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Sarah Sanders, the governor of Arkansas, recently announced that the state had a budget surplus of over \$280 MILLION. One would expect that she would use the surplus to increase spending on the poor and needy, and not purchase any more \$20,000 lecterns.

And yet she announces she wants to cut medical insurance from children and the elderly, unless they work of course. Could it be she desperately needs to replace the migrants...

She has also announced that she is going to be looking for, and firing, teachers that are "indoctrinating" students. But what does that mean? Has she released a "court approved" definition of indoctrination or is it just some vague term like the boogey man?

How do you fight if they attack you? What do you do if they go after your spouse, or your child, or your best friend? How do you fight back without endangering your own career?

I say **"Fight fire with fire!"**

If you want to know what I mean, after reading the first chapter of a new story, you can either download the attached pdf or go to:

www.themushroomheadedmartian.com/mickey-johnston-1

Chapter 1:

Morning clouds hung low over Arkansas Ozark State University, casting the campus in a dull gray haze. Dr. Sally Richards strode through the crisp air, her scarf knotted tightly against the bite of late October. The university

clocktower chimed faintly in the distance as she approached the familiar arched entrance of Mason Hall, where she'd been teaching for over two decades. Students shuffled past her, some clutching coffee cups and hastily scribbled notes, others lost in conversations or headphones. Sally always took pride in the calm routine of her mornings. But today, something felt... off.

Inside her lecture hall, the warm light of the overhead fluorescents didn't do much to counter the growing unease Sally felt. She chalked it up to the governor's announcement earlier in the week—a new policy targeting so-called “indoctrination” in the state's public education system. It was a vague, sweeping declaration that placed the burden of proof on educators, forcing them to defend their teaching if challenged. The policy had sparked heated debates in faculty lounges and department meetings, but Sally, a historian with over 25 years of experience, wasn't particularly concerned. History was history. Facts didn't change, even when politics did.

The classroom slowly filled with students as she adjusted her laptop, preparing her slides for today's lecture on George Washington and the Revolutionary War. It was a topic she knew like the back of her hand. Her books on the subject had won awards and cemented her reputation as a leading authority. As the last straggler entered and took a seat, Sally straightened her blazer and addressed the class with her usual calm confidence.

“Good morning, everyone. Today, we'll be discussing George Washington's role not only as a military leader but as a figure of political and cultural significance during and after the Revolutionary War.” She clicked to the first slide: a portrait of Washington in his iconic uniform.

The lecture progressed smoothly for the first 20 minutes. Sally outlined Washington's military strategies, his leadership at Valley Forge, and his eventual presidency. Then, as she segued into a discussion about Washington's personal beliefs and philosophies, a hand shot up in the back of the room.

“Yes, David?” Sally asked, recognizing the freshman who'd been increasingly vocal in recent weeks.

David Richards leaned back in his chair, his arms crossed. “Wasn't George Washington a Christian?”

The question wasn't unusual—students often conflated the Founding Fathers' deism with Christianity—but David's tone was sharper than she'd expected. Sally offered her usual explanation, her voice steady.

“Washington was a Deist, meaning he believed in a higher power or divine force, but not necessarily in the doctrines of organized Christianity. This was common among many of the Founding Fathers. In fact, the phrase ‘In God We Trust,’ which you might be familiar with, reflects this broader belief in a guiding force rather than a specific religious denomination.”

David frowned. “That's not what I learned in high school. They taught us Washington was a Christian. It's in our nation's history.”

Sally tilted her head, curious now. “Where did you go to high school, David?”

“The Little Rock Private Academy West,” he replied, puffing out his chest as if the name alone lent his statement more weight. “It's a private academy where they teach us real history.”

“Ah,” Sally said carefully. “I see. Did they also teach you about the Treaty of Tripoli? It's a foundational document that explicitly states the United States is not a Christian nation. It was signed by John Adams and ratified unanimously by the Senate in 1797.”

David's face reddened, but before he could respond, two other students—a pair of young men who often sat with him—joined in.

“Why are you trying to push your woke agenda on us?” one of them snapped. “It's like you're trying to make us hate America or something.”

“That's not what I'm doing,” Sally replied, keeping her tone measured. “My job is to present historical facts, not interpretations shaped by personal biases.”

“Yeah, right,” David muttered. “You're just trying to brainwash us like the rest of the liberals.”

The tension in the room thickened. Sally could see a few other students shifting uncomfortably in their seats, while others avoided eye contact altogether. She took a deep breath.

“David, this is a classroom, not a debate stage. If you have concerns about the material I’m teaching, I suggest you speak with me after class. For now, let’s return to the lecture.”

But David and his friends weren’t done. They muttered loudly to each other, their words dripping with disdain. “She’s a liar.” “Typical woke professor.” “Can’t even answer a simple question.”

“Enough,” Sally said, her voice firm. “The three of you—out. You’re disrupting the class.”

David froze, caught off guard. “What?”

“You heard me. You’re dismissed. Leave the room now.”

Grumbling under their breath, the three students gathered their belongings and stomped out, slamming the door behind them. Sally turned back to the rest of the class, her heart pounding. She steadied herself and resumed the lecture, but the air in the room felt heavier, and she couldn’t shake the uneasy feeling that the situation was far from over.

That afternoon, Sally found a note tucked under the windshield wiper of her car. Written in messy, scrawled handwriting, it read: “STOP LYING TO US OR PAY THE PRICE.”

Her stomach twisted as she scanned the parking lot. It was mostly empty, save for a few cars scattered across the rows. She crumpled the note and shoved it into her bag, refusing to let fear take hold. But as she drove home, her mind raced. Was it a prank? A threat? Should she report it? She decided to wait—it was probably just an immature stunt.

That evening, the emails started. Anonymous messages flooded her inbox, each more hateful than the last. “Woke trash like you should be fired.” “Stop indoctrinating our kids.” “You’re the reason this country’s going to hell.” Sally deleted them one by one, her fingers trembling slightly. She didn’t want to admit it, but the harassment was starting to get to her.

The next morning, her phone buzzed with a text message from an unknown number: **“Report to the Indoctrination Control Office immediately for a hearing.”**

Sally's heart sank. She knew the office had been set up as part of Governor Sara Zander's new policy, but she never thought she'd find herself summoned there. The office had become a symbol of fear among educators, a place where careers were scrutinized and reputations destroyed.

When she arrived, the three students—David and his friends—were already there, talking animatedly in hushed tones. They glanced at her as she entered, smirking. A sharp-looking woman in a navy suit greeted Sally with a curt nod and directed her to a seat.

The hearing was a nightmare. The students repeated their accusations, claiming that Sally frequently pushed “woke” ideas in her lectures. They couldn't provide specific examples, but that didn't seem to matter. When Sally tried to explain the incident in context, she was interrupted.

“That's immaterial,” the woman in the navy suit said, her tone cold. “The point is whether or not your teaching aligns with the values of this institution and the expectations set by Governor Zander's office.”

Sally's stomach churned. “Should I have a lawyer present?” she asked, her voice cracking slightly.

The woman smiled thinly. “If you have nothing to hide, Dr. Richards, then you have nothing to fear.”

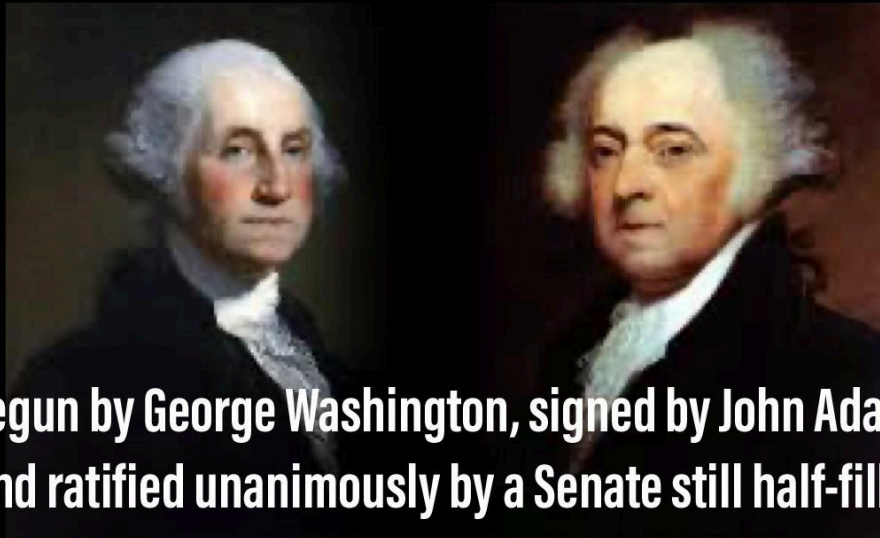
By the end of the hearing, Sally was placed on probation. The three students were reinstated to her class, and she was warned against discussing Washington's deism—or any topic that could be construed as “controversial”—again. She would also be required to report weekly to the office, detailing any classroom activities that might be considered indoctrination. Her email and social media accounts would be monitored, and her colleagues were advised to avoid discussing the matter publicly.

As Sally left the building, her legs felt like lead. The students' laughter echoed behind her, sharp and cruel. She wanted to scream, to fight back, but the system had already stacked the deck against her.

Outside, the clouds hung heavy in the sky, mirroring the weight in her chest. Sally Richards, PhD, a celebrated historian and educator, was now a pariah in her own classroom. How long could she endure this? Six months? A year? Longer? She didn't know. But as she walked to her car,

she realized one thing: the fight for truth would come at a cost—and she wasn't sure if she could afford to pay it.

The 1797 Treaty of Tripoli



Begun by George Washington, signed by John Adams and ratified unanimously by a Senate still half-filled with signers of the Constitution, this treaty announced firmly and flatly to the world that **"the Government of the United States of America is not, in any sense, founded on the Christian religion."**

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