

Wanna Play?



“*National Security! NATIONAL SECURITY!!!*” the sirens blared, as the uniformed, helmeted, dark-visored goons swooped in and herded the crowd into a cattle-style corral, with a very wide mouth narrowing progressively into a pinched, roofed and walled-in pen, where people could barely breathe.

It had started innocently enough: the leaders wanted to protect the citizens from the evil agenda of the terrorists. The grateful crowds gladly signed away their rights for the sake of their safety. But it seems that the terrorists were ever more creative and the ultra-responsible leaders had to outwit them by taking away more and more civil liberties in order to protect the people even better. System by system, they had to make the infrastructure terrorist-proof.

So they enlisted *corporations* to siphon off the finances and hold them in trust for when the people would be safe again. The *politicians* ceded their independence in deference to the more enlightened perspective of the leaders. The *mass media* protected the masses by hiding the truths that would only have confused them, and, instead, told them bedtime stories of good guys and bad guys - and how to spot the differences. The *churches* played their part by diverting attention and energy into combating real evils like condoms and gays and women priests; while the *school system*, through compulsory education, marinated the students in a culturally sanctioned trance.

Justice, as it was supposed to be, was blind - but not color blind; it was still a crime to be Black, and so we had to be protected by locking up lots of colored folks. *Agriculture* poisoned the land, air and water - to make it real hard for the terrorists to eat

or breathe or swim. *Medicine's* patron, the pharmaceutical industry, created wonder pills that cured indigestion but, unfortunately, had the side effects of causing paranoid schizophrenia, obesity, itchy armpits and death. And the *military* risked their lives by hunting down the bad guys in their own countries and wiping out their communities “so *they couldn't breed no more terrorists.*” And *science* supplied all the genius and technology for this Holy Crusade.

That was why the leaders were now herding their own citizens into the corrals - for protection; and, also, to make sure no bad guys had infiltrated them.

Somewhere “up high” the leaders received reports, country by country, that everybody had been herded to safety in thousands of these corrals. Final count? Seven billion. Good! Everybody safe and accounted for. Then the leaders told the herders that, unfortunately, Intelligence had discovered moles in all of these corrals, so to stop the rot and protect National Security, they'd all have to be gassed.

The herders were shocked, but they knew that the leaders knew best, so they followed instructions and gassed them all. However, even the helmets and the visors couldn't keep out the sounds and sights of seven billion people screaming in terror as they died. But soon, gratefully, it was all over - the last few corpses twitched and then lay still, giving up the spirit. An eerie calm descended as the herders awaited further instructions. None came. Part of their uniform consisted of a bulletproof vest, to protect them against uncooperative citizens. But these vests had a secret, radioactive implant, which the leaders now activated. Within fifteen minutes all of the herders were dead, skin and tissue melted off their poisoned skeletons. Once more there was a great silence.

Then the twelve leaders spoke. They summoned the elite one thousand who had organized and orchestrated this great project over the previous years. These were the *crème-de-la-crème* who had molded all of the subsystems to deliver the holocaust. Now they were to be rewarded. From all over the world, they flew their own private jets, for each was also a trained pilot. Within 24 hours they had all assembled in the great Aula Maxima to hear the twelve speak. Each one received a golden statue of the Supreme Leader and a portion of the planet as an inheritance. Each one got back on a

private jet and took off for home. At 12,000 feet elevation each of the golden statues exploded; the jets crashed and the elite one thousand were no more.

The twelve laughed and congratulated the Supreme Commander for an extraordinary job which had been brought to a perfect conclusion! *"Not quite"* said the Supreme Commander. He looked at each of them in turn, a laser look that delivered a million volts of electricity to each recipient. It vaporized them. And then there was complete and utter silence. Now there was only the Supreme Commander.

Oh, and his mother, who called out from the kitchen, *"Honey, come on, dinner is ready!"* Little Johnny, aka the Supreme Commander, switched off the computer game and went into the dining room.

"Sweetie" his mother called to his sister, who was playing with her dollies in her bedroom, *"Come on, dinner's ready!"* The little girl kissed all of her dollies, hugged them tightly for a moment and then tucked them in for the night. Then she, too, went to the dining room.

At the table daddy, who had just come in from work, asked, *"Did you kids have fun, today?"* *"Yeah"* said Johnny, *"I finally won the computer game. I killed 'em all."* *"Well done"*, said daddy. *"How 'bout you, princess?"* he asked the little girl. *"I'm sad"* she said, *"One of my dollies, Gaia, is real sick."* *"Bummer"* said daddy. *"Well, let's eat."*

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In heaven above, God cupped His hands, faced towards planet Earth and called out in a loud voice, *"Which of these two games are you guys playing?"*

May God continue to hold you tenderly in the hollow of Her hand.

Namasté,

Tír na nÓg  
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