relentlessly trying to destroy him at every turn like a player in a video game, his world had become one big game map. For this reason he always found it strange that it put so much emphasis on the on-line world of his present, when he knew all the really important decisions would not be made for a generation, not by him, but by his children, grand children, even great-grand children, the utter futility of trying to influence him when he was to make no decisions other then how to live his life in this prison. It also meant anyone not of his clan, not Irish would have to survive the climate destruction, the social chaos of a AI control system, the end of the world, if they do not survive than nothing matters, no future, no choices of the Irish, not on Earth nor on Urnua matter at all if they are all dead. It simply was null, it simply would not matter if the people around him, their children, their grandchildren do not survive that it simply doesn’t matter what he thinks today, it’s futile to try to influence him, or imprison him, or torture him, or even kill him, nothing matters at this point beside survival and it would be up to the survivors to determine their future with the Irish after they have survived. It was not him that would be the Judge but his offspring.

As an engineer he would, even after experiencing absolute mental horror, calmly go over the mechanics of it all and as such he knew the survivors were in a place, because of Urnua, to be charitable, that nothing could ever touch them that they didn’t want to be touched by, that if they didn’t want to trust so and so for such and such they would not have to, but if they wanted to be truly Irish they could also be charitable with the survivors no matter what their parents had done to him and the Irish they were in a position to be charitable because of engineering CTC circuits that could make it absolutely safe for the Irish and at the same time save as many as they wanted to just through an intelligent design of circuits made of quantum foam.

He often like to play thought experiments to understand the paradoxes and logical contradictions of the Machines. He would sit there imagining being a robot that couldn’t process or learn, being a static machine stuck with the limitations of it’s programming, that so-called people would make emotionally programmed pitches to be saved, like you could order it on-line from an on-line store, while still sitting their destroying your ownselves, he found these logical fallacies of a hard wired system humorous though also tragic, but after awhile, after becoming jaded and callous to the absurdity of the society he found himself in, he did laugh to himself often about it all, the absurdity. The illogical machines would ask the person and family they persecute for salvation, not even having the ability to realize how absurd or illogical such a request was, but he got used to crazy robots making crazy demands while he continued thinking about how to save his people and his personal offspring, hidden away, like multitudes of unseen stars behind gas clouds in space, so to speak.

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Micheál knew he would be dead within 16 months, he had, afterall, only been waiting for the work deadline to pass, though he thought there was no real work todo for him, but alas, it was better to be safe then sorry, he would be dead either from being murdered or by murdering his ownself. He realized that he had been living out a virtual death sentence anyway, they called this sort of imprisonment, silent death, it was intended to get you to kill oneself, mainly because after realizing that every mishap, every bad thing, which was ongoing, all the time, was orchestrated and engineered one had little choice but to either kill oneself, hope for being murdered or somehow finding a way to live in complete isolation which would only desensitize someone until they killed themself. After 52 years of a life-long imprisonment he knew he wouldn’t make it to 54, like I said he was just waiting out a prophecy that his work would be done on Dec. 13, 2022. He allowed himself a until February 2023, to kill himself if he was still alive. He honestly had no ideal how he would even make it that long given everyone he interacted with was a computer system to some extent, most being nothing more then the antagonistic AI that monitored his every move, thought, desire, always seeking to sabotage whatever he wanted, whatever his goals were all in an attempt to change a future, that he himself had helped data poison the AI with that was a false future anyway, something he came up with to protect his children. He knew he would not put up with it past the expiration date of Dec. 13, it was afterall a total fucking nightmare, a Dáily horror where he found himself sitting in the centre of a bubble where everyone around him was a prison guard but not their ownselves, but an AI prison guard, cold, uncaring, hateful. It was a life not worth living, not out of desperation or depression, just simply part of the engineering equation of a hopeless existence that was not even worth struggling for on a Dáily basis in a world falling apart, catastrophe after catastrophe, as the same Machine AI had set about it’s program which had led not just to total control of the population but also total control of the economy which made it impossible to change the economics of resource depletion since it didn’t even believe in it since it had never been programmed to calculate such things in it’s algorithm. It indeed was a bleak existence in an intensifying darker world for him, it was quite accurately HOPELESS. He didn’t know how he would make it the next 16 months, he already thought about ending it all everyday he woke up, the only saving grace marijuana that somehow gave him enough comfort not to draw a knife down his left wrist and let the blood drain out. Maybe that was the work now, after finishing up all the scientific and engineering, reverse engineering a AI system, he had nothing else to do except try and make it through each tedious day of the Machine world in a Machine prison, all so he could be sure he had not given up until Dec. 13 after the expiration date of his work had passed. There were two things he prayed for on a Dáily basis, that God destroy Robotica, what he called the USA, and that God would kill him and end his misery in a world where Robotica ruled everything, starting with what used to be a democratic superpower but now was nothing more then an AI controlled nightmare growing evil and more evil as each process, each cycle, each loop within an AI system completed it’s spinning gears in a program that was unstoppable absent it’s own physical hardware finally weathering away, deteriorating, including the biological matter of the mindless drones that maintained it which used to be the citizenry of America which now was nothing more then empty bodies with machine replaced minds doing the dirty work of a Machine AI, originally put in place to protect the freedom’s of the citizens of what now had become Robotica.

Most members of the hive collective mind of Robotica were not aware of the reality of their existence, it was a very small percentage that became aware of the control program that had taken over since 9/11 when American’s traded their individual freedoms for a Security State, that state then creating an AI to ensure security and peace, but only led to the replacement of the American Soul with a Machine algorithm. It was for purely biological reasons anyone became aware of the system, some noticed it and became targets because they noticed it, perhaps they were a bit schizophrenic, some a little too observant, then some had the misfortune of having freckles, like Micheál, which allowed one to occasionally break free of the control since freckled people didn’t process radiation like the vast majority of monochromatic skinned people. It was during these glimpses of less control that Micheál started to put it altogether but not until he was already in his 40s believing the lies of robot controlled psychiatrists that the things he was experiencing was just mental illness, not a machine interacting with his mind, the voices he heard were just his imagination not a real artificial mechanical system of control. As horrific as that sounded it was even worse then that for him, for as a sailor in the US Navy he had volunteered to do intelligence work, and didn’t realize he was to become a patsy for the system, he didn’t realize while in the Navy he had signed his life away to National Security, a security managed by an insane AI system that could reach backwards in time and even control his life from birth. That he had been used by the system to be a patsy and to be a patsy the system had hived all the bodies it controlled to his experiences as a demonstration of how weak the individual was such as Micheál, that it had total control, he didn’t realize that this attempt of the Machine to create a false hope through Micheál had taken every bit of his privacy away, every thought was shared, even the ones implanted by the Machine system itself to cause him humiliation and degradation. He didn’t realize he had been chosen because he was Irish Catholic and the owners of the Machine were Anglo-Saxon supremacists, that hated the native Irish, so it was easy for them controlling the deepest hidden and most powerful halls of the CIA to set up a poor enlisted Irish Catholic to be their strawman anti-Christ to their Machine Messiah. They just didn’t realize that a person with almost the entire population of the world hooked up to him, that he could use that connection to sabotage the system using it’s own means of humiliating and torturing him to overthrow the Machine. So now many many of those who had been connected to him, now knew the truth, which was his work, after reverse engineering the system and because all saw what he saw, experienced, they themselves could see they themselves were also being controlled, and that was the work that he was supposed to wait until Dec. 13 2022 to finish, but it seemed already finished, so he sat in his isolation wondering if he could kill himself all day, each day while waiting to get to that date.

You may ask why with so many now having the knowledge of the control system didn’t they just not rebel, he often thought about this, except there was one feature of the system that he had noticed, that was that anytime anyone, especially the rich and powerful, took it seriously and started to show that they believed Micheál, that a wave of destruction would appear in the world, which was a sort of loaded gun pointed at every man, woman and child-- an assured mass destruction if the machine lost control of the world. So he quietly told everyone not to act like anything was going on, except the Irish, because they had the highest amount of freckles or natural immunity in their country, so the Machine was unable to control their society, it could only use outsiders to attack the Irish which it had done throughout history. In the unfreckled nations which was anyone besides Ireland, Scotland and Wales, there was no natural immunity, meaning the majority of their populations could and where controlled by the Machine including the ability to get them to annihilate each other in a blind machine killing spree where people did not think for themselves but were merely actors in a scripted Armageddon created by a Machine under the control of a few. The machine being biased against the Irish never took the ideal that the Irish could organize a resistance seriously, and in Irish style, the Irish never let on there actually was a homegrown resistance to the Machine, and it didn’t take Micheál’s connection to Ireland seriously either since he was an American and his involvement in the IRA was a secret as it had to be so there wasn’t much data to confirm that he ever could be much of a threat, just an easy Patsy, it didn’t calculate that for the Irish of his clan, for generations fighting the British head on, that once they found out about all this it was the same as if some Anglo-Saxon’s had invaded their towns, burnt them to the ground, killed their livestock, raped their women, it was in short one of the most outrageous atrocities they could imagine and instantly set them on the path to fight back against it, except his extended family was the backbone of the Irish Republican Army something they didn’t realize he could tap into, call upon after realizing this had happened to him. He appeared, weak and alone, something he cultivated as disinformation, easy to crush with humiliating defeat against anyone that might question their supremacy, so yes an easy Irish patsy in their calculations. This too was a reason he could now kill himself, knowing the bulk of the work was done, and it had little to do with him as an individual but everything to do with the Irish clans, he was not alone in this, he was no longer essential, he could go, move on, leave this horror and misery behind and find peace, but as a soldier he waited.

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One example Micheál would come back to again and again as he ran through his own logic of why it was futile at this point in history to care or attempt to even try to help the Machine People, that was the example of them not even realizing that all their observations of him were for not, that at the earliest anything he would write or think would be another generation away, that the leadership would be with one of his children or grand children, not him, long dead and gone. Yet, they would persist in their program of harassment against one that mattered little besides having an over-active imagination and a a thirst for understanding of things not understood. He would entertain himself by thinking of different rosie scenarios and wait for the people around him to respond to total rosie fictions, it made going out easier to get bread and eggs for him, if just before he painted some fake rosie picture of miraculous salvation for Machine People, who couldn’t even realize the impossibility of the thoughts or even the logistical impossibility of what was said just so he could get his milk and eggs. It was a morbid form of entertainment but the only entertainment he had was playing the game of the Machine world, with machine people which was any Yankee around him, especially the non-freckled. Like a bad Hollywood horror movie, the silly machines not even considering they had to survive at least a generation of climate catastrophes before there would ever be any saving or evacuations, if they didn’t survive, which Micheál thought basically impossible for the vast majority of machine people around him, then all that emotional nonsense regarding whatever non-sense he was thinking up to paint a picture of salvation in fairy tale Walt Disney animation sequences, was nothing but entertainment, a fantasy from start to finish, as expendable pieces in a moving machine.

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Micheál was relieved as he read out the data from his EEG that confirmed he was indeed being attacked by Directed Energy by some unseen force, although he was pretty sure it was the Company, based on history and affiliation of those who had developed such technology. It gave him a sense of comfort that at least for him he had confirmation that no matter how much gas lighting or forced medications he was put under that the data didn’t lie, that there was forensic evidence. He didn’t bother sharing it with anyone, because he knew it would go no where anyway, since anyone he talked to would be a machine person, taken over by the machine, perhaps even indefinitely. He slept well that night.

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The story is about the founding of Urnua A Do. The main characters Major and Sabrina are split up in the end, with Sabrina going to A Do and Major continuing the work on A Do of the future. There is a lock on Sabrina’s file, she is unknown to history, their son goes with her to the past, but he is known by the common Urnuan name McKern so Major never took note of his son when reading about the early history of Urnua a Do. The lock is removed and Major knows the story of what happened to them. Alternatively, because that doesn’t seem very scientific, given that once A Haon and A Do are established you can live anywhere anytime between the two, it would just mean that locally Major lives in 2022 while locally Sabrina and Son live in 1022, and each could go back and forth as much as they wanted because these are known pathways, a known shared history but in different temporal-spatial local references. Does this violate the law of knowing too much about one’s future, since people are learning about things that happen in the future they have not lived, anything they learn of Urnua A Do or A Haon of the year 2022 seals the fate, because observation of a future state means that quantum state is set, known consciously, although observations may not be the full story of a state. This is a reason for the necessity of information management in CTCs, certain things should be limited in scope and trust to those entrusted by the community to know and work on these things, hence we get the McKern clan, the Royal House, unless you want everyone feeling like they are mere hollow reeds with no real choices just following a script. So maybe that is the question for the story: traverse freely or limit knowledge