“Doozers”

This story is about a very large, yet close-knit family – residing in the backwoods of a long stretch of highway, close to the Florida / Habana State line. They are God-Fearing and self-sufficient. Most of the family has remained off-grid with the exception of electric bills and home phones. They are mostly self-sufficient, willing ot help a neighbor and untrusting of strangers and the government. Only a few have ever moved away from the homestead – the Black Sheep of the family – a gay, hippie and one “N” lover. We pray for them, to return to the teachings of Christ – so that they too will live an eternal life in the Kingdom of Heaven. We useto send them letters – before the mail stopped running – bankrupt or whatever it’s called when there’s no government money. People still talk and such – email and smart phones – you can shop online and these little flying robots will bring your order right to you. Depending on the size and complexity of the purchases, nanodozers will actually build them before your very eyes. I haven’t seen it myself – but enough of my kin have to know that it’s true.

This family is in hiding – from the government tentacles of conformity. For them, there is no money, no modern day services/ technology. Even using your legal name is dangerous. Everyone is a name on a checklist. The beast is searching, watching and listening. It never eats. It never sleeps. The Beast is on a scavenger hunt – to find us… to convert us...

Of course, big cities were the first to go – willingly even. New technology would become available and those yanks would wait in lines and even camp outside – just to be one of the first to own some new tinker-toy that did one or two cool new things that the last one didn’t.

But this new stuff was backed by the USA – and everyone had to participate – to make healthcare affordable, families safer ,and cure diseases. Just like a vaccine they said – but it wasn’t a vaccine… it was the Beast… Marking us.